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GIVEN BY

Philip Hale

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WITH THE ACTORS.

Farce-Comedy Is This Life as It Really Is.

Tired Men and Women Like Paradoxically the Mimicry.

Thus It Has Been Since Actors and Audiences Met.

Although "A Trip to Chinatown," which is now a-playing at the Bowdoin Square Theatre to audiences that enjoy thoroughly the humor of Mr. Burt Haverly, has been made several times by assorted Boston play-goers, it nevertheless suggests reflections on the character and the use of farce comedy.

It is the fashion for that unhappy class of theatre-goers known as "elevators of the stage" to bewail the existence of this popular species of entertainment. The "elevator of the stage" groans at the "degradation" of the drama and the "wretched taste" of thousands of men and women. He shudders at the thought of three farce-comedies in Boston this week. He cries aloud, "Oh, for the palmy days of the drama! Oh, for a theatre where the Elizabethan plays might be seen in their grandeur, where Goethe and Schiller and Lessing would be honored, where Ibsen would be a welcome guest!"

When reminded of the fact that thousands of respectable people, male and female after their kind, laugh spontaneously at the pranks of farce-comedians, he quotes the sour verse from Ecclesiastes; or, The Preacher: "For as the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool: this also is vanity." Or he recalls to your memory the essay of Baudelaire on "The Essence of Laughter," in which the poet declares that human laughter is associated intimately with the accident of the Fall, with physical and moral degradation; that the ability to laugh at the comical is one of the clearest satanic symptoms of man and one of the many pips of the symbolical apple; that laughter proceeds from the idea of the laugher's own superiority.

He is thus unkind. He is also unjust.

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The farce comedy is not an invention of these latter days. It was relished by the Greeks and Romans. It makes no difference whether Susarion of Megara or Epicharmus of Sicily was the first of the long line that preceded Mr. Hoyt, Mr. McNally, et al. The comedies were full of wild buffooneries, reckless improbabilities. There were choruses of plowmen, coal-heavers, bargees, drunkards. Aristophanes himself, the marvelous Aristophanes, wrote farce-comedies.

These farce-comedies contained topical songs. In Greek the topical song was called a Parabasis, or Digression, and consisted in personal allusions, or political jokes, or digs at any of the author's rivals; and it had nothing to do with the plot of the play at all, and it was a remnant of the old carnival raillery with which Comedy began," says Mr. Rowbotham. Even the rhythms of the music were made to mimic the characters — ungainly rhythms for the rustics, mincing rythms for the fops, and so on.

All down the ages, in all lands where theatres have drawn audiences, you find the farce-comedy. Was it not known to the Elizabethans? What is Shakspeare's "Comedy of Errors"? What is Middleton's "Chaste Maid in Cheapside"? And are these isolated examples?

* * *

Why is the farce-comedy, either naked or disguised thinly as comic-opera, so popular today in Boston?

Watch the faces of men and women in the street, electric car. Stand in the lobby of a theatre as the audience goes in. How few happy or contented human beings, if the face is an index of the mind. Worn, wrinkled, pinched, crazed, perturbed. Would tragedy or a problem-play comfort these people, or make them forget for two or three hours the toilsome monotony of daily life?

It is not worth while to ask whether this peculiar facial distress is after all only a result of a distressing climate, as some allege, and that the soul within the frame is serene. It is a fact that even the poor in New York take life more gayly than do many Bostonians in more comfortable circumstances. Whether it be the survival of the remorseless New England conscience that compels its owner to take anxious or now foreign to the purpose of this article. We have to do only with the fact.

* * *

Let us indulge in paradox.

Does tragedy show man raised to the highest power?

Melodrama shows life as it should be. The villain should plot in public and be overheard. The train should never run over the bound victim, nor should water drown, nor fire consume him. The erring woman should repent in the last act. The lost child should be restored. The hero should come into his fortune. Melodrama that rights this world askew, that deals out unerring justice to slow, soft music, alas, is not appreciated, is dubbed extravagant by the superficial.

Now farce-comedy is life as it is. The spectator is amused by seeing the aping of himself. For every spectator, man or woman, carries within the body the elements of farce-comedy. The man that wishes to free himself for a day or night from harassing domesticity and is caught in absurd complications sits in the audience and sees his more daring double on the stage. The young comedian who enjoys this world only when his skin is full of champagne is admired by cowardly competitors and successful rivals the other side of the footlights. I hear you say, well-bred young women do not kick in real life. But it was only yesterday that the peerless Miss Eustacia told me in confidence that she was more nimble than a certain illustrious dancer, and in proof—remember we are old friends—there was a swish of skirts, and, lo, the dainty foot of Miss Eustacia touched the chandelier, while family portraits by Stuart and Copley smiled in approbation.

Is Mr. Welland Strong an impossible character? Go to! I know him. He wears rubber overshoes in July. Every day I see him with his muffler, and last Monday I caught him going into the side entrance of an alcoholic sanitarium.

Suppose street cars were unknown in Boston and you should see in a farce comedy a faithful representation of the crawling of a swarming car from the Tremont House stand to Winter Street. Would you not swear that such a scene was wildly absurd?

Oh is the hotel clerk, or the railroad man of farce comedy unrecognizable in real life?

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The tired, discouraged spectator laughs at the mimic representation of his own follies or annoyances. He forgets his own discomfort in the sight of worried beings of his kind. He says to himself, "I am only one of many; why should I fret and worry; I might as well laugh as sulk."

Remember, too, that even in the maddest farce-comedy there is much that is elementally human. And that which is elementally human will always attract.

Farce-comedy is a safety-valve. When a public does not laugh, there is danger. There is the callousness of pessimism, or the hopeless submission to tyranny in church or State.

PHILIP HALE.

To sit in the chimney-corner and smoke a pipe, looking tranquilly backward upon all the troubles and trials and tribulations, the losses, the disappointments, the doubtings and fearings that make up the bitterness of life—to look back upon these as things of the past, matters of history already uninteresting to the present generation, is a boon I do mightily desire.

And to one who thus achieves the desire of George Arnold, the weighty matters which disturb so many appear as thistledown. In a Kansas town, a Republican agrees in the case of Mr. Bryan's election to eat a toad. Such enthusiasm may delight or disgust the busy crowd. The sitter in the chimney-corner sitteth not in the seat of the scornful, nor is he inclined to leap in the air when pleased.

Even if the toad, he argues, should be the red toad, the swallowing it would not necessarily be fatal to the disappointed partisan. To be sure, the body of the swallower might swell, and the paleness of his face might rival the color of the box tree; dyspnoea might supervene with foetor of the mouth and hiccough, but remedies are simple. He should take a large draught of undiluted wine and two drachms of the root of sweet cane, or the same dose of cyperus; he should walk or run strenuously, and take a bath every day. If the toad should be the bufo apricans, the remedy is the flesh of frogs boiled or roasted, pitch mixed with sweet wine and the spleen of a marsh frog.

Or if the loser of the wager wishes a terrible revenge, instead of taking the toad internally he should obtain some of the hairs of the winner, tie them to the left leg of the toad and put the animal into a covered pot. As it suffers the winner will suffer; when it dies, he will die. But if the winner is [illegible] should remove the hair from the leg of the toad and [illegible] it so.

The toad is sometimes a disguised demon. Then the loser, however great his personal inconvenience, will benefit mankind by swallowing it. On the other hand, the toad often brings fortune. Swallowing it will insure prosperity. The toad is often a beautiful maiden under the spell of a magician. The swallower will then obtain a fair wife, who will literally be flesh of his flesh.

We spoke yesterday of a stirring poem entitled "The Boston Bastile." It appears from the fifth stanza that the Commander of the Corps of Volunteers, is

> "A multi-millionnaire
> Who rides his steed with portly grace on our broad thoroughfare."

Here is another stanza:

> "Some wear a scarlet feather that tells of deadly skill,
> The badge of their crack marksmen who only shoot to kill,
> Parading betimes these streets to instill a wholesome awe,
> Into the base-born rabble for the supremacy of law!"

An observation of Sir Richard F. Burton might serve as a footnote: "It is difficult to look upon a cocked hat and feather without noting the survival of primitive and savage taste."

This poem, which might well have been dedicated to Gov. Altgeld, is an interesting and sad document of the time in which we live. Its malignant intention will be injurious only to those who are without sense of humor.

No wonder the Tsar prefers gay Paris to gloomy Balmoral. But will he enjoy the cookery at the house of President Faure? The former chef was at one time in the service of the Empress Frederick: but he left her because she insisted on eating apple sauce with his ragouts. Nor could he live with self-respect at the Elysée, because Mrs. Faure insisted on rendering daily an account of expenses, and objected to a foundation of Madeira which ran into sauces, gravies, etc. Is the present cook an expert in Russian dishes? A diplomatic stroke is often the result of a perfect dinner, and a disappointed or infuriated stomach has brought on foreign as well as intestine war.

The revelations of the cruelty practised in English prison-houses grow more and more appalling. The St. James's Gazette informs us that the directors of convict prisons have decided that, with a view to raise the moral tone and relieve the monotony of the life of convicts undergoing long sentences of penal servitude, lectures on scientific subjects shall be periodically given.

An ex-soldier returned from Madagascar tried to steal a crocodile from the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, the other day. The keeper arrived just in time. The question now arises, Were the tears shed by the disturbed animal crocodile tears?

A contemporary revives the story of Daniel Webster contributing five dollars to a chair given as a testimonial of regard to Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke. The fact that Webster subscribed is not surprising. The incredible feature of the story is that he actually paid the subscription.

Oct 8, 1896

I shall never be able to believe that the stomachs of men are uniform. Men surely differ from each other more in the internal parts that serve in digestion than in face or anything that distinguishes them on the outside. Some find fish more delicious than meat; physicians have sometimes ordered fish as the thing most easily digested by the sick; and philosophers maintain that fish is a more appropriate and humane diet than meat, because it belongs to another element, and we have no direct dealings with fish.

The World's Food Fair naturally leads an inquiring mind to the pleasing consideration of diet. Francois de la Mothe le Vayer, who wrote the above sentences in his essay "Des Longues Tables," had sat at many royal feasts, but, unlike his predecessor Montaigne, he did not gossip about his personal tastes. Nor did he quote from Rhasis and Magninus, who discommended all fish, and said, "They breed viscosities, slimy nutriment, little and humourous nourishment."

We regret to say that fish is not sufficiently esteemed in New England. We hear loud, contradicting voices: "How about cod-fish?" Cod-fish is indeed one of the noblest gifts of the Creator to sinful man. But the glory of the cod departed with the introduction of boxed desiccation. The old-fashioned salt cod, which, wrapped carelessly within brown paper, was carried home by an exulting spouse, hugging it under his arm, bore still the odor of the sea. The preparation that comes in boxes is only [illegible] tion, but [illegible] cably [illegible]

That fish, though it is eaten, is not truly appreciated here, is shown by the patience of those who frequent restaurants and taverns. No matter what the name of the fish may be, the exquisite characteristics are destroyed in the cooking, and that which is lost by indifference or ignorance is supposed to be restored by attention to a sauce.

How many see before them years of life marked with the dinner bones of beef and mutton! If fish is served without following meat, apology is made to the guest who accepts a potluck invitation. The silly notion that the nation which eats the most meat in a year is the most highly civilized is entertained even by men who [illegible] py themselves with science.

We can learn many lessons from those fine fellows, the ancient Romans. They were so fond of fish that they thought to honor themselves by showing their preference in their name. Thus the family Licinine added the surname Muraena, because the lamprey was dear to the members. Sergius was surnamed Orata because he delighted in the gilt head. He was the first, by the way, to prepare oyster-beds near Balae. The eloquent Crassus wept at the premature death of a lamprey, "as though it were his own daughter," to quote the pathetically simple words of Macrobius. Cicero called Lucillus, Philippus and Hortensius, the Piscinarii, because they were devoted to fish.

Those equally fine fellows, the Greeks, displayed a similar passion. Athenaeus gives a catalogue of celebrated fish eaters, as long as the roll of Leporello. Their glorious deeds fill 30 pages in the ingenious translation of de Villebrune. Philoxenus, a dithyrambic poet, bought once at Syracuse a polypus, dressed it, ate the whole of the head, and found himself sick of indigestion. The physician told him to put his things in order, for he would die. And Philoxenus exclaimed, "My poems are as perfect as I can make them. Charon calls me, and that I may carry to the shades all that belongs to me, please give me the rest of that polypus."

And in Athenaeus you find this ancient version of a rather vulgar story, which is told in various forms today. "A noble platter of fish was served at a feast. Demulus was a guest. Wishing to secure the whole of it, he spat on it.'

It appears that Mr. William J. Clark, the shoplifter, has a "deplorable passion" for cloth. The Marquis de Santares in "La Perichole" wept bitterly in his dungeon because he had not tasted food or clothes for twelve long years.

The Honorable James J. Corbett says: "I wired Lynch last night." We regret that the honorable gentleman uses such slip-shod English. Mr. John L. Sullivan, the eminent play-actor, is more fastidious in his choice of words; but Mr. Sullivan is in the habit of reading the best literature in bed after the toil and struggle of the day.

The Tsar did not applaud at the Paris O[illegible]. He hears better singing at home.

"These Bostonians are an arrogant people," said the Intelligent Foreigner as he left the night lunch cart with the Earnest Student of Sociology and the Historical Painter, who has just finished his picture of Mr. G. F. Williams defying the lightning; "I notice that whenever they enter the Public Library they trample on the signs of the Zodiac."

Courage. "There are always nineteen fine days in October."

Brace up, Mr. Pillsbury. Budapest is an interesting town, and men there are hospitable; but you can see the sights when the chess game are over.

Oct 9. 96

She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

In the window of a Boylston Street shop is a picture of a sleeping woman. The lines of her figure are voluptuous curves, and the unavoidable skeleton is hidden by artistically-composed and distributed flesh. Her night dress is dainty, and yet no judicious person would recommend it to any of his friends, [illegible] paying due attention to the laws of health, is in the habit of sleeping with bedroom windows open at this time of the year. This pictured woman would indeed be alluring, bewitching, were it not that her mouth is open. Either she has never read George Catlin's famous pamphlet or mother and nurse were remiss in early education. The evils of sleeping with open mouth are well known, and we shall not insult the intelligence of the reader by speaking of the injurious effect of the habit on teeth, throat, lungs and stomach. [illegible]

the habit is preventive of snoring is [illegible] enough to prevent any thoughtful, self-respecting maid or matron from indulging in this practice. The sumptuous beauty in the picture is snoring. There's no doubt of it. You could hear her were it not for the rude electric cars. And Cupid does hear the dismal, love-dispelling sound. For is he not aiming an arrow at her?

Sleeping with the mouth open encourages nightmare. This thought lures us to the subject of dreams. By the way, there is no greater bore than the man, woman or child who insists on telling at the breakfast table dreams of the night before. For, we regret to say, many otherwise estimable people are guilty of the barbarism of breakfasting together, although the first meal should be consumed in absolute solitude: nearly all domestic dissensions that flow into divorce take their source at the family breakfast table. A dream is of interest only to the dreamer. You should no more tell at length the details of the night than the details of the bath, sponge or in porcelain tub. If your dream seems to you extraordinary pull down "Napoleon's Dream-Book" from the shelf, or if you are without a copy of that invaluable treatise, borrow one from the cook.

Remember that no credit should be given to dreams in the autumn. That we may not appear dogmatic, here is a reason stated logically centuries ago by one of the wisest ancients. The autumnal air, when trees shed their leaves, being very uneven and disturbed, ruffles and disorders mental images, and, hindering them in their passage, makes them weak and ineffectual. Again, our blood, the principal thing in the whole body, is moist and hot. Old age has neither of these two qualities. Now the autumn seems to be as it were the old age of the decaying year, for the moisture doth not then fall, and the heat decays; and its inclining the body to diseases is an evident sign of its cold and dryness. 'Tis necessary that the souls should be indisposed with the bodies, and that, the subtile spirit being condensed, the divining faculty of the soul, like a looking-glass that is breathed upon, should be sullied, and therefore it cannot represent anything plain, distinct and clear as long as it remains thick, dark and condensed. Thus Autobulus confutes Aristotle's unjust opinion that vagueness in autumnal dreaming is due to indulgence in new fruit.

The Pall Mall Gazette tells of a new invention of genuine interest to all bicyclists. A croupier of Monte Carlo has patented a device which he calls the voluntary leg-cushion system. The whole conception, says the Münchner Neueste Nachrichten, is very simple. We have the pneumatic tire, and we are to have the pneumatic leg. The cyclist of the future will wear a stocking of silk and elastic—a balloon stocking, in fact. It will contain a compressed air chamber, and will be in communication with the outer atmosphere by means of a blow-pipe. This garment will reach from the knee to the ankle, and will be inflated as soon as it is put on. Its object is to prevent fractures and abrasions, and also to supply any natural deficiency in the existing calf. For the benefit of nervous cyclists a complete pneumatic suit is being exhibited by a Paris firm, who have taken over the patent. The wearers will be enveloped in a garment of atmosphere, and may move about as safely as in the clouds which the gods used to cast around their favorite heroes of Greece and Troy. The atmospheric clothing will also be a new bond in the brotherhood of the bike. They will henceforth be expected to inflate each other on the king's highway, and the poorest rider will be the most puffed up.

Mr. John Most says he is a citizen of the world. There are now three of them. The other two are the friend of [illegible] and Mr. George Francis Train.

An agent of the police jumped into the [illegible] to save a [illegible] life and received a [illegible] for his pains. "I am over paid for what I [illegible]," said the agent, [illegible] was charmed with [illegible] for the whole [illegible] on the remark [illegible] right.—The Daily [illegible]

[illegible] Thompson has found "a [illegible] Cayvan as a star." "It is [illegible]—in England. There are [illegible] rather than [illegible] and [illegible]. And like Mrs. [illegible] will be [illegible] to con[illegible] rather than [illegible] to elevate the drama rather [illegible] And [illegible] I think [illegible] Cayvan can [illegible] a star, I venture to [illegible] as the American [illegible] Kendal. Y[illegible] is all very [illegible] Thompson [illegible] will [illegible] as a compl[illegible] the sugar-coated play.

Oct ? 1890

For who is Bacchus but the Summer Sun, that makes the grapes big and purple, and shines and glitters in his beauty, whole three summers long. But when the winter comes, it comes as a boar, and wounds him, and his blood makes the Sun a winter red, and the dead Bacchus becomes Adonis. And well is he called Adonis, for the winter Sun is more lovely than the summer sun, but for all that, it is a dead one. And so the earth is covered with snow and caked with frost, and all the while Bacchus lies in the lower world, renewing his immortality against the springtime.

Some think Macmonnies's statuo of a Bacchante "a monument to inebriety" and therefore unfit to exult in mad and madding beauty within the sacred walls of the Public Library. But there are statues of public men displayed conspicuously in this town which drive all the artistically sensitive, citizens or strangers, to drink.

Is it possible that in Boston, which boasts of its liberal cultivation of all religions and attempts at religion, the symbolical meaning of the worship of Bacchus is not understood or appreciated, and a delirious Bacchante seems only a female roysterer?

Lord, therefore, of generation, and source of all life, he performed his annual marriage with the earth, which is the laughing Venus, or Ariadne, who was the Naxian Venus. Which was but a replication of that first great marriage, that was consummated when the power of Love descended upon Chaos, and gave it shape and order.

If the name "Bacchante" offend the squeamish and those who despise the umbratile language of Philosophy, and symbols before which speculation grows pale, let them consider that this beautiful woman—whose dwelling here would honor the city, be a greater glory to the Library than the gaped-at, undecorative work of Sargent, and be the worthy rival of the mural painting of Puvis de Chavannes—let them consider that this woman radiant in her pure, unconscious nudity, holds in one hand a bunch of grapes. If "Bacchante," then, offend—perish the thought!—let the statue be named "The Grape Cure."

"He had the implicit confidence of the community." Few men can stand such a strain.

We saw yesterday in a Western newspaper an advertisement of "pure unmanipulated skunk oil," for whooping cough, sprains and rheumatism. There are apparently two kinds of skunks, manipulated and unmanipulated. We know of instances where the unexpectedly manipulated skunk has cured the sprained and the rheumatic so that they ran with miraculous speed.

To us the crowning glory of Du Maurier is his picture of Beatrix as she came "holding her dress with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stair to greet Esmond." It may be that "Trilby" is a pretty book; we are willing to take the word of enthusiasts, for we have not read "Trilby." But we know that Du Maurier drew the face and the form of Beatrix, "whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace."

What the Tsar longs for in Paris are the sturgeon of Lake Ladoga, the trout of Gatschina, the chubs of Pskoff, the carassins of the suburbs of St. Petersburg, the savory riapouschka, the vesiga, the coulibiac, the Lithuanian varenikis, the gribouis soup made of mushrooms which grow only in the shade of fir trees, the vatrouschkis of white cheese, the Polish ciernikis and nalesnikis. What, to these, are the pleasures of the Grévin Museum and the Moulin Rouge?

Thirty years ago—"when master was a fine young lad"—boys consumed with the collector's rage were in the habit of gathering the names of locomotive engines, from "Ajax" to "D. L. Harris." Even if they never saw the engines, they would get the names from the more fortunate and give in return. An engine with a name seemed more imposing, more powerful; it was a live thing; but the leveling practice of numbering discouraged boyish ambition, and an engine became of no more importance than an up-town street of New York, a convict, or a man who is allowed by the clerk to stop at his hotel. (We use the word "hotel" with malice aforethought. In a tavern a man was more a man; he was not necessarily a number.)

Now the "Puffing Billy" was probably the third locomotive built by George Stephenson. For 14 years it has stood on a high level bridge at Newcastle. The engine was given to the town by a member of Parliament on the centenary of Stephenson's birth. "Billy" has been showing symptoms of decay on account of exposure to the weather, and he will be removed to a more comfortable place under the roof of the station. He will stand on a stone pedestal and bear an inscription which will tell of his life. Many an engineer will appreciate this kindness, and wish that his own pet might thus be treated kindly in old age.

Oct 11. 18[illegible]

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

ABOUT MUSIC.

Albert Chevalier, the Coster Impersonator.

A Hurried Glance at the Habits of Costermongerdom.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

Mr. Albert Chevalier will make his first appearance in Boston Monday night at the Hollis Street Theatre.

Imitators of Mr. Chevalier have preceded him. For instance, there is the ingenious Mr. Herbert, who was applauded heartily for his imitation in Mr. Barnet's "Merry Go-Round," at the Tremont Theatre, May 25, although very few had ever seen Mr. Chevalier, and Mr. Herbert was frank enough to confess that he, too, had never seen him. Only last week Mr. Haverly gave an imitation in "A Trip to Chinatown."

* * *

Mr. Chevalier is a famous impersonator of the costermonger, who is known to us chiefly by the lines of Gilbert:

"When the coster's finished jumping on his mother,
He loves to lie a-basking in the sun,"

but it is not likely that these are his sole occupations, especially when you consider the fact that Mr. Gilbert is a humorist.

* * *

Now, first of all, what is the meaning of the word costermonger?

The word is compounded of "costard," an apple, and "monger," dealer, trader.

"Costard," apparently of English formation, "perhaps from old French 'coste' rib, meaning a prominent ribbed apple," was (1) a kind of apple of large size, mentioned frequently from the 14th to the 17th century, after which the word passed out of use, although it is still retained by fruit-growers in the name of varieties of apple identical with or derived from the original Costard; thus there is Martin's Costard, still grown in Kent. Hogg in his "British Pomology," 1853, says, "The true costard is now rarely to be met with." The word (2) is applied humorously or derisively to the head; but some claim that the two words are not identical.

Costermonger meant originally an apple seller, a fruiterer, especially one that sold his fruit in the open street. It now means in London a man that sells fruit, vegetables, fish, etc., in the street from a barrow. Thus in 1683 Croune spoke of a fool carrying "a great basket on his head like a costardmonger" (there are several variations in spelling from 1514 to the present time). And in 1886 Mr. G. R. Sims wrote in the Daily News, "A very old costermonger informs me that a man who carries a basket is a hawker, a man who has a barrow is a costermonger, and a man who has a donkey or a pony and cart is a general dealer. But I fancy that general dealer is often a euphemism for coster."

Costermonger is also a term of contempt or abuse, as in Shakspeare: "Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times."

Then we have the words costermongerdom, costermongering, costermongery (noun and adjective), and costermongered, as in the Daily Telegraph, 1891: "Liverpool Street is alleged to be the most oostermongered street in the world for its size."

A costerwife—the word is obsolete—was a woman that kept a stall for the sale of apples and the like.

* * *

I advise the reader who wishes to acquaint himself thoroughly with the life of the costermonger to consult "London Labor and the London Poor," by Henry Mayhew. To be sure, the edition in three volumes is dated 1861, when there were about 30,00 costers—men, women and children—in London. The costermonger is a conservative person, and much that was written then is undoubtedly true today.

* * *

The first mention of the word costermonger in literature was in 1514, although the existence of the class was hinted at over a century before.

From the mention of him in the old dramatists, he was frequently an Irishman, and yet I am told that in Ireland the word costermonger is unknown. Ben Jonson made him sell pears. John Ford made him sell pippins. According to Beaumont and Fletcher, he was quarrelsome.

He began to extend his trade. He would cry, "Artichokes, cowcumbers, white St. Thomas onions, white radish, ripe young beans, ripe speragas."

He was always noisy. Clerimont, in Jonson's "Epicoene," describing Morose, says, "He cannot endure a costardmonger, he swoons if he hear one."

The race appears to be distinct, whether or no it is of Irish extraction. The costers seldom associate with other street folk. They boast of their own language or secret tongue. This language is known as "Back Slang." You will find accounts of it in Mayhew's book referred to above, and Hotten's Slang Dictionary.

"The main principle of this language is spelling the words backwards—or rather, pronouncing them rudely back wards. Sometimes, for the sake of harmony, an extra syllable is prefixed, or annexed; and, occasionally, the word is given quite a different turn in rendering it backwards, from what an uninitiated person would have expected." Thus "Generalize" is "shilling." This back tongue has been in vogue about 60 years.

Here are some coster words with their equivalents: Yenep, penny; owtyenep-flatch, twopence halfpenny; Jack made a doogheno hit this morning, Jack did well at market, or sold out at a profit; namesclop, policeman; helpa, apple; occabot, tobacco; cool him, look at him; flash it, show it; kennetseeno, stinking (applied to fish), etc., etc.

Mayhew says "It is a curious fact that lads who become costermongers' boys without previous association with the class acquire a very ready command of the language, and this though they are not only unable to spell, but 'don't know a letter in a book.' "

This back talk is used chiefly for communicating the secrets of street tradings, cost and profit of the goods, and for keeping the police in the dark.

* * *

The chief amusements of the costers are beer, all-fives, cribbage, three-up, skittles, boxing, dancing, red-hot melodramas, rat-killing, dog-fights, pennygaffs, "fancying" pigeons, serving out policemen. "The Mysteries of the Court of London" was for a long time a favorite book with those who could read.

In 1861 only one-tenth of the couples living together were married. "There is no honor attached to the marriage state and no shame to concubinage." The women seem to like the men better for their beating them. But the costers almost universally treat their donkeys with kindness. It has long been a boast with costers that they never steal from one another. Thieves very seldom, if ever, go out a-costering as a cloak.

According to Mayhew, the coster when dressed for work usually wears a small cloth cap, a little on one side, sometimes a worsted tie-up cap. His waistcoat is of broadribbed corduroy with fustian back and sleeves, being as long as a groom's, and buttoned up nearly to the throat. Brass, or sporting buttons with raised fox's or stag's heads, or black bone buttons with a flower pattern ornament the light curduroy. If the cord is dark, mother-of-pearl buttons are preferred. His trousers fit tightly at the knee and swell until they reach the boot, which they nearly cover. His pride is in his silk neckerchief and strong boots. On Sunday it is his delight to take his holiday, and as one of them said: "Costers likes to see their gals and wives look ladylike when they takes them out."

Costers are fond of songs even when the words are in a foreign language.

* * *

Mr. Chevalier was born in London in 1862. He studied in his youth with a view to the priesthood, but his love for the stage asserted itself, and under the name of Knight he made his début in 1877 in a minor part in "The Unequal Match." In 1878 he was with the Kendals. He afterward joined John Hare's company, and in 1881 he was with Willie Edouin. He played eccentric parts in many theatres, and his reputation grew rapidly. Thus Jan. 31, '88, he was Giles in "Tares" at the Prince of Wales; Feb. 25, '88, Richard Fluffy in "Katty" at the Strand; April 4, '88, he was in Burnand's "Aireyannie" at the Strand; May 14, '88, Mr. Hobbs in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" at Terry's; June 30, '88, as Bennett in "Run Wild;" July 11, '89, as Lord Karne in "The Marquesa" at the Opéra Comique; Oct. 16, '89, as Ballard in Mattei's operetta "La Prima Donna" at the Avenue Theatre; Jan. 24, '89, as Mr. Clincher in "April Showers" at Terry's; Dec. 24, '89, as Francis I. in a revival of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" at the Avenue; Feb. 1, '89, as Mr. Firman in "Dr. Bill" at the Avenue; Sept. 25, '90, as Cheminedu in "The Struggle for Life;" Nov. 5, '90, as Mr. Eldred in "The Recruits" at Toole's.

Mr. Chevalier sang his first coster song, "The Coster's Courtship," as a specialty in the burlesque "Aladdin,"

at the Strand. Mr. Charles Coburn advised him strenuously to go into the music halls. Up to '91 Mr. Chevalier's career had been one of indifferent fortune in spite of the praise of the critics. He thought he would make the experiment.

His début as a music hall singer was Feb. 1, 1891, at the Pavilion, when he sang "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road," and "What Cheer." His success was instantaneous and great. Since then he has been the idol of the music halls and the great impersonator of the coster.

He has written between 40 and 50 songs. The music of several is by him. Thus he wrote the words and music of "The Coster's Courtship," "A Mistake," "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins," "The Dotty Poet," "The Everflowing Brook," "Our 'Armonic Club." The music of the others was written by his brother, Mr. Charles Ingle, Mr. John Crook, Mr. Edward Jones and Mr. Bond Andrews.

Mr. Chevalier made his début in the United States at Koster and Bial's, New York, March 23, 1896, when he sang "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins," "My Old Dutch," "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road," "Our Little Nipper" and "Our Court Ball."

* * *

The impersonator of costers and cockneys is quoted as an authority in Farmer and Henley's "Slang and its Analogues," as in Vol. III. p. 128.

"Geezer, an appellation sometimes, but not necessarily, of derision and contempt; applied to both sexes, but generally to women. Usually old Geezer.

"1890. A Chevalier. 'Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road.' Nice old Geezer with a nasty cough."

* * *

Perhaps the highest compliment paid Mr. Chevalier was the reply of one coster to another who asked whether the singer had ever been one of them: "E'ed a barrer in Farringdon road an' bloody lucky for 'm."

* * *

"The Sea Cadet," or "The Royal Middy," by Zell and Genée, which will be given at the Castle Square Theatre tomorrow night, was first produced at Vienna Oct. 24, 1876.

The story was taken from a French vaudeville by Bayard and Dumanoir, an English version of which, "Captain Charlotte," was played in London, 1842, at the Adelphi. Edward Stirling, the alleged author, gave the French no credit. Kate Howard was Charlotte.

The first performance of the operetta in the United States was in German at the Thalia Theatre, New York, Oct. 21, 1879, when Mrs. Cottrelly was Fanchette, and Fiebach, Lube, Schnelle and Adolfi played the other leading parts.

The first performance in Boston was in English at the Boston Theatre by the Daly company, May 31, 1880, when Catharine Lewis was Fanchette. The other leading parts were played by May Fielding, Alonzo Hatch, J. E. Brand, John Hart, Charles Fisher, Charles Leclerque.

The operetta was afterward given here by the Emily Melville company and the Wilbur company.

When the operetta was first produced in English by Mr. Daly in New York, there were attempts made to steal his version. Mr. Operti was turned out of the theatre because he was writing the text in the German edition for voice and piano. Alice Oates took a stenographer with her to the show, but their purpose was discovered as the man was at work in one of the boxes.

Philip Hale

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Emilio Pizzi is writing "La Rosalba" for Patti.

"Crown Diamonds" was given at Stuttgart the King's birthday.

The report that Mme. Edna Hall has removed to New York is not true.

Xavier Leroux has written the music to "Les Perses" for the Odéon, Paris.

Saint-Saëns has been giving organ concerts, assisted by Miss Baldo, in Switzerland.

Hans Huber will succeed the late Selmar Bagge as director of the Basle Conservatory.

Sembrich and Van Dyck will probably sing in "Manon" at the Royal Opera, Berlin, next spring.

Two autograph marches of Beethoven have been found at Troppau. Their dates are 1809 and 1810.

A sum of $8000 has been raised already for the monument to Schumann at Zwickau, his birthplace.

A suite from "La Navarraise" is played by the Garde Républicaine, Paris, with great effect.

Carlos Gomes is at last dead after long suffering and false reports as to his decease. He was 57 years old.

Gladstone is fond of the music of Palestina, Soriano, Vittoria and Gounod. He does not care for Wagner.

They say now that Verdi will write no more for the stage, but is at work on an oratorio. Verdi says nothing.

A sacred concert for the benefit of House of Angel Guardian will be given at the Bijou Opera House this evening.

Adelina Patti will create at Nice the leading part in "Dolorès," text by Georges Boyer and music by Gaston Pollonais.

The Imperial Opera [illegible] at St. Petersburg opened Sept. 1 with a performance of Tschaikowsky's "Eugene Oneguine."

In honor of Nansen, they sell at Christiania a march by Oscar Borg entitled "Nordpol," and a piece entitled "86.14."

The Telephone Society at Budapest, which numbers 8000 members, has secured direct communication with the Opera House.

Gemma Bellincioni has secured the right to add to her repertory "Forbidden Love," a new one-act opera by Soucoup of Vienna.

Widor will conduct his second symphony at Moscow, Nov. 16, and give an organ concert in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Miss Rose Stewart, the soprano, will return from her summer home on the Jerusalem Road, Cohasset, to her home in Dorchester Oct. 20.

Etienne Porténaut, first violin prize at the Paris conservatory, 1848, and conductor of the Cecilia Society at Bordeaux, died last month, aged 69.

"Mathias Corvinus," a patriotic opera by Carl Frotzler, succeeded at Budapest. The composer is conductor of Prince Esterhazy's Theatre at Totois.

Jean Gaspard Isodore de Swert, 'cellist of distinction and formerly professor at the Brussels Conservatory, died lately at Schaerbeek. He was 66 years old.

Raffaele Vitali, who won great success as a tenor and on account of a sudden lowering of his voice when on the stage in Rome turned baritone, is dead.

Calvé's repertory in the United States will be "Hamlet," "La Navarraise," "Hérodiade," "Carmen," "Faust," "L'Africaine" and "Marriage of Figaro."

Mr. W. C. Carl, organist, will play two new works by Guilmant for orchestra and organ at a Symphony concert in New York under Mr. Damrosch Nov. 8.

They will revive this month at the théatre-Lyrique, Paris, Duni's "Deux Chasseurs et la Laitière" (1763), Méhul's "Irato" (1801) and Clapisson's "La Perruche" (1840).

There are three new professors at the Milan Conservatory, Gaetano Coronaro, composition, salary, $600; Gaetano Pascuili, violin and viola, $300; Giacomo Baragli, 'celio, $300.

Marix Loevensohn, who will give concerts in this country under Mr. Aronson's management, will play Anton Rubinstein's 2d 'celio concerto at a concert given by the Colonne Orchestra in Brussels Oct. 18.

New Italian works for the stage: "Graziella," opera, three acts, music by Giuseppe Casetti, at Bagno; "I Fanciulli redenti," operetta, music by Francesco Pinto, at Marmirolo; "Il Passaporto dei droghiere," music by Mrs. Gisella delle Grazie.

A young American singer named Courtenay made her début at the Opera Comique, Paris, last month in "Le Pardon de Ploërmel." The Ménestrel says "She has a very beautiful voice. She met with success, and the public recalled her with warmth after the waltz in the second act."

A singing society at Mayence serenaded lately the Grand Duke of Hesse, who spoke to the President looking at the crowd of singers, "I am glad to see that you have grown stouter since my last visit." The President, immensely tickled, bowed profoundly, and replied: "Oh, yes, Your Highness; ten pounds."

The music critic of the Ulm Tagblatt was sentenced to a fine of 30 marks because he spoke of a singer as "a crowing girl." The Ménestrel does not see how this comparison could affect the honor of the singer. "She certainly would not have complained if he had likened her to a lark or a nightingale."

Theresa Carreno will play the piano in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw and Breslau before she will sail for America Dec. 26. Mr. Rudolph Aronson has made arrangements for her appearance with the Philharmonic and Symphony Societies, New York, the Chicago and Boston orchestras, and in the leading towns of the United States and Canada.

Mmes. de Frate, Barducci, Ricci de Paz, sopranos; Mrs. Locatelli, mezzo-soprano; Messrs. Mariacher, Borgatti, Sigaldi, Granados, tenors; and Messrs. Scotti and Cioni, baritones, have been engaged for the carnival season at the Argentina, Rome, when "Falstaff," "Asrael," "Andrea Chénier," "Götterdämmerung" and "Camargo" will be performed.

This is all that the Brussels correspondent of the Ménestrel can say in praise of Miss Kutscherra, who made her début last month at the Monnaie as Elsa, after her unfortunate experience in Paris at the Opéra: "We found this Elsa in extraordinary good health, realizing hardly the dreamed-of type, so poetic, so frail, so young, having neither the plastic figure, nor the pure, fresh voice demanded by the part. Yet Miss Kutscherra is not vulgar; she has an agreeable face, style and authority."

Mr. Augusto Rotoli, the well-known composer and director, will direct a performance of some of his most celebrated works at Tremont Temple Wednesday night, Oct. 18. The first part of the program will be miscellaneous in form; the second will consist of Mr. Rotoli's "Roman Festival Mass," a work which, at its public performance last spring, called forth superlative praise from Boston critics. Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, Miss Lena Little, Mr. Thos. Johnson and Mr. Lon Brine will be the quartet of soloists, and the choral numbers will be sung by 150 voices.

AMY FAY'S "MUSIC STUDY IN GERMANY."

Amy Fay's "Music Study in Germany" has arrived at a sixteenth edition, and is now presented by Macmillan & Company in handsome as well as substantial form, for the sum of $1 25. There is a portrait of the author, and there are assorted prefaces in two languages by sundry friendly persons. This book is well known to many students of music. For the benefit of those who have never heard of it, we state that Miss Fay gives an account of her musical adventures in Germany, 1869-1875; her experience with Tausig, the elder Kullak, Liszt; and how she finally found salvation in lessons from Mr. Deppe. We don't say that the book is of real value to the musician, in that its criticism is authoritative or shrewd, or its anecdotes of weight. The enthusiasm of the writer is frequently gush, and at times there are symptoms of acute hysteria. But the book is undeniably entertaining. The note of individuality is firmly struck. We realize that the author is a living being, a creature of flesh and blood, with hopes, aspirations, moods, passions. And this vitality has insured the life of "Music Study." Nor should we forget that this book has beyond doubt and peradventure incited many to go abroad to study music. It has been influential. Yet it is not unlikely that if Miss Fay had turned her attention to any other art or calling she would have written about it with the same furious, contagious interest. We repeat, the book is an instance of the force of individuality. "Music Study" was forwarded to us by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat.

Oct 12, 1896

For Women while they Paint, perfume and adorn themselves with Jewels and purple Robes, are accounted gawdy and profuse; yet no Body will find fault with them for washing their Faces, anointing themselves or platting their Hair. Homer very neatly expresses the difference of these two Habits, where he brings in Juno dressing herself.

With sweet Ambrosia first she wash'd her Skin,
And after did anoint her self with Oil.

So far was allowable, being no more than a careful Cleanliness. But when she comes to call for her golden Buttons, her curiously wrought Ear-rings, and last of all puts on her bewitching Girdle; this appears to be an extravagant and idle Curiosity, and betrays too much of wantonness.

Miss Anna Held, a French Music Hall singer, now in New York, has been sued by a milkman. She is in the habit of bathing in forty gallons of milk for the sake of her skin. She complained lately of the quality of the milk, alleging that the milk looked like batter. She therefore refuses to pay for it.

Of course the first thing is to congratulate her on the ingenuity and passion of her press agent.

Milk baths are of antiquity. For centuries the milk of she-asses has been considered a marvelous wash for the skin, a smoother of wrinkles, a painter of fair complexions. Pliny the Elder tells us that there were noble dames on earth with him who kept an establishment of 500 she-asses that they might never be without this baineal luxury. "They say the Empress Poppaea, the wife of the Emperor Nero, was the first to set up such an establishment."

And yet Sabina Poppaea was not a woman who should serve as an example to the young, either in or out of music halls. Tacitus tells us that she possessed every ornament but that of a virtuous soul. Nor are we cock-sure that a milk bath really embellished her, for the terse and grim historian adds, "It was rare that she appeared abroad, then, too, part of her face hid under her veil, the more to stimulate the curious beholders, or, perhaps, because thus she was still more charming." Wherever she went, into whatever country, she was attended by a train of 500 she-asses. Nevertheless did Nero in a casual fit of passion kick this sleek and sumptuous lady to foul and dusty death.

There are learned leeches as well as Laurentius who approved of baths of milk. Long before Miss Anna Held sang songs to New Yorkers, who pretending to understand them found them delightfully naughty, French women were accustomed to the "bain de lait." In the 18th century French women in the bath did not scruple to receive callers, male or female. When a visitor was announced, the water was made white by pouring in a pint or two of milk. Miss Held, it will be remembered, used 40 gallons.

This story about Miss Held reminds us of the famous champagne-bath of a well-known operetta-singer. On second thought, it is just as well to refrain from telling the tale until there is more noise in the street.

Mr. Gianturco, the Minister of Public Instruction in Italy, has paid a high compliment to our esteemed fellow-townsman, Mr. Augusto Rotoli. An album of musical compositions by the leading musicians of Italy will be presented to the Prince of Naples and the Princess of Montenegro as a wedding-gift. Mr. Gianturco has written Mr. Rotoli for a song, saying that neither his name nor his "conspicuous talent" should be found absent in this volume of musical homage.

The comparison on paper of the records of the Harvard and Yale ball nines last season is interesting. But what a [illegible] the compositor was not [illegible] on the diamond, in the sight of the people.

Club life in Chicago was agreeably diversified the 10th. A member was knocked out by a fellow-member, not by a series of cocktails.

Mr. Dithmar rejoices in the revival of "Evangeline" in New York because "it reveals more of the positive art of Theresa Vaughn than has hitherto been manifested." * * * "She is a comic actress of original talent, a natural sense of humor and the true artist's moderation, and it is a great pity that she cannot find an opportunity in some play worthy of her powers."

The New York Times of the 11th published an admirable portrait of Mr. E. A. MacDowell with an appreciative sketch of his work.

To A. D.: You ask why Dr. John Watson calls himself Ian Maclaren. Ian is John in Gaelic, Scythian or Syriac, we really have forgotten which, and Maclaren was his wife's maiden name. At least, so we have been told. "Is he a great novelist?" Read for yourself and judge. Some prefer Spring; others Summer. Perhaps it is the wisest course to say that each new novelist who pokes his head above the literary horizon is the equal of Cervantes, Fielding, Balzac and Thomas Hardy; it certainly saves trouble. Why, Boston itself swarms with distinguished authors. We counted 14 Saturday morning on Tremont Street between School and Bromfield, and we understand Mr. Bliss Carman is still in Nova Scotia.

A SACRED CONCERT.

A sacred concert was given last evening at the Bijou Theatre in aid of the House of the Angel Guardian, a most deserving charity. The following who volunteered their services took part: Mrs. Marius, soprano, Mrs. Kelterborn, soprano, Miss Stone, pianist, Miss Fryc, accompanist, Prof. Claudius Deslouis, baritone, Mr. d'Halewyn, bass, Mr. Priesing, bass, Dr. Kelterborn, Mr. Taillander, and Mr. Charles Molé, the eminent flute player.

The program, long and varied, included pieces by Mendelssohn, Halévy, Bricciali, Mrs. Beach, Gounod, Paer, Scharwenka, Meyerbeer, Pinsuti, Dessauer, Terschak, Wagner and Faure. A feature of the performance was the "Homage to Washington," the words and music of which were written by Professor Deslouis after reading the life of George Washington. The spirited composition is dedicated to Mr. William F. Apthorp, and it was sung by the composer and Mr. Priesing. Mr. Molé's performance again inspired keen regret at his near departure from Boston. All of the singers and players contributed in generous rivalry to the pleasure of an appreciative audience and the benefit of charity. The concert was under the direction of Professor Deslouis.

Oct 13. 96

Chevalier Makes His First Bow Here.

Mr. Albert Chevalier made his first appearance in Boston last evening at the Hollis Street Theatre. He was welcomed heartily by a large audience.

As a music-hall singer, he owes his fame chiefly to his impersonations of costers.

* * *

We have no costers in the United States. Whether, to use the phrase of Artemus Ward, the coster would be a "sweet boon," may well be a subject for argument. The picturesqueness of this species of huckster would enliven the streets; but there are other characteristics of costermongerdom that would be of no advantage to our daily life.

The faithfulness of Mr. Chevalier's impersonation is, so far as a Boston audience is concerned, of little importance in judging of his art. We only know the coster from Gilbert's lines, the dictionaries, and books that treat of London street people.

London critics have discussed the question of Mr. Chevalier's faithfulness in sentiment. The music hall audiences have voted overwhelmingly in his favor. But only a fortnight ago the Pall Mall Gazette said, apropos to the death of Miss Bessie Bellwood, "Mr. Albert Chevalier has made the stage coster a namby-pamby individual, seeking after something better than his native life and surroundings, and he has his hosts of imitators, male and female—Bessie Bellwood took that phase of life which suited her powers best—the low, rowdy, fighting, hair-tearing girl of the lowest courts in the East End, a creature all fringe and mouth and into her as into all her characters she thrust her own strong individuality."

The impersonation of Mr. Chevalier may be photographic in realism, or it may be no nearer the type than are the imitators of Mr. Chevalier, who have

here, to the original. If Mr. Chevalier were only a vocal photograph of the coster, his talent would not be appreciated so thoroughly by American audiences as it was last night.

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Mr. Chevalier cheered a jaded audience by the exhibition of a species of humor that is new and genuine. Perhaps the real coster is not as tender toward his precocious boy as is the father in "Our Little Nipper." But why prate about the truth of the impersonation, so long as the humor is distinct and distinguished?

There is the element of surprise that at once pleases in Mr. Chevalier's performance.

Sympathy between actor and audience is immediately established, and such is the artistry of the comedian that he never for one moment presumes upon this sympathy to be too familiar.

The face is kindly, humerous, shrewd, mobile. The slightest variation in sentiment is as it were spontaneously announced by a play or twist of features. The body is fully under the control of the mind; it is graceful, awkward, grotesque, rheumatic, stilted, hypocritical, smug. In every motion you realize the painstaking art of this admirable comedian, and yet you say to yourself, "This character on the stage is not playing a part; he is himself whether he woos Lizer, is jealous of the girl at the ball or is the heir of Uncle Tom of Camberwell."

Then there is the singularly expressive voice of Mr. Chevalier, which he uses with uncommon skill. He has the art known to certain French singers of dashing color into a phrase; yes, a word by a sudden change of tonal quality. He has been likened in this respect to Miss Yvette Guilbert. He is, however, the more of a musician, in rhythm and intonation; the liberties he takes in rhythm are for an effect that he gains; they seem deliberate; whereas, Miss Guilbert at times seems unconscious that she is straying without cause. This voice of Mr. Chevalier is an index to the man. It wins all hearers, in humor, in serious sentiment, in chaff and slang. Even Morose in Ben Jonson's play would not have swooned if he had heard Mr. Chevalier in coster dress.

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I confess that to me "My Old Dutch" was a disappointment, and for this reason. The pathos seemed to me incongruous, exaggerated until the sentiment became rank sentimentalism that was almost maudlin.

An old coster once told Henry Mayhew, "The gals axully liked a feller for walloping them. As long as the bruises hurted, she was always thinking on the cove as gived 'em her."

Mr. Chevalier takes a more ideal view. He is not unlike the coster described by the poet:

> I feel the tears come down my cheeks,
> When I 'eerd him 'owl and wail,
> 'An',' sez I, 'I'm a simple coster bloke
> But my 'art's right as the mail.' "

But suppose the old man is not, after all a coster? The incongruity moy then disappear; but the sentiment still seems exaggerated. No doubt Mr. Chevalier sang this song with more frankness at the start. Repeated performances and excessive admiration may have led him easily into the exaggeration that did not appear in any one of his other impersonations. Far more satisfactory to me was his singing of "Tick Tock," which was effective by its simplicity and its suggestion, and also by the ingenious detail of the accompanying business.

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Truly an admirable artist, a man worthy of the name. His versatility is such, his skill in make up is so marked, the sympathy of his humanity is so irresistible, his authority is so pronounced that you accept gladly his impersonations and are not weary in accepting. He is a comedian to be seen more than once. For it is not possible to grasp fully in one evening the art of Chevalier.

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He sang: "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins," "My Old Dutch," "Our Bazaar," "Our Court Ball," "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road," "Blue Ribbon Jane," "Tick Tock" and "Our Little Nipper." The heartiness of the welcome was renewed after each group of songs, and after "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road," the final song, there were repeated calls, for the audience was loth to go.

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The following took part in the variety entertainment: Miss Nora Girton, Mr. Harry Brett, Mr. Alfred H. West, Mr. Charles Bertram, Mr. Cayrus Dare, the Abbott Sisters and Mr. Harry Atkinson.

Mr. Bertram's sleight of hand performance was very neat and effective; Mr. Dare imitated a singing child to the amusement of the audience, the Abbott Sisters and Mr. Brett were applauded for their songs liberally; and Mr. Atkinson gave surprising imitations of certain musical instruments and an operatic duet between soprano and baritone.

PHILIP HALE.

... was a man ... very ... he hated a rogue, and he hated a ... he was a very good hater.

Truly the stout sentiment of an honest man. But is not the outspoken hater disappearing in this period of gush and cheap diplomacy? Take Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke's "My Long Life," for instance. The Pall Mall Gazette says of it: "The book needs esprit, wit, even malice, to give it sparkle. Instead we have an affectionate mildness, a gentle, friendly feebleness, which makes it difficult to read with that patience which the kindly qualities of its author assuredly warrant. * * * Indeed in the kindliness of her heart she has only good to say of everybody, even of publishers. She reminds one of the story told of some extra polite person: '—— is a very good fellow, but if he would occasionally damn my eyes, I should like him so much better.' "

To L. F.—No. The phrase "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche" was not applied originally to the famous coster singer, who is, however, a Chevalier of industry and fortune in the better sense.

Was the name of the beggar-maid wooed by King Cophetua Penelophon or Zenelophon? We invite discussion. As soon as this point is settled definitely business will revive.

Did Senator Stewart really say "In fact, you cannot tell who to trust in New York?" If the Senator's speech is silvery, it should also be grammatical.

"A certain female novelist is a prey to nausea and faintness when she comes in contact with a mass of yellow." She should never read her own stories.

To W. B.: You are correct in your statement. Shakespeare does not mention tobacco in play or poem. We think it is Gifford who says that Shakespeare is the only playwright of the age of James who does not allude to the weed. It does not follow therefore that the poet never used tobacco. Our own belief, not to be shaken by any enthusiastic Baconian whether he be spiritualist, demagogue, or dentist, is that Shakespeare preferred a T. D. to a church-warden.

The father of Lillian Russell was related to her by marriage. The husbands of Lillian are related to her by marriage and divorce.

Maud writes to the Journal: "I was much interested in your remarks about milk-baths. I am afraid that I cannot afford to buy 40 gallons of milk a day. My face chaps very easily, and the morning after a late supper a prickly rash often breaks out on my face and neck. Can you recommend a good and safe wash?" Why, of course. The best face-wash—we speak from personal experience—is prepared as follows:

> "Madam, you take your hen,
> Plume it, and skin it, cleanse it o' the inwards;
> Then chop it, bones at all; add to four ounces
> Of carravicins, pipitas, sope of Cyprus,
> Make the decoction, strain it. Then distil it,
> And keep it in your gally-pot well glidder'd:
> Three drops preserves from wrinkles, warts, spots, moles,
> Blemish, or sun-burnings, and keeps the skin
> In decimo-sexto, ever bright and smooth,
> As any looking-glass; and indeed is call'd
> The virgin's milk for the face, oglio reale;
> A ceruse, neither cold nor heat will hurt;
> And mix'd with oil of myrrh, and the red gilliflower,
> Call'd cataputia and flowers of rovistico,
> Makes the best muta, or dye, of the whole world."

Do not be discouraged, Maud, on account of the simplicity of the prescription. Shake the bottle before using.

"Talks on Writing English," by Arlo Bates, is, indeed, an excellent book, sane and straightforward. The remarks concerning translation are wholly admirable and pertinent in these days when men and women with a smattering of a foreign language feel it a duty to earn money by killing a Frenchman's or Italian's meaning and style by betraying him in English. At the same time we hope Prof. Bates will soon give the world another of his practical models for writing English in the form of a novel, a successor to "The Pagans," "The Philistines" and "Wheel of Fire." There is a rumor—may it be confirmed!—that he is at work on a story of contemporaneous life.

One hundred and four years ago this month Colonel George Mason died in Fairfax County, Virginia. The following extract from his will is worthy of frequent and prayerful consideration: "I recommend it to my sons, from my experience in life, to prefer the happiness and independence of a private station to the troubles and vexations of public business; but, if either their own inclinations or the necessity of the times should engage them in public affairs, I charge them, on a father's blessing, never to let the motive of private interest, or ambition, induce them to betray, or the fear of danger or death deter them from asserting the liberty of their country, and endeavoring to transmit to their posterity those sacred rights to which themselves were born." We have published these noble sentiments before this. We publish them now, for they are peculiarly appropriate to the time.

Oct. 14, 1896

And here be it noted that, with all our inordinate national or international Anglo-Saxon sense of superiority to everybody and everything foreign, we are in the main thing—that is, the truly rational enjoyment of life and the art of living—utterly inferior to the German and Latin races. We are for the most part either too good or too bad—totally abstemious or raving drunk—always in a hurry after excitement, or in a worry over our sins, or those of our neighbors. "Rest, rest, perturbed Yankee, rest!"

There is a rude force shown by these Englishmen that often compels admiration. Take architecture, for instance. If an old Bostonian objects to some general design or feature of detail, he writes a letter to a newspaper, and in filing and polishing sentences works off his anger. Or he and other estimable gentlemen descend from their family trees for the purpose of drafting resolutions of protest which they sign with the awful dignity of names in full.

But in Frognal the other day, an Englishman of very ancient family, one Adam Parent—somehow the name seems tautological—discovered in a walk abroad suburban houses that displeased him mightily. Mr. Parent is fond of architecture. Men say he can recite with only a few immaterial omissions the whole of the first and famous chapter of Vitruvius, and the greater part of Claude Parrault's preface to the translation dedicated to the Grand Monarch. How did Mr. Parent show his artistic horror and contempt? By spluttering in a letter to the Times? By going to the nearest pub? The enthusiast bethought him of Samson's last professional appearance, and then he walked up Frognal pushing at the brick-and-plaster capitals of the entrance piers of the houses; and these miserable objects either fell out and were broken, or else shifted out of position. As a commentator remarks, "No more impressive rebuke could have been administered to the taste which selected and the workmanship which inserted these curious parodies of classical style."

Mr. Adam Parent—we hope that Prof. Charles Eliot Norton is already in correspondence with him, for there is much to be done in Cambridge as well as Frognal—Mr. Adam Parent was of course rewarded handsomely, you say. If he did not receive the Victoria Cross, he was called to a chair at Oxford. He was rewarded—by a fine of £7 10s. or six weeks. Thus did he suffer the fate of "the reformer in a convention-ridden country."

W. A. calls our attention to what he describes as "a busting phrase" of Malleck: "A harp—that instrument whose shape in itself is music." Yes, and in this case the shape should be allowed to speak for itself. The instrument is most musical when it is silent in beauty.

The newspaper man who tracks Time by a "literary calendar" is stared at all October by the apparition of Mrs. Burnet Smith. Do you know her or her works? Perhaps if you have not read "Elizabeth Glen, M. B.," you dote on "Carlowrie"? If you find "Sundered Hearts" true, "too true," you may sit up nights with "A Lost Ideal." Or "Sheila" may accompany you in streetcar expedition through the jungles of Tremont Street. Remember, you are on oath; did you ever read any one of the novels by this gifted being? Personally, she is dressed according to English taste—see "The Queen." She wears a massive necklace. She has a massive porcelain forehead. And she looks right at you, perfectly at her ease. And there are 10 days to come this month. Let's take a peep at November. Ah, the face is that of Thomas Hardy, whom Mrs. Smith undoubtedly regards as a coarse writer.

"Aprielde" is the slaughter of a boar. What is the word for the world-relieving murder of a bore?

"Medford is the centre of historical interest this week." We believe Mr. C. W. Ernst claims that the word "rum" was used first in Boston.

The Yacht Racing Association apologizes to Mr. Howard Gould in the language of Cambronne.

Sad news from London. Some mourn the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Others will not be comforted for the lambasting of Mr. Johnny Murphy of Boston by Pedlar Palmer, Esq., of Lunnon.

To C. A.: Yes, the Edwards who composed the music of "Brian Boru," produced Monday night in Baltimore, is Julian Edwards, the conductor. His "King René's Daughter" has been sung in New York. We do not know the subject of the libretto of "Brian Boru." From the title we infer that there must be at least one chorus of Turks.

Mr. James Huneker in a profound contemplation of the theatre hat philosophizes, undisturbed by the thought of feminine outcry: "The fact is women are afraid to go out with the hair simply dressed. Indeed, few feminine heads can stand the strain of simplicity. I don't mean to be impolite, but I am stating an observed phenomenon. Most women's heads are asymmetrical and weak in the regions where we look for graceful, gentle curves. The region of idealism, for example, not to speak of the back of the skull, which, according to physiologists, should be full in females. But it usually is not. So with tact (it was called cunning in the old days) the hair is becomingly arranged; that awful forehead, with its long, bony heights, is softened, and, of course, the ornament is bound to replace the bonnet. * * * The high theatre bonnet may go, but worse will follow."

WITH THE ACTORS.

A Rambling Talk About Music Hall Comedians.

George Moore Found Relief in Songs and Specialties.

Chevalier's Songs — A Word Concerning His Company.

Perhaps you do not care for "Confessions of a Young Man," by Mr. George Moore. I admit that the portrait of the author prefixed to the Sonnenschein edition is discouraging and shows Mr. Moore to be without a sense of humor. There is, however, the paper edition, published by Brentano without this prejudicing illustration, this kill-joy at the very start.

I wish you would read in this strangely delightful, vexing and preposterous little book Mr. Moore's remarks about the music hall. Let me quote a paragraph or two, that you may enter more fully into the spirit of the show at the Hollis Street Theatre.

***

"There is one thing in England that is free, that is spontaneous, that reminds me of the blitheness and nationalness of the Continent; but there is nothing French about it, it is wholly and essentially English, and in its communal enjoyment and its spontaneity it is a survival of Elizabethan England—I mean the music hall.

"I shall not easily forget my first evening there. * * * There were no caseades of real water, nor London docks, nor offensively rich furniture, with hotel lifts down which some one will certainly be thrown, but one scene representing a street; a man comes on—not, mind you, in a real smock-frock, but in something that suggests one—and sings of how he came up to London, and was 'cleaned out' by thieves. * * * The sketch is slight, but is welcome and refreshing after the eternal drawing room and Mrs. Kendal's cumbrous domesticity; it is curious, quaint, perverted, and are not these the aions and the attributes of art? Now see that perfect comedian, Mr. Arthur Roberts, superior to Irving because he is working with living material; how trim and saucy he is! and how he evokes the soul, the brandy-and-soda soul, of the young men, delightful and elegant in black and white, who are so vociferously cheering him. 'Will you stand me a cab-fare, ducky, I am feeling so awfully queer?'

"The music hall is a protest against Mrs. Kendal's marital tenderness and the abortive platitudes of Messrs. Pettit and Sims; the music hall is a protest against Sardou and the immense drawing-room sets. * * * The music hall is a protest against the villa, the circulating library, the club, and for this the 'all is inexpressibly dear to me."

And in a development of the music hall, Mr. Moore sees "the only chance of again possessing a dramatic literature."

***

Perhaps the music hall is impossible in Boston, where the police authorities have declared that music and beer work together for unrighteousness—except at the Promenade concerts.

Those who enjoy the immoral sentimentalism of such plays as "The Charity Ball" would be the first to shout in holy horror at the frankness of the music hall. Those who delight in the

[illegible] Ac[illegible] of Mr. Jefferson would fail to see the hu[illegible]nity in a slang song or a realistic sketch of low life in a stage atmosphere of gin and onions.

* * *

Yet are songs of music halls worthy the attention of the sociologist, whether the singer tell of

"Aubery Plantagenet, can't you just imagine it,
Eyes full of liquid light, hair black as jet,"

or the ditty, which was hissed when sung by Mr. Charles Coburn:

"Come where the booze is cheaper,
Come where the pots hold more,
Come where the boss is a bit of a joss,
Come to the pub next door."

Do you say this refrain is low? But what do you say to Stephano's song in "The Tempest"?

* * *

The songs at the Hollis, removed from their more congenial home, the music hall, nevertheless produce effect when they are delivered with art. With the best intention in the world, I do not remember a line of what Miss Girton sang. She is personally attractive enough. Her enunciation is delightfully distinct. But her performance is without distinction. She is one of many, who do conscientiously a turn.

In Mr. Brett you recognize an equally familiar type. He is the singer who rejoices in telling the audience of some joke to which he fell victim. He is in imperturbable evening dress even in the most annoying dilemma. He keeps nothing to himself; he discloses with appalling eagerness his adventures, diurnal and nocturnal. His views of life coincide with the chapple friend of Mr. Moore: "A ripping good dinner, get a skinful of champagne inside you, go to bed when it is light, and get up when you are rested." This type has been long a favorite in music halls. Mr. Brett accentuates it with authority. Hence the applause, for the singer rather than for the song.

* * *

And what about the songs sung by the thrice admirable Chevalier?

Of those sung Monday night, "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins," words and music by Mr. Chevalier, is the most characteristic. The melody is not foreign to the text, it clings to the memory; and it is impossible to think of it as the expression of other words.

"I knows a little doner,
I'm about to own 'er,
She's agoin' to marry me."

Now "doner," meaning "woman," is also spelled "dona," "donna," "donny." When did the word first come into English? There is no mention of it in Captain Grose's Slang Dictionary, 1785. Hotten's Slang Dictionary, 1860, gives "donna and feeles," a woman and children; "Italian or lingua Franca, donne e figlie." Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues" (1891), quotes this sentence from the Athenaeum (1875): "A circus man almost always speaks of a circus woman, not as a woman, but a dona." The word "donny" in Westmoreland dialect means "a profligate woman;" and what is its origin?

And next to "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins" in true musical worth is "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road," the music of which is by Mr. Charles Ingle.

* * *

It is surprising that Mr. Harry Atkinson has not been engaged at an enormous salary by Mr. Grau or Col. Mapleson, or by the managers of the Paris Opéra. For not only could he in an emergency take the parts of soprano and baritone; he could supply the orchestra if the members went on a strike or were overcome with strong drink. His imitation bugle call is superior to the bugle call itself in its absolute sureness and ease. Do not ask me how he achieves his imitations. He appears to have the same old nose and mouth and throat of less favored individuals; he is to outward view no more apart from them than is the remarkably endowed South American bird in the menagerie story from others of his kind.

I should like to hear Mr. Atkinson at a Symphony concert. He could play the orchestral selections, and the orchestra might appear as a soloist. Possibly Mr. Chevalier would lend him to Mr. Ellis Saturday night.

Oct 15 PHILIP HALE.

Gentleman, Lady—These words have been forced upon us until they have begun to be nauseous, by people who will not do me the honor of reading this book; so that any plea here for "man" and "woman" would be in vain and out of place. But I will notice a very common misuse of the former, which prevails in business correspondence, in which Mr. A. is addressed as Sir, but the firm of A., B. & Co. as Gentlemen. Now, the plural of "Sir" is "Sirs"; and if "gentleman" has any significance at all, it ought not to be made common and unclean by being applied to mere business purposes.

Should we, as some urge, abandon in letter-writing the use of "Dear Sir" and "Yours truly" and their warmer, more fulsome brethren and sisters? Are these phrases vain repetitions, naughty superfluities?

Objectors to this cheap courte[illegible] say, "We do not use these phrases in a telegram, why should we in a letter, when the whole tendency of life is toward condensation." And this tendency, by the way, includes in its nervous hurry condensation of life. Ah, the inconsequential reasoning of the objector! Must life be like unto a telegram?

There are irritating forms in address and flourish. You resent it when a person whom you hold in light esteem begins "My dear Mr. Smith." You are not his dear. We know of a young woman who broke her engagement because the impassioned swain addressed her as "Dearest." The superlative did not please her, for she thought of the existence of positive and comparative. "Dearest Lucy." Were there other Lucys, dear and dearer?

"Yours, etc." Yes, but what insults may not lurk in this "etc." Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, added "etc." when he began "Allow me to insinuate, my dear sir, in the most delicate manner in the world," and the "etc." carried the heat and burden of his meaning. (We do not vouch for the verbal accuracy of this quotation; some one has borrowed, i. e., stolen, our "Peter Simple," and we cannot verify).

And "Yours cordially" sends a shiver down the spine of some. Think of the irony in "Yours respectfully" signed by a creditor. "Yours sincerely" is enough to awaken suspicion; but what shall be said to "Yours most sincerely"? The writer might as well add "Honest Indian, Hope to die, Criss-cross."

You have received many letters from adoring swains, Miss Eustacia, although, of course, you have not encouraged them. Is not "Yours," simple "Yours," manlier, more reassuring, more convincing than "Yours till death"? "Yours." He is your sport, your plaything, to be thrown away, or trampled under foot. To "Yours till death" is this answer, "Oh, no; I shall not want you so long." The assurance is presumption.

Sons in the forties addressed fathers in New England as "Respected Sir," and, unless we are mistaken, "Your dutiful son" was not an uncommon ending. "Dear Father" would have been like unto pulling the paternal nose. We do not say this formality of address was universal in New England, but it was observed rigorously in villages, where outward tokens of affection were considered unmanly, and even ungodly.

The other day in a street car we heard a young man say, "My father isn't a father to me; he is more like a brother; he's a regular pal." The youth had a flushed face and a beery breath; but his affection was honest, undisguised. Whether he and his father are often stranded on the same bar is immaterial. There were friendly relations, at any rate, between father and son; and by the existence of these relations we recognize the healthy change in New England family life. A man 70 years old said only this week, "When I was a boy, I was afraid of my father. He was just and stern. But he was like the other fathers in the town; he was ashamed to show any emotion. And it was not until he died that I knew he was really fond of me. I have tried to bring up my sons in a more decent way."

Letter writing is out of fashion. Even in social life, the telegraph, the telephone, the type-writing machine have destroyed in great measure the amiable art of correspondence. One of our most serious objections to Mr. Gladstone is that he is an inveterate user of postal cards. But let us cling to a few courtesies. There surely is no harm in "Dear Mr. Jones," or "Dear Sir," and "Yours truly" is a formula that is not wasted even when it is employed in Pickwickian sense. It does not take long to write these phrases. You do not imperil your soul even when you waste them on adversary. Sir Toby Belch counseled Sir Andrew to be "curst and brief" in his written challenge; but the Illyrian Knight made no objection when Sir Andrew signed himself "Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-Cheek."

Mr. W. D. Howells will be grieved sorely when he learns that the crew of the Herbert Fuller is studying in Charles Street Jail the novels of Sir Walter Scott. "What a dreary waste of time," we hear him say; "why does not some one provide the detained with the works of Tolstoi or Hamlin Garland?"

"Physician" writes to the Journal: "I think the people of New York and the neighborhood should be grateful to Miss Anna Held for taking milk baths of 40 gallons. If the milk had been peddled and drunk, no doubt many men, women and children might now suffer from tuberculosis."

[illegible] A. [illegible] writes to the Journal: "Concerning milk-baths the following extract from John George Geysler's Travels, Vol. I., p. 476, published in 1760, may be interesting to consumers of milk: 'I remember a certain eminent lady, who was known to bathe herself twice a week in milk, by way of a cosmetic, and would order the milk afterwards distributed among the poor. This might well be called an extraordinary piece of economy.'"

Oct 16. '96

Now the New England people, especially Bostonians, are inordinately given to knowing everything about everybody, and to "tittle-tattle," while the Southerners are comparatively free from it and very incurious. * * * Which reminds me that in after years I got some praise in the newspapers for the saying that a Yankee's idea of hell was a place where he must mind his own business.

The author of this detestable scandal is Mr. Charles Godfry Leland, who was born in Philadelphia over 70 years ago, and never recovered fully from his birthplace or "reed-bird suppers or lunches, eked out, perhaps, with terrapins and soft-shell crabs, gumbo, snapper or pepper-pot soup, peaches, venison, bear-meat, selon la saison"; hear the smack of the lips as the old man recites his reminiscences.

Mr. Leland, by the way, is one of the most delightful gossips now whispering into the ear of the world. Is there not, after all, some truth in his fling at New England? Listen to the talk in the street cars in Boston. You will not have to play the eavesdropper or strain your attention. You cannot help hearing about Mr. Bromfield's reply to Mr. Brunswick, Jack's inexplicable behavior at the club, the opinion of Mrs. Tom concerning Mr. Paur, why Aunt Lydia did not join the Saturday Morning Club, what the Rev. Mr. Boanerges said should be done to West End Directors, how stray cats must be put to death tenderly and in cotton, why Mrs. Atreus does not allow young Agamemnon to play foot ball, etc., etc., etc. And we have heard Philadelphians chatter in the same old-fashioned way.

Of course modern and local curiosity which is the same thing as ancient and universal curiosity insisted that Mr. J. M. Barrie should be interviewed in Boston. Mr. Barrie, you know, has written several stories which certain enthusiastic male and female admirers laud to the skies, pronouncing them to be superior to the works of either Thickery or Dackens. We admire Mr. Barrie as a man and an author—from what we have read about him. We think, however, that he is equaled in realism by Mr. Job Johnson of Leeds, and surpassed in pathetic description and searching of the human heart by Mrs. Nannie MacPherson of Corrichatachin. But Time will settle definitely these questions. Why struggle to anticipate the verdict?

Mr. Barrie, talking through Dr. Nicholl, admires Americans, "for many excellent qualities; they are a capable people." "He can well understand that they know how to manage their own affairs. This country needs no counsel or assistance from any other country in the conduct of its Government." Mr. Barrie is an able man.

Foreigners as well as the inhabitants of Paris are intensely interested in the cat show. They say the specimens are unusually fine and costly.

They who believe that marriage is a failure, or at the best an assignment, should ponder an episode in prison life at Limoges. The bridegroom was a pickpocket with a four-year sentence. The bride belonged to the same ancient calling. Warders escorted the couple to church, and one acted as best man. The wedding trip was considered vulgar and ostentatious, and man and wife were locked up immediately in their respective cells. They will be "at home" four years from now. Grave philosophers have applauded the Spartan custom told to us by Plutarch. The man and wife of Sparta saw each other at first only by stealth. "This manner endured a great while, and untill somme of them had children, before they boldely met together, and sawe eache other on the daye time." Thus were established "continencie and so kynde a framed honestie in mariage." They appear to have improved at Limoges upon this custom. The young husband cannot complain of his wife's inexperience in cookery; her desire to go into society will be shared by him; and her dress will be furnished for four years by the Government.

L. G. asks "What is the best way to study wild flowers?" They should first be tamed.

"Edmund Gosse's Critical Kit-Kats is a delightful book of criticism and literary gossip, and contains appreciations of Walter Pater, Stevenson and Walt Whitman [illegible] it-erature [illegible] of [illegible]; and he describes a visit to the Bard of Camden which is both interesting and unsatisfactory. I knew Walt intimately, but I always discovered after each visit paid to Mickle Street that I did all the talking. And this has been the experience of all his visitors. He had the gift of eviscerating a subject by the very simple means of drawing one into conversation about yourself—and God knows most of us are eloquent on that subject. Not given to Chinese questioning, but rather a gentle hypnotic pressure Walt exerted, and once the pump was started the flow was steady and prolonged. Nordau, like Earl Li, puts irritating questions to you. The Poet of the Great Unwashed never questioned; he asked with his eyes—your egotism did the rest." Such is the soliloquy of James Huneker.

We take pleasure in quoting this example of discriminating criticism from "Music, Poetry and Chaste Literature," published every month at Frederick, Md.: "The Editor had the pleasure of meeting the Brunswick Cornet Band at one of their rehearsals during the past month, and found them well organized with the following officers: E. C. Shafer, President; W. D. Kidwell, Vice President; D. D. Seibert, Director and Treasurer; W. H. Hooper, Secretary. They played several pieces and executed them well with good expression, which so many of our bands doesn't do. No doubt you will hear from this band through this paper soon. Very likely they will give us their history."

Oct 17. 96

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cri'd, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chatt'ring pies in dismal discord sung.

And yet the victim of this screaming denunciation may have been born about noon of a gorgeous day to the music of birds and the cheerful tunes of amiable grasshoppers. Take the case of Mr. Tynan, for instance.

Mr. P. J. Tynan, the alleged "No. 1," is regarded by some as a creature with horns, hoofs and a barbed tail. Some see him in feverish dreams breathing fire from his nostrils, gnashing teeth that were his at birth, and carrying dynamite in his pocket as feebler men carry a pouch of fine cut. This is all wrong. Mr. Tynan is one of the most sympathetic and genial of humanitarians. He acknowledges it himself. He speaks of Victoria as "a poor old lady" for whom he entertains profound pity. Faith, what a stupid time she must have at Balmoral. "Injure the dear old Prince of Wales! God bless him! Why, I would as soon think of blowing up my own family." Nor is Mr. Tynan's compassion confined to the reigning family of England. "As for the Tsar," he says in a fine burst, "I would myself stand between him and danger, as I would between danger and my own son." Mr. Russell Sage understands such devotion. He is fond of human screens. Perhaps he will engage Mr. Tynan at an enormous salary.

"This has been Col. Webb's first day in the Vermont Legislature and he has won many friends." Did he gain them by keeping still or by "shouting" at the proper time?

Have you heard in these reports concerning possible changes in the management of the West End Company anything about "the benefit of the traveling public"? Freight, as a rule, has little to say as to the method of its transportation.

Some time ago there was a rumor that Paderewski was a victim of paresis. Then there was a story that nervous depression would prevent his appearance again in public. These stories were told, by the way, in the off years, i. e., the years in which the pianist did not visit the United States. As he will not come this season, it is already reported that he is insane. No, no. Mr. Paderewski is not mad, neither is his manager. The violent Paderewskians, male and female, who crowd him on the stage and press reverently his sacred coat-tails to their lips are those really insane.

It is true that Mr. Paderewski has abused his nervous strength. This abuse is the more pitiable because it is due to greed of gain and not to devotion to art.

This Mr. Norris who is not quite sure whether he was robbed of $20,000, $2000, $200, or $20 is not an extraordinary character. The type of man who boasts of losses is familiar to the ages. Listen to Dogberry: "And a fellow that hath had losses." Some take greater pleasure in boasting of what they have lost because they never had it than in remembering actual and present possession.

With this in England be the final epitaph of William Morris? "Mr. Morris's crusade looked hopeless at one time but happily he awoke the average man to a sense of the blunders of his household decoration, and to the necessity for an artistic improvement. The Morris renaissance has not been without its evils but it has at least rescued us from the wax flowers under a glass shade, the formally stiff furniture, and the hopeless dreariness of the suburban residence of 20 years ago."

You may remember that there was gushing of the French over the Russians in 1893. Oct. 17 our dear friend de Goncourt (Edmond, not Jules) dined with Sarah Bernhardt; a dinner due and delicate, at which she drank only of one beverage, the English name of which escapes me, but it is made of claret, orange-ice, bananas, and mint. The conversation was inevitably about the Russians. Bauër said he had seen a little boy crying in the arms of his mother: "Hurrah for Russia!" Admiral Avellan took him, passed him to the members of his escort, who in turn kissed him; and one of the officers, wishing to give him something, ripped a shoulder knot from his uniform.

And it was on Oct. 17, 1889, that de Goncourt (again Edmond, not Jules) told Daudet he did not believe the accepted report of the debating society that assisted at the death of Socrates. "Poisons as a rule produce frightful colics which do not inspire the sufferers to invent expressions and syllogisms. There should have been a gathering of specialists to inquire into the effects of poisoning by hemlock."

At the 100th anniversary of the Orange County (Vermont) Bar the following story was told of a lawyer living in Chelsea in the thirties and forties, and this story is pertinent today when the pulpit is too often turned into a lecture platform: "I remember once," wrote the Hon. Matthew Hale of Albany, "that a minister who was temporarily preaching in Chelsea, and who was rather fond of displaying his learning, had been talking at an evening meeting and had aired quite extensively his knowledge of European history, German and French philosophy, and of other things. The moment he concluded his rather long essay, Judge Jones arose and remarked substantially as follows: 'Christianity is a plain, simple thing, in which the wise man has no advantage over the fool, or the learned man over the illiterate.'"

Oct 18, 1896

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Opening Concert of the Sixteenth Season.

Saint-Saens's Suite and "The Burial of Ophelia."

A Glance at Boston's Most Homogeneous Audience.

The sixteenth season of the Boston Symphony Concerts, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, began last evening in Music Hall. Mr. Paur was welcomed warmly. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz
"The Burial of Ophelia"..... ..
Bourgault-Ducoudray
(First time in Boston.)
Suite in modo antico, Op. 49..... .....Saint-Saens
(First time at these concerts.)
Symphony No. 8, F major..... ....Beethoven
Overture, "Euryanthe".....Weber

I speak of the career of Bourgault-Ducoudray in another column of today's Journal. Let us here confine our attention to the little piece played last night.

In 1882 four piano pieces of Bourgault-Ducoudray were published by Maquet of Paris. The general title was "Fumées." The first was entitled "L'Apparition sur les Eaux"; the second was entitled "Poétique Apparition"; the third "Tendre Mois," and the fourth "L'Enterrement d'Ophélie."

Was the piano piece suggested by the burial of Ophelia, the forerunner of the piece for orchestra? Were the two composed about the same time? Or did the composer say, "I like this idea, I think it would sound well if it were orchestrated"? I do not know, and the program book gives no answer.

"The Burial of Ophelia" was played at a concert of the National Society at the Salle d'Harcourt, Paris, Dec. 23, 1884, and I have not been able to find any record of an earlier performance.

Poor Ophelia was allowed "her virgin rites, her maiden strewments, and the bringing home of bell and burial." There were flowers for her, but the churlish priest forbad the music of her church. I think she would have liked this music of Bourgault-Ducoudray.

Ophelia, the daughter of Polonius and the Lady Anne, 18 years old when she was tired of Hamlet's whims and caprices, with blue eyes, thin and too heroic—she always had a perishable air—with a profile that did not recall the profile of any animal from the bull dog to the gazelle—stay, is this the Ophelia of Shakspeare or Lafourge? And, is there any truth in the report that Hamlet placed Yorick's skull on his dressing table between one of Ophelia's gloves and his first tooth? Laforgue has told us some things about Ophelia that were not known to Shakspeare, and to the inquiring mind his information is not wholly satisfactory. Ophelia is a vaporous, misty maiden. Even if Hamlet had behaved in smugger fashion and not been restless-minded, she never would have been happy with him. I think Ophelia would have liked this burial music of Bourgault-Ducoudray.

Do you say that the composer's name is longer and more imposing than his piece? But there is in this music ineffable melancholy; there is the thought of weeping virginity, and as Hamlet said, to bring tears to the eyes of a maiden is more irreparable than it is to marry her.

There is funeral music that is aggressive, irritating, inspiring the hearer to envy the dead body in whose honor it was written and is performed. But this music for Ophelia is so tender and sympathetic. Ophelia was not a long and passionate cantilena. She was a broken tune, a fragment of melody, vague, tear-drenched. In her madness she sang songs—the good Lord only knows where she learned them; but there were roisterers about the court, and possibly Polonius hummed when he was in frolicsome and reminiscent mood.

The learned Bourgault-Ducoudray believes that the spirit of ancient modes are perpetuated in the spontaneous music of nearly all nations. In this little burial piece, the professor is a poet of rare imagination and a master of expression. There is not a note that does not weep for the maiden. You say again, "It is such a little piece; it is so meagre." You would prefer, no doubt, something in tragic vein. First let us hear your definition of tragic. To me this "Burial of Ophelia" was the feature of the evening, and I think Ophelia herself—remember she was musical—would have liked this vaporous dirge.

* * *

The Suite of Saint-Saëns was first played here by the orchestra of Theodore Thomas Dec. 15, 1877. It was played the month before under his direction at Cambridge.

It is one of the least interesting of his works. The prelude is a study in Bach, but the form is more than the spirit; there is not the vitality, there is not the elemental force. The Prelude is clever, but music must be something more than clever. In the Sarabande Saint-Saëns shows us how jolly archaic he can be. The Gavotte is more to the purpose; it is charming, skillfully-constructed music. Delightful, thoroughly delightful, was the trio, and the flutes were played admirably by Mr. Jaquet and Mr. Brooke. The Romance is superficially pretty, and as a whole monotonous in its genteel and insincere compliments. The Final scurries along as though it were glad to bring the end. And yet only in this Final and in the Gavotte do I find Saint-Saëns, the truly talented musician.

* * *

The "Cellini" overture is not such a favorite as the "Carneval Romain," and the popular decision is here just. The latter was first played in Boston Jan. 24, 1857. Do you know when the former was first produced here?

If you say that the former is the more thoroughly developed as to its themes, you must admit that the peculiar, inimitable brilliancy of Berlioz is not displayed in its full splendor. Yet is the instrumentation clean, individual, uncerring, so that it is a pleasure to hear the piece, even though you long for its companion.

* * *

The day may come when symphonies will not be given in their appalling length. When that day comes, the first movement of the 8th symphony may well be omitted. And would it not be well to put the overtures of Weber on a shelf for a year or so? It is the old saw about familiarity. Beethoven might be more truly appreciated and loved if he were not turned into the musical staff of life. And the overtures of Weber are tolerably—some one says, intolerably familiar.

* * *

The following changes have been made in the orchestra. Mr. L. Jacquet is first flute, and Mr. A. Brooke is second flute. Mr. A. Weiss is second oboe. Mr. P. Litke is second bassoon. Mr. F. Zahn has moved from the second violins to the violas, and Mr. A. Kuntz has been added to the second violins. Mr. A. Blaess has been added to the 'cellos.

* * *

The program of the concert next Saturday will be as follows: Chabrier, overture to "Gwendoline" (first time); Tschaikowsky, concerto for piano No. 1, B flat minor (Mr. Martinus Sieveking, pianist); Dvorak, Rhapsody No. 3; Mozart, Symphony, C major ("Jupiter").

PHILIP HALE.

A VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE.

It Was, as It Has Been, Conspicuously Homogeneous.

It makes no difference from what viewpoint the spectator watches a Symphony audience — the audience is like a globe, the same all around. It cannot even be disputed that the cabbies, owl like and long suffering, who drove in and out of Hamilton Place last night, were not the same cabbies (a collective term, including coachmen, footmen, et cetera) to a man who prefaced and concluded the Symphony performances last season. The audience did just what the audience of last year, the year before, and back, back, probably 20 years ago, did. Those who had time to waste and who preferred to come along late chose the Hamilton Place entrance, while the early-bird suburban folk and the solitary student ran in from Winter Street soon after the doors were opened.

Those whose faces have long been familiar to the aboriginal door-keepers and ushers are pretty well scattered this year. Col. Henry L. Higginson sat well back in the second section of the floor. Mrs. John L. Gardner sat in the first balcony, directly on a line with Director Paur. She was accompanied last night by Mr. Matthew Luce. Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Rogers, Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow, Dr. Edwin Jack and Dr. J. G. Jack, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Steinert and a number of the dilettanti of the city were seated in neighborly bounds. Carl Faelten, Director of the New England Conservatory of Music, sat among a group of musicians and teachers; and in the centre of the floor was a row of school girls.

The audience greeted Mr. Paur with handsome cordiality. The director, delighted, smiled—as he smiles when the orchestra is playing something jocund. His little platform was fringed with smilax, and the shelf of the music stand was hidden in a frame of roses. The people noticed but few changes in the orchestra.

Nothing extraordinary happened during the concert. Everything seemed to befit the homogeneity of the assemblage. And after the concert was over those who had time to waste fretted about the coachmen, the suburbanites scuttled for their trains and the students mused in the corridors.

H Atkins

NOTES.

The weekly music article and notes are on Page 10.

A sacred concert will be given this evening in Horticultural Hall by the Swedish Singing Society Harmoni, assisted by Mr. Conrad Behrens, bass. Mr. Behrens will sing solos by Mozart and Lindbiad. The club will be assisted also by Miss Lulu E. Searle, reader.

Mr. H. M. Dunham will give an organ recital at the New England Conservatory of Music Wednesday evening. He will play pieces by Brosig, Rheinberger, Chauvet, Bach, de la Tombelle, Claussmann and Widor.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Is Realism Possible in Music Hall Art?

Career of Bourgault-Ducoudray—Anton Bruckner.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

I said in the review of Mr. Chevalier's performance published in the Journal the 13th that the faithfulness of his impersonation of the coster was of little importance, so far as a Boston audience is concerned, in judging of his art. "If Mr. Chevalier were only a vocal photograph of the coster, his talent would not be appreciated so thoroughly by American audiences as it was last night."

After this statement was published I came across an article in the Pall Mall Gazette, which was written three years ago. "Moreover it is the privilege of drama to put life itself on the stage. Art can never and should never be nature, but the theatre comes far nearer to a literal translation of it than music or sculpture, painting or pure literature. Here the music-hall lags behind it. You cannot put Mr. Gus Elen on to the stage as a real Covent Garden porter—first, because Covent Garden porters seldom express themselves in singing; and then, because it wants the impact of man on man and the complication of incident with incident to make the porter stand up alive behind the footlights. You can do no more than crystallize the sentiment of such a character in a song, and if the sentiment be true the song is justified. The music-hall song, like pure music, can represent nothing with downright realism; it is only a symbol that stands for the emotion of it. But it can come nearer than music to the actual embodiment of the Covent Garden porter in question, because besides pure sound, it has words and dress and scenery to work with."

Then the question is, "Did Mr. Chevalier crystallize the sentiment of such a character in a song, and was the sentiment true?"

[illegible] the sentiment was not always true.

Yet his art was none the less because he softened and idealized.

For the finest art is neither parochial, nor local. It is cosmopolitan, it is universal, it is human.

* * *

"Johnny Dugan" is a song of truer art than any laborious orchestral work or opera, in which the composer has tried to imitate the music of the Greeks.

* * *

The sixteenth season of the Symphony concerts began last night. It is a pity that there were not preparatory lectures "On the Art of Listening." This reminds me that Mr. Krehbiel's lecture with this title will soon be published, with other essays, in book form. Mr. Krehbiel's remarks on this difficult art are eminently sane and are worthy of republication in the Program Book.

My friend and colleague, the witty music critic on the staff of Town Topics, has heard of Mr. Krehbiel's intention, and he indulges himself in this humorous chaff:

"The proper education of the senses is one of the most important and often one of the most neglected branches of human training. It is literally true that most people having eyes see not, and, having ears, hear not. For the benefit of the latter class Herr Heinrich Krehbiel, now or formerly of Cincinnati, is about to issue a book called 'How to Listen to Music.' Such a work by such an author will be priceless. For many years I have made it a rule both at opera and at concert to listen to music by watching Herr Krehbiel fixedly and reverentially. Does he let a lily hand bathe from time to time in his vast and billowy locks? Does the glow of thought shine like perspiration on old ivory upon his majestic brow? Does his rapt eye, bright with the dreams of heaven, roll with a passionate langour in its orbit? Then I know that I am listening to good music, or that Herr Seidl or some other friend of Herr Krehbiel is conducting. On the other hand, does Herr Krehbiel shift and twist lumber on his seat? Does he smite his vast and billowy locks like Xerxes flogging the main? Does he put his magnificent legs into the aisle? Does he turn back and look at the audience and with upturned lip and quivering nostril express the scorn that seethes within his bosom? Then the music is bad or Herr Seidl is not conducting. O, I know how to listen to Herr Krehbiel. His work, by the way, will be followed by 'How to Smell Smells,' by Mr. Ossawotamie Watkins, of Barren Island and the Tribune."

Critics should either sit in a screened box or wear a mask during the performance.

* * *

The name of Louis Albert Bourgault-Ducoudray appeared yesterday for the first time on a Symphony program. As a composer he is little known in this country; I believe his Rapsodie cambodgienne for orchestra has been played in New York.

He was born to a rich father at Nantes Feb. 2, 1840. He studied law and was admitted to practice in 1859. He began his study of music under Champommier of Nantes; went to the Paris Conservatory, where he studied under Thomas. In 1862 he took the Prix de Rome by the cantata "Louise de Mézières." During his stay in Rome he sent portions of a lyric drama to Paris. In 1868 his Stabat Mater was produced at the Church of Saint-Eustache, Paris. It was afterward given at a Pasdeloup concert, and this year it excited admiration at a Conservatory concert. He founded a choral society which brought out works of Handel ("Alexander's Feast" and "Acis and Galatea"), Bach, Jannequin and Rameau.

He was wounded in the war of '70-'71, when he served as a volunteer. Since 1878 he has lectured on musical history at the Paris Conservatory.

His chief works are the Stabat Mater mentioned above; orchestral suite, "Fantaise in C minor;" orchestral suite, "Carnaval d' Athènes;" symphonie choraie in 5 parts, played at an international concourse in 1878; a cantata in honor of Saint Francoise d' Amboise (1876), performed at Nantes; a cantata of long breath, "La Conjuration des Fleurs," for chorus of female voices, female solos, baritone solo and orchestra (1883); a gavotte for orchestra; Rapsodie Cambodgienne for orchestra, 1890; "Thamara," an opera in four acts, Paris Opéra, Dec. 27, 1891; pieces for piano and organ (a charming adagio for organ is published by Arthur P. Schmidt of this city); three choral pieces, "En Avant," "La Mort du Barde," "Les Bretons" (1892); songs; "L'enterrement d' Ophélie," for orchestra, 1894.

He went to Greece for his health and on account of his interest in plain song, and there collected the material for "Souvenir d'une mission musicale en Grèce et en Orient" (1872), "Etudes sur la musique ecclésiastique Grecque" (1877); "Trente mélodies populaires de la Grèce et de l'Orient." He has also compiled 30 popular airs of lower Brittany, collected and harmonized with a French translation by Coppée (1885).

During the season of '92-'93 Mr. Bourgault-Ducoudray gave a series of lectures in Paris on "National Music."

The studies of this learned and enthusiastic man have colored beyond doubt his latest music. His Rapsodie Cambodgienne is described thus semi-

[illegible] l'Ouvreuse (Paris [illegible]) the author is reviewing a Lamoureux concert: 'The Rapsodie Cambodgienne was far better performed. It is an unexpected result of the colonial expansion in the extreme East. * * * It seemed to me to meet with great success. The rhythms are interesting, there is ingenious grouping of sonorities, and this original Indo-Chinese fantaisie displays a remarkable understanding of timbres. Perhaps the fantaisie is a little swollen in the instrumentation. The first theme of the allegro is of very amusing picturesqueness. Jane nudged me with ravished air at the last chord—not one of those vulgar perfect chords, out of fashion today, but a delicious dissonant of the dominant seventh, which proves that the composers of Cambodia study the 'Mélodies populaires de la Grèce' with fruity results. I fancy that Thursday, at a quarter of four, the swells who crowd into the Conservatory (the pupils never go) to hear the familiar speech, often eloquent thorough conviction, of Bourgauet-Ducoudray, were not sparing in applause for their worthy professor of musical history."

Full accounts of "Thamara" and incidental criticism of Mr. Bourgauet-Ducoudray's career will be found in a review published in the Ménestrel Jan. 3, 1892, and written by Mr. Pougin; and in Bellaigue's "L'Année Musicale et Dramatique, 1892."

When portions of the Stabat Mater were performed at a Conservatory concert last season, Mr. Alfred Bruneau wrote a most sympathetic review of the work which was published in Figaro.

Here is a sketch of the composer by Bellaigue: "At the Conservatory, Thursday, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, in the simple examination-hall of closed doors: one row of boxes; benches in the pit; a little table and a grand piano on the stage; in the boxes hearers from a distance: melomaniacs, girls with their mothers; on the benches students of the conservatory; more girls, also provided with mothers; young fellows, beardless or shaved. Alternately before the table and the piano, sometimes seated, sometimes on his legs, speaks, plays, sings, gesticulates a spare man with ascetic face, clear eyes, unruly hair. In lessons, which at times turn into a concert, he tells the whole story of music, from antiquity, from Pindar, from Orpheus, nearly from the Muses, to Wagner; from the Olympian games to the Bayreuth festivals. This orator, original, witty, humorous as well as serious, wise as a monk, zealous as an apostle, is Mr Bourgauet-Ducoudray, laureate of the Prix de Rome and one of the gest musicians whom I know."

* * *

Anton Bruckner, who died Oct. 12 at Vienna, is regarded by a few as one of the greatest of composers, the man that did for the symphony what Wagner did for the opera. He was born at Ausfelden Sept. 4, 1824. He was very poor and chiefly self-taught until he studied counterpoint with Sechter about 1855 and composition with Otto Kitzler 1861-63. He succeeded Sechter as organist to the court of Austria and he was appointed teacher of the organ, counterpoint and composition at the Vienna conservatory. In 1891 he was made Dr. phil. hon. c. His fame was spread in 1885 by his 7th symphony. He wrote 9 symphonies—I do not know whether he finished the 10th, which he proposed to dedicate to God; a colossal Te Deum; a string quintet in F; a string quartet in F; the 150th Psalm; "Germanenzug" for male chorus; three masses and other pieces for the church. He was a most devout Catholic, and is said to have been a pure and lovable man.

His 7th symphony was played here in Music Hall Feb. 5, 1887, and that same season the adagio from his string quintet was played at a Kneisel concert.

His 4th symphony, E flat, was played in New York at a Seidl concert March 16, 1888.

His "Te Deum" was sung at a Cincinnati Festival May 26, 1892, and it was given at St. Louis on the occasion of the golden jubilee of Archbishop Kendrick December, 1891.

To those who wish to read about Bruckner and his work I recommend Hanslick's "Aus dem Tagebuche eines Musikers," p. 306 (Berlin 1892). Hanslick's "Fünf Jahre Musik," pp. 190, 204, 279 (Berlin 1896); and Sittard's "Studien und Charakteristiken," Vol. II., p. 146 (Hamburg 1889).

Philip Hale

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Medora Henson has sailed for England.

William Courteney is hopelessly insane.

Corinne Moore-Lawson now lives in New York.

A sister of Sibyl Sanderson is studying with Trabadelo.

Zelie de Lussan has been singing in Godard's "La Vivandière."

[illegible] citals in Music Hall March 11 and [illegible].

Laura Webster, 'cellist, will leave Boston and make New York her home.

Rosenthal's first piano recital will be in Music Hall, Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 24, at 2.30.

William Steinway has been chosen President of the Liederkranz (N. Y.) for the 14th time.

Julie Rive-King will be the sole pianist of the tour of Seidl and the Metropolitan Orchestra.

Mr. Bispham will make his operatic début in this country as Beckmesser at New York Nov. 18.

Reinhold Becker's one-act opera "Ratbod," libretto by Felix Dahn, will be produced in Mayence.

"Kukuska," a new opera by the Hungarian Franz Lehár, will be produced at Leipsic in November.

The well-known music engraving firm of Leipsic, C. G. Röder, celebrated its 50th anniversary Oct. 1.

Musical autographs from the collection of Dr. Julius Rietz were sold at auction at Berlin Oct. 17.

David Bispham will give a farewell concert in London (prior to his departure for America) the 31st.

Mr. Lohse, the husband of the late Mrs. Klafsky, will come to the United States on professional business.

Whitney Mockridge will visit America in February. His first appearance will be with the Apollo Club, Chicago.

Paul Vidal is at work on an opera, "Gauthier d'Aquitaine," which will be produced at the Paris Opéra '97-'98.

Olive Mead, violinist of Boston, will play at Newark, Nov. 19, and she will play this season at a Liederkranz (N. Y.) concert.

Wilhelm Freudenberg's opera "Johannisnacht" won only a success of esteem at Hamburg, Sept. 23, where it was first produced.

Mrs. Mohor-Ravenstein has been engaged by Walter Damrosch. She was first dramatic soprano at Mannheim under Weingartner.

These new operas will be produced at Bologna: "Innocente," by de Angelis; "La Visione di Oberto," by Campagnoli, and "Yanko," by Bandini.

Selma Kurz of Vienna, now engaged at Frankfort, made her début as Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser" with great success as actress and singer.

In "Paris-Pékin," produced at the Nouveau-Cirque, Paris, Sept. 26, the composer of the music, Laurent Grillet, takes advantage of the Chinese scale.

Charles Gregorowitsch, violinist, will make his American début in New York Nov. 24, at a concert of the American Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Franco.

The Bohemian String Quartet gave the first of its concerts this season in Berlin, the 13th. This famous quartet will visit the United States next spring.

"Zarathustra," the new symphonic poem by Richard Strauss, will be played in the leading German cities this season. Why don't you let us hear it, Mr. Paur?

Mrs. Kaschowska has taken the place of Mrs. Doxat-Krzyzanowsky at the Leipsic Opera. Felicia Kaschowska sang at a Boston Symphony concert April 22, 1893.

Sousa conducted the Philharmonic Band at the Berlin Exposition Oct. 11. "The enthusiasm was tremendous, and the Sousa marches were all encored," says Mr. Floersheim.

Mrs. Inez Sprague, dramatic soprano, assisted by a full orchestra of Symphony men under the direction of Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, will give a concert in Music Hall Nov. 17.

Two new Viennese works were produced at Prague Oct. 4: "Die Schneeflocke," comic opera by Heinrich Berté, and a ballet, "Die Lautenschlägerin," by Richard Heuberger.

The Gewandhaus Leipsic concerts under Mr. Nikisch opened Oct. 15 with a concert dedicated to the memory of Clara Schumann, at which pieces by Schumann formed the program.

Singers might look with advantage at the "Japanische Kotolieder," compiled by Anna Reis, and published at Mannheim by Th. Sohler. Text and music are of Japanese origin.

Dr. Georg Avellis is the author of "Der Gesangartz," published at Frankfort by Johannes Alt. The book is commended warmly to singers and physicians by the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung.

Franz Rummel reminds Dr. Pohl of von Bülow. "A thoroughly modern master, formed in the Liszt school, and yet classic in his conception and expression, which is of unfailing clarity and accuracy."

A new organ for Einsiedeln (the Klosterkirche) will have 150 speaking stops. Electricity will be used in the connections. The tubular pneumatic work will be by Kuhn of Männedorf. Weigler of Stuttgart is the other builder.

The Melourgia mixed voice singing society, Mr. Wodell, conductor, has begun rehearsing a work by William Sterndale Bennett. Singers interested may obtain particulars from the Secretary, Mr. D. A. Van Ham, 201 Columbus Avenue.

Alfred Rhodes claims to have discovered a scientific basis for the staff notation according to the law of radiation from fixed centres which underlie the construction of the keyboard harmony and modulation. His book will be published by Augener.

"Lucifer," by Peter Benoit, Handel's "Deborah," and Bach's B minor mass will be among the works produced this season at Dusseldorf by the Society under Prof. Buths. It's a pity that the Cecilia of Boston does not deem it worth while to produce the strange work of Benoit.

The "Wizard of the Nile"—"Der Zauberer vom Nil"—was produced at the Carl Theatre, Vienna, Sept. 26. The Signale says: "The applause was due to the excellent performance and the sumptuous mounting. The text is strongly farcical; the music has little originality, and it is very weak."

The B[illegible] Symphony [illegible] give 10 concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, this season, Thursday evenings, Oct. [illegible], Nov. 19, Dec. 17, 31, Jan. 14, Feb. 4, March 4, 18, April 8, 29, at a quarter to 8. Among the soloists will be Mrs. Jannschowsky, Miss Little, Messrs. Carl Halir, Franz Kneisel, Ben Davies, Martinus Sieveking. Season tickets with reserved seats for the series, $7.50, will be on sale at the University Book Store, Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8 o'clock.

The Journal has received from the Oliver Ditson Company these posthumous pieces by Godard: Pastorale, Sarabande, serenade to the Stars; these songs: Land so Fair, Wooler; Just Over There, A. F. Loud; Repentance, Gounod; Song of Spring, Gounod; That Day, Roma; Serenade, L. R. Dressler; Little Manthy Snow, H. J. Ballou; and these piano pieces: Rêve du Printemps, Cuthbert Clark; La Graziella, R. Goerdeler; Plantation Scene, R. Hoffman; Evelyn Mazurka, L. Toeaben; Bonjour, Hitz.

Oct 19.96.

And just as the tobacco-less man whom we met at the entrance to Glen Sligachan smoked the paper in which his roll of pigtail had been wrapped, so when I had finished the criticisms I attacked the advertisements, and found them much the more amusing reading. Depend upon it, to the reader of the next century the advertising sheets will be more interesting than the poetry, or the essays, or the stories.

The fashionable perfume today in street car and theatre is moth-ball.

"The Marquis of Bute will have a bumper crop of wine from his Welsh vineyards this year." We hope he will not be so crude as to drink it with Welsh rabbit.

They say that the memoirs of Augustus Hare contain "great masses of extremely dull stuff." This should not be; for he was a Hare with many friends.

The New York Times thus paraphrases certain famous lines of Juvenal and applies them to Mr. W. J. Bryan:

Of shifty mind, with boundless impudence endowed,
He overflows with words and spouts to every crowd.
What sort of fellow is he? What's his trade? you ask.
He's jack-at-all-trades, fit for any mortal task.
A teacher, lawyer, scribbler, Congressman at last,
A ranting hustings gabbler and cheap iconoclast,
If you nominate him, he'll run for President,
But he'd be just as happy in a circus tent.

Mr. Alfred Austin gives long-winded reasons for not writing verses about the Turkish atrocities in Armenia. We are disappointed. We had supposed his real reason was a conviction that the Armenians have already suffered beyond endurance.

If you wish to read a delightful account of Turkey and the Turks, you can do no better than to examine George Sandys's "A Relation of a Journey begun An: Dom: 1610." To be sure you will find nothing about the battle of Plevna or Mr. Gladstone's letters and speeches against the Sultan; but there is mighty entertaining reading in the singularly illustrated book. How Sandys did abhor the Turks! His hatred crops out in nearly every line. Listen to this: "Not far from the Temple of Sancta Sophia there is a spacious place surrounded with buildings * * * where the Spachies of the Court play every Friday at Giocho di Cannt; which is no other than Prison base upon horseback, hitting one another with darts, as the other do with their hands; which they never throw counter, but at the backe of the flyer. Nor is it the least contentment to the Christian, to behold the terrible falls that they often get (not rarely costing them their lives) whilst by the wreathing of their bodies, or a too hastie turne, they seeke to avoyde the pursuer; and sometimes the darts not lighting in jest on their naked necks, and reversed faces."

To "Constant Reader": We have been told that Ian is pronounced as a word of two syllables, with "I" soft, not as though it were "eye."

It might be well for those who, pondering the Castle case, are sceptical concerning the disease "kleptomania" to read pages 134-143 of "La Femme etc." by Dr. S. Icard (published by Félix Alcan, Paris 1890). The Bulletin de la Société de Médecine légale vol. 7, 1880, and the works of Lasègue, Legrand du Saule, Gilerie de Boismont, Letulle, Hoffmann "De mala hysterico," vol. III., sec. III., cap. V. The 4th of February, 1889, 49 female thieves were arrested at the Bon Marché, the day of an exhibition. Among them were marchionesses, countesses, baronesses, and other noble dames of wealth. See also the 9th chapter of Peladan's "Curieuse" and Zola's "Au Bonheur des Dames."

But it is not necessary to cross the water. There are husbands, fathers and sons in Boston that know too well the existence of "the disease called kleptomania."

G. F. [illegible] from Gloucester, October [illegible] dashed itself against one of the [illegible] on Thacher's Island with such force that the outside pane, a quarter of an inch thick, was broken, and one of the lenses inside was injured."

Mr. Dithmar was in fine form Sunday. The sight of Mr. Peter Dailey in farce comedy provoked the following remarks: The type he represents is the voluble, easy-going, half-educated, self-satisfied man of the crowded hotel corridors and barrooms, ready with money when he has it, not too scrupulous about fine points of honor, never at loss for a word. The particular type is familiar still, though I fancy it is already beginning to disappear. Some day the multitude will suddenly realize that a loud-talking, persistently facetious, bibulous, bragging 'hustler' is rather offensive than otherwise. Meanwhile the variants of the type presented by Mr. Dailey are thought to be 'good fellows,' and Mr. Dailey's personal humor is a marketable article."

You remember Mr. Ralph Delmore, who as the villain in "The Span of Life" poisoned grapes with the aid of a hypodermic syringe. Well, Mr. Dithmar saw him last week in New York, and he draws this pen picture: "Mr. Delmore has won fame as the delineator of cowboys, slave overseers and drivers of express wagons. He is not by nature romantic. Yet he is perpetually fierce. I suppose no other living actor so frequently scares timid playgoers. But I fancy that if Mr. Delmore ever did get across the footlights, you would find him meek as a lamb. Some day an enterprising farce writer will give him the role of henpecked husband of a slender little blonde woman; and, after that, he'll take to starring."

OPERETTA.

Serpolette and Gaspard as Played by Clara Lane and Oscar Girard at the Castle Square.

Planquette's "Chimes of Normandy" was given last evening at the Castle Square Theatre. Mr. Hirschfeld was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Serpolette	Clara Lane
Germaine	Laura Millard
Susanne	Addie Norwood
Jeanne	Bertha Lehman
Henri	J. K. Murray
Jean Grentcheux	Edgar Temple
Gaspard	Oscar Girard
Gaspart	Oscar Girald
The Bailli	Lindsay Morison
The Notary	John Read

When the managers of the Castle Square are in doubt they produce either "The Bohemian Girl" or "The Chimes of Normandy." Thus are they wise in their generation.

The public is fond of these tuneful works. Either one is to it a Benjamin, a very Saint Anthony's pig.

It would be idle to quarrel with the popular taste. It would be absurd to deplore this perversion. Audiences throughout Europe, as well as America, have enjoyed and enjoy the tum-tum-titum of Planquette, and only a month or so ago "The Chimes of Normandy" was brought out at a Court theatre in Germany as an "opéra comique," to the enthusiastic delight of the hearers. Yet it is not too preposterous to say that as a work of art "Johnny Dugan," in music and sentiment outweighs the whole of the operetta. For "Johnny Dugan" has qualities that are not to be found in Planquette's work. "Johnny Dugan" is consistent, dramatic, forcible, irresistible in its presentation of justice. Furthermore, it is characteristic, whereas the "Normandy" of Planquette is a "Normandy" of the Café-Chantant.

* * *

The chief interest last evening was in the performance of Gaspard by Mr. Girard.

Young as the Castle Square Theatre is, there are already traditions within its walls. One of these traditions—and a favorite one—is that the ideal Gaspard is the impersonation of the late Mr. William Wolff, who is now buried in that vast cemetery, Philadelphia.

Now Mr. Wolff personally is a genial gentleman, affable and courteous. I realize the fact that he was a most useful member of the Castle Square Company. He played cheerfully all sorts and conditions of parts. His Rip Van Winkle was in many ways a creditable performance. In comic parts he was at times funny; but, intoxicated by the applause of audiences that encouraged clowning, he often threw discretion to the winds.

His Gaspard was in reality a powerful representation of Hercules furens. His miser was a person who threw furniture about as though he were a professional piano mover. The performance was exaggerated [illegible] lief. And yet I find Mr J. L. Mathews in Music for October writing, apropos [illegible]

[illegible] of the company. His work as Mephistopheles in 'Faust' and as Gaspard in 'Chimes of Normandy,' and in many other things marked him as a dramatic basso of such ability that Boston will sincerely mourn his departure."

It is a pleasure to state that Mr. Girard's Gaspard showed thoughtfulness, no mean pantomimic skill, and artistic self-control. I do not know whether he ever saw that admirable actor Mezières in the part, but I do know that although he has not at present the art of that comedian, he entertains the conception of Mezières, and is often effective in the carrying out of the conception. His Gaspard is not a roaring and a ramping athlete, who says in the second act to the audience, "See now how frightened I can be." He is a weak old man, with querulous voice, consumed by avarice, haunted by suspicion of disaster. In the trying scene of the second act, his playing was full of suggestion, and he withstood the temptation to set applause-traps. His senile terror was finely portrayed. His doddering was natural. His final fall was authoritative in its simplicity. Mr. Girard had already shown his abilities as a singing comedian in "The Gondoliers," and in "Nanon." His Gaspard shows that he has imagination as well as intelligence.

* * *

When I say that Miss Lane's Serpolette lacks the essential element of guttersnipe vulgarity, I pay a compliment to the woman rather than the actress. For with her utmost striving Miss Lane could not be vulgar. Her Serpolette is simply a pert girl who can not help being gracefully coquettish. This, however, is not the Serpolette of the French theatre. The audiences at the Castle Square have held Miss Lane in such high esteem—and she may indeed be proud of this honest admiration—that they would not endure realism or even artistic faithfulness in the part. They would be shocked. They would be pained. And so perhaps it is well for Miss Lane that she contents herself with a display of pertness. If Serpolette, however, is not Serpolette, the operetta suffers.

* * *

The performance gave great pleasure to the audience. The favorite tunes were repeated, and all the tunes seemed favorites. Nevertheless, the fact remains that as a whole the performance was not up to the Castle Square standard. Mr Temple was not always true to the pitch, and the pretty quintet in the second act was not well sung. Mr. Murray mouthed in song more than is his habit, and the chorus showed a disposition to shout from beginning to end. Miss Millard was heard to the best advantage in the song in the second act, and the applause, which was liberally given, was honestly earned. May it not be that this operetta is too familiar to the company?

* * *

The operetta next week will be "The Pirates of Penzance." I understand it will be followed by other operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan.

PHILIP HALE.

There is a certain awfulness about very old men; they are amongst us, but not of us. They crep out of the living soil and herbage of today, like rocky strata bearing marks of the glacier or the wave. Their roots strike deeper than ours, and they draw sustenance from an earlier layer of soil. They are lonely amongst the young; they cannot form new friendships, and are willing to be gone. They feel the "sublime attractions of the grave;" for the soil of churchyards once flashed kind eyes on them, heard with them the chimes at midnight, sang and clashed the brimming goblet with them; and the present Tom and Harry are as nothing to the Tom and Harry that swaggered about and toasted the reigning belles seventy years ago. We are accustomed to lament the shortness of life; but it is wonderful how long it is notwithstanding.

Some are cudgelling their brains over the question, "What will Mr. W. J. Bryan do after Election Day?" There are many answers. He might follow the example of Aeropus, King of Macedonia, and make lanterns, or that of Biantes of Lydia, who was excellent at filing needles, or that of Harcatius, King of Parthia, who served his country by catching moles. Let him take his defeat in the spirit shown by a gentleman of Nantucket, whose advertisement is as follows: "Having been defeated in the last Republican Convention, I would respectfully inform the traveling public of Nantucket that I intend to devote my time and attention to weaving Rag Carpets. I shall weave them for 20 cents a yard, and remember that two pounds of rags will make one yard of carpet. All orders will receive prompt attention."

We are surprised to find no spider exhibit at the World's Food Fair. Famous men and women have relished spiders hugely, and preferred them to oysters, snails, tripe or scallops. Thus Anna Maria à Schurman, a very learned lady in the 17th century, of noble family and the Reformed religion, born at Cologne Nov. 5, 1607, painted pictures, taught vocal and instrumental music, spoke French, English, German, Italian, wrote and read in Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Chaldee and Ethiopic, at the age of 6 cut with her scissors out of paper all sorts of figures, made pearls that deceived experts, deeply versed in Divinity and the Holy Scriptures, was extremely fond of eating spiders, and she did not die before she reached 61 years. It was her application to study, and not to spiders, that prevented her marrying with Mr. Cats of Holland, who wrote verses in commendation of her when she was 14 years old.

Another glorious amateur was Anton Filz, a favorite composer, and a 'cellist in the Mannhelm orchestra. He died in 1768 from immoderate indulgence in spiders, which, he used to declare in gormandizing joy, tasted exactly like strawberries.

Spiders might be grown in every house. They are as useful as the palm or bread-fruit tree, and do not take up as much room. They are skilled in picking out lucky numbers at policy or lottery (see Leland's "Etruscan Roman Remains"); they kill flies; they require no water or cuttle-bone; they are within reach of the humblest; a spider, softened into a plaster and applied to the forehead and temples, removes the periodical attacks of tertians; and its web, applied, stops hemorrhage and preserves superficial sores from inflammation, whether the spider be the aranea retiara or the aranea domestica. They might, like shrimps, go well with cider. They might be served, like olives, as a relish. We call the attention of the editor of "What to Eat" to this strangely neglected delicacy.

What do the physicians of this town say to a scheme proposed seriously in the London Times for the organization of the entire medical profession into a gigantic combination "not to accept less than a fixed minimum fee from any patient, and to refuse to attend any patient who is unable or unwilling to pay that fee, unless he is a subscriber to a general provident fund or a person entitled to Poor Law medical relief"? One Englishman sees already a strike of the profession in the middle of an epidemic, and has knocked off his pegs of B. and S.

This news from Sioux City comes to us via Paris. A bicycle band now cheers the Western town. Twelve first violins and six second violins are on nine tandems, four 'cellos and four double basses are mounted on as many bicycles. A flute is on a "bicyclette," and a piccolo is perched on a "monocycle." Two clarinets and an oboe are on a "triplette."

This reminds us that a Scottish Sabbatarian at a meeting in Falkirk, "for the promotion of Sabbath observance," drew this subtle distinction: "If a man found that as a matter of necessity he required to go a certain distance on the Lord's day he was just as well on a cycle as on his feet; but cycling on the Sabbath for pleasure was a distinct contravention of the Sabbath day."

Doctor—"Your husband, Madame, must be kept perfectly quiet. I am writing a prescription for an opiate."

"When am I to give it him?"

"Give it him, Madame? The opiate is for you."—Daily Messenger.

Oct 11 1896

WITH THE ACTORS.

Is the Elephant Fond of Music and the Stage?

Why Should Not Experiments Be Made at Keith's?

What a Trainer Said About Genuine White Elephants.

After you have seen the elephants at Keith's New Theatre, take down Charles Reade's "Jack of all Trades" from the shelf and enjoy his account of the maliciousness, cunning and cruelty of these sagacious beasts, who, according to Victor Hugo, gave advice to the wise men and demigods of India in the preparation of sacred books. "Texts," says the great French juggler with words and lighter of verbal rockets," were interlined by invisible hands; demigods were assisted by demidemons; the elephant, whom India calls the Wise One, was consulted. Hence a majesty almost horrible."

* * *

Is the elephant fond of music?

He appeared in opera as long ago as 1680 at Padua in Freschi's "Berenice." "Two lions were led by two Turks, and two elephants led by two others." "Two other" Turks, or elephants! Which were they, Mr. Hogarth?

There is an opera "L'Eléphant blanc," written by Grisy and produced at Paris, 1873; is the elephant a soprano or a baritone?

Then there is a movement called "The Elephants" in Godard's Oriental symphony. I wish Mr. Paur would let the orchestra play it.

The emblematical representation of the musical meditation of Megha, which is one of the six principal ragas of the Hindus, is as follows: "This raga is represented as clad in blue garments. It has a grave voice and violet eyes. It rides on an elephant and is sung in the rainy season."

On the 10th of Prairial in the year VI. a concert was given in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, for the benefit of two elephants, Hanz and Marguerite. The orchestra was made up of distinguished members of the Paris Conservatory.

A trio, theme and variations for two violins and bass aroused only the curiosity of the animals. Chamber music often has the same effect today even in Boston.

A savage dance from "Iphigenia at Tauris" put them in a state of excitement; they tried to break confining bars; they uttered shrill cries.

A bassoon played a tender, melancholy air in C minor. The elephants moved gently their trunks and seemed o'ercome by thoughts of love. Marguerite was the one more deeply affected.

"Ca ira" by the whole orchestra turned elephantine amourousness into elephantine rage. The overture to "The Fortune Teller of the Village" made the animals gay. "Charming Gabrielle" converted jollity into languor.

Now early in March, 1893, an experiment was made on the animals in the Barnum and Bailey circus at Bridgeport, Connecticut. A violin and cornet were played to them. "Circus animals were too used to the blare of trumpets to make musical experiments with them a success," said a reporter in the New York Herald. But what self-respecting animal could endure the combination of violin with cornet? Surely not the sagacious elephant with comic skin.

Why not experiment with the elephants this week? The pianist at Keith's New Theatre is a fine accompanist, and a musician of acknowledged skill and taste.

* * *

Some time ago I read an interesting interview published in the Pall Mall Gazette. The trainer, Mr. Lockhart, agreed in certain respects with Charles Reade. Thus as regards the comparative intelligence of animals, he put dogs first by a long way, then monkeys, then elephants, and horses last. "Oh, yes, they have more brains than horses. We go to the Crystal Palace for the best part of every summer. Well, after the first two or three visits, they learnt where we were going, and now whenever the train reaches the Norwood Station they just get out and go right away of their own accord up to the Palace and into their stable. Where will you find the horse that could do that? I ask. There are plenty of other intelligent things they do besides their tricks, which are business, so to speak. For instance, they know that I am fonder of my wife than I am of them. The consequence is that it's as much as her life's worth for her to come into the stable. The minute she looks in at the door they all begin to trumpet and carry on most wonderful. Oh, yes, they're jealous brutes, and very attached to me."

Mr. Lockhart also said that he secured the elephants when they were young. He paid £100 for each one, but the people in Burmah would not sell him one. He gave the youngsters milk to lick off his fingers.

Mr. Lockhart said that in training the voice is enough as a rule. "I always carry the whip, but it is just for show and cracking." In Reade's story the elephanteer is constantly dagging the beast.

And the reporter and the trainer talked about white elephants. "The white elephant's an exploded myth now, isn't he?" "Well, he is and he isn't. It's this way. In the summer time these two bigger elephants get patches of pink flesh, like your hands, all over their bodies. Some have it more and some less. 'Elephant leprosy,' some folks call it; but it's perfectly harmless; not a disease. Now, a white elephant is just an elephant that has an exceptional amount of this pink flesh on him, that's all. Leastways, I never met the man, English or native, that had seen any other kind. Barnum's white elephant was just that sort, though he did pretend he had to cover the beast all up to get him out of the country unbeknown to the natives." "There was a story about Sanger, wasn't there?" "Ah, that was quite another affair. He had what he called a white elephant, and the Prince of Wales announced he was coming to see it. Well, Sanger didn't want to disappoint Royalty, so he thought it his duty to assist nature a little. The Prince of Wales came, and he was very much impressed indeed. Finally, he says 'I say, Sanger, is this all right?' and Sanger, being a truthful man, he says, 'No, your Royal Highness. I whitewashed him this morning!'"

The reporter told a story of an elephant in Hamburg with whom he was on speaking terms. It was jealous of the popularity of a larger elephant in the same house at the Zoo. Whenever it thought that the people present were giving an undue share of attention and buns to its big rival, who had the special accomplishment of counting up to eight, it would gather a leafy branch from the nearest tree and fan itself vigorously, and then stick the branch behind its right ear, and take an attitude in which it only required a desk and office stool to be the very image of a lazy ledger clerk. "Yes, they like applause," said my friend. "That isn't so different from us, is it?"

* * *

I hear that Mr. Jaxon of the Castle Square Theatre proposes to produce "Princess Ida" this season. Look out. Even Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the chief trumpeter of the Savoy Theatre, acknowledges that "Princess Ida" is the "least interesting of the series." To be sure he qualifies the statement with a "perhaps."

* * *

So "A War Time Wedding," sung by the Bostonians, is now "In Mexico—1848," and under this name has reached New York.

The New York Tribune said Tuesday: "It is not a comic opera because it is not comic; it is too heavy to answer well to the name of operetta; nobody would think of calling it grand opera."

Librettist and composer wrote originally with the intention of giving Jessie Bartlett Davis a "Calvé-part". They thought that they could stand it, if either Mrs. Davis or Calvé could. Unfortunately for them Mr. H. C. Barnabee came along and insisted on a comic part. Thus was the opera—pace New York Tribune—first tailor made, then ripped to pieces, and agin tailor made. In Boston the suit did not fit or become the company; nor did it please the onlookers, who, however, were not obliged to wear it.

* * *

Here is a pleasant expression of opinion pronounced by Mr. J. F. Runciman in the Saturday Review: "At the present day hundreds of young men and women are receiving careful instruction in the art of writing music that cannot be listened to from eminently respectable professors who have never fallen so low as to compose a bar of music calculated to give any one a moment of genuine pleasure."

PHILIP HALE.

From which I learned the lesson that in this life a man is quite as liable to suffer from doing good as doing evil, unless he employs just as much foresight or caution in the doing thereof. Some of the most deeply regretted acts of my life, which have caused me most sincere and oft-renewed repentance, were altogether and perfectly acts of generosity and goodness. The simple truth of which is that a gush, no matter how sweet and pure the water may be, generally displaces something.

E. B. writes as follows: "Why do girls of good New England stock who are obliged to earn their living prefer work in a dry goods store or as a stenographer to making the homes of others more comfortable by their skill in cookery, and by their neatness and efficiency in other housework?"

Ah, Madam, this question has been asked a thousand times. There are many answers. You take it for granted that "girls of good New England stock" are inevitably able cooks and admirable chambermaids. Are you sure of the soundness of your premise?

You should read an article in the Atalanta for October. Miss Agnes M. Price believes "lady helps" are "an unmitigated blessing." Her point is this: "The majority of them have been carefully brought up, and taught how to do things properly. Their intellect has been awakened by their school discipline, consequently they find no difficulty in acquiring a new study, even if that study is domestic work; and, coming from refined homes, they appreciate the decorative art in which every lady, be her income great or small, likes to indulge to show her individual taste, and so we hear of fewer accidents among the choice ornaments of the drawing room when the duster is called into requisition."

We are inclined, however, to sympathize with the views of another contributor to the same magazine, who has a soul above "choice ornaments." This is the substance of her summing up: No amount of "making believe" will solve the practical domestic service problem—the work is hard, monotonous and continuous, but it is absolutely indispensable. To argue, inferentially even, that domestic "drudgery" is, per se, more "divine" than any other drudgery is mere affectation. Women are no more born cooks

and [illegible] born plumbers. Domestic servants must be taught their trade, and fitted for responsibility before assuming it—not, as too often happens, picking up their education at the expense of the employer, who is paying for skilled labor.

There are at least 3000 men in Boston who will vote for either "Bryant" or "McKenna."

This dialogue may be heard everywhere and at any time: A. "I tell you a dollar is a dollar." B. "Just hold on there a minute."

So Bessie Bellwood's baptismal name was Elizabeth Anne Catharine Ann Mahoney. What a foolish woman she was to give up a glorious, mouth filling, bugle-call of a name for Bellwood.

It was on October 21, 1893, that Alfred Stevens, no longer young, remarked, "I hardly dare say it, but I have painted 75 pictures since the first day of January."

It appears from the newspapers that "leprechauns" suggest "appropriate embellishment to the main narrative" of "Brian Boru," the new opera of Julian Edwards. Lady Wilde spells this word "leprchaun" and says, "The little gray Leprehaun has the secret of hidden gold, and by the power of a certain herb he can discover it and thus become master of unlimited wealth. But no one has ever yet obtained from the tricksy little sprite the name of the herb or the words of the charm which reveal the hidden treasure." Let us hope that Mr. Edwards will be more fortunate.

By the way, Mr. G. F. Reynolds Anderson, the poet, is a nephew of Julian Edwards. Mr. Anderson's "The White Book of the Muses" was published in Edinburgh in 1895. Only 666 copies were printed. The pretty book contains "appreciations" of 100 poets, from Homer to Richard Le Gallienne, from Sappho to Paul Verlaine. The only American thus honored is Adah Isaacs Menken. We quote the opening verse, although it does not show Mr. Anderson at his best:

Half slave she was, and yet half queen;
More queen in hand and heart than slave
In aught else that she may have been
Through acts her proud heart's prayers could save.
But, queen or slave, her spirit gave
One mien alike to slave or queen,
To life, and what of grimy death was human—
The fame, the shame, the name of woman.

Mr. Leandro Campanari, formerly of Boston, has played the violin of Paganini. The Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 6 says of this fiddle: "When its master died it was inurned in porphyry, and has ever since then been kept in the Hotel de Ville at Genoa. It must, however, be preserved in as perfect a state as when touched by the Master's hand, and this last week its funeral urn was solemnly opened in the Red Salon of the Hotel de Ville in order that two new strings might be put in. After long years its voice was again heard the violinist, etc." We believe that Mr. Campanari played this fiddle, but in spite of the circumstantial "Red Salon" and "two new strings" the story is not without a broad touch or two of bosh. For only a short time ago the same story was told of another fiddling virtuoso.

Oct-22, 1890

God help us, what strangers we are to ourselves! In every man's nature there is an interior unexplored as that of Africa, and over that region what wild beasts may roam!

We saw yesterday a man and a woman running to catch a train. The train was just a-starting. The man and the woman ran with marked sincerity, but the awkwardness showed lack of practice. The woman looking behind waved her hand to a young boy on the platform and then panted to her husband, "My darling Willy has fell down." To which the lumbering spouse replied, "Leave him lay!"

To "High Diet": Certainly. There is no reason why spiders, dried and salted, should not be sold in cans.

Mr. Theodore Breitenstein, the well-known pitcher, has been sold for $10,000. Mr. Breitenstein may well plume himself. In the palmy days of slavery, 1853, in the Richmond (Va.) slave mart, the best men, 18 to 25 years old, brought only from $1200 to $1300, and the finest young women from $800 to $1000. In Circassia white slave girls at the highest price were sold for $2000; but the Abyssinian girls, "so much prized," says Capt. Burton, "because their skins are always cool in the hottest weather," could be bought for $300, and even in Meccah $300 would buy a pretty Galla woman. When Lucullus was in Cappadocia an ox was sold but for six pence, and a man for no more than four and twenty pence. Xenophon tells of a slave who brought about $1220. We do not believe that even Epictetus, stoic philosopher and slave to Epaphroditus, was ever valued at $10,000. Again we congratulate Mr. Breitenstein.

"A dyeing plant" suggests the need of watering stock.

If the [illegible] description of a [illegible] on an arthly hour in the morning by men "whose hands are perhaps not washed, whose hats and clothes are dirty," has given a queer taste to your mouth and a peculiar sensation to your stomach, turn to "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and comfort yourself by the Flemish pictures of Dairyman Crick's farm and household of maids and men. To be sure, when Tess drank a little milk, she drank to the suprise of Crick, "to whose mind it had apparently never occurred that milk was good as a beverage. 'Oh, if ye can swaller that, be it so; 'tis what I haint touched for years—not I. Rot the stuff; it would lie in my innerds like lead." But what a farm, what cows, what milkmaids! Retty and Marian, Izz Huett of the dark damp hair and poor Tess, the most pathetic figure in modern fiction.

N. B. writes to the Journal, "May I express appreciation of your remarks in the 'Talk of the Day' column for Oct. 3, in regard to a letter from M. B. relating to a clergyman she met at the seashore this summer. I think I recognize the clergyman. He is a friend of mine and I was with him at the shore this summer. One or two items in M. B.'s description were not historical, but supplied to thinly veil the person meant. He does not have a salary of $10,000, nor does he live in a large city." Then N. B. pays a high tribute to his friend, and concludes: "Let me suggest to M. B.—with her virtuous severity to cultivate a little imagination—to say nothing of charity. She speaks of being 'old-fashioned,' but I fear it is the 'old-fashion' of censorious criticism, rather than of view. My friend must evidently go elsewhere to be free from the supervision of the occasional woman whose chief occupation at the seaside is to prey upon the affairs of others and criticise their conduct."

Thank you, Mr. N. B., for your appreciation, but you are on the wrong track. We know M. B. We know the clergyman about whom she wrote. He receives a salary of $10,000; he lives in a large city, which, by the way, is neither in New England nor in a Middle State. M. B. stated facts. We agree with you in the opinion that clergymen are human beings and should be permitted to amuse themselves during vacation in a reasonable and moderate manner. We agree with M. B. in deploring flippancy in a clergyman. It appears that M. B.'s cap fits the heads of at least two ministers.

To "Historicus:" The best general account of Asia known to us is by John Ogilby. As it was published in 1673, you will not find any note of recent political changes, but the book abounds in most valuable information. For instance, on page 126, under the head line "The Empire of the Great Mogol," you may read, "Moreover in most parts of India a certain liquor is made call'd Palipuntz, which by some is made after this manner, viz.: they take half Brandy and half Water, into which they put Nutmegs, Cinnamon, Sugar, and Line Juice. This Liquor, by the English call'd Punch, is very hurtful to European Bodies, if drank excessively, for it occasions Looseness. Some also drink a Brewage made onely of clear Water and brown Sugar, which if drunk in hot Weather is very unwholesome, but is much temper'd, if a Draught of the Liquor Palipuntz be taken after it."

Mr. Joseph de Camp of Boston, who won the first prize for the mural decorations of the Philadelphia City Hall, has been instructed to begin drawing the cartoons for his principal decoration, entitled "Philadelphia Surrounded by the Arts and Sciences."

Oct-23, 1890

But yf he haue slaine an catte willingly or vnwillingly: the people ronneth vpon him vppon heapes, and withoute all ordre of Iustice or lawe, in moste miserable wise torment him to death. Vpon feare of the which daungler who soeuer espieth one of those lyeng dead: standing a farre, he howleth and crieth professing that he is not guilte of ye death.

These Egyptians would have sympathized with you, E. B., in your loss of a cat, and if they had found the poor thing dead, they would have embalmed it and buried it in the venerable city of Bubastis. When you say that apartment houses are not designed for the accommodation of cats, we answer that it seems cruel to keep a cat in a flat. And yet the apartment houses in this town abound in cats, as any dweller in the flat-district will tell you. Look at Huntington Avenue, for instance.

There are some very intelligent cats to be seen at a local theatre this week. They do all sorts of odd and difficult tricks. Perhaps they would tell you of the advantages and disadvantages of flat-life. Thus instructed, you might make home so agreeable that even the most dissipated cat would not care to wander from its own fireside.

We regret to find the Pall Mall Gazette speaking of a "lady cyclist."

The other day we spoke of servants and "lady helps." A. B. C. writes, "One reason why a girl of good New England stock does not wish to go into service is because she is high-spirited and will not endure any arrogant or 'superior' conduct on the part of the mistress." Yes, but is the mistress in any house where service is to be desired "arrogant" or "superior" toward her servants? We have heard of such instances. Perhaps there should be training schools for mistresses.

Fanny Kemble Butler once said, "If my servants can live with me a week, they can live with me forever, but the first week sometimes kills them." And was she, then, a tyrant? Mr. Henry James tells us that a domestic who had been long in her service quitted his foreign home the instant he heard of her death, and traveling for 30 hours arrived travel-stained and breathless, like a messenger—not a messenger-boy, please notice—in a dramatic tale, just in time to drop a handful of flowers into her grave. Perhaps there was more than the sentiment of a domestic in this particular case.

Next Sunday is the feast day of Saint Crispin and the truly loving wife of a shoemaker will endeavor to set before her commemorating spouse a dinner worthy of the festival. As she may be perplexed concerning the bill of fare, we suggest the following courses today, that she may market without hurry Saturday morning:

Crême de chazottes et tortue claire
Melons d'Algérie frappès
Filets de barbue à la dieppoise
Cuissot de chevreuil aux tomates
Timbales d'huitres de Cancale
Canetons de Rouen glacès
Sorbets au vin de Samos
Marquise au noyau
Jeunes dindonneaux rôtis aux truffes
Croustades de bécasses
Salade paysanne
Pointes d'asperges à la crême
Glaces Gismonda
Ananas de Versailles au sucre
Desserts

Education is so thorough and so widespread in Boston, we do not deem it necessary to turn the French into English. If the husband should complain of the meagreness of the dinner, remind him that this was the meal served to the Tsar in the Galerie des Batailles at Versailles. If he should say, "It is too elaborate," ask him, "Is not an American shoemaker as good as a Russian Tsar?"

For the benefit of women, we quote from a French newspaper a description of a bolero now fashionable in Paris; "not the ordinary bolero, it is true, but still a bolero." (We had supposed that the bolero was a Spanish dance, which, in original African form, the Chica, was almost as indecent as the pet diversions in certain Parisian gardens and red windmills, but embellished with Castilian grace, expressed all feelings supposed to be excited by love, from the greatest shyness to the highest ecstasy.) "The skirt is black, of a rich, silky cloth of a new make. The bolero is of cloth also, in red, blue, green, gray, or white, according to fancy, entirely covered with braiding in fine cord, so closely worked that merely the sensation of color is left to add lustre to our cheeks and eyes. The vest is reduced to a line of astrachan, or chinchilla, or sable, harmonizing with the color of the bolero. Thus the red bolero, with black braidings, has an astrachan vest; the green has a vest line of sable; the gray is completed with chinchilla."

Bolero recalls Otero. When the Tsar was in Paris she wore a wreath of roses, but from each rose waved a black feather.

Oct-24, 1890

Ha ha ha ha! this world doth passe
Most merlly Ile bee sworne;
For many an honest Indian asse
Goes for a unicorne.
Fara diddle deyno;
This is idle fyno.

Our old friend the passionate press agent furnishes Johnston Bennett with a valet as easily as he summons milk-baths from New Jersey for Franco-Polish singers. Perhaps he borrowed the idea from a pleasing story by de Maupassant. But is our friend sure that a woman of Miss Bennett's masculine appearance and habits would or could go to a convent in search of "rest from this world's cares, etc., etc., etc."? Would she not prefer a monastery?

Might not Doppler's theory of colored stars be applied to the appearance of "the Black Patti" and "the Black de Reszke"?

Some time ago we spoke of the gradual development of Mr. Barnabee—from "Barnabee," or "Cork-leg Barnabee," to Henry Clay Barnabee, Esq., the Coquelin of Portsmouth, N. H. We have watched with almost equal interest the development of Mr. Dailey, from "Pete Dailey" to Mr. Peter C. Dailey, the Creative Comedian. Mr. Barnabee and Mr. Dailey may now be considered justly as leaders in the army of the untitled aristocracy of this glorious country.

We understand that Mr. Peter C. Dailey's life will be taken soon by a practical biographer. The appropriate title of this imperatively demanded study or "appreciation" of the Man and his Art will be "From Pete to Peter."

When they don't know of anything better to do in Connecticut, they try Dr. J. Edward Lee.

"Justice" writes, "Why do you always sneer at Sargent's mural decoration in the Public Library?" The answer is simple. We do not always sneer at Sargent's mural decoration; we sneer occasionally at the mural decoration of Mr. Abbey in the same building.

Or it is better to say, oh "Justice," that we do not sneer at either Mr. Sargent or Mr. Abbey. For Mr. Sargent, the portrait painter, and Mr. Abbey, the illustrator, are respected and admired by us. Their mural decorations are other tunes, however; and we are not pleased by the piping. The moment a mural decoration needs explanatory charts and diagrams it ceases to be mural decoration. Consider this point, oh "Justice," then gaze earnestly at the work of Puvis de Chavannes and take off your hat to the genius of the Frenchman.

G. C. T. writes to the Journal: "In the Sunday Journal (Oct. 18) there was a quotation from 'Hamlet,' beginning 'her virgin rites.' Should not 'rites' be 'crants'?" We refer Mr. G. C. T. to Richard Grant White's edition of Shakspeare (the 12-volume edition), Vol. II. p. 142 and note, p. 193. Mr. White says, " 'her virgin rites;' so the folio and the quarto of 1637; the other quartos, 'her virgin crants,' which, because crantz is a German word meaning garlands, most editors retain, although there is no other instance of its use known in our language." We follow Mr. White's text, but his statement about "crantz," or, properly, "kranz," is not true. "The filthy queane weares a craunce and is a Frenchwoman, forsooth," Greene, 1592. "After they received some reward, and with a cranse with their ladies gave daunses with them," Nichols, 1596. "Thair heids wer garnisht gallandlie With costly crancis maid of gold," J. Watson, 1706. "The crants were garlands which it was usual to make of white paper and to hang up in the church on the occasion of a young girl's funeral. * * * Some of these were hanging up in Flamborough Church, Yorkshire, as late as 1850," Hardman, 1890.

We have received the following note from some one who in his barbarous rage forgot to sign his name: "You think you are humorous, but you don't know what humor is." Oh, yes we do. We once learned the definition of a deep-thinking German, and it is this: Humor is the revelation or the perception of the surprising or the incongruous in cases or under circumstances where the mind perceives a parallel or concurrent ideal of possible expectedness or congruity. Perhaps our anonymous well wisher can frame a better definition. We should be happy in that case to publish it with his photograph and an account of the leading incidents in his illustrious life.

Oct-25, [illegible]

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Overture to "Gwendoline" by Emmanuel Chabrier.

Martinus Sieveking in a Concerto by Tschaikowsky.

First Performance Here of Dvorak's Third Rhapsody.

The program of the second Symphony concert, given in Music Hall last night, Emil Paur conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
(First time in Boston.)
Concerto for piano, No. 1, B-flat minor, Op. 23.....Tschaikowsky
Slavonic Rhapsody No. 3, A-flat major, Op. 45.....Dvorak
(First time in Boston.)
Symphony, C major, "Jupiter".....Mozart

The prelude to the second act of "Gwendoline" was played at a Symphony concert Oct. 13, 1894. That prelude has been called "Gwendoline." The overture played last night has been called "Harald." I speak of Chabrier and his works in "About Music" today. But who are Gwendoline

and Harald? Their story may give a clue to the wild overture.

* * *

This is the tale of Gwendoline, as told by Catulle Mendès, poet, novelist, librettist and Wagnerite.

Long, long ago, on the coast of Britain there lived a petty monarch; his name was Armel. He had a gentle daughter, Gwendoline, a girl of sixteen years. There was peace in the land. The men fished. The women spun and looked after their homes. One day as they were a-gossiping, Gwendoline told a dream: a Dane had borne her away over the ocean. As they laughed at her, there was a great cry. The fishermen were seen running madly, pursued by Danes with Harald at their head. The young chief ordered Armel to hand over his treasure, and, refused, he would fain have slain the old man, but the girl threw her body as a buckler before her father. Harald was troubled. Not knowing that lips and braided hair are deadlier than "fire and iron and the wide-mouthed wars", he wooed and was wooed, and he asked for the hand of Gwendoline. Armel gave consent, with treacherous heart; for it was his plan that the Saxons should butcher their foes, drunk at the nuptial feast. At the marriage ceremony, the old man blessed the couple, and gave secretly a dagger to the bride, saying, "If Harald should escape us, you will kill him as he sleeps in your arms." Now Gwendoline loved Harald. She begged him to leave the coast. She talked of overhanging danger. Lost in love, he laughed and would not listen. Then were there shouts and shrieks. Comrades called for help. Harald fell by a blow from Armel. When Gwendoline saw him dying, for she had followed with unequal footsteps, she uttered a woful lamentation, stabbed herself, and fell into the arms of her husband for a night.

* * *

This overture is by no means without form and void. It would be easy to talk in pedagogic vein of first theme, second theme, transition group and so on and so on. Let us rather look at the tone-painting of invading Danes, the shock of battle, the apparition of Gwendoline, the epipthalamium, the apotheosis of the lovers.

The first theme is taken from the operatic scene of the approaching Danes. The discordant fanfares of trumpets are from the battle music. The essentially and characteristically French theme that appears afterward (in the finale combined with figuration from the legend sung by Gwendoline) is the first phrase chanted by Harald when he tells the wondering maiden of his adventurous life and the glorious fate reserved for heroes slain in battle, who carried by the Valkyries to Valhalla feast there eternally.

This overture is remarkable for skillful and clear polyphony, original and daring harmonic treatment, furious swing, full, heroic blood and gorgeousness of the orchestration. Chabrier's admiration for Wagner did not cause him to give up his birthright. In a hundred matters of detail he is French to the nails. The orchestration is more distinct even in its spasms than is the orchestration of Wagner, and in this respect Chabrier is to be compared rather with Berlioz.

The overture to "Gwendoline" is a composition that well bears repetition. It is to be regretted that there was not the slightest clue in the Program Book to the character of the opera; for this overture is not absolute music; it is an overture to an opera; its motives are taken from the opera; its reason for being is found in the opera house. It is true that an elaborate program of panoramic treatment is almost always an injury to a composer, but the simple narration of the tale of Gwendoline might have put certain hearers in the proper mood.

* * *

The Tschaikowsky concerto was last played in Boston by Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, and not by Mrs. Hopekirk, as stated in the Program Book. Mrs. Hopekirk played it at a Symphony concert Jan. 24, 1891; and Miss Aus der Ohe played it—and superbly—at a Young People's Popular concert Jan. 6, 1892.

Mr. Sieveking made a grievous mistake in omitting the allegro vivace assai—it has been called the Irish jig—in the second movement. The tune and the treatment are eminently Tschaikowskian and his playing of the long winded cadenza did not restore matters to their equilibrium.

Mr. Sieveking is a pianist who should be treated with respect, especially as in the course of his studies he took lessons of Mr. Sandow, the strong man. His playing last night was characterized chiefly by strength and fluency. His interpretation was at times defiant when it should have been authoritative. The tone was crisp, sometimes almost brittle, it was rarely sympathetic. The performance as a whole was virile rather than romantic. Physically it deserved high praise. In tender moments there was little that went quietly yet irresistibly to the heart. Mr. Sieveking displayed the manly and modest bearing that at once command esteem as well as respect, and the exhibition of strength and brilliancy was rewarded liberally by the long-continued and hearty applause of the audience.

* * *

The Slavonic Rhapsody No. 3, by Dvorak, was first performed at a Sinfonie soirée of the Royal Orchestra, Berlin, under Taubert, Sept. 20, 1879. When it was thus produced, Dvorak was almost unknown. A Dumka for piano which appeared about the same time was sniffed at by German reviewers, and when Joachim soon afterward brought out one of Dvorak's chamber works at a concert in Berlin, people began to rub their eyes and ask, "Who is this Dvorak?"

And yet it was played at a Boston Symphony concert last night for the first time in this city. After hearing it, the wisdom of the delay is evident. The Rhapsodie is not one of the composer's best works. The themes, which are not Bohemian folk tunes, but of Dvorak's invention, are worked to death, and the brilliant orchestration is the only merit of the piece. If the music at times reminds one of Schubert in its friendliness and apparent simplicity, Dvorak also reminds us here of Schubert in his unwillingness to say "Good night." He keeps hold of your hand, pumping it, not being able to find the door. The finale is indeed a deathbed farewell.

fury, after screaming dissonances and successions of unrelated chords for an hour, came the Jove-like serenity of Mozart. Not the Jupiter of storms and lightning, but the contemplator of the universe. Does the first movement, with the exception of the reminder of "Figaro," seem hopelessly old fashioned? There is for compensation the sweet melancholy of the andante; there is the flowing grace of the minuet; there is the melodiously polyphonic triumph of the finale. But a Mozart Symphony should be played by an orchestra with a smaller band of strings and in a small hall.

* * *

The program of the concert Saturday night will be as follows: Mrs. Beach, symphony E minor, "Gaelic" (ms. first time); Massenet, air from "Hérodiade"; Brahms variations; Leoncavallo, air from "Pagliacci"; Weber overture "Freischütz"

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Interesting Novelty at the Symphony Concert.

A Sketch of the Composer, Emmanuel Chabrier.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

The review of the Symphony concert given last night in Music Hall will be found in the news section of the Journal. Certain features of this concert are discussed more appropriately in this column.

* * *

It was a pleasure to see again the name of Emmanuel Chabrier on a Symphony program.

His name first appeared at these concerts Oct. 13 1894, when the beautiful prelude to Act II. of "Gwendoline" was played.

In November, 1890, some of his music from the operetta "L'Etoile" was heard here, for "The Merry Monarch," in which Francis Wilson played a joyous part, was an adaptation of Chabrier's little work. I say "some of his music," for the majority of the tunes in "The Merry Monarch" were by Mr. Woolson Morse.

Chabrier's "Spanish Rhapsodie" ("Espana") was played by the Philharmonic Orchestra at the Tremont Theatre, Jan. 14, 1892.

Boston knows little of Chabrier's music with the exceptions noted.

* * *

Emmanuel Chabrier was born at Ambert, France, Jan. 18, 1841. The son of a lawyer, he studied law at Paris, and at the age of 20 entered into the office of the Minister of the Interior. Fond of music, he studied under Semet and Hignard. Pougin says, "I will not say he was the most astonishing pianist I ever heard, but he was the most astonishing, eccentric, almost prodigious player of the piano I ever met." He was a chorusmaster for two years of the Lamoureux concerts, and he helped in the concert production of the first two acts of "Tristan and Isolde." His artistic life is best told by the list of his works: "L'Etoile," operetta, Paris, Nov. 23, 1877; "Une Education Manquée," one act, Paris, May 1, 1879; "Gwendoline," opera in three acts (portions played at Lamoureux concerts Nov. 9, 1884; first performance as a whole and an opera, Brussels, April 10, 1886; subsequent performances, Carlsruhe 1888, Munich 1890, Lyons, Paris Dec. 27, 1893; it was revived at Munich in 1894, and is announced at Munich this season. The creators of the chief parts at Brussels were Miss Thuringer, Gwendoline; Béraldi, Harald; and Engel, Armel), "Le Roi Malgré Lui," Paris, May 18, 1887, and in German cities. The music to "Femme de Tabarin," 1887.

There is this list of works outside the theatre: "Espana," Lamoureux, 1883; "La Sulamite," mezzo-soprano with female chorus, 1885; Habenera, Prélude et Marche francaise, Suite pastorale, all at Angers, Nov. 4, 1888; Joyeuse Marche, Lamoureux, Feb. 16, 1890; "A la musique," female chorus, Colonne March 22, 1891; Marche les Cipayes; 10 picturesque pieces for piano; Valses romantiques for 2 pianos; songs, among them "Credo d'amour," "Ballade des gros dindons," "Pastorale des petits cochons roses."

Chabrier left unfinished an opera in three acts, "Briséis." He had sketched another opera, "Les Muscadins." Other works for the stage, not performed or abandoned, were "Le Sabbat," "Jean Hunyade," and "Vaucochard," an operetta burlesque for which Verlaine had made the scenario.

He was associated with Armand Gouzien and Catulle Mendès in preparing "Les Plus jolies Chansons du pays de France."

* * *

Imbert tells us that Chabrier was a passionate collector of paintings by the Impressionists; that his rooms were gorgeous with pictures by Manet, Renoir, Monet, Sisley, Helleu. Thus he owned Manet's "Bar at the Folies-Bergère" and "Skating." And Imbert hoped that the composer would not rival the zeal of Clapisson, the opera maker, who was such a maniacal collector of whistles that he saw finally nothing in nature but whistles; and to him life itself was one whistle.

In his younger days Chabrier was full of jests and animal spirits. Mad were the pranks played by him in company with Saint-Saëns, Massenet—the play-actors Cooper and Grenier—Manet, the painter, and Taffanel, the flute player, now conductor of the Conservatory concerts. Saint-Saëns would sing and act Gounod's Marguerite, or Calchas in "La Belle Hélène." Chabrier had an organ, unique, imitating cannon, drums, etc. And in his rooms was such Rabelaisian merriment that one night a lounger, one of a crowd in the street, attracted by the fun, exclaimed: "If I were your landlord, I should be so happy to have you in my house I would give you rooms rent free."

This son of Auvergne loved Wagner as well as Spain, which he visited. He would go to Brussels or London to hear Wagner's works, and at Paris, 1884-'85, he was one of a club called "Le Petit-Bayreuth," at the meetings of which arrangements of Wagner's operas for a small orchestra and two pianos were played by him and Garcin, Lamoureux, Charpentier, Teste, Luzzato and other enthusiasts. Vincent d'Indy played the drums.

* * *

Chabrier was very stout, so fat that "Willy" called him the ventripotent and the Falstaff of Wagnerism. Another spoke of him as the Armand Silvestre of music—but I fail to see the force of the comparison.

* * *

Mark the misfortunes of this sunny, lovable musician of extraordinary talent—in orchestration a genius.

"Gwendoline" was produced at Brussels. The performance was a success and the composer had triumphed gloriously. And what happened? The day after the performance, the director of the Monnaie was obliged to resign.

"Le Roi malgré lui" was received with plaudits at the Opéra-Comique. Within seven days therefrom the opera house was burned; just as the composer thought fame and fortune assured.

When "Gwendoline" at last was given at the Paris Opéra Chabrier was unable to know of success or failure. Overwork had ruined his brain. For two years his mind was clouded. To the relief of all that loved him he died Sept. 15, 1894.

He was buried from the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette, which was crowded with mourners of the man and the composer. Armand Silvestre made the address at the cemetery of Montparnasse.

* * *

In Germany as well as France the fame of Chabrier grows brighter year by year. What Pougin wrote of him in 1891 seems now the statement of fact rather than the flourish of eulogy:

"The death of Chabrier takes from French musical art one of its most interesting, original and distinguished personalities. The composer of 'Gwendoline,' 'La Sulamite' and 'Espana' was a noble artist, an honor to his country. Wagnerite as he was in theory, Chabrier in practice was essentially French, and he never sacrificed the pure traditions of national art to the undisguised modern tendencies of his mind. Form, foundation, everything with him was clear, logical, full of frankness and true Gallic blood."

* * *

Is this the verdict of a Frenchman? Read the judgment of Ferdinand Pfohl in 1894: "Chabrier is a great talent; he has invention, imagination, temperament; his music, always ingenious and interesting, contains a wealth of moving detail.

* * *

Boston should take a peculiar interest in Tschaikowsky's piano concerto B flat minor, for the first performance of it was in this city. The pianist was Hans von Bülow, who played it in Music Hall, Oct. 25, 1875. Mr. Lang conducted the orchestra on that occasion. The concerto has been played here since then by Mr. Lang (at least twice —once at a Symphony concert Feb. 21, 1885,) Mrs Helen Hopekirk at a Symphony concert Jan. 24, 1891, and by Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, at a Young People's Popular, Jan. 6, 1892.

It was played by Miss Aus der Ohe at the opening of Carnegie Hall, New York, May 9, 1891, under the direction of the composer.

* * *

The musical events of this week are the first performance of a new quartet of Dvorak by the Kneisel Quartet; the appearance of Maggie Cline at the Bowdoin Square Theatre, Maggie the amazonian singer of "Throw Him Down, McCloskey" and "If Donavan's a Better Man Than I Am"; and the first performance of a symphony by Mrs. Beach at Music Hall Saturday night.

Philip Hale

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

They do not care in Berlin for our old friend Popovici.

"Parsifal" in concert form will be given at the Hague Dec. 3.

Ignatz Leusser, once conductor at Vienna, died at the age of 74.

Camillo Schumann is now organist of St. George's Church, Eisenach.

Cécile de Wenz of Vienna has been engaged for the Hamburg opera.

Hans Huber's piano quintet, G minor, op. III, is praised by the Signale.

Emma Eames will sing at the Symphony concert in Music Hall, Jan. 16.

Smetana's "Dalibor" met with extraordinary success at Stuttgart, Sept. 27.

August Klughardt will conduct the next Anhaltische Musikfest at Cöthen.

Luigia Cerale, ex-prima-ballerina of the Vienna opera, has married Carl Wolff.

The Kirchengesangverein of Magdeburg celebrated its 50th anniversary Oct. 11.

Lola Beeth has been re-engaged for the Vienna opera. Her engagement dates Feb. 1, 1897.

William II. has granted the director of the Kiel Theatre, Sachsa Hänseler, a subsidy of $3000.

Joachim Andersen, the flute player, will conduct the orchestra concerts at Copenhagen this season.

Tinel's new oratorio, "Sainte Godelive," is finished. He will conduct it at the Monnaie this winter.

Franck's "Beatitudes" and "Judas" by Sylvain Dupuis will be produced Good Friday at Brussels.

C. E. Oeser, for a long time member of the Gewandhaus orchestra, Leipsic, died lately at the age of 55.

Miss Lebey, of the Gaité, Paris, will sing in Varney's new operetta, "Le Papa de Francine," at the Cluny.

The young composer Touschmalow, pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff and orchestra leader at Warsaw and Tiflis, is dead.

A new opera, "Kean," by August Enna, will be produced at Copenhagen this season. The libretto is founded on Dumas's play.

"Kassakkerne," a new three-act opera by Catharinus Elling, succeeded at Christiana on account of the originality of the music.

A parody "Le Cripiscule des Vieux" by Lanciani will be produced at Brussels. "Götterdämmerung" affords rich material for a parodist.

Gambardella wrote the favorite song, "O Pizzainolo," this year for the Piedigrotta festival. Arturo Erra's "'A Zetella" was much liked.

They have their troubles in Munich. Beethoven's overture "The Consecration of the House" was played at the opening of the new theatre.

Peter Wagner has edited and written an introduction to Ciprian de Rore's setting of Petrarch's Vergini. The publishers are Breitkopf and Härtel.

At the concert given in Verviers Oct. 1, in aid of the "Vieuxtemps" Monument, Mr. Loevensohn performed the andante from Vieuxtemps's Concerto.

Levi of Munich at his own request has been retired. Richard Strauss is now court-conductor and Max Erdmannsdörfer shares the title with him.

An orchestra suite, "Escenas Andaluzas," by Tomas Breton, has been produced at Barcelona. It consists of Bolero, Pelogitano, Marcha, and Zapatcado.

Karoline Fischer-Achten, once opera singer at Vienna, Frankfort and Brunswick, and the mother of Emil Fischer, the bass, died lately at Graz at the age of 90.

G. A. Micheisen is the author of a new book, "Der Fingersatz beim Clavierspoel; Didaktisches und Kritisches." Breithkoff und Härtel are the publishers.

Thomson and Ysaye will play Bach's concerto for two violins at an Ysaye concert in Brussels. At other Ysaye concerts Raoul Pugno and Maurel will appear.

A monument has been raised to Fr. Lux at Ruhla, because "he wrote the folksong, 'Ach, wie ist es möglich dann.'" Some say the song was written by Kucken.

Marcella Sembrich sings this month in Berlin, Dinorah, Isabella in "Robert the Devil," Marguerite in "The Huguenots," and, for the first time, Nedda in "Pagliacci."

"La Fille de Mme. Angot" at "Le Petit Duc" will be revived at the Bouffes, but Lecocq has stipulated that Miss Marcelle is to sing the chief part in each operetta.

The Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung, Oct. 9, says the first performance of Massenet's "Werther" was at Weimar. The opera was produced for the first time at Vienna Feb. 16, 1892.

Hans Harthan, the new Director of the conservatory at Santiago, Chili—it has 600 pupils—has appeared in that city as composer, pianist, and conductor of two orchestral concerts.

Teresa Carreno's Klavier-Abende throughout Germany have met with enormous success. Rudolph Aronson reports that thirty Carreno concerts have already been disposed of in this country.

The theatre Fenice, which has existed at Naples since 1828 and has been devoter to opéra-bouffe in dialect, and musical parodies, has been suppressed by the police on account of its dangerous condition.

Miss Gianoli as Carmen was very successful as singer and actress when she made her début the last of September at the Monnale, Brussels. She is from Geneva, where she is said to have sung Charlotte in "Werther."

The piano compositions of Graham P. Moore, an Englishman, are praised loudly by the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung of Oct. 9. Pianists in search of something new would do well to examine them. The publishers are Breitkopf & Härtel.

Xaver Scharwenka's "Mataswintha" was produced at Weimar Oct. 4. Otto Lessmann says success was "noble and overwhelming." Stavenhagen conducted, and among those who were in the cast were Mrs. Stavenhagen, Miss Joachim and Zeller.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," a symphonic suite, was played by the Berlin Royal Orchestra at the symphony concert Oct. 20. The work made a genuine sensation, and was stormily applauded. It may be given in Boston in 1910. Novelties come to us late.

Bruckner's Te Deum will be given at the Gewandhaus, Leipsic, this season. Among the soloists of the season will be Ellen Gulbranson, Gura, Thomson, Hubay, Petschnikoff, Joachim, Prill, Busoni, Paderewski, d'Albert, Clotilde Kleeberg, Julius Klengel, Leo Stern.

The Milanese did not care much for Godard's "La Vivandière," produced there Sept. 22 at the International Lyric Theatre. The chief performers, Mmes. Boyer, Leone, and Messrs. Dufriche, Bonci and Federici "sang in bad Italian, and the performance was not a good one." Give poor Godard a chance, oh Milanese!

These pieces will be played at Cologne this season: Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," Saint-Saëns's Third Symphony, Weingartner's "King Lear," and Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra." Among the soloists will be Miss Pregi (of Paris), Ternina, Clotilde Kleeberg, Sarasate, Busoni, Heinrich Vogel and Mrs. Gulbranson.

Nicodé, the composer and pianist at Dresden, will conduct concerts this season. He will produce Bruckner's Te Deum, Schumann's "Manfred," Berlioz's sinfonie fantastique and Requiem, Liszt's Dante Symphony, Beethoven's 9th symphony, etc. The soloists will be the pianists, Miss Pancera and Busoni; the violinists, Tor Aulin and Felix Berber, etc.

Among the musical features of the Keith program arranged for the near future is the appearance during the week of Nov. 2 of the Boston Ideal Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, which gave those pleasing concerts at the Castle Square during the summer months; and the Ladies Schubert Quartet, which will sing during the week of Nov. 9.

Rosenthal will make his first appearance in New York this season Nov. 10. He will play, assisted by the Symphony Orchestra, under Damrosch, Ludwig Schytte's piano concerto in C sharp minor, written for him. This concerto has never been played in America. Rosenthal will also play his contrapuntal study on Chopin's D flat waltz and his own Carnival de Vienne.

Sept. 27 Paul Gilson's telegraph-cantata was produced at the Palais des Académies, Brussels, on the 50th anniversary of the Belgian telegraph. Wagnerian leit-motivs characterized the methods of telegraphing; the struggle of human will against the elements was represented by a thundering use of the brass; and "the whole was crowned by a sort of popular song, with large and frank rhythm, telling of joy and the gratitude of the people toward the apparatus of Morse."

The Journal has received from the Oliver Ditson Company: Songs, "Awake True Heart," A. C. Knight; "Alone," L. Lombard; "I Think of How You Loved Me," J. J. Dunn, Jr.; "Don't Yer Leave Yer Baby," C. E. Pratt; "Hushaby," H. E. Cogswell; "Anvil of Blacksmith John," T. H. Northrop; "Don't Try to Knock a Chip From Riley's Shoulder," [illegible] Strasburger's sparkling mazourka for piano, and Wieniawski, by W. R. Spence, for violin and piano.

Here are some of the works to be played at the orchestral concerts in Frankfort. Bazzini's King Lear overture, Borodin's B minor symphony, Chabrier's Gwendoline overture, orchestral piece out of Franck's "Redemption," the Wallenstein trilogy of d'Indy, the "Scheherazade" of Rimsky-Korsakoff, the D minor symphony of Sinding, Schilling's "Meergruss," Smetana's "Hakon Jarl," Richard Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," and Wiengartner's arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." The concertgoers of Frankfort are to be envied.

Mr. Augusto Rotoli has arranged an elaborate program for the concert of his works, which he will direct at Tremont Temple on the night of Nov. 18. The first part will comprise a new quartet, "Salve Regina," and a group of three songs each—almost half of which are also new—for the four soloists. Some of these songs are sacred and some secular. The director's Roman Festival Mass will make up the second part of the program. The mass will be sung by the quartet and a chorus of 150 chosen voices, accompanied by the organ and players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

THE HIRSCHFELD BENEFIT.

The following correspondence explains itself:

Mr. Max Hirschfeld:

Dear Sir—The good work you have done toward enlarging and broadening the musical tastes of the Boston public, by directing the operatic productions at the Castle Square Theatre in the last year or more, has led to a desire on the part of your friends and artistic admirers to give some public recognition of their sense of obligation to you for the results you have achieved. We would like you to know that we heartily appreciate your professional efforts, and will gladly lend our approval to any performance that can be arranged at which you may be afforded such an opportunity as may be congenial to yourself.

(Signed)

John K. Paine, Carl Zerrahn, Alexander Steinert, Chas. R. Adams, Richard Herny Dana, Eben D. Jordan, Miss Clara E. Munger, Mrs. de Angelis, Henry F. Miller, B. J. Lang, Henry Lowell Mason, Sidney A. Shuman, Oliver Ditson Co., H. P. Chélius, G. L. Osgood, John Shepard, W. J. Winch, G. E. Whiting, J. Thomas Baldwin, Stephen O'Meara, E. H. Clement, Carl Faelten, Allen A. Brown, Israel Putnam Hunt, S. B. Whitney, H. L. Higginson, John H. Holmes and others.

Mr. Hirschfeld has accepted the compliment in a gracefully worded note, in which he says, in closing:

"Your letter affords me an opportunity which I gladly make use of to contribute something to the attractions of the present musical season. The field of musical enterprise in your city is so well filled, with your magnificent orchestra, your choral societies and the operatic organization with which I am identified, that I have been somewhat puzzled what to select for performance, so that I may not conflict with the plans already made for the season. In looking through the records of the Handel and Haydn Society recently I noticed that although Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" had been given by its members nearly a half hundred times, it had not been sung for nearly thirty years. These facts have led me to choose this work for a performance at Music Hall on Sunday evening, Nov. 29, and I trust that in making this decision I have merited the confidence you have shown in your most kind letter.

Again thanking you for your commendation of my efforts, I am

Gratefully yours,

(Signed) MAX HIRSCHFELD.

October 26 '96

It was only yesterday that the Journal, in an editorial article, advocated the rehabilitation of the milkmaid, and suggested that cows should be milked on the Common, the Public Garden, and in Copley Square. (Of course if they are to be milked near one of the famous statues, the cows should wear blinders, for a frightened or perturbed mind injures the quality of milk.) And last night a note came to us. It is signed "Jersey," and the dear thing wishes to consult us concerning her costume, for she and several of her companions favor the plan.

There's Patience in the operetta. More to our taste, sweet "Jersey," is the description given in an old poem, to be found in "Musarum Deliciae," but the book itself is no book for you.

Walkeing betimes close by a green wood side,
Hy tranonny nonny with hy tranonny no;
A payre of lovely milk maides there by chance I spide
With hy tranonny nonny no, with tranonny no.

* * *

Wast-coats of flannell,
And petty-coats of redd,
Before them milk white aporns,
And straw hats on their heads,
Silke poynts, with silver taggs,
A bout their wrists were shown;
And jett-Rings, with poesies—
"Yours more than his owne."

* * *

Well fare you merry milk maids
That dable in the dew
For you have kisses plenty,
When Ladyes have but few.

The Reverend Edward L. Clark is right: "Every one should have a private library containing at least a dozen books, in which 'The Arabian Nights' should be included; books have a tremendous influence on the young." Yes, indeed; [illegible] eyed boy or [illegible] should have a copy of "The Arabian Nights"; if possible a copy of Sir Richard F. Burton's edition.

This summer we heard on the Maine coast the following phrase: "Come now, don't peeve!" meaning "Don't be peevish" or "Don't fret." Has any reader in New Hampshire or Vermont heard this verb in familiar use? We do not find it in the English dialect dictionaries that are at hand, nor is it in the pamphlets of the American Dialect Society. Ray says "peevish" in North Country dialect means "witty, subtle," and in certain English counties "peevish" means "foolish, trifling."

The balance of the world is restored. If Miss Johnstone Bennett has a valet Mr. Francis Fisher Powers, the baritone, has a chaperon.

Courage, Old Chimes, take courage. Even if General Martin carries out his scheme concerning the sale of liquor in the "residential districts," Commonwealth Avenue, Marlborough Street and Beacon Street will be within the license limits.

Harold Frederic writes from London, "The Typographical Union here finds itself in a queer predicament over this week's contest of skill on the Linotype machine at the Aquarium. Up to the present the union has insisted on 5000 ens, an amount which equals half as many American ems, as a fair hourly average for skilled compositors, and when affidavits came from America stating that 10,000 ens were nearer such an average, the union denounced these statements as worthless. It happens now, however, that some 20 members of the union have been competing this week for a gold medal, and the very poorest of them all set over 10,000 ens, so it will be impossible for the union to resist a rearrangement of terms any longer."

"Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the young negro poet of Toledo, of whose ability W. D. Howells has spoken with favor." Poor Dunbar! Handicapped at the very start!

Apropos to the appearance of Miss Cayvan in "Squire Kate," Mr. Dithmar writes, "Now the theory of those of her friends who have insisted, ever since she posed and recited as Iocasta in the English translation of Sophocles, years ago, that her true forte is for strong and even tragic rôles, seems to be justified. Perhaps Miss Cayvan will be a great Lady Macbeth some day; perhaps she will make Mrs. Oakly and Marie de Fontanges live again."

"Surgeon" writes: "When I lived in Albany I understood the word 'dabster' as meaning an inefficient workman, or one that did imperfectly what he undertook in literature, art, medicine or trade of any kind. I am surprised to find 'dabster' in Boston means one that is well equipped, a 'corker.' How do you explain this difference?" We do not explain it. The facts are these: Dabster means (1) one skilled at anything. This use is chiefly in dialect. Dabster also means (2) a dabbler or a daubster, for the word is applied depreciatively as by Browning:

"Lines
Which every dabster felt in duty bound
To signalize his power of pen and ink
By adding to a plan once plain enough."

Oct 27 '96

First Concert of the Kneisel Quartet's Twelfth Season—A Piece by Dvorak Played for the First Time in Public.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet's first concert this season in Association Hall last evening was as follows:

Quartet, D major, Op. 64, No. 5.....Haydn
Quartet, A flat major, Op. 105.....Dvorak
(New—first time.)
Octet, Op. 20.....Mendelsshon

Two new quartets by Dvorak, the one played last night and opus 106, a quartet in G major, were published lately by Simrock of Berlin. I understand that the one in A flat was played last night for the first time in public.

There is no trace in this work of Dvorak's so-called American spirit. Not even Mr. Krehbiel, the sleuth-hound of folk-song, can find reminiscences of negro, Indian or Creole tunes.

The first movement, an allegro appassionato with an adagio introduction, leaves no definite impression of uncommon strength or beauty after one hearing. The 'cello recitatives and the responses thereto are not without effect, but the movement is not melodically strong and the harmonic treatment occasionally seems strained and aimless. The scherzo is franker, more ingenuous. There are sounds from Bohemia; the music smells of the soil. In all respects this is the most striking of the movements. For the slow movement is melodically more conventional and diffuse, and the last movement suggests a perfunctory task. As a whole the quartet does not seem to reach the standard of Dvorak's best chamber music.

The first record [illegible] of a performance of Mendelssohn's octet in Boston is of the performance at the Mendelssohn anniversary, Feb. 3, 1873. I do not know whether the work had been played here before. It was played here as an arrangement for string orchestra by Thomas, March 11, 1875, and at a Symphony Concert, Nov. 7, 1885. It was given at a Kneisel concert May 17, 1888, when Messrs. Mullaly, Kuntz, Zach and Campanari assisted. This work was performed in America in 1874, at a Wieniawski-Maurel concert, with Wieniawski as first violin. Last night the Quartet was assisted by Messrs. Krafft, Ondricek, Zach and Schulz.

No doubt the octet is a marked instance of musical precocity, for Mendelssohn was only 16 years old when he wrote it, as a birthday present for Edward Rietz. Whether it is on that account immortal is another question. The first movement is spun out with the exuberance of youth, and in this and in the second movement are hints at the genteel priggishness that characterizes so much of Mendelssohn's music after he had reached manhood. The octet was finely played last night, and yet the scherzo was like unto an oasis in a dreary waste. The composer may or may not have had these lines of Goethe in mind when he wrote this scherzo:

"The flight of the winds, the veil of the mist,
Are lighted from above;
A breeze in the leaves, a wind in the reeds,
And all is vanished."

This is immaterial. The fact remains that the scherzo is delightful music, prophetic in its peculiar delicacy and grace of the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream."

The quartet of Haydn gave unalloyed pleasure. The performance was worthy of the simple, firmly knit, spontaneously tuneful, irresistible measures.

The hall was filled with a loudly applausive audience. The next concert will be given Nov. 23.

PHILIP HALE.

"Give her to me," said one. "I'll take her," said the Captain.

"Lillian Russell's fifth husband will be Mr. Walter Jones." Another and another yet! Oh, how the heart-strings crack!

"Questioned about the use of bread and butter plates, he raised his hand in significant protest. 'Absolutely never. I do not own a butter plate. I never, this is irrevocable, serve butter at any dinner or supper.'" Ten to one this elegant gentleman—or is not "gent" the more appropriate word?—20 years ago ate butter on his boiled potatoes, and cut it with a spoon.

A contemporary which displays a fine, new line of fall and winter literary criticism by classing George Eliot, George Meredith and—Mr. Hall Caine together, asks with a parochial sniff: "What has Mr. Moore written in the line of fiction?" George Moore has written several novels: "Esther Waters," "A Mummer's Wife," "Mike Fletcher," "Celibates," not to mention other titles. And the next half-holiday, oh, passionate admirer of Mr. Hall Caine, read something by Moore and give your mind a chance.

The Trustees of the Public Library have dismissed several men and women from the service of the Library. The reason given for this action is: "For the good of the service." Some of those dismissed are "too old," for others there is not work enough. We do not comment upon the action of the Trustees. As a body they are men of business sagacity as well as liberal culture. But should there not be pensions in the civil service of a library?

Here is a case. A man enters the Library service when he is 40 years old. He works faithfully and well for 20 years. His salary is between $1500 and $2000. He has a family. After 20 years of service, he is 60 years old. The Trustees say virtually to him, "You are too old. We need a younger man. You must leave Jan. 1. We are very much obliged to you for what you have done, and we hope your remaining years will be happy."

What's the poor man to do? He has not been able to lay aside enough for the years of feebleness. His zeal in library service has unfitted him for work in other directions. His 20 years of faithfulness and ability were rewarded shabbily. At the age of 60 he is led blandly into the street. They say to him: "Of course, we should like to pension you, but we have no authority or means. What a beautiful day it is! Don't you think a gentle walk in the sun would be good for your venerable bones?"

Here is a question that was put to us in good faith: "Just when does veal become beef?" We do not know. The books say that calf is applied to all young cattle "until they attain one year

[illegible], when they are year-olds or year-lings." And yet the calf of the leg, which is always a calf, may be beef to the heels.

The whirligig of Time whirls continually, whether wheat be up or down, whether Pillsbury win or be defeated, whether Mr Stephen Crane appear in the Police Court or the New York Journal; and you can't stop this whirligig, although you may be an important member of the community. In 1884 the Reverend Frederick Temple was condemned publicly by the convocation of Canterbury, because he wrote an article in "Essays and Reviews." In 1896 the Reverend Frederick Temple was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury.

Is there really anything shocking in the proposition of one of the Barrison girls to ride a horse man fashion in public? Many a charming Southern girl always rides astride, and the trick is not unknown to equally charming girls in New England. We are afraid that the Barrison sisters are not as wicked as the husband-and-brother-in-law press agent proclaims in raucous tones.

You do not believe in haunted houses, Mr. Tobias Griggs, and you would willingly sleep in that house at Malden, provided the bed be good. Well, you are a brave man and you sleep the sleep of the unjust—for it is the just who tosses and hears the hours named by the mocking clock. Nevertheless we believe implicitly in haunted houses. We believe that walls and floors, ceilings and windows may receive under certain conditions certain impressions, and years after under the like conditions emit the stored impressions. Thus may a horrid curse or atrocious deed be preserved for future use as in a phonograph. And thus may some comfortable, respectable, sleepy old mansion be

"A residence for woman, child and man,
A dwelling-place—and yet no habitation;
A house—but under some prodigious ban
Of excommunication."

There is one being that will never haunt an apartment house, and that is the janitor. The interior walls do not see him long enough to take an impression.

Do you ask in good faith, oh S. T.: "Is not chewing tobacco a distinctively American habit"? In Otway's "The Soldier's Fortune," 1681, Lady Dunce says of her husband, "Everything that's nasty he affects: clean linen he says is unwholesome; and to make him more charming, he's continually eating of garlic and chewing tobacco." The Somal in East Africa chewed for years tobacco mixed with ashes, and "quid" in their speech is "takhzinah." The Galloway beggars some generations ago were great chewers, so that a traveler wrote: "They will ask for a piece thereof from a stranger as he is riding on his way; and therefore let not a traveler want an ounce or two of roll tobacco in his pocket, and for an inch or two thereof he need not fear the want of a guide by day or night."

Oct 28. 96

WITH THE ACTORS.

Maggie Cline, the Bard of McCloskey's Triumph.

A Study of Marvelous Tone Production.

What the Cats at Keith's Might Do Musically.

[illegible] James Hoeker in a fine burst [illegible] Maggie Cline as the Brunhilda of the Bowery.

[illegible] it she is something nearer and farther than this.

She is the vocal incarnation of Banba.

She is too full of life to sing the dirge of Oisin Fodhlah; she does not wish to share the grave of Sarsfield or Hugh O'Neill, but she would fight today with Mochai Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin for Kathleen Ny-Houlahan.

In a less veneered age she would have sung of Maguire of Fermanagh:

"[illegible] the memory of the lime-white man-
[illegible] his right hand hath laid
[illegible] warms the hero's heart,"

but as she glories this week in the triumph of McCloskey.

* * *

There is only one fault to be found with the enormously amusing piece at the Bowdoin Square Theatre. The fault is that it does not display Miss Cline in her full glory as a dramatic singer.

It is true she shouts the battle cry "Throw him down McCloskey," but, alas, she no longer flings down the gauntlet to Donovan:

"Now if Donovan's a better man than I am,
And if Donovan he wants to have a bout."

She does all sorts of amazing things in this piece. She is an angel of mercy; she is a contractor; she rescues a child from a falling building; she even gets the better of a cable car conductor.

But Miss Cline is first of all a dramatic singer. Where is "Now if Donovan's a better man than I am?"

* * *

The art of Maggie Cline is the art of arts; and this is elemental simplicity. Titanic is she in rage; the blood of thousands of Irish Kings is in her veins. How powerful yet how few are her gestures!

What chance has Cornelius Kerr, the rival contractor with her?

"Agus ni riabh faghail cleasda aige da bhfaicieach se Dia nan"——which being interpreted means "He had no chance of life if the Lord himself stood by."

* * *

Her vocal art should be studied carefully by all who propose to sing in Wagnerian opera.

Her breathing is not merely diaphragmatic or costal. She breathes with her whole body, naturally, simply, superbly.

She has no peculiar and advertised method bought at a heavy price. She knows nothing of the jargon about soft-palate, or tones brought forward in the mouth, or over-tones, or tones too near the teeth. She opens her mouth; the spirit moves her; the mighty organ sounds the triumph of McCloskey.

Her enunciation is an object lesson to the young. Every syllable is heard throughout the theatre, in the corridors, and probably in the street.

She has the art of painting a phrase, a word. She ranks in this respect with Yvette Guilbert and Albert Chevalier.

Her performance is free from affectation.

Last night she showed herself an artist to her finger-tips by refusing to accept an encore. 'Twas after the last verse of "Throw him down McCloskey" that in answer to furious applause she said with the honesty of a woman who can afford to confess, "You know it's a hard song. You really must excuse me."

To have repeated this immortal tune would have been as ruthlessly inartistic as for Brunhilda to repeat her suttee act.

There is something generous, clean, sympathetic, intensely human in the performance of Maggie Cline. Her art is not confined to exhibiting a phase of New York life. It is the voicing the warlike spirit of a mighty nation. A heroic woman, worthy to have danced gigantically with the O'Mulligan at Mrs. Perkins's Ball. If Thackeray had lived to see her, she would have divided the honors with O'Mulligan in that memorable, frenetic jig.

* * *

The shrinking and entrancing beauty of Miss Beatrice Morgan! Miss Cline is statuesque, with the rich charms and the charity of a goddess, yet terrible in righteous anger. Miss Morgan is an apparition of girlish grace.

Juno and Psyche on Broadway.

* * *

Mr. Ugo Biondi is giving this week at Keith's New Theatre imitations of Verdi, Rossini, Wagner, Mascagni, Seidl, Gilmore, Sousa as conductors.

Of these imitations the best are those of Rossini, Mascagni and Sousa. The make-up of Rossini is a startling reproduction of Erwin's photograph taken in 1861 at Paris. Equally admirable and worth seeing are the imitations of Mascagni and Sousa.

* * *

The cats at Keith's do many surprising feats. Perhaps the accomplished trainer is too merciful a man to even dream of a certain form of cat music once loved by rich and poor.

When Philip II. of Spain visited his father Charles V. at Brussels, a certain chariot was in the procession. It bore a bear playing an organ. Now the organ pipes were thus constructed: Twenty boxes held each a cat. The tails stuck out and were bound to keys by threads, so that when the bear touched a key the corresponding tail was pinched, and piteous mew followed. Juan Christoval Calvète records the fact that the cats were arranged so as to produce scale passages.

This music was heard afterward at Saint Germain in 1753 and at Prague in 1773. They say Peter the Great loved it, and is there not a story about cat-organs in one of Marryat's novels?

Remember, too that Kater Murr in Hoffman's story sang duets with his love Mimiseo, who plunged him into depths of amorousness by her performance of "Di tanti palpiti."

PHILIP HALE.

In an age when folks run hither and thither, seeking beauty and pleasure, since beauty and pleasure are no longer a part of the daily life of the people; when trains rush to and fro, and carry with them those whose only chance of a fair and seemly life lies in a quiet-ordered home, humble household cares, and neighborly kindness given and received; when the yellow brick of the jerry-builder swells pretty villages to ugly towns, and the enamelled iron advertisement overlays the glory of wood and meadow, the hearts of some of us know not where to turn for comfort.

It pleases us to learn that Dr. Edward Breck, occasionally of Boston, has won the first prize for fencing in formidable competition at Berlin. Now let Dr. Breck challenge his only rival, the champion barb-wire fencer of the West, and may the best man win.

Dr. William Everett takes all his lessons from Homer, "which contains all needed lessons for all situations in practical life." The old family servant in "The Moonstone" consulted "Robinson Crusoe" on all occasions. Mr. P. Glascow found "Dormstock's Logarithms of the Diapason" a golden guide; and a lawyer in Hudson, N. Y., once told us that it was his invariable rule to read a chapter of "Wilhelm Meister" before trying a case. We know of others who unconsciously shape their actions by "The Barkeeper's Complete Guide."

We are glad to see there is a constant development of taste in Boston, and it is not in our heart to chide Messrs. Patrick Bagley and Peter J. Ryan for running away with the bronze Venus. They might some years ago have fallen in love with Charles Sumner or Col. Cass, and although the abduction would have been applauded by a grateful public, there is no classical precedent, we believe, for such passion.

Clisophus of Selybria fell in love with a marble woman wrought by Ctesicles, and shut himself up in the temple of Samos to woo it. Theorus loved a statue in the gallery at Delphi. Would Messrs. Bagley and Ryan, if they had not been caught by prosaic policemen, have suffered the terrible fate of the young man who loved the Venus of Arles in Merimée's story?

L. B. J. writes: "So they will work on the Subway Sundays. And vinegar will also be allowed to work on Sunday in spite of remonstrances. Ha! Ha!" No, we cannot ha ha with you. That joke was first made by one of the printers of the Vinegar Bible, 1717, and the foreman of the Clarendon Press discharged the wretched man.

You know the man described by his friends—for he has friends—as a man "who is not given to talking." His lips are set closely together. He takes a 10-cent cigar when the invitation is for five-cent beer. His admirers regard him as a storage warehouse of wisdom. They sit about him as though he dwelt on a tripod. About once a month their patience is rewarded. The man who is not given to talk says something. The disinterested spectator is then aware that the oracle is a wise ass.

The annual Symphony grievances have broken out even before the third concert. One indignant person objects to being shoved about in the rush to the seats. Another inveighs against the unwillingness of certain women to stand in line and their piggishness in crowding out those who respect the rights of others. But these and similar "dishonorable acts" are not confined to Symphony-goers, bless your heart. Such tramplings and confusion are to be seen in theatres, especially when the audience is "brilliant and refined." There is equal rudeness on the sidewalks of the streets favored by genteel shoppers.

For there is no general keeping one side in either going or coming. The people of Boston and its neighborhood are not unlike the inhabitants of Nineveh, who could not distinguish between their right hand and their left hand. And yet the Lord spared Nineveh.

Now here is M. F., who says frankly, "I am a woman with a grievance." And against what does she protest? We quote from her letter: "There are women so thoughtless as to sit in public halls and fan most vigorously—those to the right of them, those to the left of them and those at the front of them. The ones sitting before them are the sufferers. If you ever grow old"—ah, M. F., you flatter us!—"and have sensitive ears and a sick throat you will understand the unspeakable annoyance I endure every week at the Symphony concert from a woman who does not know the humane way of using her fan. I have known a person to be put under the physician's care for pneumonia after such an exposure. Don't think me fussy or cranky. * * * I do not know how to ask the woman who knows not what she does, and perhaps you can help me."

M. F. is justified in her indignation. She naturally objects to getting even air in the neck and she knows that the fan in the hand of a woman should be a weapon of coquetry. The fan that droops at caressing speech, or provokes compliment, should not be a rotating apparatus or a winnowing machine.

Oct-29.96

And the hearts of many have turned to old times, when the spell of the railway had not seduced humble folk from the honorable seclusion of home life, and when people lived long enough in one place to call it home; when his small house was made dear to a man by memories of death and birth and marriage—when, in a word, there was in life some dignity and continuity.

Is it possible that no reader of the Journal in Vermont or New Hampshire has ever used or heard the verb "to peeve" in the sense of "fret" or "to be peevish?"

Have you noticed the fence and wall advertisements of hats? They are singularly frank this year. One style of hat is called 1743, and at first you confound the number with the year of invention. One poster shows a hatted man and tells you he is a guyer. Now a guyer, we take it, is one who guys, chaffs, roasts. Is he guying the seller, the buyer, or the hat? Then there is a poster that represents a good-looking fellow scrutinizing a hat which he holds down and at arm's length as though he did not like the smell of it. And no doubt he seems to you, as he seems to us, to say, "Why in thunder did I buy that hat?"

Mr. Allen laments the fact that in American literature there is no "full-length portrait of an American gentleman of the best type." He says the three gentlemen most widely known in fiction to English readers are Don Quixote, Sir Roger de Coverly and Col. Newcome, "who are all types of high civilization, though no longer the ideals of the gentleman, as he is known and demanded by us today. We have not given to the world a single American character that can even rank with this company of to us imperfect, though immortal gentlemen."

Mr. Allen, did you ever read an essay by Thackeray entitled, "On a Peal of Bells"? Do you remember, if you have read it, his praise of heroes of Scott: "They are handsome, modest, upright, simple, courageous, not too clever"? Then Thackeray adds, "Much as I like those most unassuming, manly, unpretending gentlemen, I have to own that I think the heroes of another writer, viz.:—Leather-stocking, Uncas, Hardheart, Tom Coffin are quite the equals of Scott's men; perhaps Leather-stocking is better than any one in Scott's lot.' La longue Carabine is one of the great prize-men of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverly * * * and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them."

"The possible depicter of the American gentleman must be gently born, and he must be cultured," says a reviewer of Mr. Allen's opinions. What a pity that Mr. Ward McAllister did not live to write a novel with himself as the hero. Perhaps Mr. Allen—or the reviewer—by studying the career of Mr. McAllister, will be able to fill the niche now vacant in the gallery of American fiction.

Mr. G F. Williams sang "America" in Faneuil Hall. It is a pleasure to know that even in the fury of a campaign he has not neglected the daily practice of vocal scales and exercises. We still have hopes of hearing him at a Symphony concert this season. Indeed, one serious objection to his election next week would be that Art with the largest possible A would suffer irreparably if he were to sit in the Governor's chair.

"Women in Scotland have made bagpipe playing fashionable in parlors, and many of them show no mean skill." This is not surprising. Over two centuries ago, Thomas Tryon, whose recommendation of a vegetable diet attracted Benjamin Franklin, wrote, "Bagpipes are under the dominion of Venus and Mars." Why should not Venus discourse upon her instrument?

In one way the bagpipe is superior to the piano at an afternoon musicale. The piano encourages conversation. But even the most intrepid talker could not prevail against a stalwart performance of the "Hey, taittl, taittle" of Bannockburn.

Adolphus, when you write to Arabella, on your choicest letter paper, "Your beauty is Grecian," you are complimentary but vague. The Athenian females, even when mature, seemed girls of graceful slenderness; but the Boetian, even whilst yet young girls, seemed mature and robustly developed women.

"Vermont" writes with reference to the servant-girl question: "There is no

... leading of character, of there being any impassable gulf between a mistress and her 'servant,' so called. If there should be any difference between mistress and servant, it ought to show itself in the superior intelligence and condition of the former, and taken into full account. As a rule, the servant is not expected to compare with the mistress in knowledge, education and general refinement. But I have very often noticed when trouble began between the parlor and the kitchen, the mistress would be every whit as unreasonable as the servant. At the very time when it was necessary for the mistress to exercise her good sense and superior condition, she was apt to fail." "Vermont" says "There is no earthly reason," etc. There are mistresses who would say, "True, there is no earthly reason. The reason is diabolical."

G. W. P. writes to the Journal as follows: "It appears by a recently found collection of letters written by Franklin and Dr. Ebenezer Kinnersley that the first lecture on electricity delivered in New England was by Dr. Kinnersley in Faneuil Hall in 1752, when, 'with the kind assistance of several gentlemen of the Honourable Artillery Company, several cannon were discharged by means of an electric spark sent through ten feet of water, thus showing that the electric fire will live in water, a river not being sufficient to quench the smallest part of it.'"

Oct '96

The mind that rests content in the midst of a literature that is mostly journalism, the eye that rests content on a landscape defaced by the outward and visible sign of some pill-maker's greed for gold, dwells with disdain on the efforts of poets and romance writers to escape from a sordid century, and those whose eyes and minds are thus contented have prated glibly enough of conservatism, retrogression, and Wardour-Street English. Yet are there some who have not bowed the knee to the god of "modern improvements."

Hamlet, according to his mother, who surely is excellent authority, was scant of breath. Yet, paradoxically, he soliloquized daily and at appalling length.

See how the passionate press agent mocks the reviewer of a pianist's performance. The reviewer says, "Mr. Johnson Jones made his first appearance last evening. His playing was a disappointment, for he has neither imagination nor temperament. His phrasing was often open to criticism. Yet he has well-trained and strong fingers, and the brilliancy in bravura passages excited the audience to enthusiasm." The reviewer, complying with the rules of the newspaper office, signs his name. Then the passionate press agent presents to the public by circulars and advertisements in music newspapers the criticism of our friend in this form:

OVATION TO THE GREAT PIANIST, JOHNSON JONES! SEE WHAT THE EMINENT CRITIC, BOANERGES BLUDYER, SAYS ABOUT HIM! "Mr. Johnson Jones has well-trained and strong fingers, and the brilliancy in bravura passages excited the audience to enthusiasm."

It is true that Mr. Bludyer wrote these words. But the nub of the criticism is slighted intentionally by the press agent, who, mutilating Mr. Bludyer's article, parades him in public, bound as a captive at the heels of Johnson Jones. And thus is the reputation of a pianist made! And thus the business of the piano house that hires Mr. Jones, as it would any salesman, is boomed!

There are Russians who do not care for Mr. Howells's friend Tolstoi. There was one in Paris who on the 30th day of October, 1895, took pleasure in calling the novelist a madman with extraordinary variations of opinion. "One day Tolstoi found a number of the Revue des Deux Mondes at a friend's house. He exclaimed, 'That is corrupting reading; your daughter should not look at it.' He soon afterwards asked the same woman if her daughter had read 'Anna Karenine.' She said, 'It's not a fit book for a young girl.' Tolstoi then argued that a young girl should be instructed in everything, that she might conduct herself wisely in life."

"Miss Marie Dressler was not anxious to have her stage name known in the divorce suit, and as Mr. Hoppert made no opposition, she would have figured in the newspapers only as Mrs. Hoppert, had she not been recognized by persons in the court room". This is the Miss Dressler, the shrinking Miss Dressler, who some time ago horse-whipped a woman in the lobby of the Casino; the same Miss Dressler whose shyness was so noticeable here in "The Lady Slavey". We congratulate her on the ingenuity of her press agent.

Mr. W. M. Diamond, the husband of the polyglot granddaughter of Maximilian of Mexico, was accused of attempting to poison his wife. The case was not one of Diamond cut Diamond.

Mrs. Diamond, by the way, is a very accomplished woman. She speaks 44 dialects, and had three pairs of twins in three years and four months of married life. Napoleon would have regarded her as a great woman, if his famous remark was not a jest.

To T. C.: We understand that the Italian Opera Company under Messrs. Schoeffel and Grau will visit Boston for one week toward the end of the season. We suppose the operas will be given in Mechanics' Building.

"Lady Guides" are not confined to London. There are lady guides in Boston, but the prudent man from Cascadeville or Greening's Corners will prefer a personally conducted tour of inspection.

We read the other day in a book which describes London characters of 70 or 80 years ago, of a certain John Farrington, a drayman in brewery service, who was esteemed highly by his employers because he was in the habit of drinking daily two gallons of porter without the slightest injury to his health, and was thus a testimonial to the soundness of the brew. As a corrective, Mr. Farrington added to the porter a pint and a half of gin.

Mrs. Kendal has emerged from her world-renowned domesticity to lecture the dramatic critics. Her scolding appears in the New Saturday. "When I see a dramatic critic looking fat, with a diamond breast-pin and a diamond ring, I go home and weep." This leads the Pall Mall Gazette to remark, "The diamonds would be a little painful, perhaps, on a question of taste. But if they are used as symbols of unholy rewards for flattering criticism—alack! is not this dark legend also an illusion? Mrs. Kendal should have given instances; she might have started an entertaining controversy." Here in Boston the dramatic critics are spare men as a rule, and although their salaries are princely, the managing editors of the respective newspapers forbid them to wear crape, diamonds or campaign buttons when in the active discharge of their duties.

Oct 31, 1896

But if I think I have wasted my day in wretched undertakings; and if you are able to prove to me that I have really lived as profoundly as a hero, and my soul has not lost its rights, you will have done more than if you should persuade me today to save my enemy, because you have enlarged in me the sum and the grandeur of life, and the longing for life; so that tomorrow, perhaps, I shall know how to live with self-respect.

"The civil marriage of Jean de Reszke was very quiet." This is unexpected news. We had supposed that the press agent would be the best man.

There is jugged hare; it is not surprising, then, that Welsh rabbits are sold in jars; perhaps they are called jarred rabbits. Our own choice is to snare or hunt the rabbit, and not take him out of a crockery warren, tamed, begging for cayenne and mustard.

We cannot agree with one eulogist of jarred rabbit. He says: "Your rabbit is no doubt the finest eating thing of its kind I ever saw." It is not possible that the jarred rabbit, fed by hand, has the keen appetite of the rabbit who eats in the open. The gentleman has evidently never been in Wales.

Another eulogist is so fond of jarred rabbit that he acknowledges in the sight and hearing of the public his unbridled appetite. "I am using now about ninety to one hundred welsh rabbits per day."

We wonder if anybody in Boston—even the most hardened frequenter of a Boston restaurant—would have the courage to sit down and eat a rabbit with Morgan Odoherty, late of the 99th. "I like it best," says the gallant Ensign and Adjutant, "in the genuine Welsh way—that is, the toasted bread buttered on both sides profusely, then a layer of cold roast beef, with mustard and horse-radish, and then, on the top of all, the Superstratum of Cheshire thoroughly saturated, while in the process of toasting, with ewrw, or, in its absence, genuine porter, black pepper, and shallot vinegar. I peril myself upon the assertion, that this is not a heavy supper for a man who has been busy all day till dinner, in reading, writing, walking, or riding—who has occupied himself between dinner and supper in the discussion of a bottle or two of sound wine, or any equivalent—and who proposes to swallow at least three tumblers of something hot, ere he resigns himself to the embrace of Somnus."

We had the pleasure yesterday of seeing some illustrations by Miss Ethel Reed, who is now in Berlin, to a book which will be published soon by Messrs. Copeland and Day. The book is for children, and the text is by Mrs. Louise C. Moulton. These drawings by Miss Reed are singular in appropriate naïveté combined with a suggestion of the abnormal and the sinister. The most striking example of her skill and strange imagination is a picture of a fair child with an excessively décolleté bodice. Did this Massachusetts girl learn such fantasticalness in smug Boston or has she read Petronius and does she dream dreams? She seems to be honest in her art, not an apish admirer of "antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents." She shows wild imagination in the treatment of even the conventional. But what is Miss Reed doing in Berlin, the most material and depressing of all European cities?

The corpse of the author is often of more advantage to publishers than is the live author who quarrels over payments. Paul Verlaine is hardly accustomed to the ground, before his waste-basket is ransacked. Posthumous poems are published and still announced. And now comes Mr. Félix Régamey, who speaks of Verlaine as a draughtsman. The handsome volume, published in a limited and numbered edition by Floury, Paris, contains sketches and reminiscences by Régamey and seven drawings by Verlaine who thus shows that a poor caricaturist may be a great poet. The caricatures of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial Verlaine had the delightful impudence to add parodies of Coppée and sign the name of the latter to these parodies.

It appears that Mr. George R. Sims has found paraffin oil to be an efficacious hair restorer, and thus "caused hair to grow on 50,000 bald heads." This is only fair; for some of his poems and plays have undoubtedly taken the hair off the heads of theatre goers.

We are inclined to prefer the advice of Aisaharavius, who enjoyed a large and fashionable practice, spoke at Faculty dinners and drove about in a barouche. This learned man recommends emetics after food, purging with hiera picra friction with compositions containing mustard, euphorbium, pellitory, nettle-seed, with oil of sesame, or with liquid pitch. During this treatment the patient should abstain from beer.

Why should a strong-souled man be sensitive as to his lack of hair? To many baldness is becoming. Louis XIV. at the age of 35 years took to a wig, although his thick hair gave him a right to despise the fashion. His son, the great Dauphin, in 1687 had his head shaved; for he found a wig more convenient and comfortable. It is simpler to dust a head every morning with a little feather duster than to comb and brush rebellious locks; and a confirmed cow-lick is a fatal blow to the pride of man. Do you fear, oh Baldhead, the taunt alluded to by the Athenaeum of July 31, 1886: "An elderly Jew money lender whom she afterwards describes to her admiring friends as a bladder of lard, a graceful reference to his baldness and tendency to stoutness"?

Nov 1, '96

Mrs. Beach's Symphony Produced Last Night in Music Hall—The Overwhelming Triumph of Campanari.

The program of the third Symphony Concert last night in Music Hall, Mr. Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Symphony in E minor, "Gaelic," op. 32 (MS.) first time..........Beach
Air, "Vision Fugitive," from "Hérodiade"..........Massenet
Mr. Campanari.
Variations on a theme by Josef Haydn....Brahms
Prologue to "Pagliacci"..........Leoncavallo
Mr. Campanari.
Overture to "Der Freischütz"..........Weber

Mrs. Beach is by no means the first woman who has written a symphony. A French woman, an admirable musician, wrote three, which were performed in Paris. Three English women have written symphonies, two of which have surely been performed in London. There are German women whose names appear in the catalogue of symphony writers. The most remarkable was Aline Hundt, a pupil of Liszt, whose symphony in G minor was played at Berlin in the spring of 1871, and conducted by her in a manner that won the praise of critics who were prepared to scoff.

But any consideration of the part played by woman in the history of orchestral works must be reserved for the Wednesday article.

Other thoughts suggested by the symphony of Mrs. Beach must be reserved till then. The election is just now the one important thing, and Art must sit quietly in the background.

* * *

It is fortunately not necessary to say of the "Gaelic" symphony, "This is a creditable work for a woman." Such patronage is uncalled for, and it would be offensive. Nor is it necessary to say, "A praiseworthy endeavor." The endeavor is of little importance in art. The result is more to the purpose.

The ... allow today ... of a few ... Let me ... that the symphony is the ... of Mrs. Beach's ... talent. I think it should be ranked as a whole above her Mass, which was performed by the Handel and Haydn. The themes themselves may or may not be of importance; we will talk this over together later; certainly the treatment of them in the first, second and fourth movements often excites honest admiration and gives genuine pleasure. I except the slow movement; for it seems the most labored and at the same time the weakest.

First of all this music, as a rule, sounds well. For the jest is true, that there is music which is better than it sounds. Charming ideas of Schumann, for instance, are often shockingly dressed in orchestral robes. But in this symphony of Mrs. Beach there is the evidence of orchestral instinct rather than the suspicion of loose experimenting. Some composers treat an orchestra as a child fools with a new box of blocks. There are grotesque combinations, impossible architectural devices. The child is surprised and delighted. Mrs. Beach wrote in this instance as though she were sure of the effects she had thought out. You do not at once feel that piano music has been fitted this way and that way and anyway to the orchestra.

Occasionally she is noisy rather than sonorous. Here she is eminently feminine. A woman who writes for orchestra thinks, "I must be virile at any cost." What Saint-Saëns said of Augusta Holmès is true of the sex.

Of the four movements, the second now stands out in sharpest relief. There is plenty of good stuff in the first; there is an elemental swing as well as a force that almost approaches grandeur in the finale; there are many excellent things in the detail on which I would fain dwell, but the scherzo is to me the most complete, rounded and truly musical of the movements.

Mrs. Beach, who was applauded heartily, acknowledged the tribute of the audience modestly.

* * *

Mr. Campanari was welcomed with unusual warmth and applauded enthusiastically after each appearance. His voice seems to grow steadily in power, which is kept under artistic control. He is more the master of the crescendo and the climax than he was when he first left the orchestra for the lyric stage. He shows a nicer appreciation of finesse, as in the air from Massenet's opera. So, too, in the prologue to "Pagliacci" the dramatic points were admirably accentuated, and in the great passage beginning "E voi, piuttosto" the noble organ of the singer inspired by the unfeigned passion of the man produced an irresistible, overwhelming effect.

I regret to say that the accompaniments to these airs were led by Mr. Paur without intelligence and played by the orchestra in a slovenly manner.

* * *

The program of the Symphony concert Saturday will be as follows: Volkmann, overture "Richard III."; aria from Mozart's "Il Re Pastore"; prelude to act II., "Ingewelde," Schillings; aria from "Lucia di Lammermoor"; Schumann's Symphony No. 2, C major. Mrs. Melba will be the singer.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

How Arditi's Gossip Fell on Stony Ground.

The Wagnerite Reviewer Prates of "Sordidness."

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

Let us consider today the review published in the Pall Mall Gazette Oct 10 of Arditi's "My Reminiscences."

In the first place it is an admirable instance of a style of reviewing that is out of fashion in this country—the more's the pity.

In the second place the attitude assumed by the reviewer is that taken by some, to whom Italian opera is the abomination of desolation.

I admire the review, although it is prejudiced in a way and without the conclusions arrived at by the student who has a sense and an appreciation of historical perspective.

* * *

THE TRUE ITALIAN OPERA.

"After Henry Russell, Luigi Arditi. As the Baroness von Zedlitz quaintly puts it, 'Musicians have been asking for the last ten years, "Why does not Arditi write his memoirs?"' The Baroness does not enlighten us as to who the musicians were who asked this curious question, but, asked or unasked, Arditi has written his reminis-

[illegible] has been [illegible] to translate them into [illegible] English. To say that the [illegible] a revelation of character would be to say too little; is an abundant [illegible] analysis. Whether you [illegible] these reminiscences or [illegible] this interesting and disagreeable personality—to quote the [illegible] strikes you favorably or not, [illegible] this highly-wrought artistic [illegible] seems to you of the no[illegible] these things do not matter. Read in the right spirit, apart [illegible] style, taste, thought, or emotion, the book yet remains, in spite of its elementary method, its odd-and-end material, its amazing mixture of sentiment and reminiscence, a masterly (and quite unconscious) reflection of the character of Luigi Arditi. Far, far down on the scale, it belongs to the category of books in which Boswell's Life of Johnson' takes the first and supreme place.

Signor Luigi Arditi was born some [illegible] years ago. At the age of 23 he determined to come up to London; but man proposes, God disposes; or, as the Kingstoniana translation has it, 'However fervently man may propose divers enterprises, Providence often steps forward and intervenes with cool decisiveness to frustrate them.' In this instance Providence stepped forward with cool decisiveness, and frustrated Arditi's design of visiting England. He landed instead to Havana and 'other parts of the New World,' settling his new engagement at Milan over 'a jovial glass of sparkling wine.' Concerning Havana Arditi has to tell you that 'from the social point of view Havana is a city practically without ladies.' After a lengthened experience in various 'parts of the New World' Arditi at last visited London, married, and began to settle down as a more or less serious conductor. Let it not be put down to his liser dit that it was this particular period of his existence which fixed his taste forever in the bed-rock of Italian opera. Henceforward, fault or no fault, imitation or no limitation, Arditi is the typical conductor of this kind of opera. And what a character it is, and what a history that is of Italian opera in England! It is easy, after reading such a book, to understand the relish with which Sir Augustus Harris abolished the word 'Italian' from the style and title of his undertaking. It seems that Mapleson's noblest quality was the facility with which he was able to calm irate prime donne in search for cheques. These ladies would enter his office, vowing they would not depart from his presence without a little cheque, and these same ladies would issue forth after writing his leisure with their angry locks transformed to absolute serenity,' but without the little cheque. 'This,' as Signor Arditi wisely observes, 'was an art in itself.' Then there was the tenor who refused to dress in his Faust costume until he had received his long-delayed salary; and the soprano who accompanied herself to the harp in the last scene of Rossini's 'Otello;' and there was the jealousy which Madame Valleria 'succeeded in arousing in Madame Ambré,' and the jealousy of Mario which an unknown lady 'succeeded in arousing' in the tender breast of Grisi; and there is the story of Madame Ambré herself, who, 'notwithstanding much puffing, was not by any means a draw,' and who 'became a decided drug in the market;' and there was the sad Mapleson season when 'Patti caught cold several times' and 'nervous tension beset us from rosy morn till dewy eve;' and there was Madame Scalchi, who was sued by Abbey because she would not sing after 'dining upon 'a good dish of macaroni,' and who won her case by Arditi's evidence on the ground that 'it would have been quite impossible for her to sing immediately after a heavy meal,' and who sent a ruby and diamond ring to him 'in memory of the occasion.'

"Reminiscences such as these might be perused through columns. For the moment, without considering them further, they come as authoritative accounts of the true condition of the days when Italian Opera was reckoned to be at its palmiest level of prosperity. With Signor Arditi the burthen is ever, 'the good old days;' but to the younger and uncompanioned observer the dear, mad days have something of the sordid about them. The public, it is true, came before the footlights, they gave vent to their humour and shouted in [illegible]. Mario was a god, Grisi a goddess. 'Queens stood statuesquely and without a rival; Alboni was the pearl, Patti was the Paragon, the chrysolite of earth all her tribe; et patati, patata.' Let let that same public pick up Arditi's book, and lift the curtain when the stage is darkened and the house is [illegible] brown Holland, and there [illegible] a jaded clamour of men and women crying for pure envy, ruining one another for the sake of selfishness, [illegible] cheques, making a god of [illegible], thinking, caring, considering [illegible] but their food, their drink, their carriages, their jewels, their co[illegible]. And to Arditi living behind the footlights, accustomed to that [illegible], it all seems so natural that he tells his story laughingly, good-[illegible], vacantly, thinking that as [illegible] him so lightly it will also touch his public with equal irresponsibility. It is, for a crucial example, [illegible] to him that four hundred and [illegible] bottles of champagne were consumed when Adelina Patti opened her season at Craig-y-Nos. He made the [illegible] secure; he will not be inaccurate. [illegible] will not allow you to forget the amount; it was four hundred and [illegible] bottles.

[illegible] record proceeds and proceeds. I have always admired Wagner's music, [illegible] declared, and you know that he [illegible] you the legend with his tongue in his cheek, for, indeed, from his account of it, he might never have heard that Wagner had composed anything after 'Lohengrin.' With some triumph he reproduces a cartoon in which he is seen conducting in rivalry with Seidl, [illegible] the laughter humorous application of the [illegible] that the rivalry was [illegible] to the advantage and that Germany [illegible] Italy [illegible] of Wagner.

[illegible] book is a perfectly typical property of a distinct character. Among all men, Arditi is the one most completely and absolutely identified with the curious and (to us) quite unintelligible reign of Italian opera in the world. He lived in the days when it was popular but did not pay, he saw the time come when the odd fact turned up that German opera, though not popular, began to pay; he sees the time now when German opera is popular and pays, while Italian opera is unpopular and pays as little as ever. For, it must be remembered, the paying element is, in the eyes of Signor Arditi, the final question. Still he remains true to his colors. Still to him, as to Mr. Santley, the Italian opera is the sole, influencing planet. Times have changed, but not Arditi. His book, though frivolous in shape, uninteresting as literary art, is charged with a grave and serious meaning, and the significance of it is the last thing that its author, to use his own inimitable style, 'meant to convey.'"

* * *

If Arditi had not gossiped artlessly, and at random, the reviewer could not have placed the "Reminiscences" in the category of books dear to him. He has no right to complain of what gave him pleasure.

So there was "something sordid" about the history of the "dear dead days." Opera is sordid in that it is necessarily a commercial speculation. The sordidness was not or is not confined to Italian opera. I remember that Heinrich Vogl, the great Wagner tenor, would not sing once at Bayreuth because he did not think the pay was enough for the exertion. And in the history of opera there is nothing more sordid than Bayreuth as it is now managed by the widow of Wagner. Singers are about the same, whether they are masters of bel canto or only growl and bellow in the music dramas of Wagner. Managers are about the same in Europe and America. The composer whose works fill the box office is the composer of genius. Germans as well as Italians are seen "ruining one another for the sake of selfishness, snatching at cheques," etc.

And why should not Arditi tell his story in half-cynical fashion? If Arditi had told all that he had seen and heard! But that would have taken prodigious memory as well as courage.

"The curious and (to us) quite unintelligible reign of Italian Opera in the world." Why "curious and unintelligible?" When Arditi was in his prime, there were great singers, Mr. Reviewer; and you have often chanted in purple phrases the glory of supreme vocal art. No more glowing tribute than yours was ever paid Melba. And Melba is first, last, and always a singer.

What would not we give right here in Boston for a return of that night in 1847 when Arditi swung the stick in the first recognized performance of genuine Italian opera. The place was the Howard Athenaeum. The opera was Ernani. The singers were the voluptuous, golden mouthed Fortunata Tedesco, Perelli, Novelli, Vita.

Arditi has swung the stick for many famous men and women on the lyric stage since 1847. He knows the scandals, the quarrels, the frauds, the subterfuges, the hasty expedients, the glitter and the shame of operatic life. Should he have written his "Reminiscences" in Juvenalian mood, or played the part of the dull recorder of facts? The game was not worth the candle. He gossiped to the Baroness over the Chianti. Why should he have taken a frivolous thing, a sport of fashion seriously?

Philip Hale

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Sigrid Arnoldson is singing in Germany.

Adelina Patti will sing this season in Madrid.

Miss Hoffmann of Brussels made her début as a pianist in New York the 25th.

Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth" has been given in Hungarian at Budapest.

Gennaro de Filippo, opera singer, died while going from Constantinople to Sicily.

Miss Olive Mead of Boston played the violin at a Liederkranz concert in New York the 24th.

Mrs. Norcross, an American, was loudly applauded for her Carmen at Magdeburg Oct. 9.

"Les deux Billets," by Poise, was revived lately with great success at the Monnaie Brussels.

Camilla Urso, Carlotta Desvignes and Franklyn Sonnakalb will make a concert tour of the world.

Eleanore Jackson, an American violin pupil at the Hoch Schule, Berlin, has been awarded a stipend.

Otto Lohse, former husband of the late Klafsky, will give an orchestral concert in New York next month.

Jules Barbier and Paul de Choudens have published through Calmann-Lévy their libretto "Clarissa Harlowe."

Levi, the conductor, who says he is too nervous for further work, is going to marry a rich widow in Munich.

A new tenor, Borgmann, made his début in "Nachtlager in Granada" at Vienna Oct. 5. Hanslick sees in him a heroic tenor of unusual promise.

Gustave Charpentier will write a cantata to be performed at the inauguration of the monument to Watteau in the Luxembourg garden, Paris.

Johan G. Conradi died lately at Christiania at the age of 76. He wrote many songs, music for dramas, and a pamphlet on the music and musicians of Norway.

"Lucia" and "Norma" have been given at the People's Theatre in Munich. And yet the Wagnerites persist in saying old-fashioned Italian opera is hopelessly dead.

The Metropolitan Grand English Opera Company, with Mrs. Januschowsky, prima donna, and Mr. Neuendorff, conductor, will begin its season at Washington Nov. 9.

Rudolph Aronson's new waltz is entitled "Terisita," and is dedicated to the famous pianist, Teresa Carreno. Mrs. Carreno left Berlin Oct. 21 for St. Petersburg prior to sailing for America.

There will be no performance of "Die Walküre" this season by the Schoeffel and Grau Company. Fella Litvinne will take the place of Klafsky. She has sung in Paris, Brussels, Moscow. Antonio Ceppi will be a new tenor. Jean de Reszke may sing Siegfried.

Jane Harding, not the ex-singer and present actress, but the singer with an "r," whose début in Paris provoked a stormy scene, made her début at the Monnaie, Brussels, Oct. 10, in "Traviata." Her costumes and jewels won more applause than her dramatic or vocal skill.

Mr. Seppilli is engaged as conductor of Madame Albani's opera and concert tour of Canada. The tour will last three months; the opening performance is to take place at Halifax, N. S., on the 13th of November. It will be remembered that Mr. Seppilli occupied a similar position with Abbey and Grau in America last year.

Mr. Umberto Giordano arrived in New York the 24th. His opera, "Andrea Chenier," is to be produced by Mapleson at the Academy of Music. It was first produced at Milan, March 28, 1896, and it has been eminently successful. Mr. Giordano, who is about 30 years old, is the composer of "Malavita" (Rome, 1892) and "Regina Diaz."

"Sir Alexander Mackenzie is the only one of our modern Englishmen who ever had a distinct note, a style and manner, of his own; and a contemplation of 'The Rose of Sharon' makes one bitterly angry that so gifted a man should have been compelled for the sake of £500 a year to bury himself and his gifts in the dust of a music school."—J. F. Runciman.

A letter from Mrs. Teresa Carreno to her manager, Mr. Rudolph Aronson, announces her repertory as follows: For the Philharmonic Society (Seidl), New York, Jan. 8 and 9, Beethoven's E flat Concerto and Liszt's Fantaisie Hongroise; New York Symphony Society (Damrosch), Jan. 29 and 30, Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantaisie; Chicago Orchestra (Thomas), Feb. 5 and 6, Chopin's E minor Concerto; Boston Symphony Orchestra (Paur), in New York, Feb. 25, Grieg's A minor Concerto.

Moritz Rosenthal will begin his season in America at Carnegie Hall, New York, Tuesday evening, Nov. 10, when he will be assisted by the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Damrosch. Mr. Rosenthal will play Schytte's piano concerto in C sharp minor, Liszt's Hungarian Fantaisie, with orchestra, and these solo pieces: Berceuse and Barcarole by Chopin; Schubert's Moment Musical and Lindenbaum; Rosenthal's contrapuntal study on Chopin's D flat waltz, and Liszt's "Masaniello" tarantella.

The Flemish opera by Jan Blockx, who is called the Teniers of music—Teniers is dead and cannot resent such liberties—entitled "The Princess of the Tavern" ("Herbergprincess"), was produced for the first time at the Flemish Lyric Theatre, Antwerp, Oct. 10. The music is highly praised. The story tells of the "eternal combat between pure love and venal love. A young musician abandons his betrothed for a tavern princess, cunning and fascinating; the betrothed tries in vain to win him back, and the opera closes with a murder, from which it appears that virtue is rarely rewarded in this world, but vice is always punished."

NW 2. 9[illegible]

Such as is the air, such be our spirits; and
as our spirits, such are our humours.
It offends commonly if it be too hot and
dry, thick, fuliginous, cloudy, blustering, or a tempestuous air.

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful
ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

After all, is not November a slandered month? Even in England, where it is said many go mad or kill themselves on account of the gloom, there are compensations. As that pleasant book, "The Alimentary Calendar," tells us, "November is conspicuously rich in beef, mutton, veal, pork and house-lamb, as well as in fish, poultry, game and wild fowl. Thus by an admirable provision in the economy of nature, at the season when the human appetite is increasing in strength, the means of gratifying it are multiplied." Hare-soup—with an "a," observe—is a rich and seasonable luxury. "There is also now a great consumption of oysters." My darling, what wouldst thou have more?

To the man who is philosophical, as well as wealthy and healthy enough to live in the country, November is a congenial month. There should be haze on the horizon; there should be a sound of distant labor or the faint crash of a falling tree far up the far-away mountain. There should be [illegible] and tobacco and books of [illegible] and a smouldering fire on the hearth after sundown. Now, to the flat dweller a cool November evening is merely the affair of the steam radiator, which is a weapon used mercilessly by that malignant being, the janitor. How is it possible for any flat dweller to appreciate November?

That All Saints, or All Hallows opens the month with the thought of shut graves may have barbed the reproach against November. Edmund de Gencourt, remembering his dear brother Jules, wrote Nov. 1, 1894, of the horrors of the cemetery with its sunken tombs, with only a cross projecting from the earth as the end of a mast is all that is shown above the water's surface, but the sunken ship is below, below. The spirit of Whitman is manlier:

"And as to you, Corpse, I think you are
good manure—but that does not offend
me;
I smell the white roses, sweet-scented and
growing,
I reach to the leafy lips—I reach to the polish'd breasts of melons."

This reminds us of the existence in Boston of genteel sadduceeism. Go to any club where the talk ever drifts from horses, cards or women, where there is at least a brave show of interchange of thought, and seven out of ten pretend to disbelieve or really disbelieve in the immortality of the soul. They are apparently content to "walk pleasantly and well-suited toward annihilation." Malvollo, accused of madness, made a nobler answer.

And to de Goncourt, viewing with pessimistic eyes God's acre, we prefer the cheerfulness of old James Howel, Esq., writing from Florence, Nov. 1, 1621. He chats about the manners and customs in Genoa, where the people "are the subtilest, I will not say the most subdulous Dealers." You know the word "snickersnee." Listen to Howel a minute: "Amongst other Customs they have in that Town, one is, That none must carry a pointed Knife about him; which makes the Hollander, who is us'd to Snik and Snee, to leave his Horn-Sheath and Knife a Ship-board when he comes ashore."

That Bryan was an actor is no news. He is still an actor.

But this statement of Mr. Duncan B. Harrison is somewhat surprising: "While my association with J. L. Sullivan is the chief regrettable affiliation of my career," etc. Daily and familiar intercourse with the Honorable John, the friend of the Prince of Wales, the man whom Boston honored publicly in Music Hall, a "regrettable affiliation"? And others were longing to shake the hand that had shaken the hand of Sullivan.

S. L. H. asks the proper pronunciation of Chevalier's name. "I have seen some clever wrestling at the B. A. A., but none more animated than over this name." We are told by those who know the eminent music hall singer that he pronounces his name as the word is pronounced in French, for he is French by birth. This word, by the way, does not have such a strong accent on the second syllable as is given usually by Americans.

"It seems it was the sense of harmony rather than that of modesty that governed the Boston Art Committee in rejecting the Macmonnies Bacchante."

"Was it too sharp or too flat?"

"No, too natural." —— Cleveland Leader.

There is nothing that will shock or irritate you in Mr. Cable's new magazine, The Symposium. An article on Sidney Lanier does not mention the name of Poe or Whitman, although other American poets are named scrupulously, and to Mr. Lanier's advantage. Miss Wallin explains the nature of a Greek symposium and shows how differently they manage the thing at Northampton. And Mr. Silas McChesny Piper contributes a five-line poem, which begins "Relentless time sweeps on; it cannot stay." We prefer Artemus Ward's famous statement of the same fact.

NW 3. 9[illegible]

THE HERB MOON. "John Oliver Hobbes." The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

This book is called by the author a fantasia. The characters are therefore pleasingly fantastic in conversation. Epigrams are as thick as cranberries on the Cape. But in the constant straining after wit Mrs. Harrowby describes "a clerk as a salaried hypocrite; he is a grain of brickdust in the great pyramids of middle-class stupidity." This speech, and its parallel is not uncommon, is not witty, and Mrs. Harrowby is put in a false light by it: for she is really a clever woman. The sacrifice of Rose appeals to us, and her character is drawn with skill. Of course the hero comes back to her with wounds, expe-

friends and the Victoria Cross. This cross must now be worn by thousands if novelists have kept accurate count. "John Oliver Hobbes" is a woman of signal ability; she has originality, the gift of analysis, courage, and a piercing wit. But she should remember that lightning is not incessant.

Revival of "The Mikado" at the Castle Square Theatre—The Bewitching Yum-Yum of Miss Clara Lane.

Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful operetta, "The Mikado," was revived last night at the Castle Square Theatre to the evident enjoyment of a very large audience. The feature of the evening was the bewitching performance of the part of Yum-Yum by Miss Clara Lane, who has seldom appeared to such full advantage, athough she has given genuine pleasure in many parts of widely differing character. Her physical charms were accentuated by the costume; the music lent itself caressingly to the beauty of her voice; and in many points of detail she displayed a marked improvement over her performances of last season. She grasped thoroughly the character of Yum-Yum, and never for a moment was untrue to her conception. A prettier, sweeter, more desirable Yum-Yum has not been seen in Boston.

Mr. Murray's Pooh-Bah was more authoritative even than his impersonation of last season. It was, indeed, an admirable piece of work. Mr. Morrison's Mikado was humorous and sinister, unexaggerated, in a word Gilbertian. Miss Millard was a coquettish, spirited Pitty Sing, and Miss Lehmann was a satisfactory Peep-Bo. Miss Leighton played the disagreeable part of Katisha—the elderly and amorous female of Gilbert is always a bore—in truly heroic vein, with an intensity and an athletic bearing that might be applied to Azucena or Orrrude. Mr. Temple, who will alternate this week with Mr. Hanshue, was a Nanki-Poo whose joys and sorrows excited neither pleasure nor pain in the breast of the looker-on. He was a thoroughly respectable wandering minstrel, without vice or temperament.

The audience laughed heartily at the facial contortions and the antics of Mr. Girard, the Ko-Ko of the evening, and therefore he may plume himself upon his success. But Mr. Girard was miles away from the Ko-Ko of Gilbert. He has done such excellent work of late that his return to farce-comedy methods was a surprise and a grievous disappointment. Clowning in its proper place is legitimate, amusing, artistic. In "The Mikado" it is distinctly and impertinently wrong.

The chorus was effective, and the operetta was handsomely mounted.

There will be a special matinee today. The opera next week will be "Fra Diavolo."

PHILIP HALE.

Iron and gold are theirs:
And who so justly shares
These powerful gifts as they whose hands are strong,
Whose hearts are resolute
To quell the biped brute
Trampling on law and rioting on wrong?

This is one of the very few days in the year when a wife is persuaded that her husband is, after all, a man of some importance.

Listen to this wail from a lover of cats: "I am a flat-dweller, to use your phrase, but I found no trouble in keeping my pet, Tabitha, until last Saturday. Knowing that mice had made their way to the dining room, I left the cat there over night. The next morning I found that she had eaten freely of a fern that adorned the dining table. Why should a cat eat such a plant?"

In the first place your fern was not a table ornament. No such plant should stand in the middle of a dining table. Even if it is a little fern, it hinders the view of some one. If you have a guest, he may be unable to inform himself as to quantity, and, trusting the generosity of invitation, cast a gloom over the board by rash and blind acceptance. Of course at a "banquet" ferns may be used freely; for everything goes at a "banquet," even in extreme cases the preparatory oysters, fatigued in the preparation.

Why should not your Tabitha eat fern? We do not know whether your plant was the athyrium filix femina, or the lastrea filix-mas. It was probably not the polystichum aculeatum, for the prickles might have discouraged the cat. At any rate, it was vascular cryptomagous, as you will readily admit. Now cats are renowned for their sagacity. Remember that the fern was well known to the ancients as a vermifuge medicine. The plant is dessicative and bitter. And it was put to uses, which need not be mentioned here, by reckless and irregular practitioners, although Dr. Dioscorides recommends it merely as an anthelminthic medicine, and as one which is calculated to produce convulsions in diseases of the spleen. Your Tabitha, who no doubt had attended a Sabbat in the South End some time before, is wise in her generation, wiser than the dog, who is a child of light.

Or Tabitha knew the old superstition that fern-seed, itself invisible, possesses the power of communicating its invisibility to any person who possesses it. As Gadshill says in "I. Henry IV." (2, 1), "We have the receipt of fernseed, we walk invisible." Tabitha knew if she found the seed, the mice would not see her. She thought the surest way to find the seed was to eat the plant. The practical lesson of all this is, Buy cheap ferns for Tabitha and keep either the cat or the more costly plant out of the dining room.

Fern suggests naturally fernambuck wood or Brazil wood. Is there any importation of this in Boston?

Mr. Thomas Riley likens the speeches of Altgeld to the essays of Bacon. One of the questions to be answered today is, Will Altgeld save his bacon?

To all defeated and disappointed candidates we recommend the words of James Howel, Esq., written in Fleet Prison, Nov. 3, 1643: "The sea is not more subject to contrary Blasts, nor the Surges thereof to Tossings and Tumblings, as the Actions of Men are to Incumbrances and Crosses; the Air is not fuller of Meteors than Man's Life is of Miseries: But as we find that it is not a clear Skie, but the Clouds that drop Fatness, as the Holy Text tells us; so Adversity is far more Fertile than Prosperity, it useth to water and mollifie the Heart, which is the Centre of all our Affections, and makes it produce excellent Fruit; whereas the glaring Sunshine of a continual Prosperity would enharden and dry it up, and so make it Barren."

"Shorthouse was 20 years writing 'John Inglesant.'" Yes, but he allowed it to be published, to the joy of many. Was it not Flaubert, who said that the supreme artist in words would spend his life in writing one short book, the sole copy of which he would burn just before his death?

What's this? D'Annunzio's "Trionfo della Morte" to be Englished? Is there, then, a publisher who has the courage, the unnecessary and reprehensible courage to put his name on the title page of this extraordinary study of lubricity? The translation will surely not be literal.

"Were anaesthetics unknown to the ancients?" asks M. C. We read of

"That nepenthe which the wife of Thon
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena."

The Indian widow was drugged with hemp before she proved her love in the suttee. Pliny mentions the singular stone of Memphis, and Apuleius describes the virtue of mandragora root, of which "If any man eat he will straightway die, unless he be treated with butter and honey. But if a man is to have a limb mutilated, burned or sawn, he may drink half an ounce thereof with wine, and the while he sleeps the member can be cut off without any pain or feeling." Theodoric gives the formula for "spongia somnifera": the sponge was soaked in a concoction of opium, juice of the unripe mulberry, hyoscyamus, hemlock juice, lettuce seeds, water hemlock, dog-day sun and many other ingredients. But there was added this recommendation: strap the patient to a stout table with strong ropes and plenty of them.

This letter explains itself:

To the Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette:

Sir—In reference to your paragraph I would suggest that as the Inverness County Council appear to have some doubts as to the identity of the statue with Flora Macdonald, a statue of Eve in her native costume be erected. There could then be no debate as to her relationship with Flora, while at the same time the question of dress would be entirely eliminated. I am, etc.,

P. J. D.

Nov 4. 96

Other States indicate themselves in their deputies; but the genius of the United States is not best or most in its Executives or Legislatures, nor in its Ambassadors or authors or colleges or churches or parlors, nor even in its newspapers or inventors; but always most in the common people. * * * The terrible significance of their elections—the President's taking off his hat to them, not they to him—these too are unrhymed poetry.

Faith is the antiseptic of the soul; it pervades the common people and preserves them; they never give up believing and expecting and trusting. There is that indescribable freshness and unconsciousness about an illiterate person that humbles and mocks the power of the noblest expressive genius.

They who admire Doré, the illustrator of "Rabelais," "Contes Drolatiques" and "The Wandering Jew," for in these books is the fullest display of a remarkable talent, should visit Copley Hall to see his paintings. They may admire; they may laugh; the fact remains that Doré was embittered in his latter years because he was not recognized in Paris as a great painter.

De Goncourt tells of Doré's pranks at a dinner in 1880, when he imitated Houdin in legerdemain, played the fiddle, indulged in buffoonery, and talked wildly of aesthetics. "He said only one true thing: 'Illustrating is a bore to an artist save when he has to do with geniuses of the past, who wrote, "Then he came to a dark forest, where he found a palace, the walls of which seemed made of diamonds.'"

About 20 years ago Doré modeled a bottle, room-high. From its mouth escaped in sparkling froth the materialized hallucinations of drunkenness. To bronzify it would have cost 50,000 francs. Does anyone know whether it ever went to the foundry, or whether the model is in existence? Or was this Doré another, and not Gustave?

Let not a nervous desire for accuracy spoil a jest. When the actress Ozy died, she left Delzant 50,000 francs, and in her will she insisted that her tomb with a statue should be designed by Doré. Delzant was complaining of her lack of taste, when a friend said, "All you have to do is to put over her tomb the gigantic bottle of Doré, to make it the pyramid of her who was accused at times of crooking the elbow too violently." Did not Doré die before Ozy?

Mr. Campanari was pleased mightily last Saturday night by finding in the waiting room of Music Hall a handsome laurel wreath, the tribute of Mr. Charles R. Adams. For Mr. Adams is in approbation a Sir Hubert Stanley.

Mr. Adams is a busy man, but could he not devote a few hours each week to the writing of his memoirs? The years go by, and singers, good, bad and indifferent, appear above the horizon; but Mr. Adams is still the only American tenor who has been applauded season after season in the opera houses of Europe. Berlin, Leipsic, Vienna, Budapest, Madrid, Milan knew full well the noble voice and heroic style. Why does he not tell of the opera customs of those days, of the famous men and women with whom he was associated? He should tell his story as one who gossips late at night by a mouldering fire, and knows his friend is near him, for he sees him faintly through tobacco smoke. Charles Santley's "Student and Singer" is a delightful book on account of its simplicity and honesty. The remarkable career of Mr. Adams is full of even more entertaining material.

Alas, poor Tomasi! We knew him well, Miss Eustacia. The generous man, the excellent orchestral conductor, is in the mad house. We do not wish to be uncharitable, but we believe that Tomasi's domestic affliction had much to do with unsettling his mind; for there are worse afflictions than death. Ingratitude and treachery are not understood easily by kind and trusting souls. "Mr. Fred Solomon is looking after his welfare." For this may many artistic sins of Mr. Solomon be forgiven him.

A. C. J. writes in answer to our question concerning the verb "to peeve," meaning "to fret" or "to be peevish," "Yes, I have heard 'to peeve' in Gloucester. Of a young man rejected by a fair damsel, it was said, 'He is peeving after her.'"

A. C. J. also writes: "I have a friend George Whittaker, and the uncultivated youth of our city yell, 'Gee Whitak-er-r-r' after his retreating form, as he parades the street. He desires to know where and how that 'horrid slang expression' originated." We do not know. It is not in the slang dictionaries before us. There is "Geewhillikens! an expression of surprise equivalent to, and used in the same manner as Whew, Great Caesar! and other objurgations. Western; also jeewhillikens."

We regret to learn that the future Queen of Italy is a poet. Our regret is founded on this translation of her "At Venice," which appeared not long ago in one of the weekly literary papers of St. Petersburg. "Thou hast intervened in my girlish dreams, O city of poetry, of love, of sentiment. I feel that I am one of thy daughters; I feel love for thee as for a second fatherland. And when from my terrace I look at the sea, confounded with the mist, and ending in a thick veil of mountains, giving here and there an appearance of fairy palaces that rise out of the water like phantoms, I think of thee, O beautiful Venice." From this it will be seen that Hélène is to be ranked with Queen Victoria in literature. She is not a boss poet (to borrow Artemus Ward's phrase).

WITH MUSICIANS.

Women in the List of Symphony Makers.

Thoughts Suggested by the Work of Mrs. Beach.

Endeavor Counts for Little in Judging Results.

I spoke Sunday of symphonies written by women. From 1675 to 1892 there were at least 153 works for the stage by female composers. Mrs. de Laguerre's "Céphale et Procris," produced at the Paris Opéra, March 15, 1694, had no more success than Augusta Holmès's "La Montagne Noire," produced at the Paris Opéra, Feb. 8, 1895. And since 1892 operas and operettas by women have been performed, and in certain instances conducted by the composers.

But symphonies by women are more easily counted. I do not pretend to give here a complete or exact list.

First should stand the name of Jeanne Louise Farrenc (1804-1875), a musician of indisputable talent and unusual fertility, who was praised by Schumann, as well as by Joachim, for her chamber-music, and Joachim gladly played first violin in her Nonetto in Paris in 1849. Mrs. Farrenc wrote three symphonies. No. 1, in C minor, was played in Brussels Feb. 23, 1845, and in Paris, April 27, of the same year, not April 17, as stated by Fétis. No. 2, in D major, was played in Paris May 3, 1846. No. 3, in G minor, was produced at a concert of the Paris Conservatory April 22, 1849. Fétis, the pedagogue, spoke of her as "the only woman in musical Europe, who, without scholastic pedantry, shows veritable knowledge combined with grace and taste."

Alice May Meadows White, born Smith (1839-1884), wrote two symphonies. No. 1, in C minor, was played in London in 1863. No. 2, in G major, was in manuscript at her death. I do not know if it was ever played.

A symphony in D major by Miss H. Edith Green was produced in London April 30, 1895. A gushing reviewer wrote of it: "Titania in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' called for 'Music! Such as charmeth sleep.' Had she been present at the performance of this Symphony, Queen Titania would, apparently, have been amply satisfied."

I am told that Miss E. M. Smyth, whose mass in D was produced in London in 1893, under royal patronage, has written a symphony of unusual merit. I am unable to find any record of performance.

Otto Gumprecht mentions performances of the symphonies of Emilie Meyer, "which are written in the style of Haydn."

Then there is Aline Hundt, a pianist, and a pupil of Liszt. She conducted the performance of her symphony in G minor at Berlin in the spring of 1871. She died a year or two afterward, regretted deeply by musicians.

Two French women now living and of marked musical talent are the Viscountess de Grandval and Augusta Holmès. The former, born in 1830, has written operas, operettas, masses, a Stabat Mater (sung in Paris in 1870 and in New York in 1893), an oratorio, chamber music, songs, etc. Her "Esquisses Symphoniques" was performed at Paris in 1874, and she has written a concert overture. I find no record of a symphony by this woman, who is respected highly by her male colleagues in France.

Augusta Holmès, born of Irish parents at Paris, became a French citizeness by law in 1879. Her mother was related to MacGregors and O'Briens. She has composed works of extraordinary length and breadth and, possibly, thickness. An Andante pastorale, "fragment of a symphony," was played in Paris June 14, 1887, but was the symphony ever finished? There is her symphonic poem "Irlande"; there is a Suite symphonique; but did she finish her symphony? Miss Holmès is the woman to whom Wagner said at Triebchen: "I do not wish to be toward alert and creative spirits as the manchineel tree, which by its shade chokes birds. Take my advice; be of no school, especially not of mine."

* * *

Mrs. Beach is praised by some concert goers on account of her "endeavor." She deserves louder praise than this.

What Edgar Allan Poe said of a certain kind of poetical achievement may be well applied to a musical composition. "If, by 'sustained effort,' any little gentleman has accomplished an

[illegible], let us frankly commend him for the effort—if this indeed be a thing commendable—but let us forbear praising the epic on the effort's account. It is to be hoped that common sense, in the time to come, will prefer deciding upon a work of Art, rather by the impression it makes—by the effect it produces—than by the time it took to impress the effect, or by the mount of 'sustained effort' which had been found necessary in effecting the impression. The fact is, that perseverance is one thing and genius quite another; nor can all the Quarterlies in Christendom confound them."

* *

Four days have gone by since Mrs. Beach's symphony was played in Music Hall. Much of it is fresh in the memory. Of how many new works can you say the same after one hearing? I admit that the slow movement is too long, that the composer seems reluctant to reach the final cadence, that there is more of elaboration than spontaneity in the movement. I go so far as to say that she might revise it with advantage. But how much there is to admire in the other movements!

I do not know what Mrs. Beach had in mind when she was writing the first movement. She was concerned chiefly, no doubt, with writing music. And yet the treatment of themes, which in themselves are of inconsiderable value, stimulated the imagination of the hearer. There was thought of

'Old unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

A definite mood was created. The imagination of the hearer was quickened by the imagination of the composer. And in this symphony Mrs. Beach displays generously a musical imagination that I have not recognized in preceding works by her.

The scherzo is thoroughly admirable, a delight to the amateur and the musician. And in the last movement there are passages which proclaim loudly a breadth of conception, a skill in carrying out a grand design, a mastery of climax that are not always found in modern symphonies. Themes that arrest the attention are treated in heroic spirit. The climax is sure, irresistible.

I have already spoken of the skill shown by Mrs. Beach in the orchestration. It is not necessary now to enlarge upon this subject. I admit that occasionally she is boisterous, but the boisterousness is healthy, not merely vulgar. The only trace of woman that I find in this symphony is this same boisterousness.

Saint-Saëns once wrote of Augusta Holmès, "Women are singular when they concern themselves seriously with art: they seem first of all preoccupied with the wish to make you forget they are women, by showing an exuberant virility. They do not stop to think that it is this very preoccupation which betrays the woman. Like unto children, women know no obstacles; their will breaks everything. Miss Holmès is indeed a woman; she is an 'extremist' to the knife."

Mrs. Beach has more artistic control. She is not an "extremist." She is a musician of genuine talent who by the imagination, technical skill, and sense of orchestration displayed in this symphony has brought honor to herself and the city which is her dwelling place.

PHILIP HALE.

Nov. 5. 1896

These verses by Mr. Gelett Burgess are in the Philistine for November:

KARMA.

I[illegible] h[illegible] eyes there flashed a fire,
O[illegible] of its [illegible]abbard leaped the blade:
Three str[illegible] across the room he made—
H[illegible]rt [illegible]at hot with fierce desire.

[illegible] the wreck his steel has wrought,
[illegible] living horror takes its stead:—
Ha[illegible] these years of calmness sped
T[illegible] the prize he sought?

O, [illegible] of that long-past life!
O, [illegible]n of forgotten sin!
So [illegible] wen again begin
T[illegible] long round of weary strife!

"H[illegible]ism," said old Chimes in [illegible] manner to the newspaper [illegible], "i[illegible], as I suppose, the kind of [illegible] written by you fellows who [illegible] a week. Anybody on a [illegible] writes just plain, ordinary criticism."

[illegible] are [illegible]ling this story of Robert [illegible] and a friend: Stevenson once took an acquaintance of his [illegible] hear Charles Hallé play the piano at St. James's Hall. After the concert [illegible] over they walked silently as far as the Marble Arch. Then the friend re[illegible]ked, "The manner of the elderly [illegible]man at the piano was somewhat [illegible] and chilling." And they walked on.

T[illegible] J. Q.: It is Melba, not G. F. Willia[illegible] who will sing in Music Hall Saturday night.

T[illegible] 5th of November, 1892, Mr. Ed[illegible] de Goncourt r[illegible]ognized the fact that he was feverish, not from the heat of his hands, but from the sensation of his "eyes, darting forth flashes of lightning." The reader unfortunately is allowed to burst in ignorance. Did Mr. de Goncourt take bed and quinine? Or did he walk around the block to the consternation of little boys and timid elderly women?

"There must have been something of interest in the newspaper," said Mr. Trotters to his wife at breakfast yesterday, after he had consigned his coffee to a place more hot, "for I notice that somebody has swiped ours."

We read that "Sixteen fancy and quadrille dancers direct from Paris, including such famous women as Fanchon de Recluse, the beautiful Baranco, La Chouberski, and Irène de Besancon," dance nightly at a bal champêtre in a New York winter garden. We had hoped to give the readers of the Journal entertaining gossip concerning these leaders in Parisian society, but, alas, their names are not mentioned in "Paris-Cythère," an invaluable work by the ingenious Maurice Delsol. Is it possible that these sprightly ladies passed their apogee before Grille-d'Egout, Nini Patte-en-l'air, La Goulue, L'Etoile-Filante and their charming contemporaries appeared above the horizon? Or were names invented in New York for daughters of the East Side, or possibly South Boston?

To "Diner Out": Oh, no! The café was known in Paris long before the restaurant. The first European café was opened at Paris in 1643 by a Levantine, but "Cahové," as it was called, was not popular. Mustapha Aga, Turkish Ambassador to Louis XIV., was the first to popularize coffee. In 1669 the drink became so fashionable that it was not easy to obtain a pound of coffee for 80 francs. Three years after the departure of the Ambassador, an Armenian, Pascal, opened a café. But the first restaurant which bore the name in Paris was opened in 1767. "Under Louis XIV., people of quality dined often at the 'cabaret;' during the first half of the 18th century literary men set the fashion of dining at the house of a 'traiteur;' afterwards, men of all classes who had no home dined at the 'restaurant.' "

Mr. John Fox, Jr., assures us that in Kentucky men and women ride when they hunt rabbits. The gentleman who caused considerable excitement the other night by entering a-horseback a hotel on Washington Street, was probably a Kentuckian in mad pursuit of a Welsh rabbit.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham contributed to the Saturday Review an article in which several misprints appeared. He then wrote a letter, alluding to his handwriting, "which is infamous." The New York Tribune, taking this text, preaches a sermon on the cant of "writing such a bad hand," and points out to scorn "the peculiar absurdity of this particular form of conceit." There never was such rubbish as the idea that something clever, something 'characteristic' goes with 'infamous' handwriting." We know a musician in Boston who, taxed with illegible handwriting, replied, "But Beethoven wrote a wretched hand."

Nov 6, 1896.

Blissful time—glorious return of the golden age—when rapine and fire, and cutting and maiming shall no longer be the evils adopted by comprehensive minds to work out, as they conceive, a great good; but when one half of the people shall live peaceably upon the other; when the whole aim and end of every two men out of four shall be to possess themselves of their daily bread—(philosophers will receive the phrase in its more enlarged meaning)—by an art demanding in its exercise the highest and most chastened faculties of the moral creature.

There are a few noisy persons today—some of them use newspapers as megaphones—who are shouting lustily over the triumph of righteousness. During the campaign they were "duber-some;" they shook their heads with an air of profound wisdom; but they said nothing. If you tried to cheer them up by reminding them of the saving good sense of the American people, they winked a sinister wink that chilled your blood; but they said nothing. They now have the more wind to shout. And they shout the more gladly, because it is safe to shout.

Their recovered bravery reminds us of Frédérick Lemaître at the first rehearsal of "Tragaldabas." The story was told to Edmond de Goncourt by the author of "Tragaldabas," Nov. 6, 1889. It seems that the great actor was very drunk, so drunk that even the easy going supes hissed him. He was suddenly possessed by a great thought. He staggered toward the foot-lights, his asse's head loose and bobbing on his breast, and cried in a loud voice: "Gentlemen and citizens! I believe this is the moment to shout. 'Hurrah for the Republic!' "

What shall be done with these bores of ours? One of the French words for bore is "raseur," and there are bores today who shave exceeding close. You are able to escape the bore in a book or a newspaper, for there is no law compelling you to read him. 'Twas only last week that an anonymuncule wrote us a scurvy note, asking in bolsterous language, "Do you ever stop to think that you are a —— boro?" You see the anonymuncule was not brave enough to spell out his coarseness. We do not propose to argue the point with him. He is probably right. We do not object to his statement, but we do find fault with his rhetoric.

"It ain't exactly wot 'e sez
It's the nasty way 'e sez it!"

At the same time the anonymuncule is not obliged to read this column. Just as the leper in old times rang a bell to warn people of his horrible approach, so we put a head-line above these paragraphs that prudent persons may read it, shudder and turn hastily to the European or shipping news, editorial articles on their favorite subject the tariff, or reports of the stock market.

But what shall be done with these bores who worm their way to the fireside? One brings a warmly worded letter from a dear friend, who has not yet learned that if A likes B and C, it does not follow inevitably that B will like C when he meets him. You do not wish to offend A. C is a most respectable man. His demeanor is exemplary. He accepts a cigar without saying, "I don't care if I do." But he reads magazines, and delights to turn the channels of conversation toward Waterloo and Saint Helena. He asks you whether you think Hannibal was a greater General than Napoleon, and is curious as to whether Marshal Ney was really killed or whether he made his escape to the United States. The third call, he presents you with his photograph, a distressingly faithful likeness, for it almost speaks. That morning you received a letter from A in which he said, "I know you enjoy C's visits. He's a fine fellow. There's no nonsense about him." A has not pressed you for that slight loan made six months ago. And your face is like unto a death-mask when C says, as he leaves about 11.30 P. M., "I have concluded to settle in Boston, so we shall see a good deal of each other, I hope."

How are you going to keep him out? You live in a flat. The maid servant joins the cave-dwellers at an early hour in the evening. There is the tube connecting your privacy with the publicity of the street. If you answer the bell, you are lost. If you do not answer, your business or pleasure may suffer thereby. And all this anguish arises from the fact that your friend A is fond of C.

English art has lately been sniffed at by French and Franco-American painters. England has therefore given a Poynter to her Royal Academy.

The New York Sun well says, "In the writing of the younger men who are aspiring to a place in literature there are also much fewer evidences that the Bible has affected their views and exercised an influence on their style or afforded them illustrations. Hitherto the King James translation of the Scriptures has imparted a distinct color and flavor to English literature." And it is to be regretted deeply that the King James translation is not taught in schools and colleges. A course in the works of even the minor prophets would be of more advantage to young men proposing to earn their livelihood by their pens than brilliant lectures "on the style of Pater" or "the influence of French Symbolists on Modern English Literature." How many of the young writers who talk delectably about "Marius" or "Imaginary Portraits" have read the third chapter of Habakkuk?

Nov 7. 1896

How many men at the present day breathing national arson and patriotic pillage—men who have so profoundly studied the meum, that they are entirely ignorant of that of tuum—would, born a few years hence, have shed a lustre, have conferred a dignity upon even an illustrious and dignified profession. Let me not be asked to enumerate examples—I eschew the personal for the general. It is enough that the eye of the philosopher can perceive in many a sulphureous patriot the indefatigable swindler; that the sage, pondering on the inevitable changes of society, can detect in a present Bull-ring Brutus all the misapplied qualities of a future Isaac Solomons!

When you see a young man carrying within business hours a dress-suit case, do not at once envy him, Adolphus, and see him in your mind's eye cavorting proudly at a reception or leading the belle of the ball to the supper room. The dress suit case is often used—at least so we are assured by the Earnest Student of Sociology—for carrying soiled clothes to the laundryman. The fathers of these misguided youths were not ashamed to carry bundles, or even jugs.

You say this is absurd; that a dress-suit case will not hold a respectable amount of soiled clothes. But there are thousands of estimable persons who are not rich enough to don a clean shirt daily, and there are hundreds of rich men who use only two shirts a week. The very youth whom you are envying, Adolphus, has a fair exterior, and his initials are marked correctly on his dress-suit case; but his salary is smaller than yours, and when he uses a dress suit he hires it. As for his washing—do you remember the wages paid the man in one of Artemus Ward's tales of American life? "Board and washing," said the applicant; "my washing is generally a shirt and a drawer."

There is a somewhat similar deceit practised in England. We learn from observations published in the newspapers of London that the fiddle-case is a familiar object in the hands of the young ladies of the United Kingdom. "The cases, we are told," says a contemporary, "in the majority of instances, are used not to carry a musical instrument, but to convey purchases home from market, the ruse enabling the deceivers to pose as potential Lady Hallés in the eyes of an impressionable public."

Who is it that urges the advantages of reading the Memoirs of everybody? We plowed our way last night through the Recollections of a Frenchman of the 17th century, and the most important fact was this: There was once a widow, the Comtesse de Soissons, who never shut her hands, because shutting them would have roughened the joints, and her hands were beautiful.

But did the noble dame wash regularly her hands? 'Twas a dirty age. Queen Marguerite of France, who wore the embalmed hearts of her lovers in a pad that went about her enormous waist—for she had been beautiful in her youth—wrote an amorous dialogue in which the woman did not blush to say to her adorer, "Look at my hands; although I have not washed them for a week, I wager they are cleaner than your hands." The Laws of Politeness, published about 1640, for the use of dandies, instructed them to go occasionally to bath-houses to clean "the altogether," and it added, "You should take the trouble to wash your hands every day." Henry IV. was a disgustingly dirty fellow, and Louis XIV. suffered cruelly from a disease caused by a lack of ordinary cleanliness.

You spoke the other day, Miss Eustacia, of the long nails worn by noble dames on their little fingers in pictures of the 17th century. There was a reason for this excessive growth. It was forbidden then in good society to knock on any chamber door. The refined man or woman scratched gently, as a rule with the nail of a little finger. Dandies exaggerated the habit of cultivating this length. Molière mocked them in his "Misanthrope."

Famous English women have been as dirty as their French neighbors. Witness the memorable reply of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu when she was reproached for the state of her hands.

The Daily Messenger (Paris) is reminded of the gentleman burglar, "The Spider," in "The Silver King," by a Parisian arrested only the other day. "Burglar by night, Jules B—— by day was a perfect gentleman. He came of a good family and evidently found his profession a profitable one. His villa in the Rue des Pyrénées is reported to be a gem of artistic taste and in the locality he was looked upon as a gentleman of independent means. He kept open house to a large circle of unsuspecting friends, and was arrested by the detectives as he was getting out of a fashionable conveyance which he had only recently acquired." "Perfect gentleman," "conveyance," "acquired"! Again we urge young men who are writing for newspapers to study diligently the third chapter of Habakkuk.

For the benefit of Mr. Gradgrind, who searches constantly for information, we state that Russia has only 18,334 physicians, one for every 6000 inhabitants. Here are proportions in other countries: One in 3000 in Germany, one in 1800 in France, one in 1600 in England. But oh the apparition of irony loved by the Greeks! Russia is a remarkably healthy country, and longevity is there the rule rather than the exception.

See p 77 Column

Fourth Symphony Concert of the Sixteenth Season—Mrs. Melba Sings Airs by Mozart and Massenet.

The program of the Symphony concert last night in Music Hall, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows:

Overture to Shakspeare's "Richard III.," op. 68 ....Volkmann
Aria, "L' amero, saro costante," from "Il Re Pastore" ....Mozart
Violin Obbligato by Mr. Kneisel.
Prelude to Act II. of "Ingwelde"...........
Max Schillings
(First time at these concerts.)
"Sevillana" from "Don César de Bazan"
Massenet
(First time in Boston.)
Symphony No. 2, in C major,......Schumann

This concert does not call for extended comment. Mrs. Melba, who was applauded enthusiastically by a very large audience, sang an air from one of Mozart's early operas. When the opera was first produced this air was sung by a male soprano, but another air of Aminta, "Aer tranquillo" was preferred by sopranos, male and female, in Mozart's day. Mrs. Melba displayed beautiful sustained tones, and the cadenza was delivered with brilliancy; but the air itself is as dead, and no doubt as dull, as the other 13 or 14 settings of Metastasio's text.

Mr. Apthorp in the program book says that the Sevillana sung by Melba is taken "from the incidental music written by Massenet, for the revival of Adolphe d' Ennery's 'Don César de Bazan' at the Théatre Francais in Paris. Constant Coquelin was the Don César." Pray in what year was this play acted at the Francais? Revived? Was it ever in the repertory? And when did Coquelin act the part of Don César in Paris?

Massenet did write an opera, entitled "Don César de Bazan," which was given Nov. 30, 1872, at the Opéra-Comique. Bouhy was Don César; Priola was Maritana, and Galli-Marie was Lazarille. The opera was given eight times in '72 and five times in '73. The entr'acte between the second and third acts is a Sevillina, and from this Massenet probably made his arrangement for Melba. She sang it last night with her usual charm and bravura; but the thing itself is cheap, without distinction, not redeemed by a very few graceful orchestral touches. This piece was encored.

* * *

Schilling's prelude to the second act of "Ingeweide" has been played in many German towns. It was produced by Mr. Van der Stucken in Cincinnati, Dec. 13-14, 1895, and I believe it has been played in New York. The opera was first produced at Carlsruhe, Nov. 13, 1894; it was given at Weimar, May 19, 1895, and it was to have been given at Berlin this month.

The prelude is known as "Bran"—Bran is a Skald, who I believe is driven finally to murder someone with an axe. Mr. Ernst Otto Nodnagel has written about the opera, seriously and at appalling length. I refer anyone who wishes to wade through his meditations and explanations to the Allgemeine Musik Zeitung of 1895. There are four themes in this prelude: the Dreamer, the Love Charm, the Skald, and Love's Languishing. In the concert-room this "symbolical" music becomes absolute music, and as such it seems to me "kapellmeistermusik" in the style of Wagner, for there is modern "kapellmeistermusik" in the style of Wagner as well as in the style of Hummel, or Mendelssohn. I prefer my Wagner undiluted. This music is an echo, a far-off echo. The themes are of no interest, and the treatment shows the uncertain hand of an adoring Wagnerian. They say that Schilling's symphonic poems "Meergruss" and "Seemorgen" are worthy of more respectful consideration.

* * *

Volkmann's overture to "Richard III." does not gain by repeated hearings. The wailing and the gnashing of teeth are cruelly prolonged, and the Battle of Bosworth Field is but a tawdry panorama. The depicture of the fall of Richard—with the kind assistance of the orchestra—was done long ago by Litolff and a drum in his "Robespierre" overture. Mr. Paur would do well to let this piece sleep on the shelf for a while with the overtures of Weber, and Beethoven's "Zur Weihe des Hauses." There are so many things that might not be played. There are also so many things that are not known here and might be played.

* * *

The glory of Schumann's Symphony in C is the wondrous Adagio. To hear this repays one for sitting through the first two movements. And in this Adagio the orchestra was heard to supreme advantage.

* * *

There will be no concert Saturday. The program of the next concert, Nov. 21, is as follows: Cornelius, overture "Barber of Bagdad;" Chopin, concerto for piano in E Minor, No. 1; Goldmark, Entr'acte, "The Cricket on the Hearth;" Dvorak, Symphony, "From the New World." Mr. Moritz Rosenthal will be the pianist.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

First Performance of "Fra Diavolo" in Boston.

Richard III. in Opera and Orchestral Compositions.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

Mr. Bimboni, the conductor of the Mapleson Opera Company, now in New York, has been praised loudly by the critics for his skill and temperament. He came to Boston as conductor under Arditi in the Mapleson company Jan. 4, 1886.

Col. Mapleson, in his entertaining memoirs, gives a striking instance of Mr. Bimboni's temperament. There was an orchestral strike when the company was in Chicago in '86. A new orchestra was brought together. "On Arditi's notifying Signor Bimboni," says the gallant Colonel, "that he would require him to assist on the piano in the orchestra, Bimboni replied: 'Bless you! I have struck, too.' Nothing discouraged, though somewhat wrath (sic), Arditi succeeded in unearthing an accompanist, who struggled bravely with the pianoforte score. During the performance Parry, our stage manager, met Bimboni near the stage door, and reproached him sharply for deserting his post. This altercation led to blows. Bimboni struck out wildly, and soon went down, with a black eye and a bruised face as a souvenir of the encounter."

* * *

Mr. Apthorp, in the Program Book of the Third Symphony concert, says of "Hérodiade," first given at the Monnaie in Brussels Dec. 19, 1881: "It had a success of a season; but when given at the Opéra Italien in Paris on Jan. 30, 1884, after being partially rewritten by the composer, it failed completely."

It was given 55 times that season at Brussels, and it was given 10 times at the Opéra Italien during the season of '84. There was talk of giving it in London soon after its performance at Brussels, but there was a great outcry against "the irreverent treatment of a Scriptural subject;" there were letters to the Times, and the British Matron would not have "French blasphemy" at any price. The opera has been given in Germany, as lately as 1895, at Breslau.

I find no record of a performance of "Vision Fugitive" at a Symphony concert before that of Mr. Campanari, Oct. 31 ult. But the air of Salomé from the same opera has been sung at these concerts by Fursch-Madi, Dec. 23, 1886; Mrs. Henschel, April 16, 1892; Nordica, Oct. 21, 1893, and Miss Trebelli, April 21, 1894.

"Vision fugitive" is sung by Hérode to Salomé in the Temple. Saint-Saëns says of the air: "This act (II.) also contains a declaration of love which is extremely gallant. The melody is penetrating. It seems to me I have heard it before. But where? I cannot tell. It is true I have not searched carefully. Why should I spoil my pleasure?"

Manoury first sang it at the Monnaie. He was then receiving $750 a month, while Emma Calvé, who was in the company, was receiving only $140 a month. In Paris the part of Hérode was sung by Maurel.

* * *

Our old friend Fra Diavolo will swagger and plunder and woo on the stage of the Castle Square Theatre this week.

Who sang the part for the first time in Boston?

"Fra Diavolo" was given for the first time in the United States at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, Feb. 5, 1833. The sub-title of the opera was "The Italian Bandit." The adaptation for the English stage was by Rophino Lacy. The cast was as follows:

Fra Diavolo.........................Mr. Sinclair
Lorenzo...............................Mr. Horn
Lord Goslington...................Mr. Andrews
Beppo...................................Mr. Comer
Giacomo.........................Mr. W. Sefton
Tomaso...........................Mr. J. Sefton
Zerlina..............................Miss Hughes
Lady Goslington................Mrs. G. Barret

There were dances composed and executed by Mrs. Barrymore. The curtain rose at 6 o'clock. The music was by 'the celebrated composer Auber."

John Sinclair was in his day a pretty fellow. He was born near Edinburgh in 1790. He made his first appearance, anonymously, in opera in London, 1810, at the Haymarket, in Shield's "Lock and Key." He appeared at Covent Garden as Don Carlos in "The Duenna," Sept. 30, 1811, and there he sang for seven seasons. He then went to France and Italy, studied under Pellegrini, Branderali, and Cecherini. In 1822 he sang at Pisa and Bologna. Rossini knew him in Naples (1821) and wrote for him the part of Idreno in "Semiramide," which Sinclair created at Venice, Feb. 3, 1823. Mrs. Rossini Colbrand was Semiramide; the contralto Mariani, Arsace; Galli was Assur, and Mariani was Oreo. One of the airs written for Sinclair has disappeared. He then sang at Genoa; and reappeared at the Covent Garden in 18[illegible], and '29 he was at the Adelphi, 1830-33 at Drury Lane.

His first appearance in the United States was at New York, Sept. 21, 1831, as Prince Orlando in Dibden's "Cabinet." He made his début in Boston at the Tremont, Jan. 2, 1833, as Masaniello.

Thoy say that when he returned from Italy to England, his voice was not so much admired as it was before his journeyings. "His elaborate embellishments disappointed." One critic says of him, "A tenor of unusual sweetness, but he frequently lacked expression, feeling, and taste." His favorite parts were Osbaldistone in "Rob Roy," Apollo in "Midas," Malcolm in "The Slave," Trumore in "Lord of Manor," Cheerly in "Lock and Key," Tancred in "Englishmen in India" and Frederick in "No." I believe his last appearance in the United States was at the New Chatham Theatre in New York, 1842. On his return to England he left the stage. He died at Margate, Sept. 22, 1857.

Miss Elizabeth Hughes, a singer from Covent Garden, made her début in the United States at New York Sept. 8, 1831, as Susanna in "The Marriage of Figaro." When Sinclair appeared here as Masaniello Miss Hughes was the Princesss Elvira. Her last appearance in the United States was May 29, 1833. After her return to England she became the wife of Mr. Fenwick. She was a great favorite in Boston and New York.

"Fra Diavolo" was given for the first time in New York June 20, 1833; in Philadelphia in February, 1834.

* * *

But a Fra Diavolo who excited greater attention than Sinclair was Joseph Wood, who sang the part here for the first time April 30, 1834. Wood was the husband of the famous soprano, Mary Anne Paton, who on this occasion sang the part of Zerlina. He was a hot-tempered man, with an uncommonly sympathetic voice; he was quick to quarrel with audiences and critics. "Mr. Wood," says Col Clapp, "agreeably surprised, nay, even astonished, his public by the grace and fluency of his execution, the sweet, mellow and full tones of a voice ranging from the upper bass to high tenor, and the manly elegance of his person."

When the opera was given here by the Woods, the part of Lorenzo was taken by Thomas Walton who had been singing in New York. "a good singer and actor." The Woods gave as a reason that Thomas Williamson, a member of the Tremont Company, was incompetent. "Mrs. Wood also hinted that the facial features of Mr. Williamson, who unfortunately had damaged his nose, were objectionable." But Mr. Williamson's friends were present in large numbers, and when Mr. Walton appeared there were shouts of disapproval. Mrs. Wood could not stop the noise. Williamson was seen in a box. Someone cried out: "Tom, go and put on your flannels." Williamson left the box, and soon afterward appeared as Lorenzo. Great applause.

Curiously enough there was a row in New York, Nov. 19, 1833, about this same part of Lorenzo. The audience was indignant because a Mr. Jones would not take the part. The trouble with Mr. Jones was that he refused to sing parts secondary to Mr. Wood.

* * *

"Fra Diavolo" was first given at the Opéra-Comique Jan. 28, 1830. Chollet was the hero. He made him a dashing rake, an Italian Claude Duval. Santley describes his voice as "a sort of baritone with a powerful falsetto."

Soubies says, " 'Fra Diavolo' put into the fashion a type of opéra-comique hero that is ridiculous, but which stuck fast to the public for many years. The fascination of this distinguished and gallant brigand was such that Méelesville took him as a model for his Zampa; Scribe and Auber harked back to him in writing 'The Siren' and 'Marco Spada.'" One of the last appearances of this type of gentlemanly brigands was the José Maria of Jules Cohen July 16, 1866. At the first performance the tenor Montaubry took up two volumes and read the titles "Fra Diavolo," "Zampa." There was great enthusiasm, and the cynical Auber, who was in a box, was moved by this unexpected compliment.

"Fra Diavolo" was given 822 times at the Opéra-Comique from its first performance up to Jan. 1, 1894. In Germany, 1894, it was given in 46 cities and there were 76 performances in all. Only last season there was a remarkably good performance, they say, at Covent Garden, May 20, when de Lucia was the Marquis; Pini-Corsi, Beppo; David Bispham, Lord Rocburg; and Marie Engel, Zerlina.

There have been many impersonators of Fra Diavolo. The performances of two linger in my memory; that of Gudehus, the Wagner singer, and that of William Castle.

It is perhaps needless to say that Scribe never intended Beppo to be played as a buffoon part.

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The review of the Symphony Concert will be found in the news section of the Journal.

Volkmann's overture, "Richard III.," was first played in Boston at a Symphony concert, March 14, 1885.

Let us for a moment look at the music inspired by the crook-back hero of the play.

Music to "Richard III.," by G. A. Schneider, unpublished, performed April 2, 1828, Berlin. Overture, entr'actes, and incidental music.

Music to "Richard III.," by Louis Schlösser, unpublished, 1835, Darmstadt. Overture, entr'actes and incidental music.

Music to "Richard III.," hy Giescker, unpublished. Composed in 1876, performed at Würzburg.

Music to "Richard III.," by Robert Volkmann, op. 73. The overture appeared in 1871, the rest of the music, with text for concert use, in 1882. I know of no complete performance of this music.

Music to "Richard III." (Richard Mansfield's revival), by Edward German, London, 1889. Overture and incidental music. The overture was played at a Crystal Palace concert Feb. 22, 1890.

Overture, "Richard III.," by Isidor Rosenfeld, op. 26, D minor; composed 1860; published 1873.

Overture, "Richard III.," by [illegible] [illegible], D minor, [illegible] in [illegible], Vienna, published [illegible].

Symphonic poem "Richard III.," by Friedrich Smetana.

And there are these operas:

"Richardus Impius Angliae rex," Latin drama with music by Joh. Eberlin, Salzburg, Sept. 4, 1750, a student's performance; "Riccardo III.," by Giov. Batt. Meiners, Milan, Nov. 1?, 18?9 (the chief singers were Tiberini-Ortolani, Tiberini, Corsi, Echeverria—and the opera and the performance were failures); "Riccardo III.," by Luigi Canepa, Milan, Nov. 10, 1879, and "Richard III.," by Gervais Bernard Salvayre, St. Petersburg, Dec. 22, 1883, with Marie Durand as Elizabeth and Miss Stahl as Margarete (in spite of a brilliant performance, the opera was not liked).

Philip Hale

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A Czech theatre is building in Brünn.

"Winapoh," opera in one act by Liou, failed at Augsburg.

Brüll's opera "Gloria" met with great success at Hamburg.

Clara Hunt has been engaged for the Lamoureux concerts.

There were no less than 800 concerts at Berlin last season.

Mr. Lancien, concertmaster of the Paris Opéra, is dead.

Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" is to be given in Russian.

They do not care for Mr. Sliwinski, the pianist, in Berlin.

Lucille Hill sang at a promenade concert in London Oct. 17.

Paul Viardot and Henri Marteau are fiddling in Scandinavia.

Materna has bought an estate at Graz and will live there.

Teresa Carreno will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Paur.

Nordica has not been well, they say, since her return to Europe.

Henry Trianon, an excellent librettist, died in Paris Oct. 17, ago 86.

Eugenio Mazzucchelli, pianist and organist, died lately at Milan, age 56.

Teresina Tua, Countess of Valetta, gave last season in Russia 110 concerts.

"Don Pasquale" was revived with success at the Monnaie, Brussels, last month.

Hugo Becker, 'cellist, will give concerts in Germany, England, Scandinavia.

Anton Bruckner had a most imposing funeral at the expense of the city of Vienna.

Statues to Boccherini and Alfredo Catalani will be raised at Lucca, their birthplace.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, a young Russian pianist, was praised lately for his performance in Berlin.

"Clara Dettin," opera in three acts by Meyer-Olbersleben, was well received at Mannheim.

Handel's "Deborah," edited by Chrysander, was produced at Leipsic Oct. 18, with great success.

"The Lion Hunter," operetta by Georges Vérce, pleased at the Theatre An der Wien, Vienna.

Liszt's "Faust Symphony" complete was performed at the Gewandhaus, Leipsic, Oct. 22, for the first time.

Fragments of Gluck's unpublished "Helen and Paris" will be performed at a concert of the Paris Opéra Jan. 3.

Ben Davies will start on his fifth Continental tour next January. He will sing in Holland, Germany and Austria.

Frederic Lamond, a pianist who has met with much success on the Continent, will return to England in January.

The wife of Mierzwinski, the once famous tenor, will make her first appearance this season as a concert singer.

Léon Delafosse, a pianist of Paris, gave a concert with Ysaye in London Oct. 20, and made a very favorable impression.

Felix Weingartner's new symphonic poem "Lear" was performed for the first time Oct. 20, at Cologne, with brilliant success.

"Perdita," adapted from Shakspeare, music by Nechvera, and "Doubrovsky," by Napravnik, are to be produced at Prague.

The Boston String Quartet, Messrs. Schnitzler, Hoffman, Barleben, Barth, will give concerts in Association Hall Nov. 24, Jan. 12, March 16.

Mark Hambourg's performance at a Colonne concert in London of Schilt's new F minor piano concerto pleased more than the concerto itself.

An eccentric manager at Buenos Ayres brought out the second act of Rossini's "Barber," with men's parts taken by women and vice versa.

They now have program books, written by Friedrich Brandes, for the Symphony concerts at Dresden. The books are published the day before each concert.

Music halls, café concerts, etc., are now prohibited in Sweden. Now if they would prohibit Swedish punch, which produces the severest headaches known to man.

At Giessen appeared this note on an opera program Oct. 13: "This change is due to the fact that Miss X (name in full) is not acquainted sufficiently with her part."

Glinka's "Life for the Tsar" was sung at the Nouveau Theatre, Paris, Oct. 19. Mr. Pougin says the opera was mutilated so sacrilegiously that it was impossible to form a just idea of its merits.

Prof. Edward Mollenhauer of New York has been robbed of a Guarnerius violin worth $3000 and a Bernetti worth $200. A bow given him 12 years ago by the King of Belgium was also stolen.

The Cecilia will give concerts Dec. 4, Feb. 4, March 12, April 20. Among the works to be performed are Beethoven's Mass in D, Dvorak's "Spectre's Bride" and Mrs. Beach's "Rose of Avontown."

The concerts of the Apollo Club will take place Nov. 24, Feb. 2, March 31, May 2. Miss Stein, contralto, and Mr. Hess, violinist, have been engaged for the first concert, and Mr. Evan Williams, tenor, for the second.

Jane Marry is engaged at the Opéra-Comique, Paris. She was born at Aost, Italy, in 1865. She made her debut at the Monnaie, 1889, as Inès in "L'Africaine." She has sung several important parts at the Paris Opéra.

Leonora Jackson, pupil of Joachim, gave a concert Oct. 17 in Berlin, and was praised warmly by the critics. She played Wieniawski's D minor concerto, Brahms's concerto and Ernst's "Hungarian Fantasie." Joachim conducted.

Vincenzo Moscuzza, born at Syracuse in 1827, died lately at Naples. He was scarcely 23 when his "Stradella" was performed at the San Carlo. He wrote 22 operas in all, some of which met with great success in Italy; but his fame never crossed the Alps.

Orchestra pieces and songs by Louis van Dam were performed at Brussels Oct. 11 at the Alhambra. His "In the Forest," performed at a Conservatory concert in 1891, aroused expectations that are apparently fulfilled. How little we know of the Belgian composers in this town!

Mrs. Litvinne, who will join the Metropolitan Opera Company, has been singing Aida at Lyons. "The Master Singers" will be brought out there, also "Javotte," ballet by Saint-Saëns, Pierné's "Vendée," Giordano's "André Chénier," Messa's "L'Hôte" and Pfeiffer's "Jacqueline."

The posthumous Requiem of Gounod was performed at the Bristol Festival for the first time in England. It fell flat. Other novelties were P. Napier Miles's "Hymn Before Sunrise" (Coleridge) for baritone, chorus and orchestra, and Roeckel's "Siddartha," a poem by Weatherly descriptive of a motive in Buddha's life.

The Viennese opera singers Winklemann, Schroedter, von Reichenberg, are connected with the imperial chapel. To become titular, they must, according to the rule, submit to an examination. They protest that as opera singers they are exempt; but it has been decided that they must be examined by Hans Richter.

Charpentier's "Serenade to Watteau" will be performed today in the Luxembourg Garden, at the dedication of the statue of the painter. It will be sung by the tenor Mauguière and six female voices, and accompanied by an octet of strings, quartet of Pietrapertosa mandolins, two harps, two flutes, a mustel and a tambourin.

It appears that Beethoven's Missa Solemnis was produced for the first time, not at Vienna but at St. Petersburg, by the Philharmonic Society, March 26, 1824. Prince Galitzine gave the score with no autograph letter of Beethoven dated June 21, 1823, to the society Oct. 30, 1823. The mass was performed for the benefit of widows and orphans of former members of the society, and the receipts were about $1800.

"La Poupée," opëra comique in four acts by Ordonneau and Audran, was produced lately at the Gaité, Paris. "Il Moreno" says of Audran's music: "If it does not add anything, it at least spoils nothing. The composer uses his habitual little thread of a voice. There is little inspiration; the music is neat, slight, coquettish, and with the rhythms dear to him, the pizzicato ostinato, and the marriage of the triangle and flute, it has the superannuated charms of an old marquise. Don't ask me to point out any phrase that is in bold relief, or any particularly sonorous page. Everything vanishes in a rosy cloud of rice powder."

MR. ROTOLI'S CONCERT.

Mr. Augusto Rotoli has arranged the following program for the concert of his works which will be given at Tremont Temple on Wednesday evening, Nov. 15:

PART FIRST.

1.—"Salve Regina" (Quartet).....
Mrs. Jennie Patrick-Walker, Miss Lena Little, Mr. Thos. E. Johnson, Mr. Lon Brine.
2.—"La Mia Bandiera".....Mr. Lon Brine
3.—a. "The Thought of Thee".....
b. "She Had Gone Away".....
c. "Too Young for Love".....
Three love songs—Mr. Thos. E. Johnson.
4.—a. "Evermore" (sacred song; manuscript.) .....
b. "Alone" .....
c. "The Dying Flower".....
d. Barcarole "At Daybreak".....
Miss Lena Little.
5.—a. "Jesus Only".....
b. Nocturne .....
c. "The Fisherman's Lament".....
Mrs. Jennie Patrick-Walker.

PART SECOND.

Roman Festival Mass....Quartet and Chorus

The mass, following the ritual, is divided into six numbers.

Mr. Rotoli will play the accompaniments to all the songs. He will also direct the performance of the Roman Festival Mass, the accompaniment to which will be played by the organist, Mr. Walter J. Kugler, and musicians chosen from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The chorus will number about [illegible].

The sale of tickets, the prices of which are $1.00, $1, 75 cents and 50 cents, began at the Tremont Temple box office last Wednesday morning. The demand has been very large.

THE SPRAGUE CONCERT.

Inez Sprague, named by the Paris Mazzone and Messenger as among the first of the great pupils in Europe, has lately returned to America after three years' study with Juliani. She is the wife of ex-Gov. Wm. Sprague of Rhode Island. The romance of Canonchet's charming chatelaine has been long familiar to the social world, but the story of the artist life of Mrs. Sprague is yet to be learned. Her first appearance in America will occur in Music Hall Tuesday evening, Nov. 17, in a grand concert, with members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Emil Mollenhauer. Inez Sprague is said to possess a voice of [illegible] dramatic fervor. The sale of seats will open at the Box Office of Music Hall [illegible] (Monday) morn-

Nov. 9.

This is the meal pleasantly set, this is the meat and drink for natural hunger,
It is for the wicked just the same as the righteous, I make appointments with all,
I will not have a single person slighted or left away.

Emma Eames has been talking to Mr. Channing Ellery to the extent of six columns in the Song Journal. It is true that Mr. Ellery has his own bursts of confidence, as when he says to the reader, "Two years ago when Madame Eames left America I began to be troubled about her future because I saw that the technical foundation of her voice was not perfectly well laid." Of course in this connection appears an elaborte puff of Mrs. Eames's present teacher, who is "simply a marvel."

It appears that Emma Eames and Christine Nilsson are warm friends. It is a case of Emma and Christine. Remember, please, that Christine no longer sings in opera.

Emma enjoys life at Vallombrosa. To use her own words, "Oh, what joy to be freed for a spell from contact with what we call society, its humbugs and conventions." Is not Emma just a bit ungrateful? Society has done much for Emma, and "society editors" have done more.

"Mrs. Story does not care for Switzerland and its Alps." Now the more important question is, do the Alps sit up nights caring for Mrs. Story?

"Life could never be monotonous where our beautiful American prima donna is." Emma Calvé would corroborate this statement.

Here is what Mr. Huneker says about "Jack and the Beanstalk," now in New York: "Barnet has made a most agreeable mélange and Sloane's music never offends by its originality. The best number for me was the chorus, 'Fe, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englisbman.' It sounded like a wedding hymn straight from the heart of an American heiress."

A well-dressed man at an Italian restaurant in New York objected when the lights were put out according to custom at 9 o'clock, and his objection took the form of an assault on the head waiter. The well dressed man was taken to a police station, where he showed a fine line of autumnal indignation. "I am a gentleman," he said to the sergeant; "one of the better class, you know. Wby should I be arrested on the charge of such a low fellow as this waiter?" This species of gentleman flourished in London during the reign of George IV. The chief characteristics of the type were rowing waiters and bilking creditors. We are delighted to learn of an example in such an excellent state of preservation, for we had supposed the type extinct.

J. B. suggests as an amendment to Old Chimes's definition of hypercriticism that a hypercritical article is one written by the newspaper critic who is obliged to "hyper" to catch the morning edition.

Mr. Dodson, admirable play-actor, told a story the other night of a clergyman whom he heard at a parish church in Kent. The clergyman was reading the notices for the week, and concluded by saying, "There will be christening next Sunday at 10.30." He then walked slowly to the pulpit. Suddenly turning toward the congregation, he remarked in severe tones, "Remember, Mrs. Tomlinson, I said 10.30. A year ago you were late, I believe."

On the 9th of November, 1893, Rodenbach declared that the truly great are those who rise above the fashions, enthusiasms, epileptic fads of a period; that the superiority of Beethoven consists in his speaking to the brain, while Wagner addresses himself only to the nerves; that when Beethoven's music has been played, you leave the hall in a serene condition, but after hearing Wagner's music, you ache all over, as if you had been tossed by billows of a raging sea.

Certain estimable persons in Boston (England), shocked at the presentation of "The Sign of the Cross" as a religious play, published a warning to church people against going to see it, and incidentally gave this description of the town: "Intellectualism, with its higher criticism and unblushing infidelity, is also rampant in our midst, bringing in its train worldliness in every description—entertainments, balls, dancing, dramatic performances, concerts, nigger minstrels, drinking, smoking, billiards, card playing, gambling, bazaars, decorative festivals, auction sales, intellectual discourses, and sensual display of all kinds."

Our old and esteemed friend Mr. James Howel wrote Nov. 9—he forgot to mention the year—to Mr. R. A. in An-

werp a story that may be well applied to the political situation of today. "The times here, frown more and more upon the Cavaliers, yet there Minds are buoy'd up still with strong hopes: Some of them being lately in Company of such whom the Times favor, and reporting some comfortable News on the Royalists side, one of the other answer'd; Thus you Cavaliers still fool your selves, and build always Castles in the Air: thereupon a sudden reply was made, 'Where will you have us to build them else, for you have taken all our Lands from us?'"

This Felia Litvenne, who has been added to the Metropolitan Opera House Company, was in this country under Mapleson in '85-'86. She was then known as Litvinoff. The next season she was at the Monnaie, Brussels, and March 9, 1887, she sang there the part of Brünnhilde in "The Valkyrie," the first time the opera was given in French. Evenpoel tells us that she was persuaded at the eighth performance to lay aside her bracelets. Isnardon describes her as a woman of majestic figure and beautiful voice. In '88-'89 she went to the Paris Opéra.

Nov 10.

EXCELSIOR, JR.

Mr. Barnet's Burlesque Played Here for the First Time by Professionals at the Museum—Specialties of Various Degrees of Excellence.

Mr. Barnet's "Excelsior, Jr.," is pleasantly remembered here on account of the excellent performance of it by the Cadets, for it was first produced by them at the Tremont Theatre March 18, 1895. Although it is not so entertaining per se as his "Jack and the Beanstalk," which is now meeting with much favor in New York, it yet serves a useful purpose, for it effaces the memory of the foolish lad in Longfellow's once admired poem, who was rude to a rather forward young woman and careless of the advice given by the oldest inhabitant. To be sure, the lad is mentioned by Mr. Barnet, but only incidentally.

In the arrangement now performed at the Museum I recognize the familiar hand of Mr. E. E. Rice. Indeed, Mr. Rice's name appears on the bill as the composer of "a few numbers." Some of Mr. Tracy's excellent music is retained; some is omitted, I regret to say.

As the show now stands, the question is simply this: Are the specialties which are introduced amusing? Another question might be put concerning the quality of the gags.

The company as a whole is not a strong one. Miss Carrie Behr, the Excelsior, is matter-of-fact, and without the sparkle, the good-natured insolence, that often carry lines of little humor. Miss Yvette Violette, the Bertha, is a pleasing and sympathetic person, who gave fairly good imitations of Yvette Guilbert. Miss Deane is a soubrette of moderate animation. Mrs. de Fossez and her parrot afforded amusement in a duet. I confess I do not care for the merrymaking of either Mr. Joseph Ott or Mr. Arthur Dunn. The former takes his pleasure so seriously and so laboriously; tho latter would be voted a bore if he were, say, five feet eight inches and weighed 160 pounds, but as he is surprisingly small, his jests are received with the enthusiasm of parents over a precocious child.

Why do so many farce-comedians think that they can imitate Sousa? Why should they wish to imitate him? And why should audiences be called upon to judge of tho imitations? Mr. Hess is the latest of these unnecessary imitators and about as successful—or rather unsuccessful— as his predecessors. Mr. David Abrahams was very funny as the St. Bernard Dog, and the Excelsior Clipper Quartet relieved considerably the monotony of the performance. Miss Deyo danced with agility and a certain grace, but the ballet proper—yes, proper is the word—was slow and cumbrous. There were some pretty girls in the chorus; the groupings at the beginning of the second and third acts were effective; and the piece was showily mounted. It was a pleasure to see Mr. John Braham again as leader of the orchestra.

There was a very large audience, and it is only just to say that laughter and applause were not lacking. Many Cadets were present, and they were no doubt interested in comparing the performances. Comparison by a reviewer would be unnecessary, futile. It is enough to say that Mr. Barnet's piece as now presented to a Boston audience is in the hands and at the mercy of comedians whose ability at the best is mediocrity.

PHILIP HALE.

At the last, [illegible]
From the [illegible] of the power [illegible]
house.
From the clasp of the knitted [illegible]
keep of the well-closed doors.
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks—
with a whisper,
Set ope the doors, O Soul!

Tenderly! be not impatient!
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!
Strong is your hold, O love.)

It appears that Mr. Howard Gould kisses Miss Katherine Clemmons in the sight of the people. He can afford to.

Mrs. E. S. Phelps-Ward tells this story about Longfellow, who assisted Mr. R. A. Barnet in the preparation of "Excelsior, Jr.," now played, sung and danced at the Boston Museum. Longfellow was reading aloud a poem one day to an actress, apparently Modjeska, whose eyes filled with tears as the reading proceeded. "I shall never forget," observes Mrs. Phelps, "the tone and manner with which he turned toward her. 'Oh!' he cried, 'I meant to give you happiness! And I have given you pain.'" Now, the real question is overlooked by Mrs. Phelps-Ward. Why did Modjeska cry?

Miss Nethersole tells us that Mr. Giacosa, an Italian dramatist, writes, "because he must." Brethren, our dramatic friend is in the same boat with us, and the boat is very large. Some think they are rowing toward the Temple of Fame, and they sweat great drops; some talk at painful length about "Art," "My Mission," "The Laurel That Awaits the Misunderstood," but they dawdle at the oars. And there are many who do not raise their eyes; they speak occasionally of the weather; they row moderately and steadily, content if the boat at some time when they are tired lands at the pier of a hospital.

Miss Nethersole also informs us that Giacosa is the Sudermann of Italy. This is a reversible, double-action species of criticism, which is to be commended when the other man mentioned is willing that his name should be used. When Disraeli makes one of his young gentlemen say, "The hansom is the gondola of London," the proper reply is, "Yes, but the gondola is the hansom of Venice," and not "the hansom of Venice is the gondola of London." Which of the two, do you think, would be the angrier—Giacosa or Sudermann—if some malignant being should forward to them Miss Nethersole's epigrammatic criticism?

"I notice," said Mrs. Trotters, as she opened the door of Mr. Trotters's study, "that Mrs. Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Rider Haggard are of great assistance to their husbands in their literary work." To which her spouse answered, "Yes—they probably respect the sacred hours of composition. By the way," added Mr. Trotters, with a diabolical chuckle, "I read in the same newspaper that women prompters are taking the place of men in Covent Garden. Why, women have always prompted. Eve was the first, when Adam stumbled in his part, and Mephistopheles was letter perfect."

"Mrs. Jean de Reszke is reported to have written the libretto for an opera, with the principal part for her husband." Let us hope that she will not make music for him. A tenor of many bachelor years is accustomed to selfish ease and perfumed breezes of feminine adulation.

The N. E. Sabbath Protective League seems to be under the delusion that "Moses in Egypt" is not a "sacred" work. To think of the hundreds of Handel and Haydn singers that have taken part in the performance of Rossini's work! Were they all hardened and irreligious, or did they sin through ignorance? Officers of the N. E. S. P. League, "Moses in Egypt" deals musically with a Biblical subject. You need not fear that there will be a living picture of Pharaoh's Daughter clad in the convenient and delectable costume of her period.

The Duke of Ossuna had a pretty wit, though dust choked it two centuries ago. Mr. James Howel gives an instance in a letter dated Barcelona, Nov. 10, 1620: "The Duke of Ossuna pass'd by here lately, and having got leave of Grace to release some Slaves, he went aboard the Cape Gallic, and passing through the Churma of Slaves, he ask'd divers of them what their Offences were, every one excus'd himself, one saying, That he was put in out of Malice, another by Bribery of the Judge, but all of them Unjustly; amongst the rest, there was one sturdy little black man, and the Duke asking him what he was in for: 'Sir,' said he, 'I cannot deny but I am justly put in here, for I wanted Money, and so took a Purse hard by Tarragona to keep me from Starving.' The Duke with a little Staff he had in his Hand, gave him

[illegible] saying, 'You Rogue, what do you do amongst so many Honest Innocent Men? get you gone out of their Company.' So he was freed, and the rest remain'd still in statu quo primus to tug at the Oar."

So the Black Patti has been obliged to appear in supplementary proceedings. Like unto her white co-mates in misfortune, she made a brave showing in the court room, for "she was resplendent in a gown of green silk, with panels of roses in darker color. On her head was perched a small, dark toque." Her husband is like unto the other husbands of prima donnas. "Have you any money?" asked a lawyer. "I wish to goodness I had. Oh, yes, I have got money. I have 16 cents in my pocket."

NOV 11

WITH MUSICIANS.

How Rosenthal Played in New York.

He Was Last Heard fn Boston in December, 1888.

A Short Sketch of His Life and Famous Career.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.)

New York, Nov. 10.—Moritz Rosenthal made his first appearance this season in the United States this evening at Carnegie Music Hall. He has not visited America since his concert tour of '88, when he made his first appearance in Boston Nov. 9, at Music Hall. He then played with an orchestra, conducted by Mr. Walter Damrosch, Liszt's E flat concerto, No. 1, and solo pieces by Henselt, Schumann, and Liszt—the Don

MORITZ ROSENTHAL.

The pianist who made his first appearance before a New York audience last night.

Juan fantaisie. He was then assisted by Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist. He afterward gave piano concerts in Bumstead Hall, Dec. 17, 18, 19 of the same year.

* * *

This remarkable pianist was born in 1862 at Lemberg. He showed pronounced musical ability at the age of four years, and when he was ten years old he played in public a duet with his Teacher Mikuli. In 1875 Rosenthal studied under Joseffy at Vienna. The next year he gave a concert in Vienna and went to Bucharest, where he was appointed organist to the Roumanian court. He accepted Liszt's invitation to Weimar, where he staid two years; afterward he appeared in Paris and St. Petersburg. But he did not devote himself exclusively to music; for he attended the State Gymnasium in Vienna, attended lectures and passed examinations. He then played in German and Austrian towns, and in 1888 visited America. Since he was here his reputation has grown steadily year by year, till now he is regarded by excellent judges as standing in the very first rank of pianists.

Perhaps Mr. Rosenthal's greatest triumph of late years was in London, which he did not visit until 1895. He made his début there June 10 at a Richter concert, when he played Liszt's E flat concerto, No. 1. He afterward gave recitals in June, July and November, playing Beethoven's sonata op. 111, Schumann's Carnaval and Symphonic Studies, Weber's A flat sonata, Ludwig Schytte's sonata, the Hexameron variations, pieces by Bach, Scarlatti, Henselt, his arrangement, Chopin's waltz in D flat, and other pieces.

The Musical Times (London) said of him: "No pianist within our memory has so quickly [illegible] as Mr. Paderewski. The public was slow at first to recognize the genius of Mr. Paderewski, but his rival came, was heard, and at once conquered."

The Daily Telegraph in an extremely laudatory article said, "For once the truth, in rolling across Europe, gathered nothing fictitious, since it is correct to say, that this performer carries higher than it ever stood before the standard of executive skill. If there be, to alter a familiar quotation, than highest height, a higher still, it is upon the higher that Mr. Rosenthal stands."

* * *

In all the reviews published within the last six years, no one has disputed the extraordinary technical skill of Mr. Rosenthal. But is he merely a piano conjurer, a most accomplished master of musical sleight-of-hand?

Surely technique cannot reach a higher state of development than that displayed by Rosenthal tonight. So far as technique is concerned, Paderewski is a child by his side, and Rubinstein seems already an over-praised tradition. Rosenthal's stupendous, incredible power was first shown in the C sharp minor concerto of Ludwig Schytte, which was first played in America a few years ago at the Lenox Lyceum by Mr. Friedheim, and has since then been thoroughly revised. The first movement is strong and thoughtful; the second is thin and an echo of Grieg; the third, bristling with difficulties, is a trap to catch applause. But the pianist's technique was even more astounding in Liszt's Hungarian Fantasie in the Tarantella from "Masaniello" and in his own Vienna Carnival, which he played as an encore after the trying program.

But technique is not Rosenthal's sole claim for recognition. His rhythm is irresistible. His use of the pedals produces sharply defined effects, which does not perhaps gain such fine gradations of color by the pedals as Paderewski does. He, unike Paderewski, does not fall into the vice of smearing together harmonic progressions. His attack is simple and decisive. Even when he exerts gigantic strength he does not pound the keys. There is always the presence of tone. Tone is not synonymous to him with noise. His phrasing is thoughtful, intelligent.

But has he temperament? Has he soul? Does he move and thrill as well as stun?

I should prefer to hear Rosenthal again before speaking on these points with decision. Tonight he played Chopin's Barcarole superbly, without exaggeration, with a touch of sensuousness that was healthy and free from unclean morbidness. On the other hand, he played Chopin's Berceuse in a matter-of-fact manner, and at too fast a pace. I did not care for his contrapuntal study on Chopin's D flat waltz, for the waltz should not be tinkered with so as to show amazing agility. For the same reason his playing of Liszt's arrangement of Schubert's "Lindenbaum" was a good deal of a bore. But for further impressions of this extraordinary pianist let us wait until he plays in Boston. Yet I cannot refrain from praising here the dignity and modesty of his bearing. The orchestral accompaniments, conducted by Mr. Damrosch, were often ragged, and occasionally the orchestra was untuneful. The hall was filled with a wildly enthusiastic audience.

PHILIP HALE.

The wild gander leads his flock through the cool night,
Ya-honk! he says, and sounds it down to me like an invitation;
The pert may suppose it meaningless, but I listen closer,
I find its purpose and place up there toward the November sky.

Mr. Lehmann is coming, and Harvard will welcome him. Mr. Cook has already introduced changes in style and rigging, and Yale is at work.

Mr. Graybiel of Caledonia carries in his person the sciatic nerve taken from a dog and transferred in a Detroit hospital. Can Mr Graybiel be angry with good cause, if someone in the heat of political debate taxes him with having the nerve of a dog?

The revival of the story of the social persecution to which an officer of the United States Army is subjected because he married the woman he loved and did not hem and haw or flout her because she is the daughter of a Sergeant reminds us that the Vere de Veres themselves would cut a sorry figure in the presence of American military aristocracy. Now aristocracy is sometimes synonymous with snobbery, as in the case to which we refer.

"Bradley: His Book" is changing constantly in size and appearance. Mr. Bradley may yet hit upon a type that will not discourage or shatter the eyes of possible readers.

On Nov. 11, 1894, Primoli spoke at length concerning Duse, who had been named to de Goncourt as the woman to play La Faustin at London or in Germany. He described her as an actress of a terrible theatrical independence, exerting herself only in the acts that pleased her, and eating grapes or distracting herself in one way or another in acts that did not please her. "In one piece, where the play-actress is directed to say of a daughter, who has misbehaved herself, that she no longer has a daughter, Primoli saw her suddenly, without a thought of the audience, cross herself to the girdle, and send a kiss behind the scenes—a kiss to her own daughter, whom she adores."

Mr. George Moore confessed once that he admired the poetry of Mr. George Meredith. "'Love in a Valley,'" he said, "is a beautiful poem and the 'Nuptials of Attila' is very present in my mind and it is a pleasure to recall its chanting rhythm and lordly and sombre refrain—'Make the bed for Attila.'" But what does Mr. Moore or any other admirer, fanatic or discreet, of Meredith say to their idol's lyrical outburst in honor of Trafalgar Day. Here is a verse, and not the weakest one:

"When Britain's life was in her ships,
He kept the sea as his own right;
And saved us from more fell eclipse
Than drops on day from blackest night."

This may be sung to the tune Hamburg or Harmony Grove or Park Street.

We are inclined to prefer the ballad "Descent on Middlesex," by Schoolmaster St. John of Norwalk (1781). It is in the same metre. One verse in a description of prison life runs

"In seven days or thereabout
One Jonas Weed was taken out,
And to his friends he was resign'd,
But many still were kept behind."

E. W. writes to the Journal apropos to A. C. J.'s communication concerning "Geewhitaker" as follows: "'Gewheteke' is Indian. It means fight, charge, attack, advance (collections of R. I. Historical Society, vol. I., page 148). There is no Indian word for 'father.' Eliot in the Indian Bible uses Gosh for God, and Our Heavenly Father. The Indians soon learned that settlers used the same word when swearing in anger, and the Indians prefixed Gosh to Gewheteke, and 70 years ago 'Gosh all Whitlcutt' was a phrase in common use, called Deacon's swearing; it may fairly be translated 'God and the Battle.' Indian words so formidable to the eye are sometimes very pretty when traced to their roots: thus young girls are 'squog,' from 'star.' When grown to marriageable young ladies, 'Nungsquog,' which means 'twinkling stars.'"

C. K. Sharpe used the expression "By Gosh" as early as 1804 in a letter published in 1888: "I promise by Gosh (which is the most elegant and classical oath imaginable)."

In Prof. Crookshank's new edition of "Bacteriology" there is historical information about the age of the microbe theory of disease. The Lancet stated lately that Ali Pasha, Governor of Janina at the beginning of this century, guyed a Lieutenant General whom he accused of believing "that plague was caused by innumerable animalculae which would be visible through a magnifying glass if one had one of sufficient power."

The famous Kelmscott Press, at Hammersmith, on which the late William Morris expended such constant care and personal attention, is about to be closed, no one having been found to carry on his work. When the few books now in hand are worked off no more will be executed.

They say Prof. W. D. Howells orders "clippings on a phase of life," and uses incidents thus obtained for the foundation of his story. Here he walks in the footsteps of Charles Reade, who explained his methods of work in that much and unjustly abused novel, "A Terrible Temptation."

NOV 12

There is a strong feeling in favor of cowardly and prudential proverbs. The sentiments of a man while he is full of ardor and hope are to be received, it is supposed, with some qualification. But when the same person has ignominiously failed and begins to eat up his words, he should be listened to like an oracle. Most of our pocket wisdom is conceived, for the use of mediocre people to discourage them from ambitious attempts, and generally console them in their mediocrity. And since mediocre people constitute the bulk of humanity, this is no doubt very properly so. But it does not follow that the one sort of proposition is any less true than the other, or that Icarus is not to be more pr[illegible] and perhaps more envied, than Mr. Samuel Budgett the Successful Merchant.

And what is old Thomas Tusser's advice in November to the honest and likewise the dishonest farmer?

"To rear un much poultry, and want the barn door,
Is nought for the poulter, and worse for the poor;
So now to keep hogs, and to starve them for meat,
Is, as to keep dogs, for to bawl in the street."

A [illegible] not [illegible] blind artist, but a painter of portraits, said the other day, "What encouragement is there for an artist in Boston? There is only one hall fit for an exhibition of his pictures, and the rent asked for this hall is $100 a week. Again, landlords seem to regard artists as their lawful, righteous prey. For my studio on the fourth floor, I pay an absurd price, while the dressmaker on the floor beneath me pays a fair rent. Why this difference? Because a few years ago the landlord went to some expense in arranging the fourth floor for an artist's purposes. He got his money back the first year, but he is not content with that."

Another painter, who shared his indignation, proposed this remedy: "Get a long lease or buy a decent bit of ground, near which street cars pass, and put up a large building something like Trinity Court, i. e. with a courtyard, so that the building has two Northern aspects. It is well known that studios are the best paying property—all things considered—that exists. Let the studios be of various sizes, with one or two bed-rooms; add a reasonable restaurant; and you will get 20 per cent. and do a good thing for art."

And Old Chimes lifted up his voice and said: "I do not understand this discussion about the American pronunciation of 'u.' When I was in London with the Ancients and Honorables, I had occasion several times to ask for rum, and the bar maid understood me at once."

The New York Times published an interesting Horse-Show supplement. We regret to see, by the pictures, that so many of the horses have mutilated tails. Will not some of the rival "Queens of Fashion" in New York turn their attention to the barbarous and ugly practice of docking? They are the ones to make it unfashionable.

There 's a woman who is addicted to street cars. She is always well dressed and often good looking. She stands directly in front of you as you sit, and examines you from head to foot. Flesh and blood cannot long endure such inspection. You rise and offer her your seat. She does not thank you. She says in icy tones: "I can stand. I am not going far." If you are a sensible man you will sit down. If you are a coward—and in street cars cowardice is common to men—you hustle your way to the platform to escape her ocular condemnation. Peeking through the door, you find the woman in the vacated seat. Why did she not take it at once, with a smile and a "Thank you" that would have warmed your blood and led you to feel of your cravat to find out if was arranged becomingly?

Romance and business now go hand in hand. 'Tis a fascinating story—this tale of a mysterious, lost island in the Southern Ocean. But they that seek the island are not bent on rescue of man or woman, or discovery of buried, bloody treasure. They want guano.

Read what the Pall Mall Gazette says about smells:

"Olfactometry is your latest metry, and M. Eugene Mesnard of Paris is its Bertillon. M. Mesnard does not, indeed, profess to deal with the ruffianly, the overtly criminal classes of smells which render themselves amenable to the law—such, for instance, as pervade the Ville Lumière at this period of the year. He prefers to leave the special commission of savants, lately designated ad hoc, to exercise its collective nose in the diagnosis of these, and to take the measure of their iniquity. It is as the olfactometrician of the politer odors which owe their origin to the laboratory, and which we meet in society wafted from the vesture, or the pocket handkerchief of Amaryllis, or from the tangles of Neaera's hair, that M. Mesnard presents himself. And, as the result of the sniffings of a lifetime, he has olfactometred all these fragrances, and has much to communicate as to their guilt or innocence which is of interest to olfactory organs in general, and of moment to Amaryllis and Neaera in particular. Thus we learn that the basis of what M. Mesnard euphemistically calls a 'bouquet of essential oils' is musk. Moreover, that of musk there are two sorts—the natural and the artificial product—the costly and the cheap—and that, nosing them in their respective phials, not even M. Mesnard himself can tell the difference between them. So that commerce is apt to base her bouquet on the fake, and Amaryllis and Neaera to be liquidi profusa odoribus on reprehensibly, but retributively, economical terms."

We have received the following letter from our esteemed contributor, the Earnest Student of Sociology: "I have left my cheerful rooms in Cherry Street and am now in New York. Not that I have determined to settle here, but several things in Boston—the attitude of the Art Commission toward Macmonnies's statue, the objections urged by some against the practice of giving oratorios on Sunday, etc., etc.—ruffled me so that I decided to exchange the sweet security of village streets for the hurry and the commotion of the metropolis.

"I am not sure, however, that I should use such words as 'hurry' and 'commotion'; for many here agree in spirit with a well-known New Yorker who said to me, 'The older I grow the more convinced I am that there is abundance of time.' I went into a restaurant today at the so-called busy hour. There were merchants and brokers in plenty; but waiters were not jogging them to make place for others, and there was leisurely eating. There was smoking at ease after the well-cooked dishes had been consumed. There was no excited conversation. In a word, there was peace.

"The cleanliness of these streets is a reproach to Boston, which is, I firmly believe, one of the dirtiest of civilized towns. I cannot say, however, that the street-car system, during the hours of departure for business and return to home, seems much better organized than that of the West End. People are suspended by a strap, thrown against each other, treated as trunks by passionate baggage-men. To be sure, there are more cars, and if you lose one you are not obliged to contract pneumonia by waiting for another.

"As I am deeply interested in all exhibitions of herculean strength, I went to hear Rosenthal play the piano. Whenever he accomplished a stupendous feat of physical prowess, there was a murmur in the audience, the murmur that is heard in the menagerie when the elephant rings the bell for his supper; and then there was sky-assailing applause. The finer details of Rosenthal's performance often passed unnoticed, and his most thoroughly musical exhibition fell flat. I am told that the audience was a representative first-night New York audience. It seems to me, then, that audiences are the same in all large towns where there is supposed to be well-bred enthusiasm for music. But I might as well have been in Berlin, so far as the conversation of nine-tenths of the sitters in the parquet was concerned. Indeed, I felt like asking, 'Where do the Christians sit?'

"Musicians tell me that if it were not for the Hebrews in New York, opera and orchestral concerts would drag out a feeble existence, or perish utterly. It is the same story in Berlin. So when I hear this foolish talk about the corrupting influence of the Hebrews in music, I am inclined to shake my head. They are a wonderfully musical people, and the remark of a distinguished soprano shows no little knowledge of history: 'Would that I had a rich drop of Hebrew blood in my veins! In opera it outweighs the proud inheritance of a New England conscience.'

"I wonder whether any Bostonian ever visits Carnegie Hall without hanging his head for shame at the thought of the shabbiness and the inadequacy of halls in his own city. The only consolation for him is the knowledge that no orchestra in New York is to be named in the same breath with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The one conducted by Mr. Damrosch with gracious condescension last Tuesday night sounded like a theatre orchestra toward the end of a season.

"I see that the Daily Tatler of the 10th makes this comment on Mr. Rosenthal: 'No matter what their (the critics') verdict may be, we make bold to predict that Mr. Rosenthal will never conquer the hearts of women as Paderewski did, for his hair is short—yea, shorter than Lone Wolf's.' I wonder if the Tatler has seen Mr. Rosenthal. For his hair is not altogether short. There is a long lock that flops over his forehead in supreme paroxysm, and is brushed back in the lull that follows."

That the Texas is now free from water reminds us of Gen. Sheridan's historic remark concerning the State after which she was named.

The true story of the Jean de Reszke and Nordica row has not yet been told.

In writing so much against kleptomania Mr. Labouchere displays acute graphomania.

E. W. E. writes to the Journal as follows concerning the patriots who were so noisy after election day and the timorous silence of weeks: "I had a friend—nine months' patriot from our State. He was initiated into the Grand Army of the Republic. Commander said 'twas customary to have a few remarks from novices. Said he: 'I haven't much to say about battles, but I can say a little about the battles of Goldsboro, N. C., Whitehall, and Kingston. We marched and marched. I was tired on the way up, and I bivouacked. When the boys came back with bandages on their heads and arms, and so forth—all bloody—I inquired, 'What was the matter?' 'Matter!' said they. 'Darius we have had a hades of a fight.' 'Well, comrades,' said Darius, 'I know there must have been a fight, for they told me so.' When I got back in sight of Newbern I noticed a commotion 'way off over to the camp. Then I saw a Lieutenant and two men, and a white handkerchief on a ramrod. They advanced and I advanced. Said the officer, 'Darius, is this you?' I says 'Yes.' 'All right,' says he, 'General Foster sent me out, and said, "If you can find Darius I shall know the whole army has got safely in."' "

NOV 14. 96

MUSIC.

NOV 14

First Performance of Umberto Giordano's Opera, "Andrea Chenier," in America, at the Academy of Music, New York.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.)

New York, Nov. 13.—"Andrea Chénier," an opera by Umberto Giordano, was given here for the first time in America by the Mapleson Opera Company this evening. The libretto is by Luigi Illica. The opera was produced in Milan at the Scala on the 28th or the 29th of last March, for newspapers gave conflicting dates.

Giordano, a young man, for he is not yet 30 years of age, is the composer of "Mala Vita" (Rome, Feb. 21, 1892) and "Regina Diaz" (Naples, 1894). The former, with a libretto of extraordinary realism and unsavory subject, attracted great attention at Vienna and Berlin. The latter was, I understand, a failure. Giordano studied at the Naples Conservatory, and he is a member of the ultra-modern Italian school that fights under the banner of "Verismo."

* * *

The hero of this opera is the poet André Marie de Chénier, who was guillotined during the French Revolution. The story told by Illica has little or no historical foundation. Chénier meets the Countess Madeleine, who mocks his worship; he replies in beautiful verse, and the maiden, touched, holds out her hand to him. Five years go by, and the Revolution rages. Poet and Countess meet and love. Gérard, a Revolutionary leader, falls in love with Madeleine, and to win her denounces the poet to the Committee of Public Safety. Chénier is sentenced to death. Madeleine to save her lover offers herself to Gérard, but as the sentence is not revoked she takes the place of an aristocrat condemned to death, and perishes with Chénier on the scaffold.

* * *

The chief singers at the Scala were Borgatti (Chénier), Sanmarco (Gérard), and Mrs. Carrera (Madeleine).

* * *

The libretto is unusually strong and well written. The story, from the first burst of hatred shown by Gerard as a servant in Madeleine's house to the exultation of the lovers united in death, moves and thrills. The situations are striking and inevitable. I know of few librettos in opera that present a story as clearly and forcibly.

The music, like that of Giordano's comates in the ultra-modern Italian school, shows undeniably the influence of Ponchinelli and Wagner; but the voice of Giordano is individual, unmistakable, mighty. This voice finds fullest expression in great dramatic situations, rather than in sustained lyrical passages, although the duet of the last act is one of haunting melody. The music is closely bound to the text, and there is a wealth of interesting detail which is easily overlooked in the excitement of the action. The chorus, with the exception of the beautiful pastorale in the first act, is used only for dramatic purposes, as in the trial scene. The recitative is rigorously modern in treatment. Giordano's blood is at fever heat. The fury of the mob, the turbulence of the lurid period, the hatred of the aroused people against the aristocrats are most vividly portrayed. The scene in which a mother offers her only son a child to the army is one of harrowing pathos, and it was nobly interpreted by Scalchi. There are weak passages which are weak from abuse of strength rather than from lack of imagination or poverty of expressive phrases. At a whole the opera is one of intense and passionate strength. The instrumentation abounds in strange and sinister effects as in the pedal point against the Marseillaise and a use of a monotone against snare drums. It is sometimes brutal in its vigor, but the score is one of more than ordinary power and interest.

The performance was in many respects exceedingly good. The honors were borne away by Mr. Ugheto, who gave a superb performance of Gerard, and by Scalchi, who is on the stage for a few minutes only. Mr. Durot as Chenier was earnest and painstaking, but he is a tenor with a terrible tremolo. Mrs. Bonaplata Bau is a discreet actress and a singer of considerable talent. Her voice, however, is shrill, except in the upper tones, which she delivers with purity and strength.

The minor parts were taken by very competent men and women. The orchestra, under Mr. Tango, a young man only 22, a leader of fiery temperament and marked authority, was admirable, and the chorus, made up of fresh and well-trained voices, was the best that I have heard in this country the last ten years. The stage management was excellent and the scenery was adequate. A large audience was wildly enthusiastic, and there were recalls after recalls. All in all, it was a memorable evening, one that brought to the mind the glorious ancient history of the Academy of Music.

PHILIP HALE.

We have received another letter from our contributor, the Earnest Student of Sociology, who is still in New York. We regret to say that some portions of his letter are illegible, and certain paragraphs are evidently designed for scholars in anthropology, and not for the general public. "I met last night," writes this indefatigable observer, "a most interesting specimen of the modern newspaper man. He is at work on a Sunday article in which he proposes to prove that the ancient folk, who had one eye in the middle of the forehead (see Pliny and Herodotus), were not unlike all men of today who are naturally equipped; for every person, he says, has three eyes. The centre one is the focus of most impressionable nerves and is so highly developed that it is apparently blind. If you have a headache, for instance, and someone presses on this nerve-centre with a finger, the pain goes. It is by this eye that second-sight is possible. By concentration of malignant thought in this blind eye the man wickedly disposed throws the baleful jettatura.

"Still more wonderful were the tales he told of experiments made here by experts in hypnotism. An ignorant woman, who is a susceptible being, saw from a flat in New York 10 days ago into the room of Mr. George Moore in London. She described the things on the work-table; the pictures on the wall; what Mr. Moore was doing. Mr. Moore had previously been asked to note his actions at a certain hour, and due allowance was made for difference in time. A letter from him confirmed in startling exactness of detail the mental vision of the woman who figured lately in a famous case in this city.

" 'No,' said this surprising young man with a caressing voice, 'there is no such thing as privacy in the world. Whether you embrace or beat your wife, whether you read Tertullian or Bliss Carman, whether you play at patience or upon a black bottle taken from a cupboard, the third eye a thousand miles away may at the command of another look at you with the flippant curiosity of an idler watching ants at work.' And then he drank a glass of beer, as though he had been talking about the Horse-show or the probable outcome of the Cuban insurrection. This is no place for me. I shall return to Cherry Street, Boston, where I think I shall be reasonably safe from the inspection of the third eye."

Perhaps it would be better for us all if we told time by the eyes of the cat, a trick well-known to the Chinese. For how few escape what may be described as the tyranny of the clock. The Pall Mall Gazette attacked lately the little mechanical thing that ticks and strikes and gives itself absurd airs: "It is no exaggeration to say that the clock is gradually enslaving the whole of the civilized world. Not one of us but can call to mind among our acquaintances individuals who belong body and soul to the clock—whose whole lives are dominated by its chimes and intervals. The attitude of such persons is one of servile deference to the clock. Everything they do is with a view of conforming to its wishes. They sleep by the clock, dress by the clock, eat by the clock, sit, walk, read, smoke, work by the clock. Their heads are full of periods of time—hours, minutes and seconds. They spend their lives counting them. They can never enjoy themselves or let themselves go without pulling themselves up suddenly for fear they should forget the clock. They will stop doing something useful, interesting, and enjoyable, and force themselves to do something dull and uninteresting, simply because the clock happened to strike. And no matter how greatly they desire to change an irksome occupation, they will stick to it, because, forsooth, the clock has not yet struck. They may be enjoying the most delightful slumber of a morning, but will bound out of bed like a skyrocket because the clock happens to strike. And though they have not the slightest inclination for sleep, they will put themselves forcibly to bed because the finger of the clock marks a certain hour. Their whole lives are spent in trying to force their natures into accordance with a mere machine. Such people are as much slaves to the clock as the genii in the story of Aladdin were slaves to the lamp. They are perpetually at its beck and call, and must obey its voice as they would that of the veriest tyrant."

It is the New York Times that speaks of one of Boston's cherished institutions in this irreverent manner: "Perhaps if the Boston Public Library people do finally decide that they can safely view a Bacchante, and even realize that she is bronze instead of brazen, they may in time come to see that their monthly bulletin of new books is at once the ugliest and the blindest piece of cataloguer's work it would be possible to send out. Any New York book auctioneer, even though he be the most conscienceless expander of private collections in his class, could, and doubtless would, teach the Bostonian how such a list should be arranged and printed."

The Daily Tattler interviewed Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who spoke thus of Miss Alice Brown and Mr. Stimson: "Of course, while he was paying the Bostonians a visit, they talked up their new geniuses to him—they're so afraid foreigners will believe what they hear in New York about the literary decadence of their city, 'an abandoned farm,' as Oliver Herford calls it. 'Why, they've never even heard of "King Noanett" and "Meadow Grass" in England!' said the doctor with an expression in his face of really beautiful surprise. Well, as soon as he gets back they will hear. Alice Brown and Stimson are in luck!"

NOV. 15. 96

ABOUT MUSIC.

Gossip Concerning Mr. Moritz Rosenthal.

A Pianist Who Admires Paul Verlaine and Nietzsche.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

(Special Correspondence of the Boston Journal.)

New York, Nov. 12.—The chief topic of conversation among the musicians here is the reappearance of Moritz Rosenthal. "Has he broadened his style?" "Has he temperament?" "Does his mind dominate his musical feeling?" These questions incite lively discussion.

Everyone admits that his performance Tuesday night was a stupendous display of technique. The program was arranged and contrived for the display of technique. Yet by his playing of Henselt's Berceuse he showed that he was not devoid of emotional feeling and poetic expression of that feeling.

I hope he will play the concerto by Schytte in Boston next Saturday, and not the Chopin concerto which has been announced. I am told that in the latter he uses the original version without change, enlargement, embellishment of any kind. For this he is to be applauded. But the Schytte concerto gives him constant opportunity to display his incredible mechanism.

* * *

Mr. Rosenthal is a healthy, unaffected, modest man. For the benefit of those who wish to know what famous pianists eat, drink and think, I state that after the concert he drank two pints of apollinaris water, ate a large portion of roast duck, and then called for crackers and cheese. This reminds me that Mr. Huneker wrote in the Morning Advertiser of the 13th as follows:

"Girls like to think of Chopin interpreters as ethereal beings who sip on dew in the moonlight and unhitch their wings before retiring. Paderewski could drink champagne like a man, play billiards like a man, and enjoy a 'stiff' game of poker, but he was a light eater. His principal meal was taken after his concert, and it was an elaborate affair, eaten slowly, and with much conversation and many cigarettes. I never saw Paderewski eat heavily—'a square meal,' as it is so elegantly called. He was a nibbler, liked a bit of bird and coffee and cigarettes—always cigarettes. He had a curious weakness for lemon soda and they say he washed his hair in it. His playing always had more nerve than muscle. Rosenthal has a

[illegible] without a [illegible] I have [illegible] two [illegible] without [illegible] He needs lots of steam for that wonderful engines he carries with him. The amount of strength expended at a concert must be enormous. No wonder the tissues need valiant renovation. Rosenthal looks like a healthier man than Paderewski. If he has not the poetry of the Pole, he has more endurance and power."

Mr. Rosenthal was inclined to talk on any subject except music, although he did not frown or indulge in Galician oaths when his trade was mentioned. He did speak in terms of the utmost admiration concerning Saint-Saëns as pianist and composer; but he welcomed a discussion of Paul Verlaine in whose praise he waxed enthusiastic. To him Verlaine is the first of modern poets, as Nietzsche, the mad Nietsche, is the first of philosophical thinkers.

Mr. Rosenthal appears to have been an omnivorous reader. Nor has he merely a superficial acquaintance, a catalogue knowledge. In well chosen and fluent English he is epigrammatic, [illegible]ing, scintillant; but you would never think him flippant, for his expression of conviction illuminates the seriousness of the thought. His wit is in the vein of Heine; it mocks, it bites. After talking with him, your chief impression left is one of his keenly developed intellectuality.

* * *

The question then arises, How does this mental equipment affect his piano playing? You will soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself. Meanwhile listen to Mr. Huneker, whose voice when speaking of pianists is authoritative.

"The first thing you remark of Rosenthal is his enormous self-possession. His repose is magnificent. He accomplishes without turning a hair feats of technic that are simply maddening. His wrists traverse the keyboard as do the fingers of great pianists. Freedom, buoyancy, elasticity and precision are all there. The touch ranges from crispest staccato to most luscious legato. The scales are true legato scales. They are strings of brilliants, each one individual, yet never blurring the beauty of its neighbor. He plays some scale passages on bloc, and then the image is created of something concrete, massive, solid, granitic, a staccato crystalline whisper follows, and you marvel at the adaptability of the human hand. Rosenthal's hands are in a state of the highest muscle culture; his sense of tonal values almost abnormal. And the color he suggests, or rather say the nuance! His play is infinitely more intimate, tender and poetic than it was, and there is an absence of exaggeration in lyrical episodes, a profound and just sense of rhythmical beauty, symmetry, plasticity that mark him as a musician and a keen thinker."

* * *

Sympathy here is with Nordica in the Nordica-de Reszke dispute. She has worked hard, with grit and New England determinaton, to fit herself for Wagnerian parts. The evidence leads me to believe that promises had been made to her, which were thrown lately to the winds. I have at times spoken as freely of the faults as of the merits of performances by her. I have always admired her pluck and her iron will, even when I deplored her crudeness and rigidity as an actress. But I sympathize with her fully in her unwarranted disappointment. Private misunderstandings between a soprano and the friends or relatives of a tenor should not be allowed to govern in the management of a great opera house.

* * *

The musical hit here is beyond doubt and peradventure "Brian Boru." "The Mandarin" is, strange to say, a case of good libretto and weak music. There is a rumor that "Jack and the Beanstalk" is to be "revised."

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

At the Savoy Theatre the thousandth performance of "The Mikado" in London has just been given. Sullivan conducted, and Mr. Gilbert was present in the audience.

Hugo Becker played lately at Würzburg Dvorak's new 'cello concerto, op. 101, for the first time. The work is highly praised. It is strongly Bohemian in character.

The Marquardt who was the only survivor in the shipwreck of the Drummond Castle, is not John Marquardt, the violinist, who, with his wife, reported to be drowned, is now in California.

Ethelbert Nevin is in Paris. His family is with him, and he is busy teaching—vocal music—"the art of singing without a fuss, of respecting the accompaniment, and of respecting the rights of the composer." While in Florence he wrote "Zwei Lieder" for Campanari.

Mr. Whitney Mockridge, the lyric tenor, has decided to spend the months of February, March and April, '97, in the United States and Canada. Since Mr. Mockridge has been in England his voice has improved greatly, it is said. Mr. Mockridge makes his first return appearance in America at Carnegie Music Hall, New York, Feb. 10.

"Mr. Sims Reeves and his youthful bride have been very cordially received in South Africa, and the success of their tour has induced them to extend it to Australia and New Zealand. It is also possible that the veteran tenor will return home by way of America, and give concerts in some of the leading cities. Not a bad record for a vocalist of 74 summers and the parent of a three-months-old baby."

[illegible] as of the [illegible] natural for him to play it as it is for a fish to swim. He has a perfect technic and a sweet, smooth, oily tone that goes right to the heart, especially if it be a feminine one. Gregorowitsch's repertory is not large, but what he plays is well-nigh perfection itself. In his reading of the Mendelssohn and Wieniawski concertos he is unsurpassed among living violinists. I think Gregorowitsch will have a great popular success in America. He was Wieniawski's last pupil."

Otto Floersheim is thus disposed toward Dvorak's last string quartet: "Where, however, the Bohemians are really hors concours is in the playing of the works of their own countrymen, of which on this occasion they presented us with a new one by Antonin Dvorak. I cannot number this latest quartet (op. 106 in G major) among the happiest or most inspired of Dvorak's chamber music compositions, but still there is so much power and originality in it, and so much display of earnest and most conscientious musicianship, that even Tappert, who is an anti-Dvorak critic, expressed himself as delighted with the slow movement, which to me seemed a trifle too long drawn out. The scherzo in B minor is in my estimation preferable, and it brings, similar to the form invented by Schumann, two trios, the first in A flat and the second in D major."

The Cecilia, Mr. B. J. Lang conductor, will give the following performances at Music Hall this season: Friday evening, Dec. 4, 1896—"The Spectre's Bride," A. Dvorak; a cantata for soprano, tenor and bass solos, chorus and orchestra; Mrs. Etta Kileski Bradbury, soprano; Mr. George J. Parker, tenor; Mr. Max Heinrich, bass. Thursday evening, February 4, 1897—Miscellaneous Program, including "The Rose of Avontown," new cantata for women's voices, by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach; Mrs. Julie L. Wyman and Mr. Geo. W. Proctor will assist the club. Friday evening, March 12, 1897—Missa Solemnis, Beethoven, with Miss Lena Little, alto; Mr. Frederick Smith, tenor; Mr. Arthur Beresford, bass; Mr. Franz Kneisel, solo violin; with orchestra. Thursday evening, April 29, 1897—Miscellaneous program (assisting artists to be announced). The wage-earners' concerts will be given on the night before.

This is Mr. Bispham's idea of Beckmesser: "Beckmesser is as near to my heart as any of the parts I take. You think it is not a 'singing part?' Well, there I beg leave to differ. Wagner never intended some of those notes to be sung; but they must be sung for all that—though with a faked voice. And we must never forget that while most of Beckmesser's part is pure vocal declamation, yet twice in the opera he has to sing songs—his serenade and his prize song—and that these must be sung as well as the Town Clerk and one of the heads of the Guild of Mastersingers knew how. That I take to be pretty well, and he was trying his best besides in the situations named. So I endeavor to make the man just what he is, no fool, according to his lights and in his day and generation, and yet amusing because of his surroundings, though himself perfectly serious throughout."

Susan Strong, who made her American début in New York, Nov. 9, is thus criticised by the Musical Courier: "Her natural voice is musical and powerful, and even sympathetic, but her vocal method is so faulty that unless she remedies the defects at once she will be the loser of this voice instead of gaining operatic fame and wealth. The voice is placed in the back of the throat, and instead of being projected outward it is forced upward, and this results in false pitch, of which Miss Strong herself is probably unconscious. Many singers who have had European methods applied suffer from this same defect, and we would suggest to this lady to take a series of lessons from any one of the dozens of American vocal teachers, who never would permit a singer to leave their studios in such condition. Miss Strong was a conventional Marguerite, such as are heard at amateur performances, but her friends presented her with a horticultural crop that must have cost about $1462 18. It required the services of four men to handle the garden output in the garden scene until Miss Strong became weak and asked Bimboni to repeat the jewel song, which he of course consented to do."

It is now officially announced that Madame Melba will not be seen at Covent Garden during the next season of grand opera. The reason given is that a very tempting offer has been made the Australian cantatrice to visit South America, but we have a shrewd suspicion that Melba demands such exorbitant fees that her engagement was out of the question. An artist's value, in the managerial eye, depends on her ability to draw the public, and Melba, glorious singer though she be, has a very limited repertory of more or less old-fashioned works. To these the public will not give ear; and as Madame Melba does not move with the times, she must be content to make room for those who do, or accept such a modification in the way of salary as will enable a judicious management to make her services profitable. So far as next year's prospects are concerned, there is every possibility that the season will be as successful as those that have gone before. The new syndicate is formed of the wealthiest and most influential members of London society, and, with the exception of Melba, all the most popular artists have been re-engaged. Madame Calve, who was absent last year, will again be with us, and it is not at all unlikely that Madame Patti will repeat her experiment of 1895.—Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

Miss Leonora Jackson, the American violinist, who gave lately a concert in Berlin, is thus described by Mr. Abell: "Miss Jackson is technically quite a remarkable performer; she has a large, sure, clean-cut technic that is fully equal to the composition she essayed. She scarcely played a note out of tune the entire evening, and that is saying [illegible] more difficult even than it [illegible] introducing a rapid run [illegible]. In short, her technic leaves nothing to be desired, and if her playing were in other respects as good as in this, then Miss Jackson could soon be classed among the greatest violinists of her sex. For two essentials, warmth and individuality, I looked eagerly, but in vain, in our young countrywoman. It would be unfair to look for individuality in a Hochschule pupil, as that great school of the classics does not foster individuality, but warmth and soul we may always look for in an artist. Miss Jackson is quite young yet, perhaps when she has acquired more experience in some of the phases of life in which the violin does not play a part these things will come to her. Let us hope so. Miss Jackson's rhythm is unsteady. Her tone is good and pure, except in difficult passages marked forte and in heavy chords."

Mr. Huneker writes entertainingly of operetta librettos: "What a pity we can't get a novelty in the comic opera libretto! Why must out of the way places be ransacked for local color, and why must ridiculous royalties be disentombed for our holiday diversion? Offenbach did that sort of thing supremely well, but these mandarins, half kings, caliphs, Wangs, panjandrums, merry monarchs, mikados, etc., have we not had our fill of them? What next I wonder? Why not go to the Brother Rosny's novels, those powerful novels published in Paris, which depict the state of man during the paleolithic period? The stone man, the iron man, the bronze man, the tin man, what a virgin field unexplored for material! Your Oriental potentates, togged out with gewgaws and the pentatonic scale, would not be nearly as effective as the savage man with a stone hammer and nude loins. Think of the scene settings, Mr. Smith; think of the eocenic choruses, the pleiocenic episodes and the dark, brawling torrents, filled with papier maché monsters, the fish lizard and other behemoths mentioned in Holy Writ! Pshaw! the constant hammering on one note in comic opera libretti (not the comic note, by any means) is maddening to the librettist. The public, of course, can stand it; the public stands anything in light opera. Only lull its overfed stomach and underfed brains with accentless music, pretty girls and colors and you have won the night."

Nov 16. 96

They strayed abroad, old writers tell,
  Hardy and bold, east, west, south, north:
Our guilty parents, when they fell,
  And flaming vengeance drove them forth,

Their haggard eyes in vain to God,
  To all the stars of heaven turned;
But when they saw where in the sod,
  The golden-hearted daisies burned,

Sweet thoughts that still within them dwelt
  Awoke, and tears embalmed their smart;
On Eden's daisies couched they felt
  They carried Eden in their heart.

And yet why should we quote from Mr. John Davidson? Is it not he who wrote

"Men stand upon the brink
  Of a precipice every day;
A drop of printer's ink
  Their poise may overweigh;
So they think what the papers think,
  And do as the papers say.
Who reads the daily press,
  His soul's lost here and now;
Who writes for it is less
  Than the beast that tugs a plough."

Mr. Lavender, you, no doubt, suppose that Mr. Davidson shot these barbed arrows from the top of a lonely hill; or, supine and loafing, by a whispering stream, he fashioned them as a boy shapes a willow whistle. You would not believe that the poet was ever a newspaper hack. He was one, and a good one, too.

The rear platform of the street car was crowded, and the printed rules laughed behind the backs of the jammed. A sleek-necked, large man, fresh from stage vacuous jest and sprawling dancing, blew cigar smoke into the face of a woman, who was kept from falling down by the involuntary and wedged support of men unknown to her, but closer than a brother. The conductor said, "Won't you please stop smoking, sir?" And the sleek-necked large man was hurt at the heart. His lips trembled. He replied: "But this is the only time in the day I have to smoke."

We are sorry to learn that our esteemed friend H. R. C., the admirable London correspondent of the Sun (N. Y.), has fallen a victim to the passionate press agent. H. R. C., speaking of Pauline Joran, the singer, says, "She created the part of 'L'Amico Fritz' under Mascagni's direction in Italy with great success." She did nothing of the kind. (1) L'Amico Fritz is a tenor part. It was created by De Lucia at Rome, Oct. 31, 1891. (2) Nor did Miss Joran then take any prominent female part in the opera, for Calvé was the Suzel and Synnerberg the gypsy, Beppe.

All this reminds us of Ecclesiasticus IX. 4: "Use not much the company of a woman that is a singer, lest thou be taken with her attempts."

There is another way of looking at this Bacchante. Some claim that the wine-god was a Syrian or Assyrian [illegible] conqueror, who before the [illegible] of Semiramis (B. C. 2017-19[illegible]) marched Eastward, plundered Western India, and, like Noah taught viticulture. This statue should be of special interest to our farming friends who visit us.

We were unable to attend the Bacchic services at the Public Library building yesterday. We hope, for the honor of the city, that the exercises were in order and respectfully traditional. Did the Trustees partake of the mush or olla of all herbs and roots, eating it out of drums and cymbals? Was there playing of flute, and was there the Dithyramb, or dance round about the blazing altar? The necessary directions might have been learned easily from Hammer Purgstaal's Mysterium Baphometis Revelatum, a most useful book to a Trustee of any library.

Although "Jones," the spy, is probably all that Artemus Ward described as a "miserable cuss," there was sympathy in the audience when he remarked to the Magistrate, "A reporter is sketching me."

What will become of the English weeklies? The Spectator is not averse to that hideous word, "bike," and the Saturday Review proposes a pictorial supplement! The Saturday Review, which for years has indulged in "destructive criticism, based upon the principle of individual antipathy, looking only to its miserable 'sting,' and decorated with the Thersites vein of sneer and personality, discussing the writer, not the thing written, with arrogance and ignorance"! Sir Richard Burton, you are at last avenged. What next! What next! Punch may yet be prevailed upon to publish jokes and funny stories.

Lovers of Dickens will regret to learn that Mr. C. D. Gibson is at work on illustrations of characters in their favorite novels.

Mr. Dithmar thus speaks of Wilson Barrett and his latest play: "Every man and woman of ordinary intelligence knows by this time that Wilson Barrett is not an inspired genius, but a brief glance at the theatrical situation, here and in England, convinces one that if he were he would be apt to feel very lonesome. That a drama in which religious symbolism and quotations from sacred writings, some of which did not take form until long after its supposed date (A. D. 81), are commingled with exhibitions of picturesque vice, and associated with at least one scene that, if almost as old as the stage itself, is also quite as new as 'The Sporting Duchess,' was primarily intended to excite the sort of chattering controversy which makes articles of theatrical commerce profitable is altogether likely. I have no doubt that the commercial spirit was uppermost with Wilson Barrett when he wrote 'The Sign of the Cross.' But what does that matter, when no other spirit is to be discovered in nine plays out of ten? Barrett wrote 'The Sign of the Cross' to make money. He has succeeded, and his success is much more honorable than it would have been if made by the exhibition of French 'quadrille dances,' a nasty farce adapted from Feydeau, or a dramatization of a cheap and ill-written erotic novel."

Nov 17. 96

OPERA.

Revival of Bizet's "Carmen" at the Castle Square Theatre—Miss Lane, Miss Millard, Messrs. Temple and Murray in the Chief Parts.

There was a very large audience at the Castle Square Theatre last evening. The opera was "Carmen." The cast was as follows:

Don Jose	Edgar Temple
Escamillo	J. K. Murray
Il Dancairo	W. H. Clarke
Il Remendado	Oscar Girard
Zuniga	John Read
Morales	J. F. Hanshue
Michaela	Laura Millard
Frasquita	Addie Norwood
Mercedes	Bertha Lehman
Carmen	Clara Lane

I do not know who arranged the orchestration of "Carmen" used in the performances at the Castle Square, but I like to think of the amazement and indignation of Bizet if he should by any chance visit this earth and accidentally hear it. Death has its advantages, after all. The Frenchman does not know what crimes have been committed in his name; or if the music of the spheres ever runs down and earthly strains are heard through celestial telephones, he may not chafe, he may laugh boisterously; for in his life he was fond of quip and jest and reverberating joke.

"Carmen," with such orchestration is as though a grim tale of Robert Louis Stevenson had been rewritten for a picture magazine by J. G. Holland.

To the musician who knows the orchestration of Bizet, its dramatic intensity, its exquisite finesse, its exotic perfume, the thing presented by the orchestra at the Castle Square is futile and excerebrose. Worse still, it is vulgar, hopelessly vulgar. Now Bizet in "Carmen" is never vulgar. He is occasionally conventional, as in most of the music given to Michaela; he is occasionally dull, as in the third act. But his only approach toward downright vulgarity is in the refrain of the Toreador's song, which is therefore always applauded enthusiastically by an audience that ignores the quintet, one of the most charming, skillfully made and dramatically appropriate scenes in modern opera.

Of course it would cost a pretty penny to buy the right to Bizet's orchestration, and arrangements must be made for orchestras like that of the Castle Square. But the pity of it, the pity of it! When masterpieces are thus necessarily mutilated, what becomes of the "education of the people?"

* * *

Now the performance on the stage gave considerable legitimate pleasure. Miss Lane's Carmen is well known. It is an honest impersonation, in which the play actress never rises above conventional business and never breaks through natural limitations. It is no more given to everyone to play Carmen than it was in olden days to all amorous persons to go to Corinth. Miss Lane is a soubrette Carmen, who realizes that the librettists desire her to be serious in the two last acts. Michaela is not one of Miss Millard's best parts, and the air in the third act is beyond her present ability.

Mr. Temple showed animation that was conceived deliberately and maintained with steady recollection of its necessity. Mr. Murray was picturesque, and Mr. Girard was laborious in the pursuit of incongruous and impertinent jesting. Mr. Girard, I regret to say, has fallen of late into evil ways. He hugs the delusion that to please he must raise a laugh at any cost to the situation, librettist or composer. Now the smugglers in "Carmen" are not comic characters, and they are played in farce-comedy fashion only by those who are ignorant of the true business. The minor parts were taken acceptably, although Mr. Hanshue should remember that Morales in the first act is supposed to converse with Michaela, and not with the sitters in parquet or gallery. The mock-soldiers' chorus was sung by boys, as was eminently proper. But why were the invitations to the cigarette girls in general and Carmen in particular sung by soldiers and not by citizens? Even in Seville military discipline was not so loose.

The choruses were fairly effective. The cigarette female chorus was sung without the slightest attention to the dynamic indications. Mr. Hirschfeld has intelligent men and women under his control. If they do not sing with the expression demanded by the composer, is it not due to the negligence of the conductor? Nor did the orchestra do as satisfactory work as usual.

In spite of the faults I have mentioned—and some of them will no doubt disappear early this week—there was much in the performance to give pleasure. It is not easy, in the first place, to destroy the many beauties of the opera. And on the part of all who were in the cast—with the exception of the mistaken comedian—there was a sincerity, there was a purpose that commanded respect, even when the results fell short of the intentions of librettists and composer.

Next week there will be a double bill. "H. M. S. Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." Mr. Jay Taylor will alternate this week with Mr. Temple as Don José.

PHILIP HALE.

Rich in all beauties art thou, love,
Save those wherein high souls delight.
My slavish sense, my shuddering will,
Contend o'er thee in scorpful fight.

A[illegible] many a year I vainly sought
Love's nobler largess, joy or woe!
Now, sick and shamed, I bear his dart:
Like Baldur, slain with mistletoe.

"How did you like Miss Olga Netherole last night?"—"Her name was D[illegible]."

The trouble with our esteemed friend Dr. Brady is that he has no sense of humor. "Away with the horrid thing and bury it in the bay!" But, Dr. Brady, the Bacchante belongs to Mr. Macmonnies or Mr. McKim, and you have no right to pitch it into the harbor.

And where in the world did you get your ideas about Bacchus? He, in truth, was personally a most respectable young gentleman, not the red-faced, fat and drunken toss-pot of your fevered imagination. He was a brave and mighty warrior; a Prince and Governor. Because he introduced the vine into Europe, after his conquest of the Indies, contemporaneous newspaper men and librettists of comic opera represented him as a hard drinker. But in the old statues and in the works of the ancient poets, he is seldom, if ever, represented as intoxicated. Ovid in the line,

"Tile, mero somnoque gravis,
titubare videtur"

—you remember the passage, Doctor—distinctly says that Bacchus pretended to be drunk. As the ingenious Mr. Spence remarks, "Our modern ideas of Bacchus seem to be taken from the old characters of Bacchus and Silenus, confounded together. Silenus, indeed, is almost always drunk, wherever one meets with him. We have readily retained that idea of this attendant of Bacchus, in our northern, drinking part of the world; and so have mixed up the youth of Bacchus with the plumpness and sottishness of Silenus; and, to finish all, instead of an ass, we set him usually astride a tun."

Bacchus, dear Doctor, in mythology, is the Summer Sun, and the bacchante exults and revels in joy of mere existence. And in winter the sun, Bacchus, lies in the lower world, renewing his immortality. "Oh! ebony and gold, and the gleam of white ivory! What are the gleam of all these to the palace where Bacchus is lying with Venus by his side, who winds her snowy arms round him, passing all her time at his side. And his kiss is as soft as a woman's or a boy's, for the down is still on his lip."

No, Doctor, Bacchus was a young man of distinguished parts, and if he were now living we should not hesitate to put him up at the Porphyry Club, and that, too, without fear of his leaving suddenly and forgetting to settle his slight indebtedness.

Why did you not protest, good sir, when Delibes's "Cortége de Bacchus" was played in Music Hall by the Symphony Orchestra? According to your ideas, there must have been a horrid scene. Boosed bassoons, violent violins, obscene oboes, disguised drums, hazy horns, flustered flutes, corned clarinets, damaged double basses, tipsy trumpets, tavered trombones, cup-shot cymbals, tight triangles, tambourines three-sheets-in-the-wind, harps half-seas-over, under the buffy baton of a croaked conductor, deliriated an audience all mops and brooms.

Does Prof. Robinson's "disinfecting lamp" remove the smell of the oil?

The recent talk about kleptomania reminds us that Mr. H. Allan wrote a book, which was published in 1869, and this is the title: "Prize essay on Kleptomania, with a view to determine whether Kleptomaniacs should be held disqualified for Employments of Trust and Authority under the Crown." The book is now exceedingly rare.

We have received a circular which advocates the formation of a Husband's Mutual Protection Association. The object of this Association is to secure three free evenings a week for each member. The membership fee will be $1 a year, so that the advantages will be within reach of the humblest. Of course, some husbands are able to protect themselves, but they should pay ungrudgingly this small amount for the benefit of their wedded countrymen.

Would it not be of great assistance to discriminating voters under the Australian system if pictures of the candidates were printed on the ballots?

The Journal has received the following note from a woman who signs herself "A resident of South Boston, but not the Little Fool": "I can hardly understand why the Rev. Mr. George in behalf of the Citizens' Association should have taken any exceptions to 'A Little Fool.' Of course, there must be in every locality 'the Little Fools,' but one could easily see that Miss Poor had a nearer study than South Boston. As portrayed, she seemed to me extremely uninteresting, and it has been my good fortune to come in contact with an interesting 'Little Fool' who would have made a better story."

Nov. 18, '96

AMONG MUSICIANS.

"My Reminiscences," by Arditi, the Conductor.

A Volume of Entertaining Gossip Loosely Told.

Loves, Jealousies, Good Deeds and Whims of Singers.

"My Reminiscences," by Luigi Arditi, edited and compiled by the Baroness Von Zedlitz, published in this country by Dodd, Mead & Company, price $3 50, is a book that will interest easy lovers of music and all that delight in gossip.

Not that I admire the style of the Baroness to whom Arditi chatted. It is cumbrous and logy. Here is an instance. The old saw is "Man proposes, but God disposes." This is too simple for the Baroness, the daughter of Beatty-Kingston. She thus enlarges it: "But however felicitously man may propose divers enterprises, Providence often steps forward and intervenes with cool decisiveness to frustrate them." Oh, Beatty-Kingston, admirable raconteur, your sense of humor did not descend to your daughter!

* * *

Boston is very familiar with Arditi's face and beat. They were first seen here at the Howard Athenaeum, April 23, 1847, when Verdi's "Ernani" was given by the Marty Havana company, and the voluptuous Tedesco fired the golden youth. And did not Arditi wave his stick in Music Hall at a Handel and Haydn concert, Feb. 11, 1855, when Grisi and Mario, Donovani and Badiali sang Rossini's "Stabat Mater"? Arditi's last appearance here was in Music Hall, Nov. 25, 1893, when he conducted the first performance of Pizzi's "Gabriella" written for Adelina Patti. And I doubt if Arditi looked then any older than when he led at the Howard in '47. Truly a wonderful man!

Arditi begins his memoirs with an account of the voyage to Havana in '46. The city is thus described: "It bristles with liveliness and reckless extravagances. But let no poor man, bent on small economies and afflicted with a meagre purse or sensitive nerves, seek to fix his residence there." He remembers with pride the surpassing singers associated with him in those early days: Steffenone, Bosio, Salvi, Bettini, Badiali, Marini. He pays this tribute to Alboni: "Unlike many prime donne I have since known, who find it hard to stand the wear and tear and trying ordeal of rehearsal and study of opera without losing their serenity of temper, Alboni was a veritable embodiment of immutable good nature and affability." But Alboni was fat, and there is an old proverb, "The fat man does not know what the lean thinks."

There is a wealth of quotable material, but I can only hint at the contents of this agreeable, amiable book. Arditi tells of the superstitions, amours, quarrels, vanity, whims, caprices, good deeds of famous singers. Chicago was seen in those early days, "a very small and insignificant town, colonized largely by pigs." In 1852 he was an impresario, and he talks of the loss of money and one's normal allowance of good temper, and he has a lenient and considerate feeling for the harassed and abused managers. He tells of the gaunt, unattractive female who followed Mario about from mad love, and quotes a cruel article about her which was published in a New York paper. He speaks modestly of his own opera, "La Spia," founded on Cooper's novel, in which Miss Hensler took a part at New York. He was married in 1856 to Miss Warwick of Richmond, Va., and pours out his gratitude to her in loving words. She was shocked when Angiolina Bosio took snuff at dinner and flourished an unclean bandanna. At Constantinople smoking was allowed during operatic performances. Piccolomini's chief attraction as a singer was "in the fascination of her whole being." He praises the Lady Macbeth of Viardot in Verdi's opera. Bosio's death (1859) "caused a vacuum which for many years remained unfilled." His wife suggested the subject of his famous "Il Bacio," which he sold with three other pieces for £50. Flaxland paid 400 francs for the French copyright and cleared 400,000 francs. He prefers macaroni and stuffato to the conventional English boiled fowl and veal cutlet. The first time he saw Adelina Patti she and her mother went to his hotel in New York to eat macaroni. Bottesini and he wept at hearing the child's unparalleled voice. She was then a willful tyrant, but poor as she was she would give all that she had to any poorer person.

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He pays many compliments to Mapleson. "There never lived the man whose suave, gentle art in calming the irrepressible creditor was more conspicuous or effective." Titiens loved the Irish and they loved her. When Arditi went to Dublin in 1861, from pit and gallery arose shouts, "Where's your wig?" "How's the macaroni?" He thinks that if Genevieve Ward, who sang as "Mlle. Guerrabella," had not lost her voice, she would have taken her place among the singers of the century. When Rossini saw Mrs. Arditi, he said, "Now I know why Arditi composed 'Il Bacio.'" When "Faust" was first given in London, Schira cried out from the stalls, "It reminds me of a coupe of cats squabbling on the roof." Gardoni, the great tenor who died in a madhouse (1865), was extraordinarily fond of kites and fireworks, and he was arrested once for letting off squibs out of a railway carriage window. Nilsson reminded Arditi of Bosio. The Prince of Wales had the ineffable condescension in '67 to offer him a weed in the lobby.

* * *

Of Clara Louise Kellogg Arditi says: "Her singing had many charms, among which the perfect enunciation of her words was a great point. Her phrasing was highly finished, and her cadences were so exquisitely rounded that they delighted the most exacting and critical of ears." Of Minnie Hauk he speaks honied words: "There was no trace of vibrato to be detected in her notes, a very prevalent and rising evil among the singers at that time." He conducted the first performance of "The Flying Dutchman" in England. He records with amazement the fact that Valleria (Alvina Lohmann) was grateful to him in her days of glory, for "gratitute is not, as a rule, a trait which is largely developed among musicians." He thought (1871) that William Terriss was one of the handsomest young fellows he had ever seen. He chummed with Hanslick in Vienna. "Madame Albani is one of the few prime donne whom I have never heard utter an unkind or uncharitable word concerning any of her sister artists." At Berlin in 1874 he talked with the Empress of Germany. He knew Wagner well and describes his conducting. In Madrid he was intimate with Castelar. Cary was "a capital contralto and a good actress to boot." To him Lilli Lehmann, though she did not please in London in 1880, was "a very charming, talented artist, and a ladylike woman, whose greatest fault was, perhaps, that she was too refined to suit the tastes of some of those who surrounded her." His favorite theatre in America is the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

"Henry Abbey treats his companies with every consideration; he is courteous and ever thoughtful as to their wants and requirements. His charming wife (née Miss Florence Gerard), who at that time was little more than a bride (and a sweetly pretty one), proved the life and soul of that tour." This was in 1886.

Arditi tells of his conducting the first performances in England of "Cavalleria Rusticana" (1891), "Santa Lucia" (1894), "Jeannie Deans" (1894), and "Hänsel and Gretel" (1894). Remember that in 1894 he was 72 years old.

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In summing up the matter, Arditi thus describes his chief impresari: "Marty was the most generous of men, and Max Maretzek the cleverest; Lumley was the most courteous and gentlemanly, and E. T. Smith the least so. Colonel Mapleson was decidedly the astutest of directors, and Frederick Gye the most respected; the late Sir Augustus Harris the most ambitious and successful; while to Henry Abbey must be attributed every straightforward and honorable quality. Maurice Grau was the cleverest of entrepreneurs."

* * *

No lover of gossip can read this volume without genuine entertainment. No discriminating reader can turn the final page without admiration and affection for Arditi.

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There are errors of the proof-reader in evidence. As "Hengel" for Heugel (p. 157); "T. H. Mapleson" for J. H. Mapleson (p. 293); and the grotesque blunder of "Funeral March of A. Marionette" (p. 295). The book is clearly printed on good paper and there are illustrations. Alas, there is no index.

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I forgot to mention the fact that Boston, Mass., is mentioned by Arditi only once, and that in a most incidental manner.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC.

First Appearance of Mrs. Inez Sprague, Soprano, on Any Stage—A Singer Unprepared for Concert Work—The Fine Conducting of Emil Mollenhauer.

Mrs. Inez Sprague made her first appearance in concert last night in Music Hall. She was assisted by Mr. John C. Manning, pianist, and a large orchestra of Symphony players, led by Mr. Emil Mollenhauer. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Oberon" ..... Weber
Two movements from suite for string orchestra ..... Herbert
(a) Liebescene.
(b) Polonaise.
Aria, "Gioconda" ..... Ponchielli
Mrs. Sprague.
Concerto, Op. 22, in G minor ..... Saint-Saens
Mr. Manning.
Slumber song, "L'Africaine" ..... Meyerbeer
Mrs. Sprague.
Ballet music from Henry VIII ..... German
(a) Morris Dance.
(b) Shepherdess Dance.
(c) Torch Dance.

Overture, "Die Meistersinger" ......Wagner

It would be an easy task to speak at length of the vocal faults, the vocal sins of commission and omision of the singer who appeared for the first time last night on any stage; but the task would be unpleasant and unnecessary. If Mrs. Sprague had come before the public without preliminary, long blown and fiery trumpet blasts of passionate press agents, the disappointment of her performance would have turned instantly into sympathy, for a woman who had so deceived herself. And even now I cannot believe that Mrs. Sprague inspired directly the absurd puffery that heralded her approach.

It is enough to say that Mrs. Sprague at present is unprepared for appearance in public. No doubt she gives pleasure to her friends when she sings simply simple songs and ballads at her home. No doubt her friends have encouraged her, perhaps pushed her to the undertaking of tasks for which she is unfitted. But it is surprising that any teacher of intelligence should allow her to appear in concert, should coach her in arias which he must know are far beyond her powers.

Her voice is not one of marked strength or beauty. There are a few pleasing tones; but the lower tones are pale, hollow, almost inaudible, and her upper tones are not under control. Her voice has not yet been placed. Her command of breath is uncertain. Nor did she show last night any marked musical feeling or temperament. Art has not as yet done much for natural limitations. What Mrs. Sprague might do with patient long continued study is a matter with which I am not now concerned.

A good sized and very kindly audience applauded her, and, after the dull songs by Sommerville, she gave as an encore the familiar "Land o' the Leal."

* * *

Mr. Manning gave a calm, leisurely, academic performance of Saint-Saëns's concerto, which is a work anything but calm, leisurely and academic. He suited the tempo to his technical proficiency, and in consequence the first movement dragged and for once was a bore. His rhythm in the scherzo was rheumatic. Here again is a case of vaulting ambition. I have had occasion before this to praise Mr. Manning when he succeeded in more modest tasks. He is not yet technically ready for such a concerto, and there was no exhibition of either poetic feeling or brilliancy sufficient to atone for technical deficiencies.

* * *

The superb conducting of Mr. Mollenhauer made the orchestra the leading subject of the evening. In accompaniment he was sure, discreet, sympathetic, poetic. He played upon the orchestra as upon a piano. The sensuous Liebesscene of Herbert and the charming Shepherdess Dance of German gave large pleasure. I have seldom heard a finer performance of the Meistersinger overture than that led by Mr. Mollenhauer. It was clear, sane, powerful, passionate. There was no futile personal display. The hearer was not reminded constantly of the conductor. But the hearer knew the meaning and the purpose of each composer, because they were revealed to him fully by the conductor.

PHILIP HALE.

THE ROTOLI CONCERT.

Mr. Rotoli's Roman Mass will be sung in Tremont Temple this evening. The program will include other compositions by him.

Who knows the curious mystery of the eyesight? The other senses corroborate themselves, but this is removed from any proof but its own and foreruns the identities of the spiritual world. A single glance of it mocks all the investigations of man and all the instruments and books of the earth and all reasoning. What is marvelous? what is unlikely? what is impossible or baseless or vague after you have once just opened the space of a peachpit and given audience to far and near and to the sunset and had all things enter with electric swiftness softly and duly without confusion or jostling or jam.

Mr. Ezekiel Graves called on us yesterday afternoon. The old gentleman—he began to read the Journal in 1834—is in a fine state of preservation and lively as a cricket. Although he dwells on the farm owned by his great-grandfather and now ornamented with a mortgage, he takes a deep interest in all that goes on in Boston. He had not yet seen the Bacchante, but he proposed as an inscription for the pedestal these lines from a song heard in his boyhood, a somewhat scurvy ballad entitled "The Days of Adam and Eve":

"And we had drunkenness in all of its varieties,
And didn't give a damn for the temperance societies."

This reminds us that Doctor Drench was holding forth at the Porphyry Club on the virtue of hot water. "In hot weather," he said, "there is nothing more refreshing than hot tea. Why, hot water itself is a most powerful stimulant." To which Old Chimes replied, "Then, that's what makes hot Scotch so dangerous."

The uncle from New York, looking at the Subway, remarked to his niece, "I should think you would be glad when this thing is over." The niece, a Boston girl, fastidious in speech, answered, "Under, not over, uncle; a sub-way can't be over."

We have received a letter from Johnny Sprague, who writes: "Will you kindly tell me the names of the books from which Dr. Brady found out so much about Bacchus? Our school books don't tell us much about Bacchus. And what do the words"—here Johnny mentions certain terms used by Dr. Brady in his sermon—"mean? I asked father and he said they were old words now obsolete in good society. Mother laughed."

Why do not the keenly sensitive object to the presence of Astarte in Sargent's mural decoration in the Public Library? This Phoenecian deity was a sadly improper person—the fourth Venus of Cicero, "Syria Tyroque concepta, quae Astarte vocatur"—and her worship was connected with the most impure and licentious rites. See Judges x., 6; I. Samuel vii., 4, xii., 10; I. Kings xi., 5, 33; II. Kings xxiii., 13, to learn her evil repute among the Chosen People. St. Jerome in several places translates the name Astarte, by Priapus. Her statue in the temple of Heliopolis was that of a woman clothed like a man. Naughty Jezebel offered bread, liquors and perfumes on Astarte's altar. Valerius Maximus tells strange tales of the homage paid the goddess by Carthaginian maidens. See also Dulaure's "Des Divinités Génératrices." Then there is Mr. Swinburne:

"Where are they, Cotytto or Venus,
Astarte or Ashtaroth, where?
Do their hands as we touch come between us?
Is the breath of them hot in thy hair?"

Why, then, not say of the Astarte in Sargent's decoration, "Away with the horrid thing and bury it in the bay!"

A man in Pittsburg laughed himself to death. He never read the comic papers.

Mr. Runciman in the Saturday Review talks gloomily of Dvořák's future: "These symphonic poems will ruin the very ghost of Dvořák's reputation. Unless he takes care, some one will make him principal of a London music school."

To H. D. M.:—Mrs. Inez Sprague is the wife, not the daughter of ex-Governor Sprague of Rhode Island.

It is doubtful whether there is any gain through civilization in matters of divorce. How clumsy is the South Dakota method compared with the practice among the Wazaramo. Amongst this interesting maritime folk there is no limitation to the number of wives, except the expense of wedding and the difficulty of supporting a large establishment. "Divorce is signified by presenting to the wife a piece of holcuscane; if a sensible woman she at once leaves the house, and if not, she is forced to leave."

The New York Tribune speaks of that skilled typewriter, the wife of the Tsar as "the Tsaritza." It uses the Russian title for which Tsarina is in ordinary English use; but the Russian official title is now "Impritsa," if one wishes to be "beastly particular."

An Englishman, Mr. Steevens, thus delivers himself: "The United States are trying the biggest experiment in government that the world has ever seen or is ever likely to see. It has been going on now for well over a hundred years, and I do not suppose it will be completed for at least a hundred years more. The experiment is to find out whether a tract of populated country so vast that it takes five days' incessant travel to go from one end of it to another can be made into a nation; and, if so, under what form of government. People in Europe, and for that matter in America, too, are apt to conclude that the experiment is complete and has succeeded. I do not think so. It has, indeed, been astonishingly successful, but it is not yet more than half complete." We prefer "the United States is," Mr. Steevens.

Nov 19, 96

Many of our contemporary thinkers, poetic and prosaic, have set forth theories about marriage; but none seems to have understood that marriage is imperfect unless the man sees in his wife himself. She is as much a part of him as his hand or his eye. She is one with him. Where there is true marriage, divorce is impossible. Where there is false marriage, divorce is certain—without legal interference.

A man of genteel breeding and intellectual force told us the other day that he wears sewed to his undershirt a card with this inscription: "My appendix has been cut out." And he gave this reason for his action: "You see these are the palmy knifing days of the surgeon. If a man falls in a fit or faints, or is disguised mentally by a drug, and is carried consequently to a hospital, the surgeon operates on him for appendicitis without delay."

Mr. Arthur Cyril Gordon Weld, formerly music critic of the Boston Post, afterward concert conductor and newspaper man in Milwaukee, and then gold miner in some vague Southern State, to enter what is known in the West as "the managerial field." His many years residence abroad was spent in the study of music in its higher branches, and this, combined with his high social position, will prove of infinite advantage to him in his new enterprise." Great Hevings! Will such a phoenix be content with 10 per cent.?

That the human race would be benefited if all children were provided as soon as possible with artificial teeth has been seriously discussed. The loss of one eye has enabled certain men to concentrate their attention and work incredible results. It is recorded of the Duke of Briganza's one-eyed servant that with his eye he could make any falcon or sparrow hawk in flight fall to the ground, as if they were dead. Saint Augustine (Serm ad Fratres in Erem 37) says "I went as far as Aethiopia, that I might preach the holy gospel of Christ to that people; and in the lower parts of Aethiopia, we saw men that had but one eye, and that placed in the middle of their foreheads." The loss of two eyes would afford an opportunity for greater concentration.

A mother might thus choose eyes for her darling child. A lover would be able to exchange the eyes of his betrothed for those whose color suited completely his fastidious taste. The criminal, the ex-convict would be enabled to look at the world with the confiding blue eyes of innocence. The coquette could match from week to week her dress. A Philistine may reply, "Yes, but with artificial eyes, you could not see." We are not so sure of this. Marvelous are the advances of science. And even if you could not see, remember that the blind are said to be the most cheerful and contented of all mortals.

It was not long ago that Melba, an indefatigable student and a woman of deep research, wrote a profound article on the origin of opera. Calvé was not to be outdone by a soprano, so she contributed an anthropological essay to the Ladies' Home Journal of November. Her essay is entitled "The Conquering Race in Music." "The Americans have, it seems to me, in the field of music, and especially in the field of vocal music, all of the characteristics of the conquering race. They are possessed naturally of the most exquisite voices, which, when properly cultivated and trained, are almost unrivaled; they have indomitable energy, perseverance and pluck; they stop at nothing, are deterred by no trouble and prevented by no obstacle." Calvé, by the way, will sing in the United States this season.

The stately homes of England! The hearing in London last week of a petition for a judicial separation of husband and wife of good old families revealed to the middle, lower-middle, and lower classes the social life in certain ancestral halls. The wife, not over 20 years of age, was addicted to appearing at dinner in red satin "knickers" or bloomers and her husband's smoking jacket, and she frequently called her husband a fool, using, however, a derogatory and heated prefix to the concentration of her judgment of his merits and attainments. The husband, a young fellow, was alleged to be a violent person. The case was decided in favor of the wife. It appears, therefore, that full dress—for such is the paradoxical phrase—is no longer obligatory at the dinners of the English upper classes.

Perpetual motion has at last been found! The machine will saw wood! In this respect the machine differs from its predecessors. They sawed no wood.

Mrs. Phoebe Hanaford says, "The Biblical text, 'And I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down,' plainly means that in those days men were engaged in menial work." She may or may not be right in this particular instance; but listen to an extract from the quaint description of the Egyptians given by William Watreman in "The Fardle of Facions," published over three centuries ago: "Their women in old tyme, had all the trade of occuplyng, and brokage abrode, and reuelled at the Tauerne, and kepte lustie chiere: And the men satte at home spinnyng and woorkyng of Lace, and suche other thynges as women are wonte." The modern woman is very ancient.

Mr. Augusto Rotoli's Concert in Tremont Temple—An Impressive Performance of His Roman Festival Mass.

Mr. Augusto Rotoli gave a concert last night in the Tremont Temple. The program was made up exclusively of compositions by him: A Salve Regina for quartet and organ; eleven songs sung by Mrs. Patrick-Walker, Miss Little, Mr. Thomas E. Johnson and Mr. Lon Brine; and the Roman Festival Mass for quartet, chorus, organ, 'cellos, double basses and kettle drums.

There was a large and distinguished audience of musicians and lovers of music, who paid gladly their tribute of admiration and affection for the composer and the man. Mr. Rotoli has now been in this city about 10 years. By his musical intelligence, learning and zeal, his faithful work as a teacher, his encouragement of all that works for musical righteousness, he has won a commanding position in the city, which he in turn honors by his presence. As a conductor of choruses, he has had, unfortunately for us, too little opportunity to display his abilities. When he has appeared as a conductor, the results of his training and the exhibition of his authority and taste have been such as to cause lively regret that he is not leader of some well established chorus of picked singers.

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The feature of the concert last night was the repetition of the Roman Festival Mass, which, written for a Christmas Service at St. James's Church, was sung there afterward at night for the benefit and the delight of the general public. The character of this mass has already been discussed at length in the Journal, and it is not now necessary to treat the music in analytical spirit. It is enough to say that while it commands in strict, contrapuntal passages the hearty admiration of the pedagogue, it thrills and moves the worshiper and the mere lover of music by its genuine beauty and rightly used dramatic feeling. To me the most impressive number is the "Credo," with its tragic depicture of the Incarnation and the Crucifixion, although the "Benedictus" is fluent and cunningly contrived, and the "Agnus Dei" is of haunting melody. The finest exhibition of the composer's technical skill is in the "Gloria."

The mass was sung effectively by a chorus that watched and followed the conductor's beat. When you take into consideration the fact that this chorus was made up of choir singers, who have little time for the earnest pursuit of art, the results obtained last night by Mr. Rotoli were surprising. But the mass is more intimate and authoritative in its home, the church. The hearer in the church listens with prepared and constantly encouraged mood. That the music made a marked impression in palpably concert form is perhaps, after all, the highest compliment that can be paid the talent of the composer.

* * *

Of the songs sung, the familiar "La Mia Bandiera" and "The Dying Flower," with "At Daybreak," gave the most pleasure in themselves.

Mr. Johnson's beautiful voice, used with taste and skill; Mr. Brine's rich and noble tones, vivified by his strong temperament, and Mrs. Patrick-Walker's musical authority and intelligence, contributed in very large measure to the pleasure of the evening. The boys' voices in the "Benedictus" were not agreeable, and the organist was not always at his ease or fortunate in his judgment of accompanying force. Mr. Rotoli was often applauded and he received flowers and wreaths.

PHILIP HALE.

Nov 20, 189-

And passing here through evening dew,
He hastened happy to her door.
But found the old folk only two
With no more footsteps on the floor
To walk again below the skies
Where beaten paths do fall and rise.

For she were gone from earthly eyes
To be a-kept in darksome sleep
Until the good again do rise
A joy to souls they left to weep.
The rose were dust that bound her brow;
The moth did eat her Sunday cape,
Her frock were out of fashion now;
Her shoes were dried up out of shape.

We have received the following note from an aggrieved young woman: "I am a Southerner by birth, and although I have now lived in Boston a year, I am not yet thoroughly at home. I do not understand your people. The other night, for instance, I came out of the Hollis Street Theatre with friends who were profuse in their greetings when we met in the lobby. We chatted together until we passed out of the theatre. They must have seen that I was alone; they knew that the street was crowded. Not one of them, male or female, had the courtesy to escort me to a car. They walked leisurely away from me, bidding me a cheerful 'good night.' Now these people are educated, well-to-do, naturally amiable. How do you account for their barbarous thoughtlessness? Can you explain it?"

Your friends, oh Southern maiden, gave you the shake, the plain, ordinary, matter-of-fact shake of daily life. We have known families where all interest in mankind was focussed at the hearthstone. Intense family devotion often nourishes supreme selfishness toward outsiders. We do not believe that such exhibitions of genteel rudeness, as the one you cite, are peculiar to Boston.

Your friends argued unconsciously:

"Why should one of us or all of us go across the street? She's old enough to take care of herself, and the conductor will not be surprised to see a woman alone coming from an entertainment. If we should cross the street, we might be five minutes longer in going home. She won't mind." And why should you mind, oh daughter of the South? If you were in serious trouble these same persons would no doubt aid you—at least this assurance may comfort you. Your story is not new or individual. The rudeness of Bostonians, male and female, in street or other public place has been the marvel of all visitors for years and years. Perhaps this rudeness is climatic.

We regret to find that the Honorable James J. Corbett is fast becoming cynical. "The ministers would not have so much to say if the papers didn't give them a chance to do so. The ministers have just as much right to be advertised as I have. Every man to his trade." Mr. Corbett should abstain from meat, spices and pastry for a season, and lay aside Leopardi and Schopenhaur. Or he and Dr. Brady would take a kindlier view of life if they should look knowingly together at the Bacchante and discuss its physical and aesthetic merits.

On November 20, 1626, Mr. James Howel laid down this rule that may well be pondered by William II., Salisbury, Mr. Olney, the Honorable Mr. Corbett and other men of action: "Great Designs of State should be Mysteries, till they come to the very act of Performance, and then they should turn to Exploits."

Is the invention of Mr. Gelett Burgess failing? His full page picture in the Lark for October was dull, and that in the November number is even duller. By the way, has not Mr. Burgess derived much assistance from studying the work of Jossot?

To W. B.: You have lost your bet. Bacchante is pronounced by many as a word of two syllables, and this pronunciation is preferred by Dr. Murray's great dictionary. In this case, the accent is on the second syllable. There are three pronunciations given. In the second the accent is on the first of the two syllables, and the first "a" is as "ae." The third is of three syllables, and the one in common use. "The first pronunciation is after the French; the third after Italian (etc.) 'baccante,' favored perhaps by the fact that the plural (of both genders) is often Bacchantes after the Latin." The first appearance of "Bacchante" in English literature was probably in Holcroft's translation of Stolberg's Travels (1797) "She capered with the intoxication of a Bacchante."

The remark of the Transcript, "The old Latin way is good enough for all who first learned from the gentle Longfellow of the worship of Bacchus," is without force. "Bacchante" came into the English language from the French and not the Latin language. The word, by the way, is not in Webster's Dictionary of 1828, although "bacchanal," "bacchanalian," and "bacchic" are found there. The modern dictionaries in repute, Murray's, Stormonth's, Funk and Wagnall's agree in preferring a pronunciation with the final e silent.

On Nov. 20, 1895, Dumas the younger, realizing the approach of death, said to his Princess Mathilde, who had complimented him on the comfort he had given his wife—said sadly of his marriage: "If I had thought it were for so short a time, I would not have married her."

If the German Emperor with a young poet is writing a historical drama. The task of the critic will be easy. He will refuse the collaborating poet for the traitor and ascribe the merits to the Emperor.

Nov. 21, 1896

Fig leaf, loin cloth, deerskin or battle paint,—
Red, black or yellow, he's a man although he's nude;
Bird coat, Cowes coat, sack, frock or cutaway,—
A twenty to a nickel, he is nothin' but a dude!

Milk-sop, Willieboy, sissy, dandy, tenderfoot,—
The best of 'em is tailor made, there's more upon the shelves,—
Tough, tough, mucker, muck, hoodlum or bowery,
If there's any good among 'em all, they done it all themselves!

The Bacchante is now a Boston institution. Professor Charles Eliot Norton has sniffed at it.

Mrs. Richard Mansfield's fans, chandeliers, jars, clocks, etc., brought only fair prices at the best. The iron nerve, which is the most valuable personal property of Mr. Richard Mansfield, the play actor, is not for sale. He would not part with it for the whizzing world and all its golden bowels.

What is there to be said of the dire injury inflicted upon the poor, the decrepit, the old by a reckless defaulter? In the olden dramas the pitiable women crawling rheumatically to the poor house would have asked heaven if it had no thunderbolts. Even the bystander would have cried out against the hideous injustice. Today the Earnest Student of Sociology reading of the doings in Sullivan County remembers the lines of Whitman:

"I sit and look out upon all the sorrows of the world, and upon all oppression and shame;
I observe the slights and degradations cast by arrogant persons upon laborers, the poor, and upon negroes, and the like;
All these—All the meanness and agony without end, I sitting, look out upon,
See, hear, and am silent."

For he knows that there are quadrillions on quadrillions of years to come, and there is ample time for restitution and stinging punishment.

L. D. P. writes, "I do not see why newspaper or magazine criticism of a play should be regarded seriously by any one. It is the expression of individual opinion, and that alone." Your objection is not new. Anatole France once expressed himself in these terms: "There is no such thing as objective criticism; we are shut up in our personalities, in a perpetual prison. In order to be perfectly frank, the critic should say: 'Gentlemen, I propose to talk about myself with regard to Shakspeare, Racine, Pascal, or Goethe.' Such is subjective criticism, and we can see how important it is that the fault-finder should, as far as possible, put himself in sympathy with the artist." The questions then arise, Who is the reviewer? How is he equipped naturally and by study and observation? Are his tastes catholic, or is his horizon merely his hat? Has he the power of presenting to outsiders his own impressions? Is his individuality worthy of attention?

So Mrs. Scott-Siddons has gone over to the majority. The last time she visited this city, where in former years her beauty shone resplendent, was early in May, 1894. She was then interested in the production of "The Ogallallas" by Henry Waller, a young man who was very dear to her, whatever the real degree of relationship between them was; for some said he was her stepson, others spoke of him as a nephew; her devotion to him, however, was motherly. There were traces of her former beauty—a beauty that was always conventional and orthodox, without any strangeness in proportion, held by Bacon to be necessary to beauty that is excellent. Her face was worn, wrinkled, pinched. Her chin had crumbled, and her eyes received rather than gave light. But when she spoke of the music of Waller, she gradually threw off her years.

Armed with influential letters to the Court at Berlin, Mrs. Scott-Siddons succeeded in interesting William II. in an opera "Fra Francesco" by young Waller. This opera was produced, by royal command, in Berlin June 19, of this year. The result was a fiasco. Nor were the critics of Berlin cowardly or tame in their treatment of the work. They condemned it unsparingly. Mrs. Scott-Siddons had many disappointments and sorrows in her life. Perhaps the last was one of the cruelest. She is now at rest, and Waller's loss is irreparable.

Mr. Malone is President of the Actors' Society of America. The old song will not down. "When Malone's at the back of the bar."

To "Inquirer:" We do not think that Noel Parfait, who died the other day, was a cousin of Parfait Amour.

It looks as though the Daily Tatler were now chiefly an instrument for the piping of Mr. Richard Hovey. We recognize in this entertaining little journal poems by his hand that are not signed by him. Ten to one he wrote "To T. B. A. On His Sixteenth Birthday." Here are four of the six biting stanzas:

All the Gilder clan bow down
To the beau of Boston town.

What though, like a lady's waist
All his lines are over-laced?

In his emptiness content,
He achieves his ten per cent.

And secure in magazines,
Rules all rhymesters in their teens.

Is it true that if a Frenchman's name begins with "ville" he springs from Normandy; with "cour" from Picardy; with "ker" from lower Brittany? They say in England,

"By Tre, Pol, and Pen
You shall know the Cornish men."

There is in Cornwall a fourth inchoation, viz: "Car," which signifies a rock. Does this "Car" correspond to the "Ker" of Brittany?

Nov. 22, 1896

Fifth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall Last Evening—A Program of No Marked Distinction.

The program of the Symphony concert last evening, Mr. Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Symphony No. 5, in E minor.....Dvorak
Overture to "Der Barbier von Bagdad." Cornelius
Intermezzo from "Das Heimchen am Herd" ..... Goldmark
(First time in Boston.)
Overture to "Gwendoline" .....Chabrier

Mr. Moritz Rosenthal was prevented by sickness from appearing as pianist, to the great disappointment of all. He will undoubtedly be able to give his recital Tuesday afternoon.

* * *

Let us examine a few statements of fact made by Mr. William F. Apthorp in the Program Book of the 21st.

* * *

Mr. Apthorp says Cornelius's 'Barber of Bagdad" was brought out at Weimar in 1859.

It was produced at Weimar in 1858 (December 15).

* * *

Mr. Apthorp says Cornelius died October 24, 1874.

But Cornelius died October 26, 1874.

* * *

Mr. Apthorp says Goldmark was born December 17, 1840.

As a matter of fact, Goldmark was born May 18, 1830.

* * *

The overture to "The Barber of Bagdad" has a history, but Mr. Apthorp did not see fit to tell the story in the Program Book, although there is information concerning the "dotted triplet," "swept syncopated chords," and "a new counter-phrase in the violins and sextolet arpegg in the violas." Ouf!

This overture was composed by Cornelius after the first production of the opera, and he sketched it only for piano, for four hands. Liszt afterward orchestrated it. The whole instrumental part of the opera, by the way, was rewritten for a larger orchestra by Tausig, but when the opera was given for the first time in America (New York, Jan. 3, 1890) the score used was the one edited by Mottl.

Mr. Apthrop speaks of "strong chords in the brass and bassoons." Why does he not add that this pompous motive is the one that accompanies the naming of the Barber by name throughout the opera: Abul Hassan Ali Ebn Bekar. This phrase is used only in connection with the name, and always to produce a serio-comic effect. As Mr. Krehbiel says, "He (Cornelius) does not label the Barber with it, and compel the orchestra to announce his entrance like a footman or usher. It stands, not for him, but for his capacious name." The second and charming chief theme is taken from the first scene of the opera. With the exception of these themes and the ingenious counterpoint against the second theme, in which last night the strings were too powerful when the melody was sustained by wind instruments, this overture is like unto a mighty rattling of dry bones. What a sky-assailing prelude to a comic opera! The thought of Hanslick's sneer was in the mind: "This barber shaved with guillotines not with razors." The developments are for the most part sandy, and the capricious, changing rhythms jolt when they try to be piquant.

* * *

Goldmark's opera has been praised extravagantly and assailed bitterly in Germany. Some say it was inspired by the success of "Hansel und Gretel," although it is my impression that Goldmark was at work on his "Cricket" before Humperdinek's opera saw the footlights. With the opera we have now nothing to do. The entr'acto in concert is absolute music, and this particular entr'acte is cheap stuff, unworthy of the composer of the "Sakuntala," "Prometheus" and "Sappho" overtures. What in the world has the fugued movement that precedes the folk song to do with the affair? It is thrown in as though it were a sop to pedantry. The folk-song is "Weisst Du, wie viel Sternlein Stehen," if I am not mistaken. There is conventional and dull development of this theme, until the inevitable apothcosis of the tune with roar and bang and calcium lights. Then comes a beer-hall dance, vulgar, noisy, stupid, and the wretched thing ends with a general throwing about of furniture and a hurling of empty beer pots at the tired fiddlers. It seems incredible that Goldmark should have written such obscene music.

* * *

It was a pleasure to hear again the stirring, superb overture to "Gwendoline," which was passionately played. It is not necessary to be a negrophile to enjoy the symphony by Dvorak, which contains much that is beautiful. There are two Dvoraks in this work, one the naive Bohemian, the other the artful musician of these latter days, who prepares his simplicity with infinite pains. A composer of distinguished musical feeling and accomplishments said last night of the Largo, "It is meretricious." He spoke unerringly the one, the only word.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Messrs. Mollenhauer and Rotoli, Conductors.

A Pot-Pourri of Opinions, Gossip and Reflections.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

Last week in Boston there were two exhibitions of fine results obtained by conductors who have had little opportunity to show their skill in the city. Mr. Emil Mollenhauer displayed gloriously his control over an orchestra at the concert given by the unfortunate, misguided, ill-advised Mrs. Inez Sprague. Mr. Augusto Rotoli showed what can be done by a musician of experience, taste and authority with a willing chorus of comparatively unskilled singers. Even Mr. Apthorp, who has been for many years devoted zealously to the cause of Mr. Lang, sounded a rapturous note in his review of Mr. Rotoli's concert, and exclaimed, "Take it for all in all, it was the very finest choral performance we have ever heard in Boston."

Now inspiration did not descend upon either Mr. Mollenhauer or Mr. Rotoli suddenly and with accompanying perturbations of nature. Each of these men learned slowly and laboriously his trade. It is true that each was born with musical instinct, but instinct alone will not give a conductor authority or teach him the most effective reading of a score. Mr. Mollenhauer, an admirable violinist, one of a family of violinists, served his time under Theodore Thomas, and in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. For some years he has been the leader of that excellent organization, the Boston Festival Orchestra, whose services are eagerly sought by the managers of Festivals throughout the country. He has furthermore enlarged his reputation by the results already obtained at the New Bedford Choral Association concerts led by him. The abilities of Mr. Rotoli as a conductor of choruses have long been known in Rome and London; but they have been sadly overlooked in this city where good conductors are needed.

There are three choral societies in Boston; the Handel and Haydn, the Cecilia, the Apollo. These three societies are conducted by one man, Mr. Benjamin Johnson Lang.

They form a very important part of the musical organization known as the Lang Trust, which also includes piano pupils, organ pupils, singers who are desirous of being engaged at the concerts of the above-named societies, and certain estimable persons who plume themselves on their conservatism and respect the decrees laid down by self-appointed patrons and patronesses in artistic matters.

Some time ago when there was talk about the expediency or inexpediency of such monopoly in leadership, the question was raised almost arrogantly, "But who is there to conduct here if Mr. Lang should resign?" The names of Mr. Mollenhauer and Mr. Rotoli were at once mentioned. I remember that there was sniffing of noses and raising of eyebrows. "Mollenhauer? Mollenhauer? Oh yes, he conducts a band or something of that kind. Rotoli? Rotoli? Oh yes, he's a singing teacher, and has a choir in some church or other." Others pretended never to have heard these names.

But the time is past for such silly and affected indifference or thinly-disguised contempt. These two men had at last an opportunity for displaying their art in the sight and hearing of a representative Boston public. Nobly were these opportunities improved.

And yet I hear a faint voice, murmuring, "There's only one conductor of choruses in town. His name is Lang. Mr. B. J. Lang. It is eminently fit and proper that he should rule over the three leading vocal societies of the city." Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.

* * *

The sickness of Rosenthal disappointed many. Friday morning he was feverish and he stayed in his room hoping to be well enough to appear at the Public Rehearsal; but his physician forbade him to leave his bed.

[illegible] that few [illegible] an intimate knowledge of the construction of the piano as that enjoyed by Rosenthal. He took a practical course some time ago in a piano factory, until he knew the parts of the instrument. So particular is he in his choice, that he spent day after day in the Steinway wareroom in New York before the chosen piano suited him. One pianist will say, "This is too hard;" another "This is too weak;" but how many are able to put a finger here and there, talking intelligently of lead or the pricking of a hammer?

* * *

It is a singular fact that while Rosenthal is not characteristically emotional in his playing he provokes emotional outbursts from such writers as Mr Huneker. Witness this extract from the Morning Advertiser (N. Y.) of last week:

"Rosenthal revels in the material splendor of his art. In his dreams are no pallid twilights, no haunted thickets, no brakes wherein hunts the nymph with slim busts. He sees firm, cool marble temples, and when the stars shine their light is frosty and glittering. His playing is linear perfection. No Tyrian purple dyes the miraculous fretwork of his musical mantle. He is electric, dazzling, but seldom melting; and as almost any school girl today plays with 'expression'—vague quantity—Rosenthal is all the more welcome. What I cannot comprehend is the poverty of brain that, because a Paderewski, a Joseffy or a D'Albert are admired, that same admiration inhabits one from admiring Rosenthal.

"Blessed are the catholic, for they shall enjoy more than the bigoted. In the kingdom of piano playing there are many mansions, and Rosenthal has a big one all to himself, with his name over the door in bronze letters."

* * *

Has Emma Eames improved in her art? Mr. Huneker says, "Eames returns to us slimmer in figure, but radiant and mellowed in voice and style. She has undoubtedly been working, for in beauty of tone, emission and phrasing there is little to be desired. She was a lovely vision and she sang beautifully Eva's beautiful music. Her interpretation of the role is more elastic, more naive, more 'Jeune fille' and more intimate. Her voice is brilliant, free, full of color and tender—and you know tenderness was never its distinguishing quality. She has improved much in action, and her poses are more plastic and varied."

* * *

It looks as though Mr. Bispham, who made his début as Beckmesser in "The Mastersingers" in New York last week, did not answer fully to expectations aroused by the fulsome praise of London critics. "His voice is not remarkable in quality," one New Yorker writes. An excellent critic told me yesterday that Bispham's Beckmesser is far inferior to that of Carbone, the admirable actor who has been admired by us in Mechanics' Building.

* * *

Mr. Runciman asks in the Saturday Review, "Is Richter overworking?" He complains of Richter's idea of Tschaikowsky's sixth symphony.

"He gave us some fine playing on Monday, notably in the third movement of Tschaikowsky's sixth symphony—the end of which came off with surprising heroic dignity and power—but in Wagner's 'Faust' overture, the other movements of the Tschaikowsky, and even the familiar Ride of the Valkyries, there was a curious woodenness, a lack of spontaneity, an irritating sense of tiresome effort, as though Richter was goading the music along like a stubborn animal, and would be glad to get to bed as soon as the task was over. So far as the Tschaikowsky is concerned, this may not have been entirely due to a want of freely flowing energy. Richter Germanized it sadly, treating the Russian's most audacious picturesque splashes of color and all his light and delicate filigree work with a terribly conscientious and laborious German touch—a touch hinting at hours devoted to analysis and lager beer. The second theme will not bear playing at that slow pace; there is not enough in it: while to put the next portion (the moderato mosso) under 'a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power,' so that every strand in the contrapuntal rope shows with painful distinctness, simply reveals weaknesses one never guesses at when it receives the more dashing, sparkling, touch-and-go treatment affected by Mr. Manns. In a word, I infinitely prefer Manns in this kind of music, even when Richter is at his best."

Every now and then someone in Boston exclaims, "Oh, if we only had Richter in Boston." I am told by orchestral players as well as by men of keen musical judgment that orchestras led within the last few years by Richter are often slovenly in their performance, and his readings often seem dull and logy.

* * *

Mr. Max Heinrich said the other day, "I consider Mr. Emil Mollenhauer to be one of the most remarkable conductors of orchestral accompaniments I have ever met on the concert stage. I should put Richter first. I am inclined to put Mollenhauer next."

* * *

It is a great pleasure to state that Mr. William J. Henderson, who has for some time been a writer of editorial articles for the New York Journal, has [illegible]epted a call to [illegible] critic for the New York Times. Mr. Henderson's knowledge, discrimination, judgment, antipathy to humbug, incorruptibility, broad sympathy with all that is pure and noble in music have long been known. His style is lucid, forcible, elegantly simple. His biting sarcasm is used only against the pretenders and the snobs in the Republic of Music. He is never witty for the mere sake of a cruel and sparkling epigram. His wit is a lance employed in the cause of righteousness.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Svendsen has been very sick.

The theatres in Berlin will hold 20,000 spectators.

Antoinette Sterling is to make a concert tour!!!

Philipp Scharwenka has finished a new violin suite.

Emilia Ricca has left the operetta stage to become a nun.

The review of the Symphony concert is in the news section of the Journal.

Marie Van Zandt will create the part of Cinderella in Massenet's new opera.

Hyllested, the pianist, who lived for some time in this country, is in Paris.

Mathis Lussy began a course of lectures in musical rhythm at Paris the 9th.

Henry Marteau is appearing as conductor as well as violinist in German towns.

Bruckner left the manuscripts of his chief works to the Imperial Library in Vienna.

Theodore Stieber, once a favorite singing teacher in Berlin, died Oct. 17 at the age of 75.

Schillings's opera "Ingwelde" met with success at Wiesbaden. William II. was there.

They say that $80,000 has been spent on the ballet "Monte-Cristo" at the the Empire, London.

Victor Staub, a pianist of Paris, played in Berlin like an accomplished automaton, they say.

Richard Strauss has accepted invitations to lead his orchestral works in German and Belgian towns.

Handel's "Choice of Hercules" will be produced at Leipsic in January. Chrysander's edition will be used.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Capriccio Espagnol" made a sensation at a recent Lamoureux concert in Paris.

The Donizetti Committee at Bergamo offers a prize of $400 for the best painting of a Donizettian subject.

Mascagni is to write a symphonic poem in honor of the centenary of Giacomo Leopardi at Recanati.

Mrs. Fanny Simonson, who sang in the United States in the early sixties, died at Melbourne, Australia, Sept. 19.

Saint-Saëns swears he will write no more for the stage. His eyes and general health discourage severe work.

Heinrich Hoffman's oratorio "Prometheus" will be sung this winter in several German and Austrian cities.

The title of Johann Strauss's new operetta to be produced at Vienna this season is "The Goddess of Good Sense."

Miss Florence Tyler, who will join the Castle Square Company in "Cavalleria Rusticana," is a native of Bath, Me.

The people of Hamburg heard Cherubini's "Medea" Oct. 20 for the first time. Mrs. Doxat acted the heroine with power.

Carlos Gomes died at Para—not Milan—Sept. 16, having suffered acutely. He left an opera manuscript, "Noite do Castelle."

Xaver Scharwenka played the piano part of his piano quartet op. 37 last month in Berlin with the Holländer Quartet.

"Halling," a music drama in three acts by Gustav Weinberg and Anton Eberhardt, was produced lately at Augsburg.

The Liederkranz of New York will celebrate its 50th anniversary in May by giving concerts in Italian, Australian and German towns.

The titles of Dvorák's new symphonic poems (op. 107, 108, 109) are "Der Wassermann," "Die Mittagshexe" and "Das goldene Spinnrad."

Céleste Painparé, a pianist of Paris, pleased at Leipsic by her display of temperament and technique at the second concert of the Lisztverein.

Rückauf's (a Viennese) new opera "Die Rosenthalerin," treats of an episode in the life of Albert Durer. The opera will be produced at Dresden.

The New England Conservatory School of Opera was formally opened with the beginning of the second term of the present year Thursday last.

A new effect of solo violin and muted trumpets is supposed to depict "the biting anguish in Cordelia's heart" in Weingartner's new symphonic poem, "Lear."

The Cecilia will give Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride" Friday evening, Dec. 4, in Music Hall. Mrs. Bradbury and Messrs. G. J. Parker and Max Heinrich will be the soloists.

The Musikalisches Wochenblatt, Oct. 29, published a long review by Hugo Riemann of the performance of Handel's "Deborah" (edited by Chrysander) at Leipsic, Oct. 18.

Mrs. Francis Saville will sing at Covent Garden in May. She now goes to Russia; she will sing at Nice in February, at the Opéra Comique, Paris, in March, and at Vienna in April.

There will be interesting music today at 3 P. M. before The Parliament of Man in Union Hall, 48 Boylston Street. Mr. O. J. Hackett and Mr. Sanford Keith Gurney will be the soloists.

The music of Wormser's new opéra-comique "Rivoli," produced at the Folies-Dramatiques, Paris, is said to be without liveliness and exuberance. The story has Masséna for its hero.

Jenö Hubay's three-act opera "Der Dorflump," although it was applauded in Vienna, is said to be a mixture of Hungarian folk songs and sentimental [illegible] [illegible] The interio[illegible] was [illegible]

Here are the dates for Bayreuth 1897. From July 19 to Aug. 19, there will be three series of the "Ring" and 8 performances of "Parsifal." July 19, 27, 28, 30, Aug. 8, 9, 11, 19, "Parsifal." July 21—24, Aug. 2—5, 14—17, the "Ring."

Miss Minnie E. Little, pianist, will be the soloist at the first public concert given by the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York Dec 7. Mr. McDowell will then make his début in New York as a conductor.

The widow of Théodore Salomé, the well-known organist and composer, proposes to arrange her house at Saint-Germain-en-Laye for a school, or a home for women visiting Paris for study. Her address is 20 rue du Vieil Abreuvoir.

The performance of "Moses in Egypt" as a testimonial to Mr. Hirschfeld has been postponed. Due notice will be given of the date to be decided upon, and tickets already sold for the 29th inst. will be redeemed at the Music Hall Box Office.

Miss Lottie Mae MacKay, the Boston soprano, will take the part of Bettina in the performance of "The Mascot," to be given at the Park Theatre, Waltham, Dec. 1 and 3, under the auspices of the Waltham Union Opera Company.

Richter's English provincial tour has been a success in every way. Audiences have been most enthusiastic and seats have been at a premium. The receipts of the nine concerts amounted to £3000. At the Liverpool concert £500 was taken, which equals the St. James's Hall receipts. At the Queen's Hall the receipts have been over £600 per night.

A service of Thanksgiving for the 25 years' incumbency of Mr. Samuel B. Whitney as organist of the Church of the Advent will be on the morning of Thursday, Dec. 3, at 10.30 o'clock. The music will be made up entirely of Mr. Whitney's compositions, and the Communion Service (No. 2) written especially for this occasion, will be sung for the first time.

"Königsidyllen," a cyclus of symphonic poems (founded on Tennyson's "Idyls of the King") by the Hollander Cornélie van Oosterzee, was produced at Utrecht Oct. 14. The composer was a pupil of H. Urban at Berlin, where his "Iolanthe" prelude and "Nordische Fantasie" are known. Nikisch will produce two movements, "Geraint's Brautfahrt," and "Elaine's Traum und Tod," in Berlin.

Regina Pinkert, who was specially engaged for the festival performances at the Argentina at Rome, during the days given over to the marriage festivities of the Prince of Naples and the Princess of Montenegro, scored a brilliant success, they say, as Elvira in "I Puritani," and the Roman journals are full of praise of this artist, who will sing at the Scala in Milan in the coming carnival season, and afterward may be heard in London in one or two of her favorite parts.

Mr. David Bispham gave a farewell concert in London Oct. 31, when he introduced "Four Serious Songs" by Brahms. A critic wrote, "When Brahms thoroughly makes up his mind to be serious there is no disguising the fact, and we only wish that 'tedious' were not an appropriate synonym." One of these songs is a setting of the last three or four verses of the third chapter of Ecclesiastes, in which man is thought to have little advantage over the beast that perisheth. Brahms, by the way, is very sick.

In reading over the prospectus of Carnegie Music Hall, Pittsburg, just issued, we find it stated that Paderewski said it was the best hall in the country for a pianist. Now, as he said the very same thing of Carnegie Hall, New York; of the Auditorium, Chicago; of Boston Music Hall, and of a dozen other halls in America, all of them must have pleased him best. "Funny dog," as the English humorist exclaimed. When Paderewski played with Nikisch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Brooklyn on the occasion when his own concerto was performed, he said it was the best accompaniment of his concerto he had ever had, but he said the very same thing to Theodore Thomas and others. But it is possible that each performance of the concerto helped toward improving the next orchestra, and he always, under those circumstances, told the truth. "Funny dog," as the English humorist exclaimed, "funny dog."——Musical Courier.

Nicola Barili, a former opera singer here, and a half brother of Mme. Patti, died the 16th at his home, 231 East Thirty-fifth Street. He had been ill from a complication of diseases for over nine months. His death was due to heart failure, resulting from pleurisy. Signor Barili was 70 years of age. He was born in Rome, Italy, and studied music both in that city and Milan. His father, Jacino Barili, was an Italian composer of some note. His mother, who afterward became Mme. Patti, achieved considerable success as an opera singer. Barili's first great success was scored at a concert given at Bucharest before the King and his court, when Barili was 19. He had a fine bass voice. After making a tour of Europe he came to New York and began singing in Italian opera. He appeared in "Don Giovanni," "Ernani" and "Rigoletto." At one time he sang with Mme. Patti at the Star Theatre. Sixteen years ago he managed a very successful tour of Carlotta Patti through Europe. He was also Secretary to Thomas Salvini on his tour of this country under Palmer's management. Fifteen years ago Barili's voice gave out almost entirely. His last appearance in public was at a Masonic benefit for Mr. Corradi, an Italian artist, at Turner Hall, in Irving Place. After his retirement from the stage Barili gave private vocal and instrumental lessons. Barili was an enthusiastic Mason. He was Past Master of Garibaldi Lodge, which he was instrumental in founding. He will be buried with Masonic rites from the Masonic Temple on Friday afternoon. He was married twice, his first wife being a German. His second wife survives him.—New York Sun.

vv 23 / 6

Yet, yet, ye downcast hours, I know ye al[illegible]
Weights of lead, how ye clog and cling at my
    ankles!
Earth to a chamber of mourning turns—I
    hear the o'erweening, mocking voice,
"Matter is conqueror—matter, triumphant
    only, continues onward."

Despairing cries float ceaselessly toward m[illegible],
The call of my nearest lover, putting forth,
    alarm'd, uncertain,
"The sea I am quickly to sail, come tell me,
Come tell me where I am speeding—tell me
    my destination."

I understand your anguish, but I cannot help
    you,
I approach, hear, behold—the sad mouth, the
    look out of the eyes, your mute inquiry,
"Whither I go from the bed I recline on,
    come tell me;"
Old age, alarm'd, uncertain—A young woman's voice, appealing to me for comfort;
A young man's voice, "Shall I not escape?"

Dreary thoughts, you say, especially in this bracing, Thanksgiving weather. We are not Egyptians. Why should the image of Death be shown to the guests? Why should there be the disturbing, ill-bred voice, "Drink and be merry, for after thy death, such shalt thou be"?

And yet sinewed Sir, or voluptuous Madam, or delicate Maiden, it is a good thing for you, as at night you seek sleep, the great consoler in this world, to stretch legs and arms in lazy relaxation, and, as you stretch, to remember the narrower, inevitable bed in which there will not be so much room. The tree may now be standing that grows only to hold you finally snug and secure. Even now the callous workman may be a-varnishing your little house.

And why should you be perturbed by these thoughts as you stretch after the toil or pleasure of the day? Remember the words of Thomas Fuller: "To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul." You will join Kings and counselors. Plato and Helen of Troy, Napoleon and Cleopatra, Shakspeare and Artemus Ward are tucked away, and they are very quiet in their sleep. Think only during the day that no avenging whispers should distress you after you put off the bravery of conventional dress and are helpless, left alone with the inhabitants of the dark. The good Bishop summed up the matter in two lines:

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed.

The chair vacated at Yale by Prof. Murphy was not filled satisfactorily, it seems.

Foot ball songs are not of late invention. In 1815 Sir Walter Scott, Sheriff of Ettrick Forest, wrote two songs for the match Dec. 5 between the Ettrick men and the men of Yarrow. Here is a verse of one of them:

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be
    the weather,
And if by mischance, you should happen
    to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble
    on heather,
And life is itself but a game of foot ball!

The New York Tribune of the 22d commented at length upon two glaring inaccuracies in statements of fact made by Mr. Apthrop in his "little terra-cotta pamphlet" program-book for the last Boston Symphony concert in New York. The Tribune ends by saying, "Many friends of the Boston orchestra must have made their mental corrections as they read their program-books at last week's concert; but, as annotated programs are for the instruction of the public, and not for a test of their knowledge, it will be well to have some corrections made the next time these paragraphs are printed." Mr. Apthorp is a man of liberal education and he is an entertaining writer; but he is painstakingly and heroically inaccurate. Hardly a week passes here that the program-book does not contain misstatements of fact sounded as from the mouth of a cock-sure trombone.

(next page

platitudes. There is little dramatic spirit.

There will be a Memorial Service for Joseph Barnby at Trinity Church, Auburndale, at 4 P. M. today. The offerings will be for his widow and children, and the music of the service will be wholly by him.

Mr. Eliot Hubbard, assisted by Mr. Blaess, 'cellist, and Mrs. Field, pianist, will give a concert in Chipman Hall, Tremont Temple, Monday, the 30th, at 3 o'clock. The program will be one of unusual interest.

A new string quartet in B flat major by Joseph Suck was played in Berlin by the Bohemian Quartet, Oct. 24. The work was praised in extraordinary

Yone Noguchi, a Japanese poet whose pieces have been published in the Lark, is accused of lifting his "Noguchi" from Poe's "Eulalie." The New York Tribune publishes the "deadly parallel." The joke of it is that the lines of Poe quoted by the Tribune are in the main from "The Sleeper" and not from "Eulalie," although three lines from the latter are curiously introduced. Evidently the Poe editor was talking, or pursuing, or in a journey.

On the 23d of November, 1886, Mr. Edmond de Goncourt pondered the fact that Sarcey had been rebuked by many for his unwarrantable treatment of de Goncourt's piece "Renée Mauperin." He wondered at Sarcey's excuse, which was that the piece showed "literary pretensions." And de Goncourt exclaimed, "An author who has a high ideal of art, who strives earnestly in his writing and tries to create new types—he's the man to be slaughtered. But hurrah for the money-winner, hurrah for the man who works at his trade without any aspiration!"

Mr. Huneker found the Garden Scene from "Faust" as sung by Melba and Jean de Reszke tame: "It lacked the amorous smack; both Faust and Marguerite seemed decorously walking to the pit of perdition. There were no sudden swoonings, no delirium; all was well bred and well ordered. Even the tempi were solemn gaited."

"To fit for college" is a purely American phrase; so is "to fix a jury," though the ingenious practice is not confined to this country. "Flapjack," however, was used in England long ago, and it still survives there in dialect; it meant and means a pancake. In Norfolk the term is applied to an apple turnover. Jennings in his "Somersetshire Dialect" says "flapjack, a fried cake made of batter, apples, etc.; a fritter."

Disar, disard, dissarde, or dizard are old terms for an actor. Is not then the phrase, "a dizzy actor," often tautological?

Can anyone tell us when, how and where the phrase "Six ways of a Sunday" originated?

I. P. writes to the Journal: "In New Hampshire and Vermont old folks frequently preface an observation by the word 'fezzino.' Is it a contraction of 'as far as I know'? I have heard it thus: 'Fezzino, this cake is done;' or 'Fezzino, it rained last night.'" We are unable to give you any information, I. P. Is it possible that you are guying us?

nov 24 96

Second Concert of the Kneisel Quartet in Association Hall—The Club Was Assisted by Mrs. Szumowska-Adamowski.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet concert last evening was as follows:

Quartet in C sharp minor, Op. 17....Sgambati
Sonata in A minor for piano and violin, Paderewski
Quartet in G major, Op. 18, No. 2..Beethoven

The quartet by Sgambati was played here for the first time by the Listemann Quartet Nov. 11, 1889. It was afterward played by the Kneisel Quartet Oct. 22, 1891. It has been known hitherto, I believe, as the quartet in D major, for the first movement begins and closes in that key. As the finale is in C sharp minor, the quartet is entitled by Mr. Kneisel as in the program above.

In this quartet we observe Sgambati, haunted by the recollection of basilican services, and at the same time under the spell of Liszt. Not that he is the sedulous ape. He has his own things to say, and he says them often in his own way, but there are abundant proofs of the influence exerted over him by the Hungarian monk. The religious pathos of the first movement is in Liszt's most affected vein, and the harmonic treatment in the andante and the finale reminds one often of the famous sojourner in Rome. For several reasons I find the scherzo the most original, spontaneous, firmly knit and artistically balanced of the four movements. There are fine passages in the first; there is occasionally genuine beauty in the andante; but there is also palpable straining after effect as well as too defiant denial by the composer of his nationality. This nationality he cannot wholly escape; he is in sight and hearing of the basilica; but he seems to turn his back deliberately on the free and sensuous melodic beauty that is the birthright of the sensitive Italian musician. Like the Chosen People, he goes wandering after strange gods (the translators of the King James' version used a stronger word). Where would Sgambati stand today if he had not thought across the Alps in his music?

And as certain celebrated pianists try to get away as far as possible in their performance from the peculiar limitations and character of the piano, and strive to hint at orchestral color and all manner of orchestral effects, so does Sgambati—and he is not alone in this—endeavor to enlarge the capabilities and swell the mission of the string quartet.

* * *

Paderewski's violin sonata was played here for the first time by Messrs Timothée Adamowski and Arthur Foote Oct. 26, 1891. Last night it was played most sympathetically by Mr. Kneisel and Mrs. Szumowska-Adamowski. The sonata is not a strong work. There is melodic and harmonic monotony, there is diffuseness, there is an absence of a firm grasp. The personality of Paderewski is so magnetic that when he presents you with a concerto or a sonata, you are inclined to accept his own valuation of it without a murmur of protest. When his presence ceases to charge the atmosphere, you rub your eyes, and the gift appears to be of ordinary value, or, as in the case of this sonata, a foolish, pretentious thing, which you do not care to take home with you.

* * *

The quartet of Beethoven gave relief and consolation, not because it is Beethoven's, but because it is clearly defined and, for the most part, beautiful music. There are passages that are old-fashioned padding, but padding is eternal, although its form may vary. The sonata of Paderewski contains padding which already sounds as old-fashioned as that in the quartet written about a century ago.

* * *

It is perhaps superfluous to add that the performance of the quartets was, as is customary at these concerts, a lively delight, on account of the display of technical proficiency, the high intelligence of comprehension and the deep musical feeling and sensitiveness, which were always under artistic control.

The third concert will be given Dec. 21.

PHILIP HALE.

THE ROSENTHAL RECITAL POSTPONED.

Dr. H. H. A. Beach has positively forbidden Mr. Rosenthal's appearance in concert this afternoon. To quote from his certificate: "Mr. Rosenthal has not gained sufficient strength to warrant him in undertaking his concert, without serious risk to his health." Notice will be given hereafter of the date of the postponed concert. Money will be refunded at the box office to those holding tickets.

Parlor! How I like the word! A room for chat, talk, gossip. A room without stiffness. A room for afternoon. It had no antimacassars; and the big mastiff lounged in to see who called; and there might be a volume of Swift or Fielding on the window seat.

The parlor, beloved by Mortimer Collins, has well-nigh disappeared. It will follow the lost room of Fitz James O'Brien. Fastidiousness in housekeeping, the nicety that is akin to knagging, the bloated vulgarity of the suddenly and brutally rich, the distrust of the soundness of one's own taste—these have demolished the parlor, or turned it into that hideous triumph of splurge, the hotel reception room.

Years ago in the country there were parlors that gave you the sweet and calm assurance of untempted purity and unruffled life. In such a room Thomasine could look without a blush or a regret at reverend, saintly, ancestral faces in fly-warded frames upon the walls. There were sea-shells upon the mantlepiece. Strangely carved East Indian chessmen stood upon a slim-legged table, waiting for the touch of a woman to yield exotic odor. Novels of Mr. Richardson, Works of Mr. Sterne, Mr. Pope, Mr. Goldsmith, sermons of Jonathan Edwards, histories by Rollin and Alison in substantial bindings stood behind glass doors. A Keepsake or Token with pictures of simpering females, singular as to the arrangement of their hair, rivaled Cole's Voyage of Life in artistic prominence. The uncompromising sternness of the sofa was poorly disguised by elaborately worked tidies. And yet in such a repressive atmosphere Nathaniel dared to woo, and Thomasine, half-frightened, half-enraptured, heard the beating of her heart.

The daughter of Nathaniel and Thomasine lives in Commonwealth Avenue. Her parlor shows the potentiality of wealth. The room was decorated by an "artist." The furniture, pictures, hooks, chandelier were all bought for her by an expert, for her husband said to her, "Tourmaline makes a business of fitting up rooms. Guess we had better give him the job of fixing the parlor. He has just finished old Plunger's house on the corner, and they say it's a corker. Tell him to go ahead and beat it." You will find no trace of individuality in this absurdly sumptuous room. Tourmaline always repeats himself. The same books, the same pictures, the same rugs and chairs. It is the number outside that identifies the house to the caller. And yet there are modestly appointed rooms in unpretentious flats that tell at once the character of the mistress and the tastes of the husband. The daughter of Thomasine was sold into bondage, and the old parlor where Nathaniel wooed is now the office of a country tavern, where steaks are fried and bread is soggy.

Dr. Brady is in a high fever. He throws about naughty words, as is often the case in delirium, when the attendants wonder where the good man or woman ever heard such vile terms. He sees Sarah Bacchante Brown worshiped in solemn sacrifice by the vestals of the Back Bay. He sees altars to her erecting in Huntington Avenue. He hears the Bacchic hymn intoned solemnly by ex-Mayor Prince and responded to by his associates in trust. As soon as he comes to himself, his course is an easy one. He should refer the whole matter to the joint Congressional Committee assembled for consideration of "Alcohol in Art."

This reminds us of a pleasing episode in club life. There is a club in Boston where painters, writers, musicians and some professional men meet daily at table d'hôte. At this club there is talk of giving a Bacchante dinner. It is not yet decided whether she will dance on the table, but an alluring program is now discussed. The real joke of the thing is that some, influenced no doubt by Dr. Brady's passionate denunciations, say they will resign from the club if the idea be carried out. We understand that the learned divine is not a member. He should be proposed, seconded and admitted at once.

Old Chimes went to New York yesterday to greet his friend Jem Mace, Jem of gypsy blood and famous battles. The last time Old Chimes saw him he hurrahed wildly at the ring near New Orleans a quarter of a century ago.

Do you remember how Charles Reade used Mace to prove a point in his theory that man is by nature as either-handed as an ape? We quote from "The Coming Man," a delightful example of Reade's thunder-and-guns method in argument. "In the prize ring the left arm plays the leading part. I do not mean to say it is the stronger arm. The pugilist, like the rest of us, has been a mere right-handed man for 17 or 18 years before he begins his partial cure. Probably, if a man of straw were put up to be knocked down, many prize fighters could deal it a somewhat heavier blow with the right than the left; and we know that the right hand has sometimes settled a fight; for instance, Mace's last with King. But how? Mace rushed in incautiously to finish a battle—which he had virtually won with his left, if he had only continued prudent—and gave King an unusual opportunity. But, I say the left is the quick hitter, and the leading hand."

Comedians are often most intimately associated in the memory with the delivery of a certain line, or facial play in a particular situation. The news of the death of Mr. Mestayer recalled at once his inimitable "Her father loved me" to the accompaniment of a trick vest worn by him in "The Tourists." Do you remember the intonation of Mr. Alfred Klein, the elephanteer in "Wang," when he says "Beer" in answer to a courteous inquiry?

It was a wheel in the head of the late G. W. G. Ferris that brought him honor.

nov 25. 96

WITH MUSICIANS.

Rosenthal and d'Albert Differ as to Underwear.

Thoughts Suggested by the Death of Italo Campanini.

First Appearance Here of Carl Halir, the Violinist.

Under the spell of heterophemy, although the score was before me, I spoke yesterday in the Journal of Sgambati's "D major quartet." For "D major" read "D flat major."

* * *

It appears that Mr. Rosenthal came to this country without a suitable supply of underclothes. For there are many Europeans who look upon underclothes as unhealthy. I remember a Russian gentleman at Stuttgart—he had conservative ideas and a hare-lip—who in the coldest weather wore his linen shirt next his skin, and laughed scornfully at the effeminate who donned woolen, or cotton undergarments. Mr. Rosenthal caught a severe cold in New York. The climate of Boston fostered this cold. Hence his inability to play in concert here, much to his own regret and that of the music lovers of the town.

Now when Mr. Eugen d'Albert visited us he was more cautious. He brought three suits of Jäger's best. And he said to Mr. Nikisch, "Yes, I brought three suits, for I am to be here three months, and I have no confidence in the washerwomen of this country. Now I can wear a suit a month, and I shall have enough to go through my season comfortably."

* * *

Campanini is dead, and the famous study by Berlioz of a tenor's career has one more illustration.

His life has been told in the newspapers, and I do not propose to retell it. Some of the incidents narrated are without doubt legends, and many of the dates given are confusingly contradictory. It is said that Campanini studied with Lamperti at Madrid in 1869, but surely Milan was the town, for the celebrated teacher taught there at the Conservatory from 1850 till 1875.

Campanini's first appearance at the Scala was Jan. 28, 1871, as Faust in Gounod's opera. In December of the year before our fellow townsman, Mr. Charles R. Adams, had sung there in "L'Africaine."

* * *

In 1872 Campanini went to London. Let the gallant Col. Mapleson tell the story:

"Some two or three weeks after the opening of the season I heard of a desirable tenor in Italy named Campanini. My agent reached Rome before Mr. Gye and secured the prize. * * * One evening, about 9 o'clock the hall-keeper brought me word that there was someone 'from Campini, or some such name.' I immediately brightened up, and said, 'Send the messenger in,' who accordingly entered. He had a colored flannel shirt on, no shirt collar, a beard of two or three days' growth, and a little pot-hat. He, in fact, looked rather a rough customer. In reply to my interrogation, he informed me that Campanini had arrived, and was in London. I replied, 'Are you sure?' Thereupon he burst out laughing, and said that he was Campanini. I felt as if I should go through the floor. However, the night arrived for his first performance, which took place on May 4 (1872), when he appeared as Gennaro in 'Lucrezia Borgia,' with Titiens and Trebelli, and with Agnesi as the Duke. The house was crowded from floor to ceiling, and I must say the tenor fulfilled every anticipation, and, in fact, surpassed my expectations. The salary I paid him was not a large one, and I had engaged him for five years. After 10 or 12 days an agent arrived from America who had heard of his success and offered him £1000 a month, which was five times what I was to pay him. I need hardly say that this offer, coupled with his great success, completely turned his head, and he became partially unmanageable."

* * *

In December, 1872, Campanini was again at the Scala, singing in "Ruy Blas." In 1873 he sang in "Lohengrin" with Krauss and Maurel at the same theatre (March 20), and he created April 8, the tenor part in Perelli's "Viola Pisani." His name does not appear after this in the history of the Scala.

* * *

Campanini came to America in 1873 under Max and Maurice Strakosch and made his début in New York in "Lucrezia Borgia." His first appearance in Boston was as Raoul in "The Huguenots" Feb. 3, 1874. Nilsson, Maresi, Cary, Nannetti and Del Puente were in the cast. Feb. 5 he was Rademes in the first performance here of "Aida."

The story of Campanini's career in this country under Mapleson, and then under Abbey & Grau, is familiar to all opera goers. He knew the supreme glory of the tenor. He lived to see the vanity of wreaths, roaring applause, perfumed letters from silly, adoring girls. He abused his great strength as a singer and as a male animal. To keep his manager from ruin he sang night after night without thought of saving his voice. The end was inevitable. The beauty of tone began to grow dim; the voice no longer obeyed at once the command of the brain, and yet even in his last days the artist was seen clearly in the ruin.

His greatest parts were Fernando, Radames, Othello (although it was inferior to the marvelous impersonation of Tamagno), Don José. Nor was his Lohengrin to be easily forgotten. Singular to relate, when Mapleson sent him the part of Don José, Campanini returned it, saying "he would do anything to oblige, but he could not think of undertaking a part in an opera of that description, where he had no romance and no love duet except with the seconda donna." They say that Salvini, the elder, coached him in "Otello." Campanini made large sums of money. He lived extravagantly and he lost much in his production of "Otello" (New York, April 16, 1888; Boston, Grand Opera House, April 30, 1888). He had a farm near Parma, and I understand that when he died this was about all the property left to him as the pecuniary reward of his career.

[illegible] the most exhibitions in this city of the art of his later years were in an extra concert of the Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 31, 1890, when he sang the Prize Song and Siegmund's Love Song, and in Mrs. Beach's Mass, Feb. 7, 1892. I think his last appearance here in opera of any importance was in "Don Giovanni," at Mechanics' Building, March 25, 1892. His last appearance here in concert that I find noted was at a Suffolk Musicale Nov. 14, 1893, but I am under the impression that he sang here afterward. In 1894, Campanini left this country never to return. He was in London in the fall, where he proposed to give lessons in singing. Dec. 13 of that yaar he sang in Berlioz's "Faust" at Albert Hall. The Pall Mall Gazette said, "Mr. Campanini did not please us," and the Musical Times said "The veteran artist displayed his pure Italian method." The rest is silence.

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Campanini was not a musician in the large meaning of the word. I remember at a rehearsal in Worcester at one of the Festivals his utter inability to read at sight a simple phrase. He had first of all one of the noblest voices that ever was given capriciously to a man of naturally very ordinary intelligence. He was taught thoroughly by a great master. Thrown in contact with men of acumen, he gradually entertained broader views of life and art. He saw that the part of Don José, which he had almost rejected, was the crowning glory of his career, and as his voice began to leave him, he was better equipped for dramatic work than in the days when his tones were of wondrously imposing diapason quality, with a sugestion of velvet lining.

No tenor who has blazed here above the operatic horizon has equaled fully in brilliancy Campanini at the zenith. Mr. de Reszke is in point of personal refinement a greater artist, but his voice is inferior, and his dramatic action is without the elemental force shown by Campanari when aroused, as in the third act of "La Favorita," or the last act of "Carmen." De Lucia is a greater actor in melodramatic parts, but his voice is white and shrill. Tamagno in "Otello" is beyond comparison, but that is his one opera. Of all tenors, who have visited this country since 1873, the greatest, viewed from all points, was Italo Campanini.

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Mr. Carl Halir, a violinist who made his first appearance in Boston at an Apollo Club concert last night in Music Hall, was born at Hohenelbe, Bohemia, Feb. 1, 1859. He studied under Bennewitz at the Prague Conservatory, and from '74 to '76 under Joachim at Berlin. He was concert master of Bilse's orchestra, from which position he was called to be Court concert master at Weimar. He is the leader of a string quartet club well known in Germany. He made his début in New York, Nov. 14, at a concert of the Philharmonic Society.

Last night he played Spohr's Gesangscene op. 47; Bruch's Romanze, Ries's Perpetuum Mobile and a Hungarian dance. He showed all the nobler qualities of the accomplished violinist. His tone is large, rich and at the same time singularly free from cloying sensuousness. His technique is ample, forbidding the thought of difficulties to be overcome. His phrasing is classically elegant. His manner is eminently manly and sincere. As he will play at the Symphony concert Saturday night—Mr. Comee tells me he will play the Beethoven concerto—further discussion of his abilities may well be delayed till then.

At this same concert Miss Gertrude Stein sang Gounod's Repentir and a group of songs. The Apollo Club sang pieces by Mohr, Lloyd, Brahms, Gounod, Mosenthal, Schulhoff, Pflueger and Mendelssohn. There was a very applausive audience.

PHILIP HALE.

He thought money compensated all things. He regarded it as the common measure of human affairs. If a girl whom he liked had lost her father or mother, he would try to console her with a costly bracelet. You cannot get this fixed idea out of some men. You cannot teach them that it is absolutely impossible to buy the song of a mavis or of a poet * * * the love of a girl or of a dog. These are things beyond gold.

E. E. asks the Journal, "Do you believe the story that Parnell is not dead, but living on a ranch out West?" Why, of course we believe it. His next neighbor is Marshal Ney, who moved out there from South Carolina, and Morgan of Masonic fame keeps the Post Office.

They have been "condemning things" at Breslau. The condemnation covers the productions of the modern French dramatic school "and its imitators, among whom is Sudermann." The Congress suggested that students attending theatres where immoral plays are acted should hiss them mercilessly. But who is to detect instantly and unerringly the immorality and act as fugleman? Or are the students to wait for the newspaper reviews and after reading attend the next performance?

The Daily Tatler croaked ominously at number 13, and gave up the ghost last Saturday. Perhaps you never saw this little paper, published by Stone and Kimball. The scheme of editor and publishers was laudable and preposterous. A paper devoted each day of the week except Sunday to literature, art, music, the drama. Go to! And yet it lived 13 days.

We do not believe that the Daily Tatler was unconsciously strangled by the indefatigable hands of Henriette Hovey and Richard Hovey, although their finger marks were on nearly every page. To be sure such poems as "Shempster-Dempster" beginning,

> "What would little Frankie say
> Should his Gilder fly away?
> He'll be lonely, little Frankie
> Ah, so lonely all the day,"

as well as

> "Goosey, goosey, gander!
> What's become of Brander?
> He's gone to Columbia
> To teach the use of slang there.
> If there were no others
> Who couldn't fill their chairs,
> I'd take him by the left leg
> And throw him down stairs."

were not calculated to make the Tatler a welcome guest at the tables of the gilded and Gilderized literary fellows in New York.

And yet we could have spared heavier and more pretentious magazines, for this Tatler had a mind of his own, and he was not impressed immediately by the claims of geniuses bobbing up serenely at the rate of two a week. This Tatler appreciated good work, and did not ask stupid questions concerning nationality or social position. There was the promise of a fearless, intelligent review, one that would guide, encourage, stimulate. And when Mr. Hovey was not paying off old scores—we do not say that he was not then engaged in righteous vengeance—he wrote entertainingly and with intelligence concerning literary matters that are ignored in this country.

In No. 13 the editor reminds us that he followed in the footsteps of Leigh Hunt, who in 1830 published a Tatler. "It was a little work," said Hunt, "consisting of four folio pages, but it was a daily publication. I did it all myself, except when too ill, and illness seldom hindered me either from supplying the review of a book, going every night to the play, or writing the notice of the play the same night at the printing office." And in 1832 Hunt wrote his "Editor's Farewell."

Would Addison's Spectator and Steele's Tatler meet with favor if they were now published for the first time as periodicals in Boston? We doubt it emphatically. Are they read with honest pleasure today except by old gentlemen of elegant leisure and antiquarian tastes? We do not believe that if Sir Richard Steele should walk into a newspaper office armed with his wig and a delightful essay on the Bacchante that he could get space rates for his copy. For we are all of a nervous, restless generation, and Sir Richard's style would be voted by managing editors a little slow.

The late Tatler said on his death-bed, "As if it made any difference to a man able to write at all whether he lived in New York or out of it! In other words, if a writer has anything to say he will say it as well in one place as any other." Now that he is buried, it may not be disrespectful to say, we deny this in toto. It makes a mighty difference where one lives. Thus to write appreciatively about the country, you must live in a crowded city. Dr. Holmes as a writer living in New York would not have been Dr. Holmes. Boston supplied him with his material, and he would not have found that material elsewhere. The touch of parochialism in some of his books makes them the more delightful—to those who are in the parish. Much of his serious poetry might have been written at sea, in the Dismal Swamp, at Ilion or Putney; but the Autocrat, the individual Holmes, is of the Boston Brahmins. Walt Whitman in "Leaves of Grass" shows on nearly every page the influence of life in the New York of the forties and early fifties. What would Balzac have done at Rouen? Or what would Flaubert have done at Paris?

Our old friend Colonel Gorlocks, now on the retired list, says that Miss Nethersole in supreme bursts of passion reminds him of the Condesa ("which is Spanish for Countess"), as described by the late Major Muldoon, who was with Sir Arthur on the Peninsula: "Her eyeballs rolled in her head, and she shook like a cat in a spasm."

MORE KEYNOTES.

IN SCARLET AND GREY, by Florence Henniker. THE SPECTRE OF THE REAL, by Thomas Hardy and Florence Henniker. Roberts Bros., Boston. Price, $1.

UGLY IDOL, by Claud Nicholson. Roberts Bros., Boston. Price, $1.

MARIS STELLA, by Marie Clotilde Balfour. Roberts Bros., Boston. Price, $1.

Of these additions to the Keynotes series, "Maris Stella" is by far the most worthy of attention for plot and treatment. The story of the tragedy of life among simple people on the French coast is of human interest. It is a study of woman's righteous unreasonableness and man's folly. The descriptions of scenery and folk that are introduced are not idle digressions for the sake of exhibiting knowledge or fine writing; they are indespensable to the comprehension of the tale. The author does not stand apart and analyze as through a microscope; she lets her characters tell their sad tale. She has the gifts of suggestion and reticence. We know of few pages in modern fiction that are more artistic than those which tell the insane waiting of 'Poldine with the foolish Jeannot in her arms for the sailor who went down in his fishing boat on the dreaded Banks. "Maris Stella" has given us genuine and unalloyed pleasure, as well as a new sensation.

"Ugly Idol," on the contrary, is a dreary story told in a dreary manner. The characters are not sharply drawn and they are dull in their silly weaknesses. The story is called a "development." But the development is vague, inconsequential, and the final tragedy leaves the reader unmoved.

Nor do we care for Mrs. Henniker's tales, which might have been written for the Yellow Book and rejected by the editor. Not that we object to the subjects, which are good enough motives; but the treatment is strained, artless, ineffective. The subject of "Color Sergeant" for instance would have delighted de Maupassant, but how crude is Mrs. Henniker's handling of it. When "The Spectre of the Real" first appeared in a London periodical there was an outcry against the repulsiveness of the subject. It is not prudish to say that the theme is unpleasant, but the rankness of the unpleasantness is due chiefly to the lack of art in the telling. It seems to us that Mr. Hardy constructed the plot and then handed it to his collaborator, saying, "See what you can make out of this." The plot is that of Hardy, but surely the narration is that of Mrs. Henniker. Now to make such a tale endurable, there is need of the surpassing art, the overwhelming authority of the author of "Jude, the Obscure."

Nov 26. 96

A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

"Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." But God said unto him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?"

"I keep a most plentiful table." This seemeth to thee a great matter; but indeed it is little, and soon will be nothing. Will the worms therefore spare thee more than the hard husbandman? Or rather, will they not feed on thy softer meat the more greedily?

> I think I could turn and live awhile with the animals, they are so placid and self-contained;
> I stand and look at them sometimes half the day long.
> They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
> They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins.
> * * * *
> Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
> * * * *
> Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

The pride of turkey has been humbled in this city by its association with ice cream advertised flauntingly by placards in the windows of South End boarding houses.

Learned leeches warn their rheumatic patients to beware of turkey. Now before us is a copy of the second edition of the Almanach des Gourmands, written by Grimod de la Reynière, and published in 1803. A copy of the third edition, bound in crimson morocco and presented to Mr. G. A. Sala by a reader of the Illustrated London News, was sold in London last year for 21 shillings. This old amateur of cookery, Mr. de la Reynière, thought nobly of the turkey. "The flesh of the hen-turkey and the turkey-cock, when the bird is young, tender, fat, chubby, is digested easily and agreeably, and it is as healthy as it is nutritious, no matter what you may hear to the contrary; for there have always been slanders as well as persons of intelligence. But at an advanced age, this same flesh becomes dry, a little tough if not absolutely tough, and sometimes even leathery. It is only then that delicate stomachs should abstain prudently from it."

The old amateur gives much curious information about preparing the turkey for its ambulatory grave. Thus he tells of good ways of serving the feet, but concludes, "They will never be anything but large tooth-picks. They say these feet induce sleep; but you can sleep very well without them in the company of turkeys."

Listen to the [illegible] turkeys (and who in the [illegible] should not [illegible] the Jesuits [illegible] to them we owe the introduction of the bird into France. . . . "When turkeys are once saved from the dangers of early age they grow before your eyes, and their extreme gluttony enables you to fatten them easily, and seconds in a surprising fashion your intentions toward them. They lend themselves marvelously to the desires of man, and gain in a few months the fatness necessary to the aim of their educators."

And yet the thought of a crowded and long-maintained table with the inevitable turkey served at the rebellious hour of two o'clock does not inspire the Earnest Student of Sociology to break forth into noisy squeals of undiscriminating thanksgiving. He writes to the Journal: "My Thanksgiving dinner will be eaten in a restaurant. I wonder if I can find anywhere that dish so dear to my boyhood, when I had a home and thought that men and women died only of tottering and doddering old age. This dish consisted of slices of salt pork cooked in cream. Apples cut into thin strips, and fried, were served with it. If I could sit down to such a memory-haunted feast, then would I gladly join in the loud anthem of thanksgiving."

Prof. Ripley is reported to have said in Huntington Hall, Tuesday night, that the language of the Basques is "so primitive that it makes no distinction between the different parts of speech." According to Francisque Michel ("Le Pays Basque," Paris, 1857, p. 18) "The Euskarian (Basque) grammar knows only two kinds of words: nouns and verbs."

Among the Basques, by the way, the dance is counted one of their three capital sins. As one of their songs has it,

> "Few good women are good dancers.
> Good dancer, wretched spinner;
> Wretched spinner, ready drinker,
> And don faridon.
> Women like unto these
> Are good to beat with blows of sticks."

The Journal has received several letters in answer to I. P.'s question concerning "fezzino." Here is one from A. R.: "I would suggest that the strange term he (or she) spells 'fezzino' is a corrupted form of 'Ez fur ez I know' ('Fur'z I know'). I have been told that the term is not uncommonly used in country districts here in New England, it being considered rather an elegant introduction to any sentence on almost any subject under the sun."

Here is a letter from H. B. S. of New Hampshire: "I. P. is not guying you a little bit. The term was in common use among old people in this section 30 years ago, but always at the end of a sentence. It expresses doubt or possibility, as: 'We shall get wet furzino;' or, 'It is wrong to do this furzino.' I. P. has the cart before the horse, but otherwise he is rational."

Nov 27. 96

> A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear—
> A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
> Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
> In word, or sigh, or tear.

Among all the pleasures which creep from the body to the soul, they are accounted most vile which are accomplished by feeding, forasmuch as these senses are common to us with beasts, and crook down the reasonable creature; also loathsomeness is next neighbor to fullness, diseases follow, and death hastens to the mansion of gluttons.

It is the Earnest Student of Sociology that now speaks: "I wonder if other men shared my experience yesterday. I have no wife, for my mission is to study sociology in general and not domestic economy or woman in particular. I have no home in the old-fashioned meaning of the word, for if, as in former years, I should return from school to visit my father and mother the sexton would drive me from the railway station and the carriage would be cramped and close. I could not dine with Old Chimes, for he is with Jem Mace in New York. Miss Eustacia sent me a sweet lavender note of invitation, but I am queerly ill at ease when in her presence; her eyes dance and inelt, and her voice sounds like unto a viola air, and the faint perfume that enwraps her is disquieting to philosophic thought.

"And I received invitations to formal dinners, which remind me of the words of Petrarch: 'Feasts are a pompous frenzy, they call together a great many rich folks, who had better have been empty. In truth, the feast is made not for the good of the guests, but for to feed the vanity of the giver; not to benefit friends, but to gain flatterers; feasts where to blazen out the tables, and press in as many of those who shall shine at them as possible, is the eager rage of the invitor.' I went to a humble restaurant.

"Yes, I went to a humble restaurant.

The [illegible] was [illegible] at first [illegible] contemptuous. Her bearing [illegible] 'This man has no friend in the world.' But after some minutes of discreet conversation—I complimented her on the trimness of her figure—she softened visibly, and mingled maternal solicitude for my welfare with zeal for the good name of the cookery and girlish coquetry. I found the long-looked for dish of salt pork, sliced, fried, with sauce of cream; nor were fried apples missing. The girl—she was in full charge yesterday afternoon—sat down with me and ate. Our conversation was concerning the narrowness of village life, a narrowness surpassed only by the parochialism of suburbans and Boston Brahmins. She also discussed with acumen theatrical matters of the day, and she showed an appalling knowledge of the doings of society as revealed by the Sunday newspapers. I spent thus the afternoon, smoking leisurely and drinking beer—which to my delight was sound and fresh. And as I walked home to ponder my Treatise on the Female—to be published in 5 volumes, folio, with plates—I wondered what Miss Eustacia would say if she heard of my Thanksgiving. I know what Old Chimes would say. But when I sat down in my room I began to nod, and I must have slept and dreamed a foolish dream, for I suddenly heard my father calling me by name. Now I have not seen or heard him since I was a schoolboy. I started to obey the call, and then I remembered that I was alone in the world. I filled and lighted a pipe, and I tried to work. All my thoughts were of the odorous Miss Eustacia of the contralto voice, and I said to myself, 'Fool, why did you not dine with her? Her aunt would not have bored you after dinner?' "

Nov. 27, 1888. Mr. Edmond de Goncourt was in sentimental mood: "Handling these 'joliés,' as they are called in the 'Catalogue de feu Son Altesse Royale le duc Charles de Lorraine et de Bar'—these 'joliés' that are to shine in the case I am collecting of articles used familiarly by women of the 18th century—scent-bottles, and the scissors and shuttles, which were for years the tools employed by women in graceful, elegant labor—the longing comes to find these women to whom they belonged, and I dream of these women, as the little thing of gold or Dresden china is caressed by the fingers of my hand." Here de Goncourt dreams with Browning, remembering the gold that used to hang and brush the breasts of sumptuous Venetians; dreams with Villon, as he asks the whereabouts of Flora, Thaïs, Queen Blanche, "Jehanne, la bonne Lorraine" and other dames of former days.

Is it possible that the earth-shaking, sky-assailing omniscience of Mr. W. T. W. Ball, the inspired bard of the Ancients and Honorables, is shrinking like an ill-washed flannel shirt? A local contemporary published lately a voluminous article, written originally by Messrs. John S. Dwight and H. Sutherland Edwards, and edited by Mr. Ball. The article was concerning Rossini's "Moses in Egypt." Mr. Ball made no allusion to the fact that the music of this opera set to a libretto, founded on Scott's "Ivanhoe" and entitled "The Maid of Judah," was produced here Oct. 12, [illegible], by the Woods.

Nov 28

How (not to call true instinct's bent
And woman's very nature harm),
How amiable and innocent
Her pleasure in her power to charm!
[illegible] humbly careful to attract,
Though [illegible] crowned with all the soul desires,
C[illegible] aptitude exact,
D[illegible]ty that never tires!

Ten to one you were not thrilled yesterday when you learned that Mr. Coventry Patmore was dead. And yet there are some who swear loudly that his house is far up on the sunny shoulder of Parnassus. Mr. Patmore, who was born in 1823, began at an early age to sing with tea-kettle frenzy the fireside raptures of domestic life; or, as Mr. Ruskin remarked, "Coventry Patmore, whose 'Angel in the House' is the sweetest analysis we possess of quiet, modern domestic feeling." But read the lines printed above.

"Connubial aptitude exact,
[illegible]erity that never tires"

[illegible] that for true poetic feeling we prefer

"The night before Larry was stretch'd,
The boys they all paid him a visit;
A [illegible] in their sacks [illegible] they fetch'd—
They [illegible] their duds [illegible] they riz it.
For Larry was always the lad,
[illegible] was condemn'd to the squeezer
[illegible] pawn all the togs that he had,
[illegible] keep the poor boy to a sneezer
And moisten his gob 'fore he died."
For this reeks of humanity.

The Mé[illegible] of Paris, Nov. 8, gives to [illegible] this pungent morsel of A[illegible]: "American newspapers [illegible] as operetta singer, Mme. Lillian Russell, less celebrated ever there for her talent than for her remarkable matrimonial adventures, is about to betroth herself to an actor, Mr. Walter Jones, who will be her sixth husband. Some pretend that Mme. Russell is a Jeanne d'Arc—for courage. How about her husband, then?"

An Englishman named Brown cannot even now understand why he should have been imprisoned for shouting "Cuba libre" in the streets of Havana. He should be invited to the next Punch dinner.

The society editor of Paragraphs announces that "children are again becoming fashionable in select society."

"A stamp collection containing nearly 7000 unused specimens was sold for $3640 recently in London, this being the largest price ever paid for a collection at auction." Is this statement true?

The Transcript says: "M. Jules Lemaitre has undoubtedly added two new words to the French language, 'snobism' and 'snobinette.'" But "snobisme" is in Delvau's "Dictionnaire de la Langue Verte," published some years ago (third edition, 1883), as is "snob" with a reference to Thackeray's famous treatise.

Here's richness! "Mrs. Schoeffel has consented to play the title-role in 'L'Arlésienne.'" But the girl of Arles does not appear on the stage in Daudet's play. The leading female part is that of Rose Mamaï, the mother of Fréderi, who is mad with love for the worthless wanton beauty of a city long famous for the physical splendor of its women. The part of Rose was created by Fargueil at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, Oct. 1, 1872. It was played afterward at the Odéon (1886) by Roussell and then Favart.

The New York Sun speaks in a head line of Mrs. Martha Hughes Cannon of Utah as "the first woman Senator." Our contemporary for once is mistaken. Heliogabalus formed a female Senate, which met on the Quirinal. The presiding officer was Semiamira, his mother. Decrees were passed regulating female costume, degrees of social rank, questions of etiquette. Judicial notice was taken of the ornamentation of shoes, and it was not given to every woman to wear golden buckles or straps rich with precious stones. And Heliogabalus allowed a woman to enter the true and dignified Senate, as "Clarissima," or female Senator. Such is the story told by Aelius Lampridius, but Dr. Paul Moreau of Tours adds that the female Senate was devoted to the worship of Venus.

This rule, compelling the conductor of a street car to stop a passenger in the act of spitting, or when he gives premonitory and pulmonary symptoms of the naughty action, is, of course, excellent; but will the conductor be compelled? We tried to board a car the other night at the Arlington Street halting place. There was plenty of room inside, but the rear platform was crowded by men who wished fresh air. Several women squeezed their way after us, and not one of the well-dressed loafers had the decency to make way for them. We said to the conductor, "Why don't you have this platform clear? There's room inside, plenty of it. Those men have no business to block the way, and you should not allow the nuisance." And what did the conductor say, "You're the kind that hain't got no sympathy with working-men like me."

The 24th of the month fell on Tuesday, and we have scanned the newspapers carefully for the record of an unusual number of accidents or deaths occurring that day. In vain, in vain! Are the old saws hopelessly in error? Centuries ago Hesiod said,

"Be careful, then,
The Four-and-twentieth day (the bane of men,
Hurling amongst them) to make safe thy state,
For 'tis a day of death insatiate."

And Chapman added this note: "He calls this day so baneful, because of the opposition of sun and the moon, and the time then being, that is between the old and new moon, are hurtful for bodies; such as labor with choleric diseases, most languish then; those with phlegmatic, contrary."

Nov 29 - 1896

Sixth Symphony Concert — Carl Halir, Violinist, Plays the Beethoven Concerto—First Performance of Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony.

The program of the sixth Symphony concert last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

Overture, "Manfred"........................Schumann
Concerto for violin ....Beethoven
Symphony No. 4, F minor.....Tschaikowsky

The orchestra, under Mr. Paur's beat, gave a passionate performance of the "Manfred" overture.

Mr. Halir, who made his first appearance in Boston last Tuesday night at an Apollo Club concert, played last evening the concerto of Beethoven. What I wrote last week of his characteristics as a violinist might be now repeated in enlarged and more glowing language; for, whatever the Gesangscene may be with orchestra, I admit frankly that with piano it is a bore of the deadliest kind. That Mr. Halir should have left a decided impression after his playing the sugary music of Spohr is no slight tribute in itself. But last night the Beethoven concerto gave him a far greater opportunity.

Mr. Halir is an exceedingly fine and able specimen of the academic violinist. His tone is manly, frank, firm, convincing. His technique, so far as mere mechanism is concerned, is amply adequate to all demands, and it is never employed for aggressively personal display. In a larger sense his technique is most admirable. There is a reposeful authority about the man, an excellent imitation, no doubt unconscious, of his master Joachim. He is musical by nature; he has been most carefully taught; he is a credit to his teachers, to his profession, to his country, to himself; he is everything you say—but there is not one drop of virtuoso blood in his big, good-natured body.

He has nobility of style—the nobility that has been taught and is traditional. His performance is polished and scholarly. He respects the composer and endeavors to interpret him first for the composer's glory, then for his own. He is a most estimable and correct violinist—an example to the young, a model of good taste and pure style and musical thoughtfulness—but there is not one drop of virtuoso blood in his big, good-natured body, as he stands in Joachim's manner.

In other words, Madame, not one tone went straight to your heart and disquieted you or consoled you for something that as yet has been absent from your life. You applauded, because he played well, and you are a woman of intelligence. You have seldom heard a more serene performance of the concerto; but you were not moved strangely within you, so that while the music was played you were loose from time, space, reality. If you had been thus moved, you would not have applauded so loudly in the sight of the people. You would have felt abashed; you would have blushed if you had met suddenly the violinist face to face. Perhaps then it is well for you that Mr. Halir is a most excellent violinist without the divine or demoniacal spark.

* * *

The Andantino and the Scherzo of Tschaikowsky's 4th symphony were first played in Boston at a Symphony concert Oct. 18, 1890. It was the first introduction of Tschaikowsky's symphonies to a Boston public. The 2d was played by Damrosch's orchestra Dec. 9, 1891; the 5th was played at a Symphony concert Oct. 22, 1892, and the 6th was produced at a Symphony concert Dec. 29, 1894.

I should not quarrel with anybody who protested against the use of the word "symphony" in connection with this music and desired the word "suite." But call the work what you will, the work itself is one of unusual interest. The first movement is for a moment mindful of Schumann's first symphony, and then there is the thought of Italian melody sung wildly by a Russian voice. Long as the movement is, the interest does not flag, such are the rhythmic ingenuity and the varying, shifting procession of tone-colors. The second movement is distinctly Russian in feeling; the color is the drab of Dostoievsky; there is the suspicion of Death waiting quietly while the lonely villagers sing their mournful songs of love. The third movement is Oriental. How cunningly the composer avoids monotony! How dexterously he turns as he is about to plunge into dire vulgarity! The finale is hurrah and vodka, vodka and hurrah! Is the song "Vo poli berosa stoiala"? I know not. I care not. There is the mad finale to a Russian life.

Throughout this remarkable work blows the strong wind of inspiration. There are elemental qualities in it, qualities that characterize natural phenomena. And the wealth of ingenuity in the detail! Take, for instance, the use of the drums in the first movement. Inspiration and ingenuity: how seldom are they found together in a work of such long breath!

* * *

The performance of the orchestra was admirable throughout, and the performance of the symphony was a memorable one, for its color, beauty and its dazzling splendor. The accompaniment to Mr. Halir was played very sympathetically. There was a large and very applausive audience.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES.

The weekly article and notes are on page 10.

Mr. Martinus Sieveking, pianist, will give a recital in Steinert Hall Dec. 17.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Foreign Discussion of Eugen d'Albert.

Mr. Runciman's Essay on Chopin's Characteristics.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

An anonymous friend has sent me from Paris newspaper reviews of a Festival of Russian music conducted by Mr. Alexander Winogradsky, conductor of the Imperial Society at Kiew, at the second Colonne concert at the Chartelet Theatre, Nov. 8. For these interesting reviews and the program I here return my thanks.

The music played and sung was by Glinka, Tschaikowsky, Dargomijsky, Borodine, Rubinstein, Serow, Cui, Moussorgsky.

I was struck chiefly, when reading the reviews, by the personal liberties taken with Mr. Winogradsky by the reviewers. Their license is almost licentiousness.

Thus Alfred Bruneau in the Figaro wrote, "Let one remember the wild parody of orchestral leaders given formerly by the Hanlon-Lee, and he will have some idea of the spectacle afforded by Mr. Winogradsky, miming with the fantastic agility of a clown, with arms, legs, head and the rest of him a simple score, turned by the raging zeal of the self-dislocating interpreter into a terrible drama or a roaring farce. But the power of his talent and conviction is such that these frenzied gestures, which at first seem ridiculous and laughable, soon command respect and attention."

Julien Torchet represented the conductor telling Rimsky-Korsakoff that in the finale of Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, he took an attitude of desolation "to indicate to the orchestra that it should play tearfully the musical phrase; to show the public that it was listening to the last page written by the regretted composer." To quote Torchet again, speaking through the conductor's mouth, "In the Danses des Bayadères I imitated the dancers' steps, I have made pirouettes with the arms, if I may thus express myself, and I have tossed my head from side to side in imitation of ballet girls."

All agree, however, that Winogradsky is a conductor of uncommon abilty.

* * *

The following review on D'Albert's performance Nov. 7, published in the Pall Mall Gazette of the 9th, is worthy of the careful consideration of pianists:

Mr. Eugen d'Albert gave his only autumn pianoforte recital on Saturday afternoon at St. James's Hall, and more than confirmed every excellent promise which he had before given. The truth is that Mr. d'Albert gives you less the impression of being a virtuoso, despite his admirable and complete technical equipment, than of being a player who understands to the extreme limit of its compass the genius of the instrument upon which he plays. Even Paderewski, that paragon of pianoforte players, too often sacrifices the sincerity of sentiment to the pleasure of virtuosity, a fault from which we believe Mr. d'Albert to be as free as an artist can be. He is, moreover, a musician of noble gifts. He understands Beethoven perfectly, and plays him with extraordinary beauty. On Saturday he played the early sonata in E flat (No. 3, op. 31) with the extreme elegance, tenderness and lightness which are only suited to this delightful work. If the phrase may be allowed, he composed himself with his instrument, which became with him part and parcel of the actual interpretation, until—most difficult of conclusions!—the music became a pageant of pure sound, which unrolled itself, as it were, without hands, so exquisite and significant was this player's touch. In the Mendelssohn which followed, "Variations Sérieuses," there was not quite the same opportunity of perfection, and a considerably greater temptation to virtuosity, part of this composition indeed being ordered by Mendelssohn to this and no other issue; but once more, in the Chopin Nocturne (C minor), he proved his mastery of musical sentiment by the delicate sensitiveness of his expression, and the virility of his intelligence. Here, indeed, is the ultimate goal of every instrumental player, so to perfect his art as to conceal his artifice. The obvious technical difficulty of the piano is so appallingly persistent that, as a rule, it may be said, the more complex the composition, the more apparent becomes the artifice. It is only the very few who stride beyond this and, in any complete sense, identify the music which they play with the genius of the instrument upon which they perform. Mr. d'Albert is one of these rarely gifted pianists; he disarms criticism and claims, as nearly as mortal man can, from his most sensitive hearers the pleasures of unstinted appreciation.

But see how critics disagree, and listen a moment to Mr. Runciman's view of d'Albert, the pianist:

When he played at a Mottl concert earlier in the year, he made the worst

possible impression upon me. German friends had told me he was more than a coming man—was the only man who had actually come since Bülow; and naturally my disappointment was keen enough when he played a wretched arrangement of a Bach organ fugue so muddily, and a Beethoven concerto with so little emotion, so little color. At his subsequent recitals he did better; but I must confess that not then, and certainly not at his recital on Saturday last (Nov. 7), did he strike me as a second Bülow. I see no indications of the sheer brain, of the marvelous insight, which enabled Bülow to annotate the Beethoven sonatas in a fashion which no pianist has dared to disregard since. At the same time, I do see brain far in excess of the ordinary pianist's, and even a little in excess of Paderewski's. But it does not so far exceed Paderewski's as to compensate for a total lack of Paderewski's original emotion and trick of seeing things in distinctive colors, of seeing things as they have never been seen before. I should say his intellect was decidedly of the blunt order—of the sort that grasps firmly the obvious thing, but cannot penetrate beneath the surface and fetch to light things as yet unheard of. His perceptions curiously want the fineness to enable him to apprehend, and appreciate the value of, the remote, elusive, ragged fringes of the fugitive thought that is half thought and half emotion.

And this, which may be felt even in his playing of Beethoven, is only too plain in his Chopin playing. It is all in vain that he caresses the keyboard with the utmost tenderness, fetching out deliciously sweet tones, or that he phrases with exquisite perfection: never for a second does he give you the true Chopin atmosphere—that mysteriously voluptuous yet pungent, almost sweetly acid, fragrance that has far more to do with the making of the modern spirit—and especially the modern spirit as one finds it in "The Yellow Book," "The Savoy" and the stories of John Oliver Hobbes—than at first one is inclined to think. His version of Chopin is to Paderewski's as a finely finished photograph to a Whistler painting; or as the bald London streets under the sunlight at midday to the scarlets and greens of a rich country-side under a glowing sunset. His very health, his sanity, common sense, and freedom from morbidness, the very depth of his purely human feeling, all go to prevent him fetching out of Chopin's music the peculiar Chopinesque quality which is its sole justification. Even his touch is against him; for it is broad, square-toed, devoid of delicate incisiveness—in a word, it, like Mr. d'Albert himself, is somewhat lacking in subtlety; and without subtlety—subtlety of feeling, subtle instincts, even more than subtlety of thought—no man may play Chopin. * * *

I sometimes wondered whether d'Albert has really more temperament than he chooses to let us think, and is merely temporarily smitten with the notion of playing intellectually rather than emotionally. * * *

I only find Mr. d'Albert wanting when compared with the greatest. It is true I place him beneath Paderewski as a Chopin player; but as a Beethoven player I place him above all his rivals.

From a point of technique he comes easily first; for Rosenthal's sheer ox strength not in itself technique; and Mr. d'Albert does more difficult feats with greater ease, certainty and clearness than Rosenthal or any other pianist now before the public. Most virtuosos have a little of the charlatan about them—they make the most of their difficulties and try to make easy passages sound very complicated indeed. But of the charlatan d'Albert has absolutely nothing: he is absolutely honest and free of affectations.

I have quoted fully from Mr. Runciman's article published in the Saturday Review of Nov. 14, because I regard it as an admirable specimen of thoughtful, discriminating, illuminated criticism. He is undoubtedly unjust to Mr. Rosenthal; or he prefers to see only the purely virtuoso side of Mr. Rosenthal's nature. When I heard the latter in New York this fall there was no exhibition of "ox strength," but there was a display of the finest technical proficiency imaginable. Mr. Runman does not mention de Pachmann in his poetic disquisition on Chopin, and yet no pianist of these late years has equaled or even approached de Pachmann in his enwrapping an audience in "the true Chopin atmosphere;" no pianist has approached him in necessary "subtlety of feeling, subtle instincts."

* * *

The gallant Col. Mapleson tells in his Memoirs this story of his servant Angelo—whose linen was so dirty that he made notes on his wristbands with chalk—and the late Campanini:

He (Angelo) speculated, moreover, largely and advantageously in vermouth, which he sold in the United States for at least a dollar a bottle more than he had paid for it in Italy. Campanini acted as his friend and accomplice in these vermouth sales. Entering a bar, in no matter what American city, the great tenor would call for a glass of vermouth. "Pah!" he would exclaim, when he had tasted what the bar keeper had offered him. Then, after making many wry faces, he spat out the liquor which had so grievously offended him.

"Where did you get this horrible stuff?" he would then inquire. "Vermouth? It is not vermouth at all. What did the rascal who sold it to you charge for it?"

"Three dollars a bottle.'

"And here is a gentleman," pointing to Angelo, "who has genuine vermouth of the finest quality and will sell you as much as you like for two dollars a bottle."

The barkeeper thought, with reason, that an eminent Italian tenor like Campanini must know good vermouth from bad, and at once bought from Angelo a case or two of the true vermouth at Torino.

Now this is a good story, and of course an impresario never exaggerates, but when and where did any barkeeper in this country pay $3, or even $2, for a bottle of vermouth?

PHILIP HALE.

CHADWICK'S SYMPHONY.

The Buffalo Express speaks thus, in part, of Mr Chadwick's third symphony produced lately at Buffalo, under the direction of Mr. John Lund: "After listening to this composition who shall say that there is no creative musical art in America? * * * Greater symphonies have been written, no doubt, but this one is masterful, musicianly, thoroughly original and strikingly attractive, and reflects credit upon the land which produced it. If anyone sought to find anything distinctively American about this composition, he must have been disappointed. It was what might be called a cosmopolitan symphony—one that would sound as fitting in Munich as in Buffalo, in Paris as in London. * * * Mr. Chadwick was himself and no one else. The leading melodies were always attractive; that of the andante was surpassingly beautiful. The thought is well sustained and well worked out. In this composition Mr. Chadwick showed a command of the wonderful resources of tone painting contained in a full orchestra, but did not allow himself to be betrayed into excessive elaboration. The first movement was solid and well considered, the third vivacious and the fourth a good ending of the symphony; but probably no one will deny that the second, the andante, touched him more than any of the others. A melody, tender and sweet, is given out, first by the strings and then swelled to fullness by the other choirs of the orchestra. It was full of fine feeling and eloquent expression."

MR. WHITNEY'S SERVICE.

A service of Thanksgiving for the 25 years' incumbency of Mr. Samuel B. Whitney as organist of the Church of the Advent will be celebrated Thursday morning at the church at 10.30 o'clock. The music will be ordered as follows:

Prelude, orchestra and organ, on Themes, from the processional hymn.....Whitney
Processional Hymn, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War".....Whitney
Cummunion Service (No. 2).....Whitney
Written specially for this anniversary, and dedicated to the choir of the church of the Advent.
Offertory Anthem (Psalm cviii., 1—5) .....Whitney
Recessional Hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name".....Whitney
Postlude (Processional March).....Whitney
Orchestra and organ.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Eliot Hubbard, assisted by Mr. Alexander Blaess, 'cellist, and Mrs. S. B. Field, pianist, will give a concert in Chipman Hall, Tremont Temple, Monday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. He will sing songs by Rubinstein, Hugo Wolf, Vidal, Hawley, de Fontenailles, Liza Lehman, Henschel, Tirindelli, and Wagner. Mr. Blaess will play pieces by Corelli, Popper and Casella.

The Cecilia will give Dvorak's "Spectre Bride" in Music Hall Friday night. The soloists will be Mrs. Bradbury, Mr. G. J. Parker and Mr. Max Heinrich.

The program of the Symphony Concert in Music Hall Saturday night will be as follows: Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus;" Haydn, aria from "The Seasons;" Duparc's symphonic poem "Leonore" (first time); Wotan's farewell, Wagner; Mendelssohn's Fourth (Italian) Symphony. Mr. Pol Plancon will be the singer.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Lilli Lehmann is due in this country Dec. 28.

"Gwendoline" has been revived at Munich.

Mrs. Jean de Reszke is said to be 63 years old.

Lady Hallé has been fiddling in the English provinces.

Martinus Sieveking will give a recital in New York Dec. 8.

Mr. Zumpe of Munich has been nominated Court Conductor at Schwerin.

A Genevan, Jacques Dalcroze, has finished an operetta, "Sancho Pansa."

Miss Gussie Cotlow, pianist, made a successful debut at Berlin Nov. 22.

Several new male choruses by Edward Kremser have been published by Leuckart.

"Dopo l' Ave Maria," a little opera by Alfredo Donizetti, has been produced at Milan.

Sembrich delighted the Berliners by her singing the part of Marguerite in "The Huguenots."

Franz Litterscheid's new opera "Der Feenliebling" was produced lately with success at Coblenz.

Wallnöfer the tenor who was in New York last season for a few appearances is now at Riga.

Mrs. Ellen Gulbranson of Christiania sang with effect at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipsic Nov. 12.

Thirty songs and a nearly completed mass have been found in the effects of the late Franz von Suppé.

Mr. Frederick Cliffe's new violin concerto will be played for the first time April 7, in London, by Nachez.

Miss Marie Geselschap, pianist, will not return to Boston this season. She will play in Germany and England.

Ada Adiny pleased at Leipsic as Valentine and Isolde by dramatic skill and fervor rather than by voice or vocal art.

"Scenes from the Saga of King Olaf," by Edward Elgar was produced for the first time, Oct. 30, at the North Staffordshire Festival.

Mr. Ross Jungnickel, conductor of the Detroit Oratorio Society, has resigned and Mr. N. J. Corey, formerly of Boston, is his successor.

Mr. Frank N. Scott is the author of two pleasing songs, "The Old Home Far Away" and "My Home Beyond the Sea," the music of which is by Mabel F. Chandler.

At a recent sale of musical copyrights Mr. A. Scott Gatty's "True Till Death," with band parts and pianoforte arrangement, was sold for £640, and Mr. Michael Watson's "Powder Monkey" brought £380.

There is a wild story that some American manager proposes to bring over Mascagni and Leoncavallo to conduct large orchestras in the performance of their works.

Miss Emma Stanley, born in New Orleans, who studied at St. Louis, and in Paris under Mrs. Krauss and Manoury, made a successful début as Rachel in "The Jewess" at Ghent.

Mr. Felix Winternitz, violinist, will give a concert Dec. 12 in Association Hall. He will play Mendelssohn's concerto, Bazzini's "Ronde de Lutin," and two compositions of his own.

An operetta, "La Pupilla," libretto by the old Venetian Goldoni and music by Gialdini, pleased at Venice, Oct. 23. The subject is practically the same as that of "The Barber of Seville."

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, a pupil of Rubinstein and Leschetizky, was highly praised for his performance of Tschaikowsky's B flat minor concerto at a Gemandhaus concert at Leipsic, Nov. 5.

The latest concert work by Theodor Gouvy is "Polyxena," for three solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. Produced at Duisburg May 3 it has just been published by Breitkopf and Härtel.

Stéphane Vergé, leading dancer at the Vienna Opera House, has retired from the stage. Her last appearance was a festival. Her box was stuffed with flowers, and she was given a silvern crown.

Mieclslav de Kaminski, tenor, died at Lemberg Oct. 24, at the age of 70. He was favored much by Louis II. of Bavaria, and in 1864 sang with Patti before the congress of sovereigns at Frankfort.

The royal opera at Madrid opened the 27th with "El Buque Fantasma" ("the Flying Dutchman"). "Die Walküre" will be given there this season. The public did not care for "The Flying Dutchman."

Miss Chaminade played her concert stück for piano and orchestra at a Crystal Palace concert Nov. 7, and her orchestral suite "Callirrhoë" was then performed. Songs by her were sung by Miss Landi.

Bronislaw Huberman, the young Polish violinist, made his début in New York, the 21st. He played the Mendelssohn concerto and pieces by Bach, Wagner and Sarasate. He is said to be only 14 years of age.

The San Carlo at Naples will be opened next carnival. Franchetti's "Pourceaugnac" and "Colombo." Verdi's "Falstaff," Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" and Giordano's "Andrea Chénier" will be produced.

The sale of season tickets for the Handel and Haydn concerts, '96-'97, will open at Music Hall Dec. 7. The oratorios will be "The Messiah" (Dec. 20, 21), "Elijah" (Feb. 7), and "Hora Novissima" (April 18).

A. Montaux in the Ménestrel recalls the fact that Mermet, the French opera composer, dreamed before the "Nibelungen Ring" was written of composing a series of works glorifying France, as Roland, Jeanne d'Arc, etc.

Mrs. Varvill, a pupil of Francis Korbay, made her début in London Nov. 12. "Her voice is pleasing, but her style at present is amateurish, and Mrs. Varvill has a great deal to learn before she can be considered a well-equipped concert-room vocalist."

A new sonata for violin and piano by Mr. H. Walford Davies has been produced in London. In the jargon of London reviewers, the sonata is said to be "clever but somewhat unequal, and the young composer has evidently been under the influence of Brahms."

Mr. Frederick Lamond, pianist, has made his debut in Warsaw and Moscow. In Warsaw he was compelled to give four encores, and was recalled 28 times, and at Moscow he was received with equal enthusiasm. Mr. Lamond will give the first of a series of recitals at St. James's Hall, London, in January.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has made arrangements with Mr. E. Carozzi of Milan, whereby he will have the right to produce an Italian version of "The Mikado" throughout Italy and Trieste for a period of five years. This opportunity for "The Mikado" being heard by the Italians in their own language has been to a great extent brought about by Mr. W. Clifford Weblyn.

There have been many assertions to the effect that Colonne will revisit us with his orchestra in the early part of next year, but so far there has been no authoritative statement as to his intentions, and at present it is a matter of pure speculation as to waether he will come or not. For our own part, we think he would be ill-advised to repeat so expensive an undertaking. He gave us nothing of superlative excellence, and unless a conductor or a player shows some magnetic quality, in vain will he spread his program over the advertising columns of the daily and weekly press.——Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

The result of Miss Florence Monteith's visit to Milan was the offer of engagements to sing in Rome, Naples, Florence, and the San Carlo, Lisbon; the last sho has accepted as the most advantageous in every way, and has signed a contract to sing the roles of Elsa in "Lohengrin" and Margherita in "Faust" during the carnival season commencing the end of December. Miss Monteith made her debut at Covent Garden in the grand season of 1894, and again sang in 1895. During the months of January, February, March, and April of the present year she was engaged as prima donna at the San Carlo, Naples.

Otto Lohse, the husband of the late Mrs. Klafsky, returned from Europe last week. In reference to the rumors regarding the death of his wife, Mr. Lohse states that Dr. Brackenhoeft, a well-known attorney at Hamburg, Germany, who is the guardian of the Klafsky children and administrator of the estate, has instituted legal proceedings against an editor in that city and a society woman upon whom the rumors were focused after the preliminary investigation had passed through a dozen witnesses. It was found that these parties had spread the original rumor of suicide, and under the strict laws of Germany these parties may be severely punished for slandering the reputation of the deceased, who died under the surgeons' hands as the result of an abscess.——Musical Courier.

The battle of the "pitches" still continues, and Dr. Richter is the last to introduce a fresh element of discord. As is well known Richter still uses the old philharmonic pitch, not because he thinks it the best, but for the reason that he thinks the change to a pitch which has not yet established itself in this country would or might spoil his ensemble. Again, Richter is not in favor of the French diapason normal, and if there is to be a permanent change here he would like to see us "take the bull by the horns at once, and adopt the Viennese standard." This means the lowering of the pitch by a full semi-tone, which would overcome a great many of the instrumental difficulties that made the recent adoption of the diapason normal so objectionable to our orchestral players. It is the standard in use in Italy, Germany and Russia, and if the majority is not always in the wrong we should do better to conclude a quadruple alliance instead of dallying with the Parisian coquette. ——Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

The Pall Mall Gazette, Nov. 13, speaks thus of Brahms's Symphony in C minor: "The heaviest item of the concert was Brahms's Symphony in C minor, about which the world has already apparently made up its mind sufficiently, if one may judge at any rate from the analytical program provided for the occasion. For our part we refuse to regard this work at every point as one of the 'masterworks of all time.' It has extraordinarily fine moments, particularly in its less serious intervals, but it is by no means equal. It lacks sustained interest in a curiously intermittent fashion; it bears the same relation to the greatest symphonies of Beethoven, for example, that a Persian rug bears to a picture by Rembrandt. There are noble passages in the Oriental combination, but the artist's masterpiece is a finished whole. We feel all the more justified in recording such a criticism, inasmuch as Mr. Henschel obviously shared the same sentiments. He was admirable in all the purple passages of the work; and he clearly fell away in his interest when Brahms chose to be merely academical. It was something of a unique experience to listen to these pauses and resurrections in the course of this odd interpretation, and such a result does more credit to Mr. Henschel's artistic sincerity than to his powers of make-believe. When the real attractiveness of the music became apparent, Mr. Henschel did it full justice; when it lapsed into the effects of academical industry, he frankly admitted the fact, and he left the public to decide the matter. The fulsome praise of the analytical program was, therefore, singularly unjust to Mr. Henschel, whose dramatic instinct alone was at fault. He would not pretend that Brahms was greater than Brahms really is."

Nov. 30. 1896

Silence thine immemorial quest, contain thy nature's vain complaint;
None heeds, none cares for thee or thine;—like thee how many came and went?

Cease, Man, to mourn, to weep, to wail; enjoy thy shining hour of sun;
We dance along Death's icy brink, but is the dance less full of fun?

Who would think from her scenic aggressiveness that Miss May Irwin is a sensitive woman, easily disconcerted? And yet we are informed solemnly that she has forbidden late-comers to be shown to their seats immediately, "as she must conserve all her forces for the music." The intelligent foreigner, reading this, might well conclude that Miss Irwin is a distinguished Isolde or Brünnhilde, or a singer of intellectual songs by Mr. Brahms.

Mr. Krehbiel of the New York Tribune —for the writer is surely Mr. Krehbiel—said Sunday, "In the matter of warmth of passion, depth of feeling and moving force, Signor Campanini's voice did not compare with that of M. Jean de Reszke, albeit it may be said to have been (when at its best, which was at least fifteen years ago) purer in quality. In one respect he was a worthy predecessor of M. de Reszke—that is, in phrasing. A most admirable master of this element in vocalization was Campanini, and also a master of the art of attack. He had a superb pair of lungs, and no equal in this or his generation in the art of 'messa di voce.' To the lovers of modern dramatic singing he grew more admirable as his voice began to fail him." In other words, as soon as Campanini's voice grew weak and husky, and escaped control, and in other respects began to resemble the voices of the German singers so beloved in New York, he then began to be a great tenor. It seems impossible that Mr. Krehbiel ever heard Campanini in his prime; if he did hear him twenty-three years ago, would he now make this preposterous statement concerning the superiority of the genteel, self-reckoning de Reszke's "warmth of passion?" In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. Krehbiel is the author of a book entitled "How to Listen to Music."

W. [illegible] a letter-head that a [illegible] a [illegible] town is a dealer in "Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-made Clothing and R. R. Ties." We commend this fact to the Providence Journal, which has long been interested in many ties. Whether the gilded youth of Maine use railroad ties as four-in-hands or tie them gracefully to suit the particular occasion is at present unknown to us.

Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann, formerly of Boston, is the author of "A Tragedy in a New York Flat, a Dramatic Episode in Two Scenes." The title-page bears this motto: "Written in a New York Flat, '95-'96, on nothing a week." There are three characters in the grim play. One of them is thus described: 'Charles Fisher (age 40), of heavy build, very awkward, a full round face with a reddish beard, bad teeth, his voice of guttural harshness. Despite these deficiencies he has something agreeable and sympathetic about him; one feels that he has soul depth beneath his rough surface." The story is this—after all it is perhaps just as well to refrain from telling it; but Mr. Hartmann's little play is a singular contribution to dramatic literature, almost as singular as Gabriel Mourey's "Lawn-Tennis" or Jules de Marthold's "La Grande Blonde."

F. L. T. gives this answer to a question asked by I. P. the 23d. "The phrase 'Six ways of a Sunday,' as you print it, is probably a blind and degenerate condition of the more correct and vivid phrase 'Six ways for Sunday.' In the Pine Tree State, when something happened that was sudden and perhaps dangerous, where one had to look quickly and act at the same time in order to be safe, a falling tree, a runaway horse or any such emergency it might be, you might likely hear the proper form of your troublesome phrase in this use, 'It made me look six ways for Sunday, I tell ye.' "

R. E. W. writes to the Journal as follows: "The writer heard frequently in childhood in New Hampshire the expression, 'Far's I know,' as, for instance, 'It will rain before night, far's I know;' or, an animal missing, from a flock or herd, in pasture, 'Well, it's dead, far's I know.' The same people would often speak of a collection of houses as 'housen.' In childhood, also, I have heard the phrase, 'we must look six ways for Sunday,' spoken commonly in regard to future plans, as though in planning we had the unknown happenings of six days to meet before we could assuredly be successful, or reach Sunday for rest."

One more letter on this subject, and it must be the last, so far as "fezzino" is concerned. The letter is signed "T. [illegible] R." "In the Journal of today (Nov. [illegible]) I saw the answer by A. R. to I. [illegible] question respecting the origin and significance of the New England (old) term 'fezino.' A. R. says it may be a corrupted form of 'ez-fur-ez' I know. I fail to see how A. R.'s example amends the corruption. 'Ez-fur-zino,' or 's'furzino,' are both simple corruptions [illegible] as far as I know. Sixty years ago, and through all the intermediate time, the term was and has been in use, with variations from, as far (or so far) as I know, down to that heedless error [illegible] in pronunciation, s'furzino. The abbreviation of the prefix as, or so, has been almost universal. It did, as H. B. S. says, 'express a doubt or possibility,' but not exactly as A. B. S. puts it. A better example would be, 'It may be [illegible], s'furzino,' as, 'They are all well s'furzino.' The Yankees made many wretched mistakes in idiomatic construction, but hardly worse than was done by all classes in the South. New England says—'Hoa,' or 'whoa,' or [illegible] for its plain derivation—Hold, [illegible] up. 'Gee,' or 'gee off' for go off—'Haw,' for haul to, 'had-dap' to a [illegible] horse for head up, and 'Go-lang' for go along. All bad enough, but not [illegible] dialectic contractions [illegible] in the South—'How-de?' for how do you do" or 'So-long,' for 'may you [illegible],' or for long, or all along.'

MR. HUBBARD'S RECITAL.

Mr. [illegible] Hubbard, tenor, assisted by Mrs. S. B. Field, pianist, and Mr. Alexander Blaess, 'cellist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Chipman Hall. He sang songs by Rubinstein, Hugo Wolf, [illegible], de Fontenailles, [illegible], Lehman, Henschel, Thindelli [illegible] Wagner. Mr. Blaess played [illegible] by Corelli, Boccherini, Popper [illegible].

[illegible] Hubbard's programs are as a rule rich in novelties. He is to be thanked for his courage in thus departing from [illegible] paths. Of the novelties of yesterday, [illegible] simple, melodious song by de Fontenailles gave the most pleasure, and in this the singer was heard to his best advantage. The earnestness and sincerity of Mr. Hubbard are well known, and as a singer he suffers occasionally from these very qualities; for they lead him to straining of the voice and over-accentuation in phrasing. Mr. Hubbard has yet to learn the value and the beauty of pure, unaffected legato.

Mr. Blaess did not play well. His technique was often inadequate; his intonation was at times impure; his phrasing was often restless and amateurish.

There was a good-sized audience, and applause was bestowed indiscriminately on that which was good and that which was bad.

P. H.

Col. Mapleson Leads Again His Forces.

Remarkably Good Performance of "Aida."

"Trovatore" at Castle Square—Mr. Hubbard.

The Imperial Opera Company, Col. J. H. Mapleson, began last night an engagement at the Boston Theatre. The opera was Verdi's "Aida." The conductor was Mr. Bimboni. The cast was as follows:

Radamès	Mr. Durot
Amonasro	Mr. De Anna
Ramfis	Mr. Pinto
Il Re	Mr. Dado
Messagiero	Mr. Olivieri
Amneris	Mrs. Parsi
Sacerdotessa	Mrs. Du Bedat
Aida	Mrs. Bonnaplata Bau

The chief singers of last night were new to Boston with the exception of Mr. De Anna, who made his début here as Germont in "La Traviata," Dec. 30, 1884. He sang the part of Amonasro here for the first time, Jan. 5, 1885.

* * *

The performance last night was remarkably good in many ways. It is true that tenors of more heroic voice and bearing have sung in Boston the part of Radamès; that more passionate sopranos have appeared as Aida; but I do not remember having heard in this country or in Europe an ensemble of such high and general excellence in "Aida" as that which excited last evening a large audience to genuine enthusiasm and revealed beauties in Verdi's noble opera which have hitherto in Boston been concealed by the ignorance or slurred over by the indifference, of the conductors.

* * *

And, first of all, hearty and unstinted praise must be given to Mr. Bimboni, the conductor. I believe he was in this city in January, 1886, as second conductor in the Mapleson company. I doubt if he at that time had reached his full musical stature. Mr. Bimboni, judged by his work in "Aida," is an admirably equipped musician, with a fiery nature which is controlled sanely by his intelligence. His authority is absolute, and it is displayed without arrogance. A mere martinet could not command such sympathetic following from his men. Mr. Bimboni knows his score; the players know that he knows it; and when he wishes a nuance or a startling effect they also know that he does not act capriciously, or as one beating arms against the wind. While under his baton passages of orchestral detail were in bold relief, the general effect was never reduced to mosaic work, the sweep and the fury of Verdi never slackened.

The musicianship of Mr. Bimboni was shown beyond doubt and peradventure in his treatment of the score. His climaxes were prepared with the cunning of a Symphony conductor. His rhythm was rhythmic as Nature. To the singers he was a listening and sympathetic counselor and friend, and he must be a strong rock in time of trouble. I know not how this man may conduct other works. I know that in "Aida" he displayed all the qualities of an ideal conductor of opera.

* * *

The chorus was made up of fresh and vigorous voices. The quality of tone was unusually free from coarseness. Even in the stormiest passages there was sonorousness, and not noise. The parts were well balanced. The attack was sharp, decisive. And—mirabile dictu!—here was a chorus that sang with true expression and knew the value of dynamic gradings. How impressive, for instance, was the piano chorus of priests in the temple.

* * *

The chief singers were distinguished especially by their deep interest in all that pertained to them and to the action. I heard Mrs. Bonnaplata-Bau in New York in "Andrea Chénier" a few weeks ago. I then commented upon some unpleasant characteristics of her singing. No doubt she was then nervous, handicapped by the responsibility of creating a new part in this country; for last night these blemishes were not in evidence. The voice is not a heroic one; yet it carries and in impassioned moments it stirs the heart. She does many things well in song. Her use of the portamento, for instance, is to be commended to all students, and to many singers who have only a vague notion of the meaning of the word and no ability to put the meaning into action. As an actress, she is discreet, when no especial demand is made upon her; but when the demand is made upon her, she responds quickly and without exaggeration. For she is mindful of this fact; that in opera the singer should first regard the song.

Mrs. Parsi is a large, imposing woman. You at first admire her respectfully, as you would anything that is of generous, full proportions; and little by little, you discover that there is womanly beauty in this face and figure. When she smiles, she looks much like Calvé, and she can afford to smile, for her teeth are a delight to the eye if not to the idle dentist. As an actress, she is pleasingly conventional. An arm pointed one way indicates love; the other arm pointed the other way, despair. But, mind you, she does not over-gesticulate, and when she is thoroughly aroused, you forget everything except that she is a strong personality and individuality.

They say the Chinese are fond of large women; and the Chinese are a highly civilized folk. Certainly Mrs. Parsi is every inch the daughter of a king and every inch a woman. Her voice is an alto, with mezzo-soprano quality, the voice demanded imperatively for this trying part. The tones are rich and sympathetic, and in the upper register she is not obliged to shriek. Her phrasing last night was not always to be commended; and yet when she broke a phrase it seemed as though she did it purposely to gain a certain effect.

* * *

Mr. Durot's voice was steadier last night than when I heard him in "Andrea Chénier." He has undeniably a tremolo, and he is a lyric rather than a heroic tenor, yet such is his command of vigorous and not jarring upper tones that in such scenes as the great duet with Aida he is passionate and convincing. His work was always sincere and manly, and he richly deserved the hearty applause that followed his performance of "Celeste Aida."

Mr. De Anna's grand voice, admirable art and dignified bearing are well known to Bostonians, who remember him with pleasure. Time has been kind to him. His voice still has a thrilling ring; his art prevents him from foolishly over-taxing his abilities. His Amonasro was not as picturesque a figure as that of Maurel; but he sang the part far better, and he is the only singer I remember who could be heard in the tremendous orchestral explosion in the third act.

Mr. Pinto was a stately Ramfis, and Mr. Dado was an unusually satisfactory King.

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The long trumpets in the march were not missing; the band upon the stage was firmly held in hand; the scenery was very good; the costumes were appropriate, and although little can be said in praise of the dancing, much might be said concerning the beauty of the ballet girls.

* * *

A performance not soon to be forgotten. A performance full of youthful enthusiasm, hot blood, burning passion.

* * *

The opera this evening will be "Lucia." Mrs. Huguet and Messrs. Randaccio and De Anna will be the chief singers. Mr. Bimboni will conduct.

PHILIP HALE.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

The daughter of the farmer sits before the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers. Her bodice is unhooked. Her hair kisses curves and nooks. She hardly notices the smell of the kerosene lamp, so closely, so proudly and so sorrowfully does she look at herself in the glass. No play-actress or model shown in the cheap picture magazines is her equal. The farmer's daughter does not suspect this; she knows it. No summer city boarder, in spite of skilfully contrived costume, could rival or approach her in enchantment of figure. And the girl sits before the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers.

She thinks of the artist who stopped on the farm last summer. She remembers his careless manners, his ease with himself and the world, his trinkets, his velveteen jacket, the smell of his pipe, his pyjamas thrown upon the floor. He never wooed her in direct speech, but she recollects the hot compliments of his eyes.

The landscape chilled her [illegible]. The wood-pile smelled of [illegible]. Mullein stalks shivered under the leaden sky. The hills watched her ironically. There was for her the treadmill routine of housework. At supper she noticed the shriveled skin of her mother, the untidiness of her mother's hair along the nape of the neck. Her mother is not so very old in years; and yet how tired she is! Her father blew on his tea in a saucer. He complained of his daughter's indifference to the storekeeper's son, and then he pulled off his boots, and dried his feet in the oven of the kitchen stove. And now she sits, with unhooked bodice, before the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers.

It is not nine o'clock, and yet what is there for her to do but to go to bed? And what change or pleasure does she see approaching her for weeks to come? A whistle calls to her far down the valley. She starts up and goes to the window. She peers into the night, hoping to see the lights of the express train as it hurries toward the city. A mist enwraps the house. The daughter of the farmer undresses herself slowly and puts out the light. Of what avail is her sumptuous beauty? Only the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers understands her and appreciates her.

"The police think they can capture the Back Bay burglar." It is a relief to find that the police can play a thinking part, at least.

Mr. Jem Mace is depressed as he contemplates modern pugilism.

"Fighting is an amusement now. Just watch some of the fights. There's a lot of leapin' about, an' breaking away, an' then one chap goes out, an' it's all over. In 15 minutes they're both up at the bar with a cigarette and a cocktail. After my fights I don't believe either man could have done that." Could not Mr. Mace be persuaded to give a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute on the Noble Art with practical illustrations?

A reporter asked Mr. Mace "Doesn't prize fighting make a man brutal and hard hearted? Doesn't it impair his morals?" This question staggered the veteran. Mr. Barney Aaron, good and kind old man, came to his assistance. "You don't understand him, Jem," he said. "I'll explain it ye, now, just what he means. It's like this. He means: 'Do they 'it as 'ard now as they used to 'it?' "

The mirifick flying machine that has been enjoying the glorious climate of California was seen by Mr. Lusk. If it had been seen by Mr. Lush its appearance could be more easily explained.

The New York Times comments in excruciatingly funny fashion on the dress of Moritz Rosenthal. The climax of jocosity is reached when the Times in all seriousness alludes to him as "the great violinist."

William Steinway was much more than a business man of great executive ability. He was a philanthropist without arrogance and self-glorification. He was a patriot, devoted to what is best in the Republic, without fear of censure, without desire of reward.

Mrs. Felia Litvinne, the dramatic soprano who has succeeded Nordica as a partner in the celebrated firm of Schuetz and de Reszke, told Alan Dale that she is anxious to forget her first appearance in New York. "It was many years ago, and I was young, very young." Let us jog Mrs. Litvinne's memory. She made her debut in New York, under Col. Mapleson's management, as Leonora in "Trovatore," Nov. 3, 1885. She was then known as "Mlle. Litvinoff." That was also her first appearance in America. Nov. 21 of the same year she sang Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni." If the criticisms of last week were well-founded, Mrs. Litvinne may be already anxious to forget her second engagement in New York.

A STUDY OF WHITMAN.

WHITMAN: A Study by John Burroughs. Price, $1 25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

This is not the first study of Walt Whitman by Mr. Burroughs. In 1871 his "Notes on Walt Whitman," a thin volume, had reached a second edition. His personal knowledge of the poet, his close communion with Nature, his broad, catholic spirit toward humanity in bulk enable him to speak with authority. There is little or nothing in the present volume that gives additional information concerning Whitman's life; nor does Mr. Burroughs deign to refute at length the slanders of Nordau or the extraordinary charge brought by Raffalovich in his "Uranisme" (pp. 301-5, 1896).

The book is first of all a study of Whitman's ideas and aims, his rela-

... to art ... homage to life and ... country, science and ... We leave the volume to be thus far the most satisfactory and most intimate appreciation of this colossal character. The essay of Stevenson is humorous, and Stevenson, indeed, apologized for its inadequacy and faint-heartedness. Admirable is the book by Symonds, who found this happy phrase "Talking about Whitman is like talking about the universe." But Mr. Burroughs is nearer by birth, education and spirit to his subject. This book is eminently sane. There are no symptoms of the hysteria that afflicts so many of Whitman's noisy followers. There is no unreasoning adoration.

Mr. Burroughs believes that the seer is the greatest force in Aemrican literature, and yet "literature" is hardly the word to be used in speaking of this extraordinary writer; for Whitman was not strictly a literary poet. There are whole pages that we would gladly quote, indeed we know of few books of the year that contain so much that is quotable; but we can here speak only in a word of the great debt all lovers not only of Whitman, but of Nature and all that is noblest in complex man owe to the author.

The indifferent to Whitman's claims may shrug their shoulders when Symonds declares that "Leaves of Grass" made a man of him; when Stevenson admits that it dispelled a thousand illusions; when Mrs. Gilchrist said that it enabled her to find her own soul. They must be impressed by the irresistible force of Mr. Burroughs's statements, and they may thus be led to study "Leaves of Grass" itself. "Whitman brings us no cunning handicraft of the muses; he brings us a gospel, he brings us a man, he brings us a new revelation of life." Perhaps the crucial test of Mr. Burroughs's study is that after you lay it down, "Leaves of Grass" still seems far above all praise or blame. The giant peak still soars above the climber, however expert or enthusiastic he may be.

WITH THE SINGERS.

A Weak Performance of Donizetti's Lucia.

Debut of Josephine Huguet, Young and Handsome.

Stray Thoughts Suggested by Her Appearance.

The opera given last evening by the Imperial Opera Company, Col. J. H. Mapleson, director, was Donizetti's "Lucia." Mr. Bimboni was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Edgardo	Mr. Randaccio
Ashton	Mr. De Anna
Raimondo	Mr. Pinto
Normanno	Mr. Borelli
Arturo	Mr. Olivieri
Alisa	Miss Du Debat
—And—	
Lucia	Mrs. Huguet

The performance last night was far inferior to that of "Aida" the night before.

Mrs. Huguet, the Lucia, made her first appearance in this city. She is a young and handsome woman. Her voice is light and flexible. It is at times wiry, and it is without color. It is not an organ to be played upon by any deep emotion. As a singer, Mrs. Huguet has a showy technique that is calculated to win the applause of a public, but I doubt if the foundations of her art are deep or secure. As an actress, her only charm is youthful beauty. Her arms are in constant, unmeaning motion, and although her hands are shapely, they are so constantly in evidence that one is soon wearied by the sight of them. Lucia is not a part for her. In ensemble her voice is distinguished with difficulty. In solo work she is without genuine feeling, and the voice itself is so light and colorless that the tones themselves do not give any sensuous satisfaction to the hearer. After all, she should be satisfied; for she has youth and beauty.

I understand that Mr. Randaccio, the Edgardo, who also made his first appearance in Boston last evening, was not in condition. It is enough to say, then, that he was in many ways unsatisfactory.

The honors of the evening were borne away easily by Mr. De Anna, who showed himself an artist thoroughly trained in the traditions of Donizettian routine. Remember for a moment the Ashtons that have appeared here during the last few years. No matter how well any one of them may have sung, all of them showed ignorance of the business that belongs to the part. Mr. De Anna sang well the music, and, more than this, his action, while it was free from exaggeration, was always suitable to the occasion.

The chorus did its work in acceptable fashion, and Mr. Bimboni seized his only opportunity and conducted the sextet with thrilling effect.

A small audience was generous in applause after Mr. De Anna's aria in the first act, the sextet, and the mad scene. Let us now discuss other things than the performance itself.

* * *

"Lucia," to be endurable in these days when the Italian cadence is a weariness to the flesh and spirit of many, who are also bored by a succession of airs unless they are finely sung, should be given only with singers of genuine dramatic talent. We have been accustomed of late to a mutilated version of the opera, arranged solely for the display of Melba's pretty rivalry with the flute. But the part of Lucia was not written for such a singer. The woman to whom Donizetti intrusted the creation of his heroine shook the audience with terror in her mad scene; at least, such is the ancient legend.

Again, for years, "Lucia" was a tenor's opera. The part of Edgardo was meant to be heroic, not merely lyrical. The attraction in earlier days—even in New York in the fifties—was not the mad scene, it was the swan-song of Edgardo; and hysterical young women went to the opera to see and hear that scene.

And in those earlier days dramatic sopranos were expected to be competent in bravura passages. Lucia to them was not a silly, simpering creature, with genteel "Ahs" and "Ohs;" nor was the mad-scene to them a study in still life.

* * *

These are the operas founded on Scott's novel: "Le Nozzéde de Lammermoor," by Carafa de Colobrano, Paris, Dec. 12, 1829; "Lucia di Lammermoor," by Donizetti, Naples, Sept. 26, 1835; "Bruden fra Lammermoor," by J. Bredal, Copenhagen, 1832; "La Fidanzata di Lammermoor," by Alberto Mazzucato, Padua, 1834; "La Fidanzata di Lammermoor," by Luigi Ricci, Trieste, November, 1831.

Sontag and Pisarono sang in Carafa's opera.

* * *

Donizetti's opera was first sung by Persiani, Duprez, Porto, Cosselli. Duprez, who died last September at the age of 90, gives in his "Souvenirs d'un Chanteur" an entertaining account of how Donizetti worked at the opera, and he says that he himself suggested the final scene as it now stands.

It might be an interesting experiment to give "Lucia" with a strong cast of dramatic singers. Has the opera aged hopelessly? I confess that to me it is not so strong a work as "Lucrezia Borgia," nor is there any act that as a whole approaches the fourth act of "La Favorita," which deserves to rank high among the great fourth acts.

* * *

Josephine Huguet is a Spaniard by birth and parentage, I am told. She was born at Madrid in 1874. She made her début at the Royal House, Madrid, in 1891. She has sung at St. Petersburg and Buenos Ayres. She made her début in this country at New York, as Amina in "La Sonnambula," Nov. 6.

Mr. Randaccio is a young Milanese.

* * *

"Andrea Chénier" will be given this evening for the first time in Boston. This opera by Giordano has excited enthusiasm in Italy, will be sung in the leading opera houses of Germany this season, and made a sensation in New York when it was produced there last month. The libretto is one of unusual strength and interest, and the music is most passionate and dramatic. Mrs. Bonaplata-Bau, Mrs. Scalchi, Messrs. Durot, Ughetto, Borelli and Pinto will be in the cast. Mr. Tango will conduct.

PHILIP HALE.

Every work of art, outside of its own value, demands special conditions to be appreciated fully. No one has dreamed of classifying these conditions or of distinguishing the rules. The Treatise on the Hygiene of Admiration is yet to be made.

Collectors should not miss the poster made by Miss Ethel Reed for "In Childhood's Country," by Mrs. Louise C. Moulton. We understand that the little girl in the poster was extremely décolleté; but Messrs. Copeland and Day, foreseeing the severity of December weather and remembering the existence here of several societies organized for the purpose of discovering indecency and impurity in hitherto unsuspected quarters, took her to the dressmaker's and insisted on a higher bodice. Again we ask where did Miss Reed catch the Petronian spirit? Look at the eyes and mouth of this youngster in the poster. Is there any possibility of doubt concerning the suggestion therein?

Perhaps once a month some distressing accident or unnecessary death reminds us of the existence of that thoroughly offensive species of mankind known as the practical joker. He has always existed. The first known definitely by report was Ham, the youngest of the sons of Noah. Jewish Doctors of the Law have told strange tales about him, his jests, his punishment. In more modern days there was Theodore Hook. Read the story of his jokes, which were almost always cruel and often stupid. And it must be confessed that "Dundreary" Sothern was guilty of similar offences.

There died last month in Paris a practical joker named Paul Masson, whose nom de guerre was Lemice-Terrieux, and there were those who called him Unmitigated Idiot. Listen to the account of some of his exploits as told by the Pall Mall Gazette: "M. Masson was originally a Judge at Chandernagor. One pities the people who were judged by him. It was there that he conceived the idea of denouncing to the Figaro, in a letter signed 'Rosario,' an imaginary expulsion of Jesuits, so that the Government might intrust him with an investigation into the identity of the same 'Rosario.' He returned to Paris and announced his forthcoming marriage to a young negress from Dahomey, who was dwelling in the Jardin d'Acclimation. The ceremony was to be performed at a Hindoo temple, and M. Maurice Barrès was to pronounce a discourse. He sent to the Press a letter of resignation in the name of a radical Deputy, M. Maujan; he forged the signature of M. Osiris, the well-known art amateur, to a promise of 50,000f. for the New Salon, and addressed it to M. Meissonier. He issued invitation cards in the name of the Duc d'Orleans when that Prince was confined in the Conciergerie. After the terrible railway accident at Saint-Mandé, in which so many passengers were burned to death, this indefatigable clown conceived the idea of presenting the Academy of Sciences with a scheme for preventing fatal railway accidents in future. Engines were to be provided with inclined planes of wood in front and behind fitted with rails, enabling the colliding trains to slide one over the other. The Institute submitted the suggestion to its Railroad Committee, and M. Masson was overjoyed. He issued in the name of Gen. Boulanger a volume of 'Political Thoughts' which had the merit of being characteristic, and on the strength of this and other works, including 'The Diary of My Youth,' by Prince Bismarck, he became a candidate to the French Academy. He was one of those hare-brained eccentrics, who should be classed with kleptomaniacs and shut up. The report of his death was at first treated as a joke. But it appears that his concierges were found to be in tears, and such people never weep without reason. It is probable that he will easily find a successor."

In the United States several practical jokers have gone of late into politics; others write letters on burning questions of the day to the newspapers and laugh when the letters are published.

Mr. W. T. W. Ball's delicately-worded reply to Mr. F. P. Bacon reminds one of the discussion between two German philosophers over a nice point in metaphysics. "One of us," said the calmer sage, "must be an ass. Now I am not the ass."

For heaven's sake, gentlemen, can you not dispute unless one of you is tied securely to a chair? As a matter of fact, "Moses in Egypt" was composed by Rossini for the San Carlo, Naples, as an "oratorio" for the Lenten season of 1818. The title "oratorio" was given to the work, according to the prevailing custom that respected the conventionalities of Lent. If the work had not been given in Lent, it would have been entitled originally an opera. When it was produced at the Paris Opéra in 1827 it was announced as an "opéra en 4 actes."

But even in the early years of this century in Austria as well as in Italy oratorios were sung with scenery, costumes and dramatic action.

They say that there is danger in fresh eggs; that mycelium and spore will play sad havoc with the interior of man. And yet we still prefer fresh eggs to those "that have tried all the week to be good," the Saturday night eggs described by Mr. Oliver Herford.

Now suppose that the floor and woodwork of a study were black as ebony; the walls covered with mandarin yellow cartridge paper; the furniture jet black, upholstered with blue and white. Would this combination influence the writer's style?

Dec 3, 96

And the sons of Noah, that went forth of the Ark, were Shem, and Ham, and Japheth: and Ham is the father of Canaan. These are the three sons of Noah.

J. T. B. writes to the Journal: "You stated Tuesday that Ham was the youngest son of Noah. I had always supposed he was the second son. How is this?"

We repeat our original statement, although we know there is a popular impression that he was the second, and Smith's Bible Dictionary, vol. 1, p. 741 (first edition), says: "Ham, the name of one of the three sons of Noah, apparently the second in age." But Smith's Dictionary is not always a safe guide, and "apparently" is said, because Ham's name is mentioned the second in order in the old narration.

But Fr. Calmet, a profound interpreter, says in his Dictionary, vol. I, art. Ham (Charlestown, 1812): "Ham is believed to have been Noah's youngest son." Sir Thomas Browne in his "Vulgar Errors" remarks, "Now where the Scripture affordeth the priority of order unto Shem, we cannot from thence infer his primogeniture * * * So it is not unusual in Holy Scripture to nominate the younger before the elder. * * * Lastly, though Japheth were not older than Shem, yet must we not affirm that he was younger than Cham; for it is plainly delivered, that, after Shem and Japheth had covered Noah, he awaked and knew what his youngest son had done unto him.' Josephus, Tremellius, Jerome, Berosus, and many Rabbis name Ham the youngest. See also the most singular article "Ham," in Bayle's Dictionary, vol. x., p. 387 (1791).

Unfortunately the Noah's ark that delights children—or did delight them in former years, for the Boston children of today prefer a scientific toy or a complete edition of Browning's poetical works—gives no positive information on this interesting point.

You complained yesterday, Mr. Archibolus, of the blustering manner of a diner that sat near you in a restaurant. Now, 10 to 1 he is in reality a man of extreme shyness. His loudness and his bumptiousness serve as a mask. If he did not go to this extreme he would not dare to look the waiter in the face; he would murmur abjectly, "What do I want? Oh, anything. Suit yourself, thank you."

Are you always at ease in a strange restaurant in a strange city? When you go to New York and promise yourself a treat in cookery, are you not secretly abashed in the gorgeously-appointed room? Are you not conscious, as in a revelation, of a provincial coat, of a hitherto unsuspected bagginess at the trouser knees? Do you not see yourself as a dreary landscape illuminated by lightning? You are sure that after you have given spasmodically an order for the things you do not want and never eat, the dishes that are sure to stir up intestinal strife, that the waiters are whispering together about you. When the pretty woman in the corner laughs you are miserable in the thought that she finds you rustic, absurd. And when you go out you give a preposterous fee to the waiter to reinstate yourself in his respect, and then he knows that your first name is Reuben. Yet in Boston your name is found on the list of those who advocate social reforms and protest against everything that is new or original in art. Yet in Boston your grandfather was known, and you live on a long approved street. Several years ago you were prominent at Cheap and Hungries, and you are now mentioned with other parochial celebrities in the society columns of the newspapers.

How you must envy the self-assurance or the lack of self-consciousness displayed by the Texan who entered Delmonico's when it was something more than a mere name. He sauntered gigantically to the first free table. He sat down without removing his hat. His long hair floated over his shoulders. He took up knife and fork, and, slamming the table with his fists, held the eating tools upright. "What will you have, Sir?" said the waiter, cringing before the august presence. And with a voice that rattled window panes and struck terror in the soul of the cashier, the Texan shouted as though he were calling across a ten-acre lot, "Meat! !" That man was served promptly and well.

The press agent of Harlclée Darclée, formerly Hartulary, has been lately in Buenos Ayres, and his natural passion after sojourning in that sultry land is now hotter than the burning fiery furnace prepared by the early vegetarian Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, and heated one seven times more than it was wont to be heated. And yet in the fierce steam of his frenzy the agent should keep his feet firmly on the everlasting rock of truth; yea, he should put dumb-bells in his coat-tail pockets to anchor him to this prosaic, matter of fact earth. Then he would not make Harlclée Darclée, formerly Hartulary, say, "You know 'Romeo and Juliet' was originally produced at the Opéra-Comique, the role of Juliet being sung by Carvalho in 1867." For Gounod's opera was produced originally at the Théâtre-Lyrique; it was not sung at the Opéra-Comique until 1873. It was first produced at the Paris Opéra in '88 (Nov. 28), when Patti sang Juliet, although Darclée had rehearsed the part. See Noël and Stoullig's "Les Annales du Théatre," 1888, for gossip concerning Darclée and her disappointment. But Darclée finally appeared as Juliet in January, 1889. Her début in Paris was Dec. 14, 1888, as Marguerite.

ONE STRIKE.

Mapleson's Orchestra Will Not Play.

Singers Refuse Piano Accompaniment.

Grand Opera Craft Drifts on the Rocks.

THERE was a good-sized audience last night at the Boston Theatre, awaiting with interest the first performance in this city of Giordano's "Andrea Chénier."

Eight o'clock, and there were no signs of the orchestra. Eight o'clock and five minutes; eight o'clock and ten minutes. There was shifting in the seats, but one said to himself, "The opera does not begin till 8.15 in New York, and punctuality is seldom an operatic virtue."

A gray-haired, gray-bearded man appeared and sat behind the conductor's desk, on which was the closed score. The female harper was seen in gesticulating conversation with a member of the orchestra, who had popped up from somewhere. Now and then the curtain was drawn back, and some one in costume peeked at the audience.

Eight-twenty. No sign of an orchestra. The audience grew restless. Stamping and clapping in the gallery, which were silently approved of by those in the body of the house.

Suddenly there was the sound of an organ on the stage. A shiver of apprehension ran over the backs of those who knew no organ was used by Giordano. Was a leading singer sick? Was there to be a change of bill? There is an organ in "Trovatore." There is an organ in "Faust."

Finally Col. J. H. Mapleson appeared before the curtain, and added a chapter to his Memoirs. His martial figure was clad irreproachably in a Prince Albert coat and dark trousers. A man of large experience, he brought his hat with him. And he addressed the audience as though he were announcing the unexpected death of a common and beloved friend.

He said that he was tolerably well known in Boston; everything behind the curtain was ready for the production; solo singers and chorus were dressed; but the local musicians who had rehearsed with his own orchestra demanded their pay in advance, and although Mr. Eugene Tompkins had given them his personal guarantee, they had refused to play. He would either disappoint the audience, or he would give the work with a piano accompaniment.

There was applause. And the audience wondered why the men from New York did not try to do their best with Giordano's score.

In the corridor there was loud conversation. The harper who had left her seat was talking in broken English, bewailing the misfortune. Some of the local musicians to whom Col. Mapleson had made genial reference appeared in search of their instruments. They were greeted with hisses. Sheepishly they crawled beneath the stage.

Mr. Thomas J. Baldwin walked upon the stage. He spoke laconically. "You all know me. I assure you that a piano is coming." Faint applause.

The harper was again in her seat. She was applauded stormily. The poor woman began to cry. Repeated applause comforted her.

Mr. De Anna came before the curtain. His melodramatic arms formed the upper part of the letter Y. "I am De Anna. No orchestra. I not speak English well. Everybody ready. No orchestra. I sing four or five romanzas. And Madame there—my poor wife;" he covered his eyes, as though to hide his tears; "she play a concerto. You want? No? You want?" (Applause.) Other gestures of De Anna, indicative of despair, disgust at the recreant players. And he left the stage.

Oh, grand unconsciousness of the Italian race! This admirable baritone was not ashamed to betray his emotion to a foreign audience.

A grand piano was taken down the centre aisle and hoisted over the orchestra railing with threatening detriment to everything and everybody near it. The audience sat ready for De Anna's romanzas and the harp concerto.

Again the gallant Colonel walked in front of the curtain. Elegant as to his deportment, mindful of the dignity becoming an English officer. He again referred to the local musicians who had brought him to this pass and disappointed the audience. Members of the company, he said, thought it would injure the reputation of Giordano to produce his important work with a piano accompaniment. The audience would be dismissed and the money would be refunded at the door.

Inasmuch as the strength of Giordano's music is in the orchestra and the orchestration demands a full modern orchestra, the members of the company showed artistic sense.

* * *

I talked with Colonel Mapleson a few minutes. He told me that the trouble originated with the men from New York. Their demands were cruel. There was money due them for past services—perhaps $1000—and they actually insisted on immediate payment.

He had made reasonable promises. They had rehearsed that afternoon till 5 o'clock. No hint of their later extraordinary conduct. They had Mr. Tompkins's personal guarantee. The opera was not given with piano accompaniment because one of the women of the company said it would injure her reputation in Italy if she should sing here under such conditions.

* * *

The Colonel, after all, is the greatest artist in the Imperial Opera Company.

* * *

The Colonel said: "I propose to give 'The Huguenots' Thursday night with the Symphony Orchestra if I have to pay the full price. And 'Andrea Chénier' will be given next Monday night with the same orchestra."

* * *

The performance was in many respects excellent. There was a series of surprises for the audience. Col. Mapleson was superb as the heavy father. Mr. De Anna played with genuine passion a pathetic part. The harper was the heroine, and although she defied the paradox of Diderot, she won quickly the sympathy of the audience. There were hisses for the "traitors," and cheers for the oppressed.

But although the opera entitled "An Impresario in Distress" afforded entertainment for a time, the audience left the theatre in disappointed mood, for it had hoped to hear "Andréa Chénier."

PHILIP HALE.

Dec 4, 1896

Thus spoke the chief—and now, the scrimmage o'er,
His faithful pals the done-up Dares bore
Back to his home, with tottering gams, sunk heart,
And muns and noddle pink'd in every part.
While from his gob the guggling claret gush'd
And lots of grinders, from their sockets crush'd
Forth with the crimson tide in rattling fragments rush'd!

And yet the Dares at San Francisco won. Although "gray-haired matrons, whose enthusiasm on the subject had led them to venture beyond the bounds of conventionality," held up trembling hands in protest, although the beauties of the city smiled beseechingly on Mr. Wyatt Earp, referee and curiously accurate in aiming a gun at anyone who disagrees with him, Mr. Earp declared in favor of "Dares" Sharkey.

Yes.

"Ladies in numbers
Rained from their beautiful eyes sweet influence over the buffers."

So it was in the ancient heroic contests. So it was when Bill Neat, the butcher, went down before Tom Spring in the valley of Hampshire close to the borough of Andover, in fistical combat. And even in this city noble dames have fluttered with delight as the sight of lambasting and bashing and tunking quickened the pulse and shortened their pretty breath.

The irony of it! Sharkey went to grass in consequence of a right-hand swing, a left-hand swing and a left-arm chin-punch.

"Instantly rose a shout, a riff-raff, ruffianly roaring;
Hallabulloo immense, a most voluminous volley."

But the Arizonian gunner, Earp, saw a foul, and Mr. Earp is known as a practical man, not fond of argument.

No wonder that Mr. Bimboni looked sad and subdued Tuesday night, as he sat at the head of a reduced orchestra in "Lucia." Did he remember his adventures with Colonel Mapleson in '85-'86? At Chicago in '86 the orchestra struck. "Only two weeks' pay was owing to them," says the gallant Colonel in his Memoirs; "and it was agreed that Mr. Henderson, the manager, should give them one week's salary on account. But when the musicians assembled to receive it they suddenly, through the persuasiveness of one of their body, insisted upon having all arrears paid up; otherwise they would not enter the orchestra." The old story, the sad, sad story of striking! Bimboni was asked to play the piano. He replied: "Bless you! I have struck, too." Then Mr. Parry, now at the Metropolitan, remonstrated. Blows followed, and Italy was no match for England. "Bimboni struck out wildly, and soon went down, with a black eye and a bruised face as a souvenir of the encounter." This is the Colonel's account. It would be a pleasure to hear Mr. Bimboni's story.

And did De Anna as he played a truly heroic part Wednesday night in his eagerness to help the Colonel, please the audience, and save the reputation of the company, remember how in 1886 at San Francisco he notified Mapleson that unless he was paid for certain eight days he would stop singing. Read Colonel Mapleson's Memoirs, ye lovers of music, gossip and humor. Its sub-title might well be "Or, a History of Strikes in the United States."

The Saturday Review quotes from Kipling's "McAndrew's Hymn" and adds: "This is pure Jabberwocky, and if our 'main eccentrics' are going to write in this kind of English, we shall have to give up reading them. Why not have 'Hospital Hymns' like the following?—

'The inspissated alkaloids with eczema contend,
But Heaven pursues the comatose, no bismuth can befriend;
Spasmodic hydrocarbonates with tetanus combine
To whing thy cardiac meroblast, oh, molecule of mine!' "

As there is still a popular impression that the German is without humor, we quote three jests from the Fliegende Blätter of Nov. 20. We do not say the jests are good; we do not say they are bad. We simply quote. Here is the first: "Joseph over there seems to be the most industrious of your workmen. The others take a long nooning, but he is always by his machine." "Oh, he is too lazy to stop working."

This is the second: "How do you get along with your wife?" "Almost as happily as though we were divorced."

The third is the monologue of a playwright: "The most prudent thing for me to do is to write a play in one act; then if it fails, the failure will scarcely be noticed."

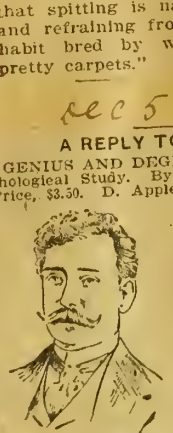
Thus are we led to the thought that Mrs. Agnes Hitt of Indianapolis, who disappointed the Woman's Relief Corps by not appearing at a reception, was not a palpable Hitt.

"To stop the curse of expectoration would be not the least beneficent achievement of the 19th century." True, brother. It must be confessed, however, that the temptation in this catarrhal climate is irresistible. Nor is the habit confined to the United States. We believe that we have quoted Captain Burton's remarks before this; but they are worth quoting again: "Expectoration is a popular habit in the Brazil as in the United States. Most men do it instinctively: some as they whistle, for want of thought; others, because they consider it sanitary, think thereby to preserve a spare habit of body, or hold it to promote appetite or drinketite. My conclusion is that spitting is natural, so to speak, and refraining from it is artificial, a habit bred by waxed parquets and pretty carpets."

Dec 5, 1896

A REPLY TO NORDAU.

GENIUS AND DEGENERATION: A Psychological Study. By Dr. William Hirsch. Price, $3.50. D. Appleton & Co.



DR. HIRSCH.

Max Nordau, the philistine denigrator, was the comet of a season. His audacity, his impudence, his ability to find indecency in hitherto unexpected quarters, his dazzling recklessness of statement, excited for a time the attention of those who are always seeking something new. But the book no longer is talked about even by the superficial and those easily impressed. We confess that we cannot, therefore, see the necessity of answers to Nordau's propositions; and this study by Dr. Hirsch, a translation by the way from the second edition of the German work, seems to us superfluous. Nor is "Genius and Degeneration" more convincing than the book which provoked it.

Dr. Hirsch has apparently three purposes in this volume: To demolish the theory of Lombroso concerning the relationship of genius to insanity; to hold up Goethe as an ideal from which to argue; to defend Wagner against the assaults of Nordau. Seventy pages are devoted specifically to Wagner and psychopathology. The value of these pages may be best understood when we state that Dr. Hirsch maintains that the woman of Wagner's poems "never signifies the physical woman; there is merely an artistic embodiment of ideal sentiments." This impels us to suspect that the Doctor is first of all a humorist.

The worship of Goethe is the foundation on which this book rests. Any theory that runs counter to the convictions of the great man of Weimar is to be counted as naught. There is much special pleading in this book. On the other hand, there is much that is entertaining and curious; many remarks concerning the absurdity of confounding genius with insanity are sound and pertinent; and the author is suggestive even when you are inclined or forced to protest against his conclusions. The book is intensely Germanic, and written in an ill-disguised spirit of arrogance that disfigures so many German treatises. There are many pages that are of peculiar interest to the student of the aesthetics of music.

And then we went into another house on Fifth Avenue, that New Year's Day. Gorgeous curtains—velvet carpets knee-high—had to walk as though I were treading water—distinguished men—Evarts was there, Choate was there—and I felt perfectly at home. The lady of the house came up smiling, and says she to me, says she, "Why, Mr. Backus—Mr. Charles Backus, I am so delighted to see you. You must be chilled to the bone this icy weather. Now what will you have to drink: coffee or tea?" It was the same old story, and for the fifth time that afternoon I took tea.

Old Chimes, who is freshened wonderfully by his visit with Jem Mace, shook his head mournfully at the Porphyry Club yesterday when he saw the faithful Charles bring in at 5 o'clock the tea equipage for a strongly built Yankee who has lived for some years in London. "I never see a man drink tea in the afternoon without thinking of the New Year's story that Charley Backus used to tell—there were good shows then—how one bitter cold day he made a round of calls and was offered the choice between tea and coffee; now, full of tea, he met on a street-corner an old friend, who leaked an alcoholic salutation. And Backus at once cried, 'George, will you swap that for tea?' "

Thus spoke Old Chimes contemptuously, as the fellow in Shadwell's posthumous play: the tea table "is ready for the women, and men that live like women. Your fine-bred men of England, as they call 'em, are all turned women." For Old Chimes does not realize that tea taken at the club cock-tail hour is as stomach-shattering and nerve-rasping as any Martini or Manhattan; and the tea-habit is to very many men and women as destructive and degrading as is dram-drinking or hitting the pipe to others.

Even Dr. Johnson, "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool," knew in his heart of heart, or stomach of stomach, the evil of his ways. In his reply to Mr. Jonas Hanway's "violent attack upon that elegant and popular beverage," Johnson said, "I allowed tea to be a barren superfluity, neither medicinal nor nutritious, that neither supplied strength nor cheerfulness, neither relieved weariness, nor exhilarated sorrow," but we doubt the sincerity of this statement; and we deny the truth of the statement itself. Tea, properly, i. e., diabolically made, is a powerful stimulant. Hundreds of servant girls seek to borrow surcease of sorrow from the Chinese plant, and in many a kitchen the teapot is always on the stove. The good man that thunders conscientiously at the curse of rum is often under the irritating, wife-knagging influence of tea. Look at our friend at the Porphyry. The drug has already affected him. He is talking loosely on the influence of gargoyles on childhood, and the proper use of peripetasma in decoration.

Now the women of France about the middle of the 17th century were no doubt healthier for their internal application of rossoli or rossolis. This liqueur was prepared thus for the health of the bewigged and padded Louis XIV.: Equal parts of pounded aniseed, fennel, dill, caraway, corlander were macerated for three weeks in a tightly-stopped vessel; brandy, camomile water and sugar were then added, and the whole was filtered through blotting paper. This rossoli was served at dessert, but prudes shunned it. Madame de Thianges renounced all the joys of the world; she used no rouge; she wore only high-necked gowns. As she sat one day at table by the side of Madame de Sévigné, a lackey offered her a glass of rossoli. "Madame," she said to her letter-writing neighbor, "this fellow does not know that I am pious." And the Abbé de Choisy tells us that rossoli was served at dinner, "because coffee and chocolate were then (1666) unknown in Paris, and tea was just beginning to be introduced."

Yet the view of Chinese high life in 1804, as described by John Barrow, Esq., is a pleasing picture to the true philosopher: "Their beverage consists of tea and whisky. In sipping this ardent spirit, made almost boiling hot, eating pastry and fruits, and smoking the pipe, they spend the greatest part of the day, beginning from the moment they rise and continuing till they go to bed. In hot weather they sleep in the middle of the day, attended by two servants.

... take ... way ... ... keep them ...

... you know ... "Travels in ... Old as the book is, it is the ... delightful. The author, speaking of the maimed feet of Chinese women, says: "Nor have we any reason to think the Chinese would not condemn ... refinement of docks and crops among our horses as an absurd custom, not less ridiculous in their eyes than the little feet of their ladies are in ours."

The Saturday Review smiles at the agreement of 25 of the richest men in America to devote whatever sum should be needed forthwith to a systematic education of the people," so that the interests of capital should never be so imperilled again. "We are reminded of the famous jibe about Rousseau's book. The French Aristocrats, it was said, smiled at the first edition: their skins went to bind the second."

First Concert of the Twenty-first Season of the Cecilia—Dvorak's "Spectre's Bride" the Work Performed.

The Cecilia gave "The Spectre's Bride" last night in Music Hall. The solo singers were Mrs. Kileski Bradbury, Mr. George J. Parker and Mr. Max Heinrich. Messrs. Parker and Heinrich sang at the first performance in Boston, May 13, 1886, and at the second, March 17, 1887; and Mr. Parker sang at the third, Dec. 2, 1889, when Mrs. Sophie Zéla was the soprano and Mr. Rudolphsen was the baritone. Mrs. Tippett was the soprano at the first performance, and Miss Kehew (now Mrs. Eaton) at the second.

"The Spectre Bride" is familiar here, and an extended review of the work would be impertinent. I confess that the more I hear the cantata the less truly dramatic does it seem to me. Dvorak often shows an Olympian indifference to the sentiment of the text, which is presumably the same in Bohemian as in English. There is no true blending of music and drama as in Gluck, in the music of the statue scene in "Don Giovanni," in the quartet in "Rigoletto," in portions of "Parsifal." The accomplished critic who writes for the Pall Mall Gazette summed up the matter in one sentence: "This cantata is a beautiful example of purely absolute music, wrongheadedly put to verbally dramatic ends."

And unless the solos be sung by singers of dramatic intensity who could move and shake an audience by a diatonic exercise or the treatment of a trill, much of the music allotted them is boresome; notably the duets for soprano and tenor.

* * *

The chorus singing was most excellent last night in these respects: body and quality and balance of tone, pure intonation, and precision of attack. If in phrasing, and such included matters as accentuation and punctuation, they fell short occasionally of reasonable expectation, it was because they followed the conductor's instruction; for the chorus of the Cecilia is made up of singers of more than ordinary intelligence, nor do I know a chorus anywhere that is capable of finer and more effective work under wholly satisfactory and favoring conditions.

But when the Cecilia sang "The Picture On a Sudden Moves" forte at the very start instead of pianissimo; when chorus and orchestra roared at the start "There Stood a Pile" (where the composer had indicated a pianissimo of several measures), and anticipated the climax; then is the fault to be laid to the conductor, who does not insist rigidly at rehearsals on a proper following of the dynamic indications.

The members of the orchestra did their best: but the accompaniments were often too boisterous, as in the choruses cited above, and as in the accompaniment to the soprano solo in A flat, "Mine did I once a lover call." In the same solo, the obbligato to "My life's one only, only guiding star" was a go-as-you-please, for the conductor seemed unable to keep the two parts together. And, as usual, at these concerts the accompaniments were often ragged, and the balance of parts in the score were neglected or ignored.

* * *

Mrs. Bradbury sang the difficult music exceedingly well, and she deserved richly the applause that followed her delivery of the trying solos. Her voice was clear, fresh, sympathetic; the tones were even and well produced; her reading was intelligent, musical, as free from exaggeration as it was far from weakness or conventionality.

Mr. Parker was not as effective as is his habit, although in many ways he showed his artistry.

Mr. Heinrich altered the music more than once to accommodate it to the compass of his voice. He did this not only with an occasional high and uncomfortable note, which would have been pardonable: but he at times destroyed the thematic construction. Nor do I understand why a singer of Mr. Heinrich's acknowledged skill took such capricious and flippant liberties with the rhythm. Nor do I understand why he sang with such reckless indifference to dynamic gradations. Piano and forte were apparently to him synonymous. His singing fiercely his consonants, his mannerisms are often to be forgiven; yea, they occasionally enhance the effect to be desired in dramatic song; but last night Mr. Heinrich was guilty of offences for which there is no pardon.

PHILIP HALE.

THE SYMPHONY.

Seventh Concert of the Season—Duparc's Symphonic Poem, "Lenore"—Pol Plancon Sings Arias by Haydn and Wagner.

The program of the Symphony concert last night, Mr. Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "Coriolanus"	Beethoven
Air, "Behold, Along the Dewy Grass"	Haydn
Symphonic Poem, "Lénore"	Duparc
Wotan's Farewell	Wagner
Symphony in A major	Mendelssohn

Henri Duparc of Paris is a pupil of César Franck. The earliest mention I find of him as a composer is dated Jan. 24, 1874, when he conducted a suite of his own waltzes for orchestra at a concert of the Societé Nationale de Musique at Paris. Some of the critics dealt harshly with him. One wrote: "Mr. Duparc has evidently never heard a waltz; he hunts out his ideas; his orchestration is affected; and he would have been wiser if he had allowed somebody else to conduct his work." Truly, an all-embracing curse in a few words. Mr. Duparc was then spoken of as a débutant.

From 1875 to 1877—perhaps earlier, perhaps later—he was secretary of this National Society; and in 1877 we find him with Vincent d'Indy eager to establish concerts for the performance of modern works, French and foreign. They issued a prospectus. I do not find any record of large works by him, with the exception of "Lénore." In 1890 he was said to be composing an opera "La Roussalkâ." Songs by him, highly praised, have been sung in Paris, from "Toujours l' aimer" (1875) to "La vague et la Cloche," sung by Auguez in '94, and "Phidylé" (orchestrated by Duparc for the singer Eléonore Blanc, 1894) and sung by Warmbrodt.

I understand that Duparc has been for some years an invalid, which may account for his non-productiveness.

* * *

And this is the story of his "Lénore" so far as I can learn it.

It was played April 29, 1876, as an arrangement for two pianos by Saint-Saens and Marie Jaell at a concert of the National Society, and the reviewer said: "This 'symphonic ballade' was first heard in its original orchestral form at one of these concerts last year." I find no record of the exact date of the performance.

It was played again as an arrangement for two pianos by Saint-Saens and Diémer, Jan. 13, 1877, at a National Society concert.

Pasdeloup produced it in its orchestral form at a popular concert Oct. 28, 1877.

It was played at the last of the Government Exposition orchestral concerts at the Trocadéro, Oct. 10, 1878.

It was played again as an arrangement for two pianos, April 19, 1890, at a concert of the National Society by Diémer and somebody else.

* * *

Now, how in the world did Mr. Paur get hold of this work, at least 21 years old, a work presumably little known to the concert goers of Paris today?

"Lénore" was played in Leipsic March 19, 1895, at a concert given by Constantin Sander to exploit certain publications of the house of F. E. C. Leuckart.

* * *

The piece itself is scarcely worth this historical prelude. The interest of the hearer, whatever it may be, is centred in the orchestration, which shows that the Duparc of '74 or '75 had an extended vocabulary, a sure command of rhetoric, and thoughts of comparatively little value. This music is not very original in themes or in harmonic treatment. Nor is the music suggestive. Nor again is it entertainingly panoramic. The "fair sweetheart with kilted skirt"; the spectral bridegroom; the fast ride of the dead; these may have impressed vividly the composer, but he has not imparted his impressions to the hearers, so that they in turn bewail Lenore and Wilhelm or shudder at the tramp of the midnight steed. A modern of the moderns, this Mr. Duparc; for, remember, that when he wrote, Wagner was not in favor at Paris, and even Berlioz was not established firmly on his throne. He has his aspirations, his convictions. He has a pretty orchestral knowledge, too. But there is no sweeping vitality in this "Lénore." I should like to hear some of his songs. Perhaps when our local singers have exhausted the treasure-house of our parochial composers, they may turn their attention to new men across the sea.

* * *

Mr. Plancon offered incense to Germany. First, he sang a dreary air by Haydn—for Haydn, as well as Beethoven, could write dreary songs, to show his versatility; he sang it in true, smug, respectable oratorio fashion, and I rubbed my eyes, thinking it was Sunday night and the Handel and Haydn sat upon the stage. Ah, Mr. Plancon, you are an admirable, thrice admirable singer. Would that you had sung something by a French composer—such a tune, for instance, as the Drum-Major's song from "Le Caïd." You were a most impressive Wotan, but as the game-eyed deity you sang too well. What is Wotan without shouting and roaring and breathing huskily after each word? Mr. Plancon, you committed an unpardonable offence; you made Wotan musical and interesting.

* * *

Beethoven's overture, noble in austerity and indomitable pride, was finely played, and Wagner's music was most brilliantly performed. When such symphonies as Sinding's and Franck's have not been heard here, why insist so strenuously, Mr. Paur, on Mendelssohn and the other ancients? We are of another generation; let us hear the works of men of our own period. Even the "novelty" by Duparc was at least 21 years old.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES.

The weekly music article and notes are on page 10.

"Andrea Chénier" was produced for the first time in America, Nov. 13, at New York, with Mrs. Bonaplata-Bau, Mrs. Scalchi, Durot and Ughetto as the chief singers. The Journal of the 14th published a critical review of the work and the performance, telegraphed by its special correspondent.

"A Spring Pastoral," an operetta in two acts, text by F. F. Snow and E. L. Hadaway, music by George Lowell Tracy, will be produced at the Opera Hall, Malden, Wednesday evening.

Mrs. W. H. Sherwood will give two concerts in Association Hall, Dec. 15, at 3 o'clock, and Jan. 5, at 8 o'clock. At the first concert Miss Gerda Nelson, pianist, will make her first appearance, and Messrs. Mahn, Berger, Fisher and North will assist.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Bronislaw Huberman, the Young Violinist.

A Sketch of His Life, Tastes, Appearance and Debuts.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

Bronislaw Huberman, violinist and infant phenomenon, will make his first appearance in this city Friday evening. He will also give a concert Saturday night.

There are disputes concerning his age. In April, 1894, he was said to be scarce 10 years old. In November, 1896, he was said by some to be 14 years old; by others, to be 13. But musicians, male and female, and play actresses defy chronology and arithmetical computations.

A circular says he was born Dec. 19, 1883.

At any rate he was born at Warsaw. His father practised law until his son began to make concert tours. His mother, who, with the father, accompanies her son, is idolatrous toward him, but she never attends a concert. She went once to a recital in Vienna, where the audience was wildly enthusiastic, and she became so excited that she was sick for a week.

His parents say it was at the age of five, but the boy insists that it was at the age of three, when he was taken to hear an opera at Warsaw.

"Whether or not it is the custom of juvenile Poland to be taken to the opera so young, it is to be presumed that few of its representatives on coming home whistle the opera right through, and then beg for a fiddle to play its melodies. One is told that Bronislaw did so, and that the proof of this pretty anecdote about the beginnings of the little virtuoso is the possession of the fiddle itself."

It is said that he has never been "a pupil in music." His instruction at Warsaw amounted to little. When he was about six he studied for six months, and in the third month, early in the fall of '89, played in public, and from memory, the 7th concerto of Rode. For eight months he had a lesson a week with Joachim "for private criticism," and when he was in London he was called Joachim's pupil. On the other hand we are told that Gregorowitsch, now in this country, was his master.

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Here are a few of his appearances. He gave three concerts in Berlin in November, 1894. At the last he played concertos by Wieniawski and Paganini. Otto Lessmann in the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung advised seriously his withdrawal from the concert stage, saying: "It would be a pity if such a talented boy should suffer the fate of the majority of infant phenomena; to

... ... of ... portance on account of a lack of methodical artistic and intelligent education."

His first appearance in London was May 1, 1891, at Queen's Hall, when he played Mendelssohn's concerto and a Bach Prelude. The Musical Times (June) said: "He plays the violin quite marvelously for so young a child; he is about ten, and should therefore not go about giving recitals, but continue studying till he becomes a great artist, which no little boy with immature feelings can possibly be, however wonderful his performances may be."

But early in 1895 at Vienna, where he appeared in concert with Adelina Patti, and also in a recital of his own, he made a tremendous sensation by his "mature feeling and intelligence, as well as by his dazzling technique." I quote from a German newspaper.

* * *

Joachim appeared as an infant phenomenon at Budapest at the age of 7 in 1838. Carl Halir played in public when he was 5, as did Schradieck. Sarasate at the age of 10 played at the Court of Spain, and took the first prize at the Paris Conservatory when he was 13. Wieniawski, Vieuxtemps, Sivori gave concerts at an early age.

* * *

Huberman played in Paris in '94. Did he not also play there in '92?

* * *

When Huberman was in London in 1894 the Pall Mall Gazette of April 25 published the following interview with him:

"Bronislaw Huberman, who has just reached London after a triumphant flying visit to Vienna, Brussels, Berlin and Paris, followed by a trip through Holland, in the course of which he raised enthusiasm in the proverbially phlegmatic Dutchman, comes well heralded. Everywhere have audiences listened with delight and astonishment while this gifted boy, who, though scarce ten years old, has displayed a talent such as was credited to the child Mozart. On this occasion the 'infant prodigy' is a violinist. His is an interesting little personality, whose physique bids fair to stand the wear and tear of a London season better than did that of certain of his predecessors. His parents watch tenderly over him, and take every precaution to prevent him from overtaxing his strength. His is a Slav face, and, therefore, unfathomable to the average Englishman. It is what, for want of a better expression, may be called a composite face. One of London's oldest musicians, Herr Wilhelm Kuhe, who knew Rubenstein as a child, proclaims him to be the counterfeit presentment of the great Russian pianist at the same age. Others see in the boy's face a striking likeness to Beethoven. Dilettanti naturally seek and find in him a resemblance to some musician, but others will discover in the massive features the front bombé of the Corsican stripling Bonaparte; while others who have witnessed Coquelin's stolid attitude in the first act of 'Jean Dacier' will at once recall the French actor's impersonation of the dreamy, pensive and moody-eyed Britanny peasant, who is to do so much when quickened to action by the stirring words of the recruiting officer. Like the Britanny peasant, Bronislaw Huberman has been 'called' * * *

"He is frankness and bluntness incarnate, and blurts out his tastes, his likes and dislikes, with a naïveté that is refreshing in this age of self-conscious prigs, great and small. His answers are brief and to the point. To the first question put to him by an interviewer from the Pall Mall Gazette as to his favorite composers, he answered, his features lighting up with an expression that confirmed the sincerity of his utterance, 'Beethoven and Mendelssohn, but I try everything.' The 'try' is uttered modestly and diffidently, although it is a master in miniature who speaks. 'What do you like to read?'—'History, true genuine history. I want to read "Macaulay's History of England." I have been told it would give me a good idea of this country, but unfortunately it has not been translated into German.' He says this eagerly. Just as eagerly does he express a desire to read the 'Arabian Nights.' Whoever has suggested these books to him—it is certainly not his parents—would doubtless make out a strange list of the 'best hundred books' for a boy to read.

"He speaks Polish and German only, and when told it is a pity that he cannot speak either French or English, he laughingly remarks: 'Well, if I cannot speak these two languages, I can speak Polish,' with a tone implying that therein he has an advantage over his interviewer. He is an unaffected, unspoiled child of nature, and takes a keen interest in everything relating to his art. Talk to him about great musicians of the past or of the present, and he will drink in your words. So far, he has been heard but at one house, that of Mr. Felix Moscheles, who, as his father before him, ever holds out a friendly hand to the musician in quest of London's judgment. In a few days Bronislaw Huberman will make his bow to his new judges; and while it is not within the province of the writer of a pen-portrait to anticipate the verdict of the cognoscenti, he may yet be permitted to point out that Ambroise Thomas, Marsick, and Joseph Joachim, his master, have spoken of the child violinist in words which, coming from such authorities, cannot be set aside on the grounds of their consisting merely in flattery or encouragement. A lady who recently met the child tells the following story of his inborn courtesy. She had presented him with a ship. He thanked her for it, remarking: 'I will keep it as a souvenir only, feeling grateful towards you for making me a present, although I'll not make use of it, as I do not sail ships.'"

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But the ingenious Alan Dale assures us that Huberman also speaks Hebrew and French, a little Spanish and a little English.

* * *

To a reporter of the New York Tribune, Huberman talked as follows:

He was asked if he read the papers and said: "No, I never read the newspapers. Occasionally I take them up to learn about European politics, but I have no interest in the American papers. These books," he continued, pointing to the one which he was reading and others similarly bound, which were on the table—"these books I read with much pleasure. They are historical works about my country, and about all the world. They were given to me by the Queen of Rumania. 'Carmen Silva, who gave me also this ring,' and he pointed proudly to the diamond which sparkled on the little finger of his bow hand.

"In speaking of the audiences before which he had played Huberman said that he thought that of Prague was the most critical, and also highly appreciative.

"While he was showing the books which he had received from the Queen of Roumania, his mother said: 'She painted your portrait, too, did she not?'

"'Oh, yes,' the father answered before the boy could do so, 'and painted him with wings, too.'

"'Why with wings?' was asked.

"'She wrote under it: "He who can play Bach as he does is an angel."'

"In speaking of the large buildings, he said: 'The hotels here are large and beautiful, but I would be willing to dispense with some of the grandeur if the table were better. Was thu' ich mit all' dem Prunk?' He said this with the air of a man who knew the value of a good meal, and who had eaten enough of them to be a good judge.

"On the other hand, he shows that he is a child, and that while he may be impressed with a sense of his superiority as a musician, he recognizes and submits to the strict guardianship of his parents. He lives within the rules which they have laid down for him; he takes his walks at the hours suggested by his mother, and when he practises in the morning and later in the day his mother and father sit in the room with him, and tell him when he may quit. He never makes an engagement, not even with his accompanist, without consulting his parents, and on the evenings when he is not playing in public, and when he does not go to the German theatre, he is tucked away in his bed by 9 o'clock.

"His room is decorated with the trophies of his victories in the shape of all sorts of trinkets and souvenirs. One side of the room is covered with great silk streamers in all colors, which were attached to the wreaths given him by notable persons and organizations. The ribbons are inscribed 'Dem Jungen Meister,' 'Dem Grossen Künstler,' 'Dem Grossen Kleinen Künstler,' 'Der Kleine Orpheus,' and other similar complimentary terms, and with the names of the artists, publishers, editors, noblemen and organizations who sent the decorations."

* * *

The experienced reporter of the Tribune adds this explanation:

"There have been instances where young men have been palmed off as boys, in order to make their musical performances seem more remarkable, and it is said that alleged children have appeared on the stage where their performances had been looked upon as marvelous 'for one so young,' and later on, when their object had been accomplished, made no denial of the fact that they were just a little older than their advertising agents gave them credit for. Instances of this kind made people sceptical as to the Huberman boy; but there seems to be no doubt on that score. He is a boy of the overgrown kind, and is probably not more than 14 years old. His long, black hair, falling low upon his forehead and hanging in straight masses down the sides of his face until it rests upon his shoulders, would make him conspicuous anywhere; but if the hair were cut, and if he were clad in the garb which boys of his age and size usually wear, he would attract no more attention than the average boy. Boys just like him in general appearance could he found by the score in the thickly populated German district of New York. * * * When one hears the boy speak of music and of musicians and sees his self-possession, his perfect confidence in himself, the rapture of his ceasing to play, as he did at a recent rehearsal, and turning to Mr. Seidl and saying, 'Piano, piano,' seems less grotesque. Bronislaw Huberman is a boy in years, a boy also in his regard, love or fear of his profession and his contact with the public have robbed him of his youth. His knickerbockers and long hair are not sufficient to disguise the fact that he is a 14-year-old man."

* * *

Ludwig Hartmann, the well-known critic in Dresden, wrote as follows of the boy:

"It is not the superlative technique of the child that fills us with wonder, but the moral appreciation; not his expressional virtuosity, but his emotional conception that astounds us. * * * This is not to be taught. Brains and nerves have or lack this essential physic endowment. Though Huberman's technique is marvelous, it is his soul which compels our adoration. Not the perfection of his performance, but the depth of his intuition fills us with awe. Incredibly refined is the tact with which the child interprets master-mysteries."

* * *

Master Huberman made his début in the United States at New York, Carnegie Hall Nov. 2, 1896, assisted by the Metropolitan Orchestra, under Mr. Seidl. He played the Mendelssohn concerto, an Air and Prelude by Bach, a Romanza by Wagner and Gypsy airs by Sarasate.

And of this concert the critic of the Evening Post wrote: "His performance of the concerto would have been marvelous had he been 20 years older."

The New York Times said: "The technique is not the remarkable thing about Huberman's playing. It is what technique ought to be—the means to the end. The point is that he has a definite notion of his own of how the music should be played, and he plays it in that way. Nobody who heard him play a single movement last night could doubt that his interpretation was his own. It is simply inconceivable that he could have been coached to play as he plays. The most remarkable point about his playing is not at all his precocity, but its maturity, the magistral and authoritative way in which he presents you with his interpretations to take or to leave—the total absence of anything tentative or conjectural or dubious about them. * * * The young violinist has justified the European praise of him and won a genuine and well-deserved success."

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Pollini's wife is dead.

Sofia Ravogli has had peritonitis.

Chabrier's "Gwendoline" has been produced at Stuttgart.

Guilmant is now Professor of the organ at the Paris Conservatory.

An operation for cataract has enabled Stockhausen to resume teaching.

Melba will make a concert tour of the English provinces next autumn.

Ella Russell, soprano, will be in this country from March 1 till June 1.

Von Seyfried, music critic in Vienna, died there Nov. 8, at the age of 77.

A bust of Calvé by Denis Puech will be exhibited at the next Paris Salon.

The review of the symphony concert is in the news section of the Journal.

Fritz Basset's new operetta, "Die Annaliese," pleased at Cassel, Nov. 9.

Max Bendix, violinist, has been making faces in print at Theodore Thomas.

The Japanese singer, Maeth Piazza, sang lately in "La Navarraise" at Batavia.

Anna Spira, a little girl from New York, played the piano well in Vienna lately.

The Bohemian String Quartet met with glowing success in Holland last month.

Max Erdmannsdörfer made his début as conductor at Munich most triumphantly.

Lalla Wiborg of Christiania, soprano, gave a concert in Berlin in November with uncommon success.

Franz Henri von Dulong, a tenor, is praised most highly by Otto Lessmann for his concert in Berlin.

The editorial article on "Reszke and Deresche" in the Musical Courier of Dec. 2 is well worth reading.

J. C. Boers, composer, conductor, professor, at Nymwegen, afterward conductor at Delft, died at Delft lately, at the age of 84.

Jean Neville, who will be at Lothrop's New Grand Theatre this week, is said to have a full, rich contralto voice well cultivated.

César Franck's "Beatitudes" has been sung again at Breslau, although it was produced there in the spring. When will Boston hear it?

Paderewski will make his reappearance at a concert to be given at the Gewandhaus, Leipsic. He will be in London about June.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" was given at Berlin, Nov. 14, for the 200th time. The first performance there was Oct. 21, 1891; the 100th, Nov. 3, 1893.

A subsidy of $40,000 has been given for producing all the operas of the late Carlos Gomez. Two performances will be for the benefit of his family.

Mr. Huneker alleges that Henry Walier, the son adopted by the late Mrs. Scott-Siddons, "resembles the hereditary house of Great Britain" in looks.

Verdi's old opera, "Luisa Miller," first produced at the San Carlo, Naples, Dec. 8, 1849, was sung at Rome, Nov. 6, with extraordinary success.

Little Paula Szalit, who has been studying with d'Albert, was praised enthusiastically in Vienna for her piano playing. She is only 9 or 10 years old.

Anna Reinisch of Stettin has been singing at the Berlin Opera House, Queen Marguerite, Martha and the Queen of Night with moderate success.

According to Mr. Floersheim, Miss Groenevelt of New Orleans, who played lately in Berlin, is a slovenly, "nay almost slatternly and devil-may-care" pianist.

The design of the proposed Wagner monument at Bayreuth has been fixed upon. It consists of a temple with a round cupola on pillars, with a statue of Wagner in the centre.

Van Dyck will sing in London the next opera season. He will take the place of Alvarez. In January he will be in Russia. He will sing Parsifal at the next Bayreuth Festival.

Adele Aus der Ohe played Liszt's E flat concerto at a Henschel concert Nov. 12. At the same concert Smetana's "Richard III." was played for the first time in England. It did not please.

Marcella Sembrich, they say, sang superbly at the 3d Philharmonic concert, Berlin. At this concert Dvorak's Scherzo Capriccioso, familiar here, was played for the first time in Berlin.

Margaret MacIntyre will be one of the leading prima donne at St. Petersburg this winter. Sembrich, Sigrid Arnoldson, Mme. Vidal, Tamagno, and de Lucia will be among her associates.

Otto Lessmann says that Nikisch's famous treatment, or mistreatment of the horns at the end of the Tannhäuser overture was anticipated discourteously a long time ago by Klindworth, Bülow, and others.

The program of the Symphony concert of the 15th will include Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture; a new concerto for 'cello by Dvorak (Mr. Schroeder); and the original version of Rubinstein's Ocean Symphony.

Felix Weingartner, who played lately in a chamber concert in Berlin, is advised to stick to conducting. His playing is "neat, clear, exact, well phrased, but hopelessly cold and monochromatic. He seemed to be afraid of the pedal."

Carissimi's "Jephta" (about 1660) was given by the Philharmonic Chorus of Berlin in November. Faisst's arrangement was used. The old work made a deep impression, and there is talk of producing another one of Carissimi's oratorios.

Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone, assisted by Mr. Emanuel Fiedler, violinist, and the Verdi Quartet, will give a concert in Chickering Hall, Monday, the 11th. He will sing songs by Massenet, Denchielli, Stanford, Tschaikowsky, Grieg, Schumann and others.

Jena, Nov. 30.—The reports circulated in the United States that Max Alvary, the tenor, is critically ill, are misleading. The singer recently underwent a successful operation, which resulted in his complete cure. He is now taking long excursions daily.——Evening Post.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet concert the 21st will include Saint Saëns's Trumpet-septet; Schumann's A minor quartet op. 41 No. 1; and a quartet in E minor by Mr. G. W. Chadwick (new). Messrs Burmeister, pianist, Mueller, trumpeter, and Golde, double bassist, will assist.

Charles Gregorowitsch, violinist, made his début in America Nov. 24 in New York. He played the second concerto of his master, Wieniawski, Popper's Elfentanz and a Berceuse by Godard. He is 29 years old and a native of St. Petersburg. His violin is a Guarnerius. His success was pronounced.

Tinel's "Franciscus," which was sung in May at Stuttgart, was repeated there Nov. 9. The hall was crowded. Rothmühl was the tenor. Boston has only heard a version mutilated by Mr. Lang and sung by the Cecilia. In Frankfort, this noble, mystical work was given lately under the stick of the composer.

The young Danish singer Valborg Anderson, who is reported to have a phenomenal voice, was for four years a nurse in a Copenhagen hospital, where she used to sing to her patients. One of them spoke of her ability to Professor Rosenfeld, who gave her instruction preparatory to her appearance on the stage.

Mr. Floersheim says of Lilli Lehmann: "Her voice indeed has, to me at least, no longer the charm, mellowness or fullness it once possessed, but she is still a consummate artist. * * * As usual, the lady was dressed in the worst of taste." He raps her knuckles for singing six songs by Johannes Lechner of Berlin. They say she did it to aid the poor composer to sell his songs to a publisher.

In musical circles in Boston Mrs. Ada May Benzing is deservedly popular, and so it is safe to predict that the subscription tendered her in the church of the Unity on the evening of Dec. 17 will be a pleasant as well as a successful affair. The following are among the prominent citizens who are on the subscribtion list: Hon. A. A. Ranney, Mr. Caleb Chase, Mr. John C. Haynes, Hon. A. P. Martin, Hon. A. Shuman. Mrs. Benzing will have the assistance of a number of prominent musicians.

Marie Van Zandt made her reappearance at the Opéra Comique, Paris, as Lakmé, Dec. 2. She created the part there in April, '83. Nov. 8, 1883, she was hissed there as Rosina for alleged drunkenness. In '85 she canceled her engagement at the same opera house because she was hissed as well as applauded, and the old scandal was revived. Her first appearance in Boston was as Lakmé, March 15, 1892. She appeared here as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," March 25 of the same year.

One of the oldest of English manufacturing firms has now disappeared from the scene of its commercial glories. Messrs. Kirkman & Son were the first makers of pianos in that country, and with the exception of Messrs. Streicher und Sohn of Vienna, they date back farther than any other firm in the same way of business. Of those who come later, Broadwood's was founded in 1732, Collard and Collard, 1767; and Erard's, 1772. The firm of Kirkman is now merged in that of Collard and Collard.

A committee of some eight or nine ladies and gentlemen has been organized for the purpose of arousing public interest in a series of three concerts to be given this coming winter and spring by advanced pupils of the New England Conservatory of Music. The friends of the Conservatory have thought that the musical public here ought to know what the pupils are doing and to take the interest in such a series of concerts. The committee has held two meetings and has already selected a large number of patronesses from among the leading lovers of music in and about Boston.

"In 20 years," writes M. Montaux, "the Scandinavian mythology, Valhalla, the Valkyries and all the epic gods will be as much out of fashion as the Greek mythology is today, with its pasteboard Olympus, whence descended the gods of Lulli and of Gluck. But the masterpieces of Wagner will no more lose their value than those of Gluck have today. There will, however, be a return to more human conceptions, to the expression of passions nearer our own, in a word, a music drama which will touch us more closely. In a century or two musicians will study and admire the 'Meistersinger' of Wagner as we admire the Passion or the B minor mass of Bach. In none of his works is Wagner more varied, more powerful, more richly colored; nor has he elsewhere adopted a form better adapted to his polyphonic genius."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

A concert will be given in Tremont Temple Thursday evening by the Christian Endeavor Chorus of 1000 voices and the Herbert Johnson Quintet Club. Miss Ida M. Smith, violinist, and Miss Dora P. Damon, cornetist, will assist, and Miss Bertha Mason and Mr. Johnson will sing solos. Mr. George K. Somerby will conduct.

Bronislaw Huberman will give his first violin concert in Music Hall Friday afternoon, when he will play Mendelssohn's Concerto, Bach's Air and Prelude, and Wieniawski's "Faust" fantaisie. On Saturday evening he will give a second concert in Music Hall, and will then play Goldmark's concerto, Vieuxtemps's Ballade and Polonaise, and an arrangement of Chopin's Romanza from the E minor piano concerto.

There will be no Symphony Rehearsal or Concert this week.

Mr. Felix Winternitz, violinist, assisted by Miss Jenny Corea, soprano, will give a concert in Association Hall Saturday at 8 o'clock. He will play the two last movements of the Mendelssohn concerto, Bazzini's "Ronde des Lutins," Bach's fugue from first sonata and chaconne from the fourth, and a romanze and scherzo of his own composition. Miss Corea will sing songs by Dell' Acqua and Jouberti.

Dec 7. 1896

The fiery nose, in Lanthornes stead,
Will light its Master to his bed;
And who so ere that treasure owes,
Growes poore in purse, though rich in nose.

We have received a pathetic letter from a man well known on State Street, a man of the stanchest integrity, who has accumulated a large fortune by his industry and acumen. His social position is firmly established, for his ancestors in long line have been pillars in the community: "Your remarks about tea drinking came home to me with peculiar force, for I, alas, am a victim of the terrible habit. Not that I myself am a slave to tea, for I never drink anything stronger than Glenlivet and soda; but my domestic life has been ruined by the pernicious practice.

"My wife, Mr. Editor, is still young and beautiful, although she is the mother of three children. When I first met her she drank tea in extreme moderation and the brew was weak. The evil influence of fashionable associates—the frequenting of afternoon teas contaminated her. She now is not only a confirmed tea drinker; she even gives afternoon receptions where dissipated women and debased men join in hideous revelry about small tea tables. Girls in festival costume are induced to serve the poisonous decoction, and by their charms, in Brookline, in my own house, young men thus tempted take the first and fatal cup.

"You may ask, why I continue to live with a woman unworthy of me. A man will submit to much for the sake of his children; and, by the way, I detected my wife the other night in the act of administering a full cup of Garfield tea to my youngest son, a sweet, blue eyed delight. But I do not countenance her actions by my presence. Every Thursday afternoon I stay in my office until I am sure the guests are gone. Last week as I stood sorrowfully in an electric car, I thought of my changed life. Finally I was at my door. I rang the bell, and asked the answering John if I should come in. 'I wouldn't quite yet,' he said, 'for the three worst of 'em are still here.' And so I thanked him and went to the stable, where I sat in a beach wagon until John came and whispered, 'It's all right now, sir.'"

Mr. Thomas Tryon, the author of "The Good Housewife made a Doctor, with some Remarks on the Physick and Chymistry," (London, 1692) did not take so gloomy a view of tea, although he looked upon tea-drinking as an expensive fad. "'Tis a pretty, innocent, harmless liquor—but chiefly for Novelty sake, and because 'tis Outlandish, and dear and far fecht; The Truth is, our Dandelion is a far better Drink than Tea, though the latter cost 16 or 20 shillings pound." Our correspondent might try dandelion on his wife as a starter.

The Journal pays no attention to anonymous communications. Therefore "D. D.'s" note went promptly into the waste basket, although his intentions were, no doubt, honorable, and his thirst for information was laudable.

Yvette Guilbert proposes to spend a week in the Bowery. The Bowery may now regain its former reputation.

Mr. Earp says that he is content to intrust his case to the Avenger, Time. Meanwhile he carries his gun.

This quotation from the Saturday Review is of international interest: "Last week our contributor 'X', whose dissertations on Arms and the Snob have certainly not spared the susceptibilities of some of our friends, pointed out that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had of late discarded a crest that never belonged to him, and was using plain notepaper instead. This is, so far, true, but we believe it is not the whole of the truth. Although Mr. Chamberlain himself had no claim to the crest he displayed, we fancy that it was some other member of his family that was the real culprit. It is not so long

... Mr. Chamberlain was wont to put his pride in the fact that his grandfather was a Wiltshire laborer at wages of seven shillings a week. We desire to do justice to Mr. Chamberlain in this matter; for pride of a high sort is rare in these days."

Dr. Oscar L. Triggs in the course of his lecture on "Democratic Art" said that the chief principle of democratic art is equality. Do sky-assailing buildings belong then exclusively to aristocratic art? Or is there any such thing possible as democratic art? Is not art dependent on aristocratic ideas and aristocratic fostering? Equality can no more enter into art than into business or society.

There is an instrument of torture that is exported today from Manilla, and not employed solely for the amusement of the haughty Spaniard. We refer to the Manilla cheroot. Years ago and yet not so many years ago—the cheroot was a delight and a consolation. Toward the end of the 17th century a traveler wrote, "The Poore Sort of Inhabitants viz. ye Gentues, Mallabars, etc, Smoke theire tobacco after a very meane, but I judge Original manner, Onely ye leafed rowled up, and light one end, holdine ye other between their lips * * * this is called a bunko, and by ye Portugal's a cheroota." In 1896 the average Manilla cheroot may well be termed a bunko.

Dec 8. '96

"LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN."

"Lost, Strayed or Stolen," a comedy with music, was produced last night for the first time in Boston, at the Park Theatre, by a company under the direction of Messrs. Miner and Brooks. The theatre was crowded, and laughter was uproarious and incessant.

I understand that this piece is the result of Mr. J. Cheever Goodwin's adaptation in a free and eminently Goodwinian manner of a French vaudeville of 40 years ago, entitled "The Baptism of Little Oscar." It makes little or no difference where Mr. Goodwin found the original; his adaptation is exceedingly amusing. Give to one or two ingenious Frenchmen the idea of a baby lost or stolen the morning of its proposed christening, and the wild pursuit of a despairing bourgeois and three eccentric godfathers, and the complications and the situations that arise may easily be imagined; but to preserve the Gallic flavor in bringing this vaudeville across the water is no trifling task. Mr. Goodwin, however, has succeeded admirably, and even Malthus would have looked kindly on the father of the baby Oscar. The surprises are genuine and in close succession. And in such a piece the element of surprise is the mainspring of laughter. The lines are fresh and often witty, and, marvel of marvels, there is a crescendo of fun unto the very end.

Mr. Woolson Morse wrote the music. It reminds me strongly of the music of Mr. Morse—and other composers in works that have already borne his name. It is only just to say that the music is often a pleasing jingle; that the Spanish dance with chorus in the third act is very taking; and that the long finale of the first act is well suited to the purposes of vaudeville, for it is diversified, and it assists the rapidly changing emotions and situations. A soldier's song and chorus in the second act may also be noted.

For the performance itself there is nothing but unqualified praise. Seldom has a comedy of this kind been presented here with such a strong company. Mr. Louis Harrison, as the distressed father, was very funny, and his appearance and actions as a mason in the boudoir of Rose d'Eté were sidesplitting. Nor was his pleading with the Rocquencourt in the fourth act "to take it easy" soon to be forgotten. Messrs. M. A. Kennedy, Robert F. Cotton, Claude Brooke, as the godfathers, contributed hugely to the mirth, and so one might speak in eulogistic terms of all the men that took part, from Mr. Gilroy, as Jolivet, to Mr. Wilks, as Capt. La Tour. Miss Georgia Caine, she of the languishing, clouded and disturbing eyes and supple figure, charming in dance and posture, in walk and in repose, should not cause me to forget the vivacious suggestiveness of Miss Fannie Bulkeley, the wholesome substantiality of Miss Rose Beaudet, the archness of Miss Florence Thornton or the three nursery maids, Miss Verona, Miss Meade and Miss Janvier, who danced delightfully in the garden of the Luxembourg.

There was a dash from beginning to end; there were singularly well-favored revelations of intimate girlhood in the dances; the costumes were pretty and tasteful, and the swish and swirl of skirts showed that taste in dress was no superficial, outward show; the comedy was well mounted in all respects; Mr. John McGhie led the orchestra with spirit and discretion. The evening was one of never-flagging, rib-tickling amusement.

PHILIP HALE.

... of the ... Don Quixote that ought to give a man virtuous and eminent contentment ... to see himselfe living, and to have a good name from every bodies mouth, to be printed and in the Presse. I said with a good name: for otherwise, no death could be equalled to that life.

Take the case of Hanotaux, for instance. Here is a man mummied in the de Goncourt museum. For Dec. 8, 1892, Hanotaux was not ashamed to say that he was without faith; and he likened himself unto a man who lived in one room and was conscious that in the room above him things were going on, but things which did not interest him in the slightest degree. And Hanotaux is in Boston. You see him in his office, at the club, in the theatre, and even in church.

Are you sensitive, so that you shrink at the sight of your name in print; or fume and sulk when it has been omitted from a list by the "stupidity of a reporter," although you wrote your own name with a special distinctness? Why should John Henry Peterson be soured for 24 hours because his name appeared in print as John H. Peterson, or J. H. Peterson? Why should Miss Eliza Smythe scream hysterically when she is addressed as though her name were Smith?

Or do you think, Adolphus, that when the eminent critics, Mr. Bludyer and Mr. Boanerges, hammer each other in the sight of the public over the body of a Nethersole or the paradox of Diderot that they therefore make faces at each other when they meet and tell shocking stories derogatory to character? You will often find them together toasting healths and agreeing in abuse of Mr. Bangs, who writes withering reviews for a third newspaper.

This reminds us that a woman once spoke of a music critic as follows: "He writes his articles in the blood of the composers and blots it with the dust of the performers."

So, Adolphus, if you engage in newspaper controversy with Claude or Arthur over a social problem or question of etiquette, do not flush or start with clenched fist because your adversary suggests that you are a liar and reflects upon your ancestry. Remember this remark of de Goncourt, recorded Dec. 8, 1890: "In these intellectual struggles, which draw you from the tranquillity of bourgeois life, which hold you in a state of combative cerebral activity, there must be something of the drunkenness felt by the soldier in battle." When Claude says, "The clothes of Mr. Adolphus Jones do not fit him; and mocking boys follow him in the street," remember that Claude is merely in a state of combative cerebral activity. This phrase is often synonymous with the term "Pickwickian."

The late Mrs. "Red" Leary was the brains of the Leary gang, and she planned the great Manhattan Bank robbery. A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.

The music critics of Boston who think they are overworked might read the advertisements in the Allgemeine Musik Zeitung to their consolation. Nov. 23 there was a concert in Berlin; the 24th there were two; the 25th there were four; the 26th there was one; the 27th there were two. Then there were the performances in addition at the opera houses.

We saw yesterday the advertisement of a book that should be in the hands of every boy. The story begins "I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, named Kreutznaer, who settled first at Hull." Do you still remember this story, you grizzled broker, who once wondered what became of Xury? Christmas is coming. Give the immortal book to your boy, and be sure it is a handsome edition. The one that was advertised (vol. i., vol. ii., 1719, vol. iii., 1720) will cost you only about $600.

Dec 9.

This Rága is represented as being dressed in blue garments. Has a grave voice and violet eyes. Rides on an elephant, and is sung in the rainy season.

M. H. L. writes to the Journal: "A certain Boston writer of verse recently sent a poem to Life. It was refused; whereupon the poem was sent to the Harvard Lampoon. The Lampoon published it. The next week, Life published the poem and gave credit to the Lampoon. Such is Life." This story reminds us of a line of Walt Whitman: "And as to you Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths."

H. G. W. tells this story: "A boy of 6 years begged a cent of his father, a well known clergyman of this city, and received it with the injunction that it must not be spent for candy. The father asked the boy at night how he had spent the cent; and the boy said he had traded it to Sammy Green for a knife; Sammy bought candy with it and divided the ... with ... and then the knife was returned to Sammy." Here is an appalling instance of precocious financial instinct. This boy with a little encouragement may develop into a gas operator, a street railway promoter, or even be an acknowledged master in the fine art of burglary.

It is a pleasure to learn that in spite of financial depression our leading criminals are still punctilious in matters of dress. Burglars are careful to wear swallow-tail coats and patent leathers after 6 o'clock P. M., and the highwaymen who held up a freight train in New Jersey the 6th "were well-dressed." As it was Sunday night, they probably wore double-breasted frock-coats in hue of subjugated gayety, covert color basket weave waistcoats with light blue silk jottings one-half of an inch apart, conservative trousers, and cravats of Egyptian tulip, Etrurian, or with Renaissance background colors.

There is a remarkable physician now living in town. His circular, written with elegant deportment in the third person, admits the fact. To quote one of the most modest paragraphs: "Sickness is a toy in his hands; in a most phenomenal way he sheds light into the darkened eye, life into the dying form, and robs the sick-room of its sufferer and the coffin of its prey."

The pretexts for divorce grow more and more ingenious. A few weeks ago a wife in New York wished to leave her husband because he insisted on cracking her joints when he was in low spirits and in need of amusement. As he is a physician, he no doubt performed the operation very neatly. And at Torquay, a jealous wife poured beer over the meat and swept the oranges off the table, because her husband, a brewer, embraced her sister at the family meal. But it was proved in court that no man could possibly put his arm around the waist of the sister, who is gigantically fat. Furthermore His Lordship said the wife was excitable.

We find this singular tale of contemporaneous foot ball in the Daily Messenger (Paris): "The Derbyshire Foot Ball Association, at a recent meeting, had a very curious point submitted to them for decision. The Buxton Foot Ball Club complained of several members of their team having received injuries in consequence of a member of the Bonsall (Matlock) team having played with an artificial arm. They complained that the practice was a dangerous one, and asked the association to make it a rule that players should in every case take the field without artificial limbs. One member of the council said these players with 'dummy' arms were regular 'terrors.' When once they got on the ball they swung their artificial arms round, and it was a wonder they had not heard of fractured skulls. After a long debate it was decided that players with artificial arms should take them off before taking part in any game." We had supposed that artificial limbs should be put on after games, and not taken off before them.

Does anybody know the origin of the phrase "a perfect blasius?" The phrase is applied to a man who is disagreeable in business, an uncomfortable man to deal with. There were a saint and a chemist named Blasius. But why "blasius" for a disagreeable fellow?

W. B. writes to the Journal: "In your paper of May 18, 1891, p. 2, col. 3, it was said that a citizen of Michigan had, fifteen years previously, lost a pocket-book; but that the other day (in May, '91) he had found it in a hay-bray. Will some one be good enough to tell me what a hay-bray is? The word is not in the Standard, the only Dictionary at hand." Can any one answer this question? "Bray," a bank or mound of earth, is in Webster's Dictionary, 1828. In Nares's Glossary is "Bray, a rising ground; a hill." Is "bray," in this compound, a form of "brae"?

In Pickering's "Vocabulary, or Collection of Words and Phrases which have been supposed to be peculiar to the United States of America" (1816) is "yard-wand," with this note: "This term is still sometimes used, by old people, for what we now call a yard-stick." But see Tennyson's "Maud":

> "The smoothfaced snubnosed rascal would leap from his counter and till,
> And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand, home."

Yard-wand is in Ash's Dictionary, 1795.

WITH MUSICIANS.

A Few Words of Friendly Counsel to Mr. Paur.

How Arthur Pougin Knifed Our Old Friend Maurel.

A Fine Example of Keen Raillery in Criticism.

There is no Symphony Concert this week, and yet there are one or two subjects pertaining to these concerts that may now be pertinently discussed.

And first, is it necessary for Mr. Paur to indulge himself in so many semaphoric gestures? I speak as an admirer of Mr. Paur, and I speak in all kindness. Certain physical mannerisms are now so constantly displayed when he leads the orchestra, that the effect of the music is impaired by the sight of the labor of the conductor, and he himself appears to less advantage.

Not that Mr. Paur should attempt the elegance of a dancing master; not that he should be painfully conscious of himself. He is not a bit of a poseur; and he would never dream of the beauties of manicured hands and singularly glossy wristbands which were so dear to Mr. Arthur Nikisch. Because Mr. Paur is honest in his thoughts and deeds, his very honesty should not therefore be so accentuated in the sight of the people that suspicion might be kindled in the breast of a stranger, and the thought arise, "Why, this man is trying to convince the audience that leading the orchestra is a difficult and laborious job."

Moderation, moderation, Mr. Paur. Of late you beat the air wildly, with outstretched arms and clenched fists, when there is nothing to be gained thereby. You toil and sweat over a little piano effect as though you were summoning the mighty strength of the orchestra for an overwhelming climax. Your earnestness is painfully in evidence. The difficulty of a passage is often shown in your face. And these habits are fast growing on you, so that pleasure is lost in hearing the music on account of the sight of your physical, convulsive agony.

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Mr. Victor Maurel made his appearance last month as Don Giovanni at the Opéra-Comique, Paris. I wish to call the attention of all lovers of music as well as all lovers of honey-daubing in criticism to the review of his performance which was published in the Ménestrel, Nov. 22. It was written by Mr. Arthur Pougin, who shares with Hanslick of Vienna the highest reputation in all Europe for critical acumen. It is a joy to translate it.

"The Opéra-Comique possesses the only, the true, the unique Don Giovanni, in the person of Victor Maurel. At least it is he who says it, shouts it, and writes it. For this Mr. Maurel is no ordinary artist; he is a writer as well as a singer; he is a philosopher, an esthete, a psychologist. Read the series of terribly profound articles by him published in the Journal, and united in a pamphlet entitled 'A propos de la mise en scène de Don Juan,' a pamphlet adorned with a portrait of the author—the delight of children, the tranquillity of parents. In this luminous work, in which he combines the brilliancy of a Taine and the subtlety of a Sainte Beuve with the power of a Littré and the thoughtfulness of a Renan, Mr. Maurel proves clearly as the day that no one before him ever understood the character of Don Giovanni, and that the coming of this Messiah was necessary to show the way to future interpreters and to make them grasp by precept and example this character which hitherto has been like unto an undecipherable enigma. Perhaps you have heard of a certain Garcia, who once appeared to make some sort of an impression in the part? A mere nothing! Or you may quote the names of Ronconi, Graziani, Delle Sedie, who played the part not without holding in a measure the ear of the public? A joke! As for Faure, it is of course useless to talk about him. There never was such a man.

"Mr. Maurel traces for us in his pamphlet the theory of the character. If I may use these words. On the stage he shows Don Giovanni walking, speaking, singing. Unfortunately in spite of my endeavor, I do not find that he represents, physically at least, the ideal hero. In the first act his Don Giovanni seems to me to live near the barrière Rochechouart; and in the second when he presents himself in his tender and off-hand costume, I think I see a gentleman about to do the trapeze act at the Folies-Bergère. And then there is that touch of the hat, which is not to be endured. That devilish hat, which its owner insists on balancing on one ear—just as at Montmartre—threatens continually to fall, and it must be put in equilibrium by a gesture, the frequency of which is irritating—and it is so lacking in nobility. I dwell on this point because Mr. Maurel is so important to himself. He pretends to have discovered the true Don

[illegible] it is n[illegible] ... [illegible] is the true one; or whether it is not [illegible] portrayal and Don Giovanni. T[illegible] shows us should fear the custom [illegible] 'We all know that Mr. Maurel has a [illegible] skill as a play-actor when the [illegible] fits his nature. I have ap[illegible] him as Falstaff, even as Iago, where he proved his genuine metal. But as Don Giovanni he truly lacks too much the first quality to be demanded, [illegible], elegance; and he thinks he is elegant when he has a go-as-you-please gait [illegible] too untrammeled, and his im[illegible] shows this in cruel fash[illegible]. On the other hand, when there are dramatic situations, he has the

bearing of a traitor—one of the most melodramatic kind, with rolling eyes and sneaking glances, which scarcely become a 'grand seigneur.' house officers.

"How about the singer? Mr. Maurel is not absolutely the first comer in this respect, and truly he sometimes has excellent intentions which sometimes are carried out effectively. But, outside of the fact that his pronunciation is occasionally insufferably insipid, you may affirm justly that he has no idea of the style of Mozart. Thanks to him the adorable duo 'La ci darem la mano' loses all its character and becomes unrecognizable, and as for the famous air (in B flat), which Don Giovanni sings to Leporello shortly before the signal for the feast, he turns it into a caricature by his entirely arbitrary interpretation."

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I do not say this criticism is, or is not, wholly just, for Mr. Maurel changes his moods in alleged chameleon-fashion, and his performance of the part in Mechanics' Building, March [illegible], 1895, may have been far different from that at the Opéra-Comique last month. I do say that Mr. Pougin's article is mighty interesting reading, and that honey-daubing seems to be no more in favor in Paris than in Boston in this year of our Lord 1896.

PHILIP HALE.

Dec 10.

There is, indeed, only one law of beauty on which we may rely—that it invariably breaks all the laws laid down for it by the professors of aesthetics. All the beauty that has ever been in the world has broken the laws of all previous beauty, and unwillingly dictated laws to the beauty that succeeded [illegible] laws which that beauty has no less [illegible] broken, to prove in turn dictator [illegible] successor.

Mrs. Russell Sage "practises rigid economy." This is one of the results of living with Mr. Sage.

The newspapers of Wednesday morning published this statement: "Dave Sullivan visited John L. at his house yesterday, where the big fellow is still confined to his bed with his ailing right arm, and was given many words of encouragement and advice." The Historical Painter dropped all work and rushed to John L.'s house, where he was fortunate enough to find Dave. He made careful sketches of the affecting scene, and swears that the picture when completed will be his masterpiece. He hopes to sell it to the city of Boston, and suggests Faneuil Hall as its appropriate resting place.

There was Hindu dancing in Tremont Temple, and neither Mayor Quincy nor any officer of the Watch and Ward lifted a finger in protest. But it was a converted dance.

G. S. writes to the Journal: "I cannot understand why Mr. J. M. Barrie receives so much attention in this country. I was present at a dinner given to him in New York. There were several well known men there—Theodore Roosevelt, Brander Matthews, G. P. Lathrop and others. Mr. Barrie sat at table as though he were half asleep, [illegible] took no interest in his neighbors or the conversation. He ate in a pecking [illegible] manner; he sniffed at the wine, and when the cigars were [illegible]—I assure you they were unusually good—he pulled out a scurvy [illegible] filled and lighted it. I was surprised that he used a candle instead of [illegible] rubbed along his trousers. He only pricked up his ears once, and that was when somebody praised his work extravagantly." What has all this to do with the quality of Mr. [illegible] literary workmanship?

The Bishop of Hereford said in the [illegible] of a speech at Bristol, England: "I [illegible] very smart young [illegible] waistcoats, which suggest im[illegible]. I always feel it to be a [illegible]." The Bishop is right. [illegible] is known by her waist, not [illegible] waistcoat.

[illegible], do you ever read Traffle[illegible]? [illegible] Walter Pater would have en[illegible] the [illegible] timber. Speaking of [illegible], the [illegible] writer remarks:

"There is such a wide [illegible] of varia-bility in the textures that only a selection from the positive innovations may be adjudged. * * * There are two high novelty patternings, each in two phases. The first, a black background, having a raised, waffle-like surface of worsted, with miniature red pinpoint-like jottings, traversing the interstices. The second phase is a blue background, the interstices traversed with canary silk pinpoint-line jottings." Here is a radiant gem of expression: "A distinct flavor of the fine arts pervades the neckwear."

On the 10th of December, 1888, Mr. Edmond de Goncourt attended a rehearsal of his "Germinie Lacerteux." Irma Crosnier declaimed the tirade in the ninth scene in a too melodramatic manner, and Porel shouted to her: "Blow your nose, and don't be afraid to blow it loudly." De Goncourt adds: "Now this bit of humanity made the tirade nature, and took away from it the theatrical character which it had before Porel's advice."

A pleasing episode in the Russel trial at London:

Mr. Marshall Hall—"Does ability to lie constitute one of the qualifications of a valet?"

Mr. Justice Hawkins—"That depends on who his employer may be."

The latest Journal Amusant shows two villagers watching a stranger in an inn: "Look at him putting water in his wine. He must be a criminal who fears if he gets drunk his secret will escape him."

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne declares that "every woman we see has been made out of beefsteaks," and adds, "It is a solemn thought." It would be a solemn thought if the statement were true. Two of the most beautiful women in Hampshire County in the sixties reached wifedom without knowing the taste of meat. Their father, the late Seth Hunt, was a fanatical vegetarian.

And there are hundreds of dazzling women in Italy and France—they dazzle through rags and dirt—who have never eaten a beefsteak and have lived almost wholly on fruits and vegetables, with an occasional fish.

Here are Messrs. Traubel and Crosby publishing poems in the Conservator "after the manner of Walt Whitman." Ah, it is so easy not to write as Whitman wrote.

Mr. Traubel says in the same number of the Conservator that William Morris was "the personal impeachment and sentence of prevailing commercial standards." This is true. The books printed by Morris at the Kelmscott Press were sold at a price prohibitive, save to the rich.

Dec 11

It began to grow darke: but before they drew neere, they all saw a kinde of heaven of innumerable starres before the Towne. They heard likewise, harmonious and confused sounds of divers Instruments, as Flutes, Tabers, Psalteries, Recorders, hand-Drummes, and Bells: and when they drew neere, they saw that the trees of an Arbour, which had been made at the entrance of the towne, were all full of lights, which were not offended by the winde, that then blew not, but was so gentle, that it scarce moved the leaves of the trees.

In a street car—Jones: "What will the Playgoers' Club do about this worship of Sarah Bernhardt in Paris?" Brown: "I understand that it gave its permission a month ago."

"Mr. Melody, heir to a fortune, has been found in the Cook County (Ill.) Poorhouse." We have heard this tune before.

And now there is much talk about the European breakfast versus the American breakfast; for this subject returns at stated intervals, like unto any well-bred comet. There is no doubt that the majority of Americans who are well-to-live pig at breakfast; and, alas, there are men, women and children in Boston who do not have enough to eat at any hour.

They that have passed student years in France and Germany are loud in their praise of the good sense of foreigners, who take for their first meal coffee, or chocolate, and bread, with the possible addition of an egg. When they return to America, they follow the practice for a time, and some never abandon it, and are therefore the better; but the temptation to stuff is often irresistible.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, in that delectable book, "The Quest of the Golden Girl," speaks of the "joy of an honest appetite in ecstasy, the elemental joy of absorbing quantities of fresh simple food—mere roast lamb, new potatoes, and peas of living green." We cannot share his joy, nor do we believe that it is "elemental." We do not go so far as our vegetarian friends, who insist that man was designed and built by the Almighty to eat grass and [illegible] and to run [illegible] up trees in quest of fruits and nuts, but we believe that a finer soul than Mr. Le Gallienne was "the discreet gentleman of Mancha," who told Don Quixote that his meals were "neat and handsome." Potatoes, new or old, should be banished from the table of every truly God-fearing man. They are soggy and yet malicious. In the time of Queen Anne they were eaten only by hogs and convicts. The Chinese are wiser than they that look at them askew.

Let us sit down again at breakfast. Plutus is very fond of palate-joys. He visits remote cities to eat peculiar dishes in their season. He was once foolish enough to go to Parma that he might know of the full glory of Parmesan cheese; and he found the inhabitants used exclusively the cheeses of other towns. Now tell us, Plutus, honestly, as you rub your belly, has any gustatory joy in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Paris, Rome, New York, Marseilles or New Orleans ever equaled the delight of Sunday mornings 40 years ago at Sunderland, when your mother permitted you to crumb doughnuts in your coffee?

We mentioned Don Quixote, for we have been reading Shelton's translation of Cervantes's noble work—pace Mr. N. H. Dole—and Shelton's Englishing is the only one worthy of consideration or ownership. Read it in the brave dress of the Tudor series. And as we read we sauntered up to a curious expression of the hatred felt by Shelton toward Spaniards—the second part of his translation was published in 1620. Don Quixote is telling how some of his countrymen deal with negroes, "that when they are olde and can doe their Masters no service, they (under colour of making them free) turne them out of doores, and make them slaves to hunger, from which nothing can free them but death"; and Shelton adds in the margin: "He describes the right subtil and cruell nature of his damned countrymen."

A treatise on "Human Life in Heaven" is advertised.

This recalls the fact that a publisher of plays in Boston has received a circular which begins: "We shall advertise for the holiday trade—'Gifts of Consolation for the Bereaved.' Are any of your publications suitable for the list?"

"In a salon, which gives life and warmth to a society where the members have no hearty affection for each other, there are cerebral likings, unanimity of thought and the same intellectual elaboration. Then there are no longer the cold good mornings and good evenings and handshakes of ill-assorted persons who come together once a week without real reunion and embracing of ideas."—De Goncourt, Dec. 11, 1894.

A white polar bear invented by Charles Squire and Frank Maclean for the pleasure of children, old and young, visited the Nile and met a chimpanzee, who took advantage of his innocence and ignorance and gave him very curious information about the habits of the animals of that country. The bear got even with him by persuading the monkey to visit him on his iceberg and then threatening to throw him into the water if he did not tell the truth. And they talked together as follows: "'Be careful,' said the White Bear, 'and remember that you are on your oath. Is there such a thing as a Ginger Bear?' 'I never heard of it,' said the Chimpanzee. 'Then why did you say there was?' said the White Bear. 'Is the Hyaena his own aunt?' 'No,' said the Chimpanzee; 'and I never said he was. The Hyaena said it.' 'Then the Hyaena ought to be ashamed of himself,' said the White Bear in a judicial tone. 'Does the Giraffe teach history?' 'No,' said the Chimpanzee, 'but he eats dates.'"

Dec 12 '96

CARMAN AND HOVEY.

MORE SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA. By Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. With designs by Tom. B. Meteyard. Copeland & Day, Boston.

HOVEY.

This little volume as a whole is inferior in poetry and designs to its predecessor; and perhaps this inferiority was to be expected, for seldom does such an originally and entertainingly carved clock strike 12 twice in succession. There are more false notes; there are more evidences of the deliberate attempt at spontaneity. Thus we find Keats taking Milton by the sleeve to meet Robert Louis Stevenson; and Lamb, De Quincey, Dean Swift, Thoreau, Montaigne, Borrow, Defoe are all pigging together in joyful company at their heels. But again we find such lines as

"The ghost of a wind came over the hill,
While day for a moment forgot to die,"

and

"The scarlet of the maples can shake me
like a cry
Of bugles going by."

When Messrs. Carman and Hovey are talking about nature, and its sympathy or irony, they are at their best. Mr. Hovey in Meterlinckian mood is not always a pleasing or striking object, and when there is a hurrah for wine, the shout is often like unto that of the first week of a fresh water Sophomore. Nor can we imagine anybody—not even Mr. Hovey—slapping Browning on the shoulder and calling him "old fellow," as one of the poets dares on page 49. And yet it is impossible not to rejoice in the freedom, the enthusiasm, the out-of-door exultation, the healthy, noble animalism of some of these poems. Even the few affectations are in the right direction.

The muse of these poems may be at times a reckless, wanton baggage, who takes off conventionality as an inner garment, but her eyes are as honest as the growth of a tree or the movement of a deer, and she is as clean and wholesome as a burgeoning spring noon.

HUBERMAN.

First Appearance of the Youthful Violinist.

A Boy of Indisputable Genius Who Plays as a Boy.

And Yet in Certain Ways He Is of Man's Stature.

Bronislaw Huberman, violinist, assisted by Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman, pianist, and Mr. E. Romayne Simmons, accompanist, made his first appearance in Boston yesterday afternoon in Music Hall. There was a fair-sized and very applausive audience. The program was as follows:

Concerto.............................. Mendelssohn
Master Huberman.
Polonaise, E flat..............................Chopin
Miss Heyman.
Air and Prelude..............................Bach
Master Huberman.
Gondoliera.............................. Liszt
Tarantella.............................. Wehl
Miss Heyman.
Romanza.............................. Wagner
Gypsy Airs..............................Sarasate
Master Huberman.

There can be no doubt about the intense musical genius of this lad.

There are musicians—in the catalogue—who, having puttered with music in their youth, considered seriously when they arrived at man's estate whether they should follow music as a trade or go into the dry goods business. There are musicians—in the catalogue—who have turned to music as a support, only after failure in some other calling. But here is a musician who was born; and the old Latin saw that speaks of the birth of the true poet may be applied to Bronislaw Huberman.

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Passionate press agents have told us how this boy looks, what he eats, what he reads, which side he favors in sleep, and have given at length other physical and mental information. With all this, I have nothing now to do. The boy is evidently a boy; he acts as a boy, and in certain ways he fiddles as a boy. There are infant phenomena that remind you of Charles Lamb's description of boys: fine fellows in their way but unwholesome companions for grown people. In the appearance of Huberman there is nothing of accentuated, hideous stage puerility. Here is an apparently healthy youngster, without taught airs and graces, to whom the good Lord gave as a birthright the gift of fiddling.

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When you hear Huberman, you are not conscious of any appeal coming from the stage: "Listen to me; for I am so young"; or "Isn't this wonderful?" You often forget that he is young, and then there will be a wild but honest exuberance, or some crudeness in phrasing that will at once remind you of his age.

Now this lad from Warsaw is not chiefly interesting because he is a prodigy. Musical prodigies have been as thick as cranberries on Cape Cod. Joachim, Sarasate, Vieuxtemps—there's a long list of violinists alone—created public wonder when they were younger than Huberman was yesterday.

Huberman is interesting because he is a singularly gifted genius.

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I do not say he is a thoroughly developed artist. He showed yesterday the need of severe training, not so much, however, in matters of technique as in matters of conception and expression. For instance, his performance of the air by Bach was as bad as his performance of the other piece by Bach was astonishingly good. In the air the tempo was taken at so slow a pace that the melos was ruined, and exuberance of sentiment played see-saw with piano and forte. And in this air, as

[illegible] in the [illegible] concerto, the boy [illegible] led to over-accentuation, especially at the beginning of the phrases. "When I was a child, I spake as a child," said the Apostle. And in this honesty of exuberance, honesty of liberty, or rather license taken frequently with rhythm, honesty of immature thought, the boy was revealed.

* * *

Huberman's technique is already so remarkable, his tone is so direct, convincing, wooing, his genius in a word is so patent and palpable, that it is the more to be regretted that he is not allowed to study, and hear, and examine himself. He has for some years been continuously before the public. His faults will surely become confirmed, ossified habits, unless he is rapped sharply over the knuckles by some teacher whom he can respect.

Perhaps you say, "Look at Joachim; he appeared when he was seven or eight years old at Budapest; did his early performance interfere with his career?" But Joachim studied faithfully after that first appearance under Böhm, and not until five years later did he create a sensation at Leipsic where the audience was distinctly musical and critical. Sarasate charmed the Court at Madrid when he was ten years old; but he studied afterward three years in the Paris Conservatory. I understand that Huberman has never been through the drudgery to which these men submitted themselves; and his performance, dazzling or sensuous as it often is, confirms me in this belief.

* * *

There are things taught in the schools which Huberman should learn, or at least consider and accept in part and reject in part.

The things that are not taught in the schools and cannot be taught—these he has already. For the soul of the artist is educated by a brave teacher; it is not created by him.

Truly a remarkable apparition! Even a genius in immature state is worth a journey. Do you suppose that any pedagogue could have taught Huberman the wild fancy, the appealing, caressing, melancholy character of the Gypsy Airs as played by him yesterday? He could have taught him the art of his ornamentation, the best technical ways, just as he could now chasten him in rhythm and phrasing when the music is of severe or serene style. The pedagogue would have applauded his performance of the last movement of the concerto; he would have clapped him on the shoulder for the dash and brilliancy displayed in the piece by Sarasate.

And I think that even the sternest pedagogue would have rejoiced with uplifted eyes and pious hands at the revelation that such genius as Bronislaw Huberman even now displays is not merely a pleasing legend handed down from generation to generation, but that it is of all time; that it is recognizable; that it is irresistible.

* * *

Applause was frequent and often tumultuous. As an encore after the Bach pieces Huberman played an arrangement of Schumann's "Traumerei," with the frequent employment of an "inaudible pianissimo." Nor was the audience satisfied after the final number of the program; it recalled and recalled the boy until he played again.

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Miss Heyman is, I believe, a pupil of Barth of Berlin. She has well developed fingers, and she shows many results of careful training, although her enthusiastic use of the damper pedal was not to be commended. Her performance at its best was academic. She will no doubt show greater freedom when she has escaped thoroughly from the thought of what Mr. Barth said should be done, and what should not be done by her.

* * *

Master Huberman will give his second recital Saturday afternoon, the 19th. He will play Bruch's G minor concerto; a mazurka by Zsarzycki; and Wieniawski's "Faust" Fantaisie. Mrs. Joseph Adamowski will play piano pieces by Haydn, Schubert-Liszt, Chopin, and Liszt.

PHILIP HALE.

F[illegible] thy roofe to thy God in what thou canst, and in what thou canst not he will help thee. When thou hast thus set thy house in order, do not think thy guest will come without invitation. Thou must tyre him [illegible] with pious importunities.

Perpetuall knockings at his doore,
Teares sullying his transparent roomes,
Sighes upon sighes; weep more and more,
He comes.

Old Chimes sat in his accustomed chair at the Porphyry. His right hand encircled a glass of Glenlivet and soda. And thus did he speak to those about him: "No. I cannot understand why my esteemed friend, Mr. Clapp, the Shakspearian critic, protested so vehemently against slang. I do not believe that he was reported correctly. For slang was very dear to the playwrights in the days of Elizabeth and James the First. Slang, gentlemen, is merely language in the making. Slang that is silly and pointless disappears; that which is graphic becomes necessary, and enters as a tonic into the blood of the language. The literary use of slang was known to Apuleius. I remember the fine sentence of Whibley in his preface to 'The Golden Ass': 'He would twist the vulgar words of every day into quaint, unheard-of meanings, nor did he ever deny shelter to those loafers and footpads of speech which inspire the grammarian with horror.' No, no. I do not believe that Mr. Clapp can be so priggish and intolerant. Charles? One more, please."

And Old Chimes continued: "As I was reading the other evening about the accolade, and how the good knight was [illegible] that here may have [illegible] the now popular phrase, 'getting it in the neck.' This reception was formerly honorable and enviable; today, when a person, however admirable he may be, gets it in the neck, there is the immediate laughter of the thoughtless and vulgar.

"To change the subject," said Old Chimes, "a friend of mine, a veteran newspaper man, told me a story yesterday which confirmed my impression that Chicago is the real literary omphalos of the United States if not the world. He was at Athens some time ago; not the Athens that looks across the Hudson, but the Athens of Pericles and Aspasia; and he thought it would be a pleasure to visit Marathon. The journey is not an easy one; there must be relays of horses, and you must hire a carriage. For the sake of company, he invited a man and wife from Chicago, saying that there was plenty of room, and he thought they would enjoy the trip. 'Marathon, Marathon?' said the Chicago man, 'What's Marathon?' 'Why, you've heard of the battle of Gettysburg, haven't you?' asked my friend. 'Cert,' was the answer; 'I know the man that owned it, and he made a pile of money out of it.'"

Harper's Bazar speaks in complimentary terms of songs by Mr. Clayton Johns. It is a pleasure to find the labors of our fellow townsman appreciated by such a high, discriminating and world-acknowledged musical authority.

As you walk across the Common or that part of it which is allowed graciously to Bostonians for daily use—as you walk toward Boylston Street after the final fall of the discouraged sun, men and women, young and old, rush by you drawn by a speechless, inanimate, inexorable clock. And as they hurry, you hear fragments of conversation, revelations of love and hate, domestic worriment, calamity and death. Or the snigger that is irretrievably associated with the telling of a low jest breaks from the mouth of one who really does not understand the allusion; or the sycophant heard it years ago at district school but does not wish to offend the man who has invited him to dinner. Last night a young fellow and a girl were sauntering. They were close together; her head was inclined toward his shoulder. They walked so confidentially that we passed them. The girl said in amorously caressing tones, "What can he do to you? You have no property." "No," said the youth proudly, "but he can attach my salary."

On the 12th of December, 1893, Descaves spoke enthusiastically of the perfection of hearing enjoyed by the blind. "He told me," says de Goncourt, "that one of them assured him he could tell, when people were in conversation, whether a lamp was borne off or put out by the trifling change in the voices of those talking."

The value of shares of the London Times was disclosed in a London court the other day. We quote from the Daily Messenger, Paris: "It was stated that the defendant had a small share in the Times newspaper—namely, 1-14th of 2-3rds of 1-9th of 2-16th, which he said was worth £25 a year, and relying upon that representation, the plaintiff purchased the share for $353, but found afterward that it was not worth more than £17 a year. The defendant denied that he made any such representation to the plaintiff. Before he sold the share to the plaintiff he told him the true facts—namely, that in 1892 his dividend was nearly £24, and that in 1893 it fell to £18 10s. In 1894 the dividend was £17 3s. 11d. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, and assessed the damages at £65."

Dec 13, 1896

Mr. Felix Winternitz's Concert in Association Hall—A Violinist of Skill and Musical Temperament.

Mr. Felix Winternitz, violinist, assisted by Miss Corea, soprano, and Miss Downer, pianist, gave a concert last evening in Association Hall. The program was as follows:

Concerto.............................. Mendelssohn
Second and Third Movements.
Mr. Winternitz.
Chanson Provencale.........Eva Dell 'Acqua
Miss Corea.
Fuga from First Sonata..................Bach
Claccona from Fourth Sonata (for violin alone).
Mr. Winternitz.
Aria from "Der Freischutz"..........Weber
Miss Corea.
Romanze.............................. Winternitz
Scherzo.............................. Winternitz
Mr. Winternitz.
Thou'rt Like Unto a Flower....Ruhinstein
Serenade a Juanita...................Jouberti
Miss Corea.
La Ronde des Lutins...................Bazzini
Mr. Winternitz.

Mr. Winternitz is a violinist whose talents are perhaps better known and more thoroughly appreciated in other [illegible] States than in Boston, which is his adopted home. And yet he was formerly a member of the Symphony orchestra and he has been the concertmeister of the Festival orchestra under Mr. Mollenhauer's lead. His talents, which were recognized when he was very young, are indeed genuine; they are so real that it seems a pity he has not the opportunity to study quietly by himself and to hear the playing of others; in a word, to allow his temperament to clarify.

His technique is ample, and it is often brilliant. His phrasing is musicianlike. His aims are high and his methods are eminently honest. His playing is not always free from scratching, and last night there were a few unclean and impure passages, as toward the end of the finale of the concerto; but as a whole his playing commanded large respect and often gave pleasure. Of his two compositions, the Capriccio seems after one hearing the more characteristic. Mr. Winternitz has virtuoso blood in his veins. More than this he appreciates that which is noble in music, and at his best he plays such music with nobility of expression.

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Miss Corea has a full voice of generous range and beautiful quality. She sings with feeling that is not manufactured for the occasion, and while she has the dramatic instinct, her voice lends itself easily to bravura passages. Unfortunately in some respects her artistry is not well developed. For instance, her taking of breath last evening was too audible, and it at times marred seriously the effect of her delivery. Miss Downer has two claims that arrest attention: She is a very good-looking young woman, and she accompanies well.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Dull Book by a Very Dull Musician.

Dvorak's New "Water Fay" as Produced in London.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

Professor C. Hubert H. Parry, D. C. L., M. A., Mus. Doc., and Hon. Fell., is the author of "The Evolution of the Art of Music," which is published by D. Appleton and Company, in the International Scientific Series, as Vol. 76.

This book was first published in 1893. "The title was misleading and has therefore been slightly amplified, with the view of suggesting the intention of the work more effectually."

Doctor Parry first considers music in the rough, cries, and gestures, melody and rhythm. He then discusses in order the development of scales, folk music, the beginnings of harmony, pure choral music, the rise of secular music, new principles, the climax of early instrumental music, the beginnings of modern instrumental music, the middle stage of modern opera, the middle stage of sonata form, the balance of expression and design, modern tendencies, and modern phases of opera.

There is a great deal of valuable information in this book, but the style of the author is logy and pedantic, as is nearly all of the music of this learned man which I have had an opportunity of hearing.

Let me give an instance occurring on the very first page. The talk is about sympathy. Now listen to this: "The jarring interests of hurrying, striving millions require something more than mere cold-blooded utilitarian motives to keep them properly balanced; and in matters of everyday life the impulses which tend to mutual helpfulness and forbearance are fed by the ordinary phases of this omnipresent instinct." Ouf! And this is a fair sample of the prevailing style. One turns to Mr. Rowbotham's description (in the three volume edition) of the drum and pipe period with indescribable relief.

You may say, "What matters the style, when the facts are all there in compact form?" First, I am not always sure of "the facts;" second, "the facts" are not in compact form. Concerning the early history of music, there is vast room for speculation. Thus if Rowbotham puts the drum period before the pipe, some of his contemporaries reverse the order. What does any modern really know about Greek music? Volume after volume has appeared. And to what profit? If we are to read speculations, let the various theories be at least presented clearly and in language that is not cumbrous and platitudinous.

I confess I am unable to read Doctor Parry's book. I have made several starts, but the fatal heaviness of style has acted as a sleep-inducing drug.

I opened it at random, and on page 252 I found that "in Beethoven's nature there wa[illegible] extraordinarily keen sense for d[illegible]n, but there was also a very powerful impulse towards expression." Then I skipped forward and on page 277, I find that "Couperin developed considerable skill in contriving little picture-tunes." The patronizing coolness of this learned Englishman! His idol, Bach thought nobler of Couperin, le Grand. It is a surprise to find Doctor Parry admitting that Berlioz was a genius.

But it is not surprising to find him preferring Rossini's "William Tell" to "The Barber of Seville," for you cannot imagine this learned Englishman appreciating the musical gaiety and spontaneity of the Italian's masterpiece. A score of Meyerbeer is "a huge pile of commonplaces." And Wagner did not disdain to plunder this pile freely. While Doctor Parry praises in phlegmatic, professurial fashion "Carmen," he speaks in the same breath (page 314) of "the traditional formulas of cheap accompaniment, the laxness in the treatment of inner minutiae." And this, mark you, of Bizet's score! Here I turned to the index. For there is an index—Laus Deo!—and one tolerably complete. This index refers to things worth knowing, as "Polynesian cannibals." Turning to page 48, I found this sentence: "Another traveler quotes some Polynesian cannibals as gloating over their living victim, shortly to be devoured, and singing gruesomely suggestive passages of rising quarter tones." This comes under the head of "Folk Music." The learned author adds, "The process must have been a gliding up or down." Bunsby redivivus! while the victim went down internally, the voice of the diner probably went up externally.

Frankly, gentle and rude readers, this is a dull book. I do not question Doctor Parry's compiled learning or his honesty of purpose; but his opinions are not to be swallowed blindly, and his style fits a volume which no gentleman's library should be without.

Walt Whitman once wrote these lines:

"When I heard the learn'd astronomers;
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me;
When I was shown the charts and the diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them;
When, I, sitting, heard the astronomer, where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon, unaccountable, I became tired and sick;
Till rising and gliding out, I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars."

Reading, or trying to read this book, there comes to him nodding a mad, uncontrollable desire to hear music: anything; a Bach fugue, "La Belle Hélène," the third Symphony of Brahms, or a song, old and plain, sung once by "the spinsters and the knitters in the sun, and the free maids that weave their thread with bones."

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The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, London, Nov. 21, speaks thus of Dvorak's "Water Fay:"

"The Promenade Concert at the Queen's Hall on Saturday night (Nov. 14) was musically interesting from the fact that the second of Dvorak's new symphonic poems was down for performance. It may be remembered that Dr. Richter was to have included them in this autumn's program, but, owing to delays, he was only able to give the first. In the 'Golden Spinning Wheel,' it was generally admitted that the Bohemian composer had fallen greatly below his normal standard, and so it is with all the more pleasure that we are able to pronounce a much more favorable judgment on 'The Water Fay.' Like its predecessor, it tells a gruesome story of Sclavonic origin. It deals with a water sprite who lures a maiden to his home beneath the lake. The unhappy maiden pines and grieves, and her only source of consolation is the babe born of the unnatural union. By dint of entreaties and tears she is permitted to visit her mother, leaving the babe as a hostage for her return the same day.

"The meeting between mother and daughter is an agonizing one and the former will not permit her to return to her watery home. The sprite appears, and there is a warm scene between him and his mother-in-law. He gets the worst of it, and a frightful storm on the lake is the result. 'As it rages something is dashed with great violence against the cottage door. The mother opens, and picks up the headless body of her daughter's child.' Such is the weird and repulsive story which Dvorák has set himself to illustrate by the power of sound, and we can only regret that he is not devoting his fine talent to something higher than this catchpenny, melodramatic form of composition. To endeavorr to make music serve the purpose of words or pictures is manifestly impossible. Orchestral effects heighten a dramatic situation, but they cannot give a vivid realization of it, and so this type of music, which just now seems to have something of an infectious nature, might well be left to the charlatans of art. Dvorák has certainly treated his subject in an able manner, and with the assistance of the program it is possible to follow the evolution of the story."

Philip Hale

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Tannhäuser" was a dead failure this season at Milan.

Luporini's "La Collina di Pasqua" succeeded at Naples.

Alexandre Siloti has been playing the piano in Switzerland.

A statue will be raised to Adolphe Adam at Longjumeau.

Sophie Jaffé, pianist of Paris, was loudly praised in Berlin.

Albani will not take part in the opera next season at Covent Garden.

"Sunada," a new opera by Sudessl, was not liked much at Trieste Nov. 7.

The first concert of the Melourgia will be given in Steinert Hall Jan. 12.

"Giuliann," by Buzzi-Peccia, will be produced in Turin during the Carnival.

The review of Mr. Winternitz's concert is in the news section of the Journal.

Mr. Henry E. Abbey left no real estate, and his personal estate is valued at $200.

Mr. Robert Dunlap has been chosen President of the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company.

Jean Baffier has completed the statue to be raised to Louis Lacombe at Bourges, his birthplace.

Paladilhe's "Mass of St. Francis of Assise" was produced for the first time at Saint-Eustache, Paris, Nov. 27.

Spinnelli's "A Basso Porto" will be produced at Hamburg, Prague, Cassel, Stuttgart and Frankfort this season.

Miss Bertha B. Elton of this city, cornetist, played lately before Major McKinley and his family at Canton, O.

Miss Poddie Ross, a colorature singer from New York, appears to have made a dismal failure at a concert in Berlin.

Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" was produced at the Berlin Opera, Nov. 21, and met with an enthusiastic reception.

Léon Honnoré by his "Aude et Roland" took the Rossini prize of '96 in Paris. He took this prize some years ago.

Ernest Chausson's Symphony in B flat produced at Barcelona in November was considered to be "too scientific."

Glazounoff will write the music for a ballet, "La Dame Blanche," commanded at the Imperial Theatre, St. Petersburg.

Jan Blockx's opera "Herbergprinses," which was produced lately at Antwerp, may be brought out at the Monnaie, Brussels.

Mr. John A. O'Shea's song, "Home is where the heart is," is now sung by Mr. T. E. Clifford in "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley."

The first concert of the Whitinsville Musical Association, conducted by Mr. Arthur M. Curry of Boston, Dec. 4, gave much pleasure.

Engelbert Humperdinck will devote himself exclusively to composition. He has resigned his position as music critic for the Frankfort Gazette.

Rudolph Aronson's new "pickaninny" Serenade was performed for the first time at the concert of the Manuscript Society in New York on Dec. 3.

A young Dutch contralto, Miss Willy Arendts, a pupil of Mrs. Joachim, made a deep impression by her voice and art at a concert in Berlin last month.

Eva Tetrazzini, who created here the part of Desdemona (Verdi's "Otello") at the Grand Opera House, April 30, 1888, has been singing in Barcelona.

Dittersdorf's amusing and instructive autobiography, published in 1801, has been translated into English by Mr. Coleridge and published by Bentley.

Mr. William Boosey has delivered himself of an operatic libretto on the subject of "Rip Van Winkle," which is being set to music by Mr. Franco Leoni.

New Russian operas: P. J. Blaremberg's "Un Comique du XVII. Siècle," and an as yet untitled opera by Kasatschenko, which will deal with Cossack life.

Felix Weingartner's symphonic poem "King Lear" will be played soon at Mannheim, Bremen and Dresden. The score, Mr. Paur, will be published by Breitkopf and Härtel.

The General Committee of the Barnby Memorial Trust Fund is trying to arrange a memorial concert to be given on Jan. 28, 1897, that being the anniversary of Barnby's death.

They say that Lamoureux will establish an opera house in Paris, where modern and ancient operas will be given, "as they should be given." He will begin with "Don Giovanni."

A "Symphonic ballade," by Camille Chevillard. Bourgault-Ducoudray's Rhapsodie Cambodgienne and César Franck's Symphony in D were played by Lamoureux's orchestra in London Nov. 21.

The Leo Society of Vienna will raise a statue to Anton Bruckner, and the society, "Friends of Music," will sing his mass in D minor in January; the first performance of this work in a concert hall.

A new blood and thunder Italian "Verismo-opera," entitled "Maruzza," by a Sicilian, P. Floridia, made a sensation at Zurich. It is said to be the most brutal work of the ultra-modern Italian school.

Prince Mirko de Monténegro has finished an opera, the subject of which is taken from a play, "The Empress of the Balkans," written by his father, Prince Nicolas, some years ago in Servian. The opera will be produced probably at Cettigné.

Mr. Frederik Frederiksen introduced a new suite in G minor for violin and piano by Johan Halvorsen at his concert at the small Queen's Hall Nov. 29, and it was played by himself and Miss Lucie Hilder. The suite created a very favorable impression.

Nikisch pleased mightily as conductor of the first Tschaikowski concerts at St. Petersburgh. The program included the Fifth Symphony, the "Romeo and Juliet" fantasie, the variations from the orchestral suite, and the B flat minor piano concerto played by Mr. Sapellnikoff.

Massenet's "Don César de Bazan" was produced for the first time at the Monnaie, Brussels, Nov. 16. There are two versions of this opera. The original was of 1872, and the composer then made his operatic début. The second version, 1888, was revised, and the score, burned in the Opéra Comique, was rewritten.

The fire which did so much damage to St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, completely destroyed the organ that was recently erected at a cost of £3000, and was considered to be one of the finest instruments built by the Hope-Jones Company. It is understood that the loss is covered by insurance.

A concert in honor of the 100th anniversary of Schubert's birth will be given in Vienna Jan. 31. The program will be as follows: Overture to "Fierabras"; chorus from "Mignon," and Chorus of Water Sprites; the B Minor Symphony, and the celebrated serenade for contralto with female chorus. The Schubert Exposition will be opened the same day.

Mr. Faber, the ground lessee of Covent Garden, will be the purchaser of all the operatic scenery, properties and costumes belonging to the late Sir Augustus Harris, which are quite distinct from the Covent Garden stock. Sir Augustus had formed this collection in case he was ever supplanted at Covent Garden. The price named is £7500.

Madame Adelina Patti's only London concert this season attracted an enormous audience to the Albert Hall, Nov. 21. The demands for encores were irresistible, and after Verdi's "Tacea la notte placida" she gave "Voi che sapete"; Gounod's "Ave Maria" was repeated, and "Robin Adair" was supplemented by "Home Sweet Home" and "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

Mr. Richard Burmeister, pianist and composer, will make his reappearance in this city at Steinert Hall on the afternoon of Saturday, the 19th. He will play Bach's organ prelude and fugue in A minor as well as Liszt-Bach transcription; one of Mendelssohn's songs without words, and Weber's minuetto capriccioso; Chopin's F sharp major impromptu, and two preludes; Schubert's erlking; Schumann's F sharp minor sonata; Liszt's B minor ballade, valse impromptu A flat major, and Hungarian rhapsody No. 8; and his own elegy and capriccio.

At the promenade concert at the Queen's Hall, Nov. 21, there was presented the last of Dvorak's new symphonic poems, and its subject matter was of the same gruesome type as the other two. This one is entitled "The Noon Witch," a naughty beldame whose evil powers are exercised from 11 o'clock till noon. Innside a humble cottage a mother is preparing the frugal midday meal, but she is much worried by her petulant child. After many attempts to pacify it she angrily cries out "Here, Nanny, come and fetch the crybaby," and then to her consternation there enters the withered witch. The mother clasps the child to her breast, and as the witch advances toward her she falls swooning to the floor. On the return of the husband he finds her in that state and the child on her bosom—dead. Dvorak's music is very charming and the piece is scored with admirable skill, but it is less effective than "The Water Fay," although much superior to the first of the three pieces.—Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, Nov. 28.

Every one, we are sure, will heartily espouse the side of poor Madame Nordica in her little quarrel with Jean de Reszke. Nordica asserts that Melba gets £240 per night and Calvé £280, and, like a true daughter of the land of the free, she demanded £300 a performance, which Mr. Grau declined to give. Now Nordica is out in the cold, and to keep up her artistic circulation has entered into an engaging newspaper controversy. Jean de Reszke excites her ire because she thinks it is due to his influence that foreigners are given the preference and the highest salaries, and she taunts him with having drawn £1000 for one performance, which Jean indignantly denies, although he admits the soft impeachment that he took £600 on one occasion in Boston. Oh, these operatic stars! Nordica indignantly rejects £200 a night because somebody else gets more, but she apparently ignores the fact that an impresario who knows his business must appraise his artists at their commercial value, as shown by the box office. For the same reason we are dispensing with Melba this season. —Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, Nov. 28.

The Pall Mall Gazette of the 20th speaks thus of César Franck's Symphony: "M. Lamoureux's program of yesterday afternoon at the Queen's Hall was, perhaps, the least interesting that he has yet favored us with, in face of the fact that he has decided that the color of each of his concerts this week shall be determined by the character of the symphony. That of yesterday was an interesting enough composition, by César Franck; yet we doubt whether such obviously derivative and second-class work—excellent second-class though it be—deserved a place of so much honor in M. Lamoureux's present ambitious scheme. The first movement, indeed, might not ill be described as a paraphrase of Wagner's 'Tristan' Prelude; its repetitions were many and a trifle overpowering; for it is only a great master, a Mozart, a Beethoven, who can repeat himself exquisitely. The conclusion in this case is obvious. The second movement is a great improvement, however; it begins to partake of some of that vital quality without which the most laborious and academic of compositions falls dull and lifeless. It is this quality which at once reveals the musician; and there are portions of the third movement also which make this point quite clear. It is true that even here a rather tiresome insistence on the theme marred much of the effect, but there was, under the surface, the genuine musician's feeling, 'rightly struggling to be fr...'"

DEC 14. 96

Now these same poor Berber goat-herds, who passed away from the sight of Tenerife's Peak four centuries ago, were in many ways noble fellows, with whom one would gladly clink a can. For they knew how to cook meat, and avoided the abomination, gravy. They held it base to injure the women, children, and houses of worship of the enemy. They tried causes before a jury of twelve, and they fought duels or rather prize-fights with obsidian bowie-knives, till the spectators cried "Gama! Gama!" which, being interpreted, means, "Hold! enough!" And their form of marriage was polyandry, and they provided pots of milk for the use of the dead.

When a man is suffering from angina pectoris, it would be considered in bad taste for you to address him as "hearty," nor does the victim of jaundice like to be spoken of as "livery." And yet consumptives often admit that they are consumptive.

The Skeptic is the latest of the little journals — weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly—which have appeared in Boston. Mr. Wilson Davis, the editor, describes No. 1 as "an initial and tentative specimen." He also speaks of his enterprise as "a journalistic amoeba." Now Dr. Murray's invaluable dictionary assures us that an amoeba is "a microscopic animalcule (class Protozoa) consisting of a single cell of gelatinous sarcode, the outer layer of which is highly extensile and contractile, and the inner fluid and mobile, so that the shape of the animal is perpetually changing." And yet all that Mr. Davis asks for his amoeba is five cents, a ridiculously small sum when you consider the value of gelatinous sarcode in the market.

The eyes of Mr. Davis "rest uneasily" upon the "Philosophy" of Puvis de Chavannes in the Public Library; and for this reason: "Plato caught in the act, Plato platonizing." But what would Mr. Davis have Plato a-doing? To platonize was Plato's business: He was created for that purpose, just as Euripides was born to rip and Socrates to sock.

The most interesting as well as the most important article in this number of the Skeptic is the one entitled, "The Psychography of the Bacchante Affair." The analysis of the opposition to this statue as an ornament in the court of the Public Library is searching and not to be confuted. As Mr. Davis points out, this shrieking episode arises from the conflict, the irrepressible conflict between the temperament of the Hellenic race and the inherited New England instincts of today. Here are sentences worth pondering: "The capital of New England has prided herself upon her appreciation of ancient art. She has even dared occasionally to pose under the name of the great Athens. At bottom she is hostile to every instinct that produced that art. Rarely has she been called upon to avow such an hostility, and her affectation has passed more or less unchallenged. * * * Bostonians have been able to roll up the eyes before that which is Greek in form, while what was Greek in reality has either been hastily turned down or condoned with an air of superior enlightenment; they have mistaken for unfortunately accidental that which was a fundamental cause of all that is noble in Greek art; in place of the Greek spirit they have been worshiping a dummy dressed up in the garb of tho maiden Priscilla."

In this city where honey-daubing is the art of art in literature, where all parochial authors are alleged to be horizon-leapers and welkin-bumpers, such words will come as a thrown brick into a pretty shop window. Even the title, The Skeptic, will shock many people, especially those who are not secure as to their definition of the word. The sturdiest skeptic is often the most enthusiastic believer.

You are very prudent, Mr. Corker, in the matter of gas. Did we not hear you say, "I save by always turning off the gas when I am not using a burner? If I go out of the room for only five minutes, I turn off the gas. Mrs. Corker is equally prudent. Our gas bill for last month was only $1 30." Yes, Mr. Corker, but what was your match bill for the month, not to mention the wear of trouser seat?

Do you remember, Corker, when you were at Harvard, how carefully Prof. Lovering nursed the burnt matches that stood in a huge tumbler on his desk? Did you ever see him use a fresh match?

We quoted last week an instance of ~~English~~ 17th century hatred against the Spaniards, and yet what courtesies have been shown reciprocally in war! When Admiral Lord Nelson was beaten off from Santa Cruz in 1797, with a loss of colors, his arm, his boats and about 250 of his best men, the Spaniards, "with whom we are ever on better terms in war than in peace," gave every Englishman a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine; and Nelson favored Gen. Gutierez by taking home a dispatch informing the Spanish Court of the victory which had been won over himself.

OCC 15. 96

Mr. Stephen Townsend's Concert in Chickering Hall—A Diversified Program, and a Performance of Much Merit.

Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone, gave a concert last night in Chickering Hall, which was crowded. He was assisted by Mr. Fiedler, violinist, the Verdi Male Quartet, and Messrs. Wry, Shapleigh, and Fisher, accompanists. Mr. Townsend sang a monologue by Ponchielli; songs by Wm. A. Fisher, Cantor, Smith, Bullard, Cowen, Tschaikowsky, Norris, Grieg, Spalding, Schumann; Massenet's "Vision" from "Hérodiade;" and the solos in Meyer-Helmund's "In a Gondola" and Stanford's "Cavalier Songs."

Mr. Townsend's performance was excellent in many ways. First of all he has by nature a voice of full, rich, carrying, manly quality. Not content lazily with this natural gift, he has evidently worked faithfully and intelligently, for his singing shows results that can be obtained only by such work. His production of tone is freer, and he is not so inclined to force tone as he was a year ago. His intonation is pure. His enunciation is distinct, and it is free from exaggeration in the matter of consonants. He knows the meaning of legato. His phrasing is not a mere affair of accident and breath. Furthermore he appreciates the character of the song; he finds the one chief point and knows how to prepare the detail for the authoritative delivery of this point. I do not say that in all this he is invariably successful. Last night there was occasional indecision in attack, and there were times when he did not rise to the height of the composer. He will sing Massenet's air with more dramatic subtlety as well as abandon a year or two from now, and I do not believe that he gave us the whole of Tschaikowsky's meaning.

But there was very much more to praise than to condemn in his performance, and there is no apparent reason why he should not go far in his calling.

Mr. Fisher accompanied his own songs. These songs seem to me to be deficient in frank melody. The composer is too anxious about a characteristic phrase in the accompaniment or an unconventional modulation. The first requisite of a song is melody, and years ago such masters of counterpoint as Alessandro Scarlatti and Handel knew this little fact.

The program in its varied nature was an agreeable departure from the stereotyped list so dear to many local and foreign singers.

The Quartet gave good assistance, but "In a Gondola" was taken at too slow a pace. Stanford's songs are neither chivalric nor English. They are melancholy examples of unimaginative, manufactured music.

Mr. Fiedler played conscientiously pieces by Saint-Saëns, Zarzychi and Hauser. Mr. Wry accompanied with taste. Mr. Shapleigh brought out in his accompaniments all that is hard, wooden, and disagreeable in a piano.

PHILIP HALE.

For some there is a music all day long
Like flutes in paradise, they are so glad;
And there is hell's eternal under-song
Of curses and the cries of men gone mad.

We are sorry to learn that molasses "is rapidly disappearing as an article of commerce," for with it will go the delightful phrase "Them molasses," likewise "them molassesses."

Any young man who proposes to follow the trade of writing books—prose, poetry, epic, essay, religious, scandalous, play, treatise—should first of all examine his person with a view to the future interest of a sculptor. They are still debating in Edinburgh whether the face and figure of Robert Louis Stevenson are statuesque or unstatuesque. Now this unpleasantness would not have arisen, Mr. Edmund Gosse would not have lost his temper, nor would the person of the late Mr. Stevenson have been subjected to such posthumous impertinence, if Mr. Stevenson had become a lighthouse keeper or a biscuit baker or a tragedian when the choice of Hercules found him at the forked road. Mr. Stevenson should have said: "Now if I write books people will insist on erecting my statue, and I haven't the figure for it. I say they will insist, for there are always uneasy persons who wish to raise statues to everybody."

Has anybody ever made out a list of "The One Hundred Worst Books"?

It was on Dec. 15, 1885, that Jules Destrée said of Rodenbach: "His sole originality is his belief that he is original."

Dr. Georg Avellis of Frankfort asserts that singers should not ride the bicycle. Dust will injure the throat, and the temptation to overdo in exer-

is well-nigh irresistible on account of the pleasure that accompanies immoderation. And yet many of the leading singers are impassioned bicyclists.

Dr. Avellis thunders against the practice of smoking tobacco and cigarettes. And yet Santley tells us he never knew a great singer who did not smoke. Mario smoked daily from 25 to 30 ordinary-sized cigars, "and in Italy, where real Havana cigars are rarely obtainable, he used to smoke a hundred cavours a day."

But this little book "Der Gessangarzt," by Dr. Avellis, published a few months ago, is entertaining whether you agree with his premises and conclusions or pooh-pooh at them. We notice that he uses the word "cowboy" without quotation marks, as though it were established firmly in the German language. The learned Doctor insists that German singers should wash the altogether every day. For this he will be called "extravagant," "too radical," "crazy," by his conservative countrymen, who go to the baths once a year.

We call the attention of those who are fond of prating about "the outrageous license" given "comic papers" of Paris to this little incident that happened in a Parisian Court toward the end of last month. The staff of a certain paper appeared before a Correctional Chamber on charges of offences against public decency. The editor was sentenced to imprisonment for three months and a fine of $200. The manager was fined the same amount, with 15 days' imprisonment. The artist, on account of the First Offenders' Act, got off with one month.

M. G. writes to the Journal: "I saw the other day in an English newspaper an allusion to a daring dacoity in India. What does 'dacoity' mean? I cannot find the word in any dictionary at hand." Dacoity is a system of robbery practised by the dacoits, a class of robbers in India and Burmah, who plunder in armed bands. According to the Indian penal code, the band must not be less than five in number. The word was introduced into English early in this century.

"Dacoit" comes from the Hindi and not from a man's name, as M. G. suggests in his note. This reminds us of Mr. Le Gallienne's reflections on the strange apotheosis by which a mere private name becomes a public symbol. "Does Mr. Gladstone, I wonder, instruct his valet 'to pack his Gladstone'? How strange it must seem! * * * I wondered if Colonel Boycott ever uses the word 'boycott,' and how strange it must have seemed to the late McAdam to walk for miles and miles upon his own name, like a carpet spread out before him."

We remember vaguely certain poetic lines which describe Adonis as reposing on hyacinths and roses. If Adonis did contract the habit of sleeping on hyacinths, he probably suffered from eczema in consequence. For Dr. Morris's experiments at Kew "show that the scales from the bulbs have produced this disease in gardeners." We were under the impression that eczema is a nervous disease. As for Adonis, Callimachus says that Venus hid him in a lettuce patch.

The fattest and biggest cabman in Paris died last month. He weighed 280 pounds and was nearly 6 feet 8 inches tall. He could lift his cab with one arm. His horse, whom he loved dearly, was as big and fat in proportion as himself. This excellent Mr. Kirsch, unfortunately, was partial to pleasingly disguised alcohol, and every day he drank about 16 litres of white wine.

"Capt. Mahan's 'Life of Nelson' is expected to appear in March." Will it answer fully the demands of Capt. Burton, made in 1863? "The life of Nelson, like that of Washington, has still to be written; but who will do it? Who dares to set before the public a faithful portraiture of all the frailty and meanness, vice and folly, greatness, splendor of spirit and high superiority over the herd of men which characterize a Napoleon, or even a Nelson? And cui bono? say many. Here is a man who has taken official rank as a British naval hero—has not his life been written in classical English by Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D., poet laureate, etc., etc.? Better quieta non movere. Has not the book been published by John Murray, Esq., of Albemarle Street? What the deuce would you do more? For my part, I would know the truth; I would see published the copy of verses written after the battle of Copenhagen, and hear more of a journal lately printed. * * * The worst of these conventional biographies is, that the world derives from them no moral hints."

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WITH MUSICIANS.

Mrs. Sherwood's Concert —A Pianist's Debut.

Has Dvorák Said His Last Important Word?

Gossip About Symphony Concert and Other Things.

Mrs. W. H. Sherwood, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Association Hall. She was assisted by a string quartet (Messrs. Mahn, Berger, Fisher and Barth), and by Miss Gerda Nelson, pianist, who made her début. The program was as follows:

Quartet, Op. 16, E flat.....Beethoven
Nocturne, Opus 62, B major.....Chopin
Brooklet, Op. 62.....Grieg
Cracovienne Fantastique, Op. 14..Paderewsky
Mrs. Sherwood.
Andante from string quartet....Tschaikowski
Impromptu, B flat, Op. 142.....Schubert
Gnomenreigen .....Liszt
Miss Nelson.
Quintet, Op. 44, E flat.....Schumann

The characteristic merits of Mrs. Sherwood's playing have long been known in Boston. When she appears in public the hearer expects refinement and elegance rather than any marked individuality in the conception or the carrying out of the conception. She is a discreet player in ensemble, and perhaps in chamber music she shows to best advantage her musical qualities; and, remember, discretion in ensemble is by no means the least of things desirable.

Miss Nelson has a certain digital fluency, which is sporadic rather than chronic. Due allowance should be made for the nervousness customarily attending a first appearance. This nervousness was shown yesterday in occasional mechanical hitches, lack of precision in attack, and excessive fondness for the damper pedal. It was not shown in any too exuberant burst of musical feeling; and yet such bursts in a young player are to be desired, for they argue a musical nature that needs judicious repression and not daily encouragement. Miss Nelson is still a pupil. Let us wait a year or two before examining seriously her case.

The string quartet lent valuable assistance. There was a small and applausive audience.

Mrs. Sherwood's second concert will be given Jan. 5. She will then be assisted by Mr. Hoffmann, violinist, and Mr. Barth, 'cellist.

* * *

Is it not probable that Dvorák spoke his last word in music some time ago? Surely his latest compositions show vocabulary rather than musical thought. His alleged American symphony is disfigured by meretriciousness. Would the Kneisel Quartet have played his quartet in A flat major (October 26) if it had been signed by Jones of Braintree or Robinson of Rutland?

The English have been very loyal to Dvorák ever since his "Spectre's Bride" was produced at Birmingham; but I find the Musical Times (London) of Dec. 1 publishing these ominous words:

"A great disappointment awaited those who were attracted to the second concert (Richter) on Oct. 26, by the 'first performance' of a new symphonic poem, 'The Golden Spinning Wheel,' by Antonin Dvorák; for a piece of such length (it lasted 26 minutes by the clock!), containing so few striking ideas and so little of interest in the workmanship, has not been heard at a high-class orchestral concert for many a day. Those who had read beforehand the extraordinary folk-tale serving as a 'poetic' basis to the piece had difficulty in believing that even the genius of a Dvorák could furnish the music descriptive or suggestive of the gruesome details with which it abounds. But that the hand which penned 'The Spectre's Bride' should have lost so much of its cunning as to produce an absolutely dull and irritating work was, indeed, a bitter experience. True, the charm of Dvorák's exquisite orchestration, his easy flow of tune, his ever-welcome rhythmical swing cast their spell over the listener during the first few minutes. But these things alone do not make great or even passably enjoyable music, and as page after page of the score was played without offering a single stirring moment, delight changed to indifference and indifference to irritation, and the audience all but 'declined' the work. May the result serve as a warning to a great composer against over-production!"

But is Dvorák a "great" composer? I am inclined to think that he has been overated.

* * *

Dvorák's 'cello concerto will be performed in Boston for the first time at the Symphony concert Saturday night. It was first produced at a concert of the Philharmonic Society (London), March 19, 1896, when Leo Stern played the solo part and Dvorák conducted. I believe the first performance of the work in Germany was by Hugo Becker at Wurzburg in October.

I understand that Mr. Schroeder, who will be the soloist Saturday night, assisted Dvorák materially in the composition of the solo part.

"The Roman Carnival" overture by Berlioz was played here for the first time Jan. 24, 1857. Now that year first saw at Königsberg the first performance of Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony, which will also be played here Saturday night. Thank the Lord, the original version will be then given, the one in four movements; not the one in seven. The original version was first heard here Feb. 6, 1873. The version in six movements was played here May 21, 1873, when Rubinstein conducted. The first performance here of the entire work was Dec. 15, 1894. May that performance be also the last!

* * *

Charles Scribner's Sons have just published Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's "How to Listen to Music." This book will be reviewed in the Journal next Wednesday. It is pertinent to say now that the attractive volume will give instruction as well as pleasure to frequenters of Symphony concerts who wonder secretly what the names of certain istruments, blown into or tickled by men in evening dress, really are, and are ashamed to ask their neighbors, who meanwhile are trying to understand the analytical programs provided for them gratuitously throughout the season.

* * *

I happened the other day to look over the Statistical Retrospect of the Vienno Opera, 1869-1894 (the book was compiled by A. J. Weltner) and I found these facts of interest to music lovers in Boston.

The Cavaliere, Oreste Bimboni, who proved so bravely his skill as a conductor during the late short and ill-starred Maplesonian Season, visited Vienna as a conductor in 1883 and 1884.

Herr Carl Adams was engaged as a solo singer at the Vienna Opera from August 1, 1867 to July 31, 1870, and from August 1, 1871, to July 31, 1876.

Campanini sang in the opera house in 1878. "Luigia" Cary was there in 1876. Clara Louise Kellogg sang there in 1880, and Marie Litta in 1878.

Wilhelm Gericke was conductor from May 1, 1874, to April 30, 1884. Arthur Nikisch was a violinist in the orchestra from Jan. 1, 1874, to Dec. 31, 1877. Emil Pauer (sic) was violinist there from August 1, 1872, to Nov. 30, 1875. Otto Roth was violinist there from January 1, 1884, to Sept. 15, 1887.

The Pall Mall Gazette thus comments on the cry, "America for American Musicians:"

"Hitherto the imported musical celebrity, whether he operated on the concert platform or performed upon the lyric stage, has always been sure of an appreciative audience in America, and, indeed, has sucked thereout no small advantage. But now, if the Transatlantic musical press can help it, the high old time to which the exotic artist has been so blissfully accustomed will not be meted out to him over there any longer. The coming McKinley era is to be protectionist in respect of this exotic, also. We do not ourselves quite see how this particular product is to be tariffed out, but, as we read the Musical Age, tariffed out he has got to be. The American soil, our contemporary should rather think, can grow for itself quite as much vocal and instrumental torture as it wants, or ought to want. It wants no nimbus-haired pianists from Europe to play upon the keys of its strong boxes, no swarthy fiddler to loosen its purse strings, no ravishing tenore to sing of amore and dolore, and carry away an heiress. Mr. McKinley will please note that, for the future, only native notes will be accepted. We are not in the counsels of the President-elect, but we have an idea that Mr. Bret Harte is better acquainted with the trend of his countrymen's musical proclivities than is its musical press, and, we take it, Mr. Harte's latest amateur is typical. He had heard Rubinstein once, he said, and was far from regretting what the audition had cost him. 'Why, he hit that planner till it fairly sat up and shouted. Give us Rube!' We doubt if 'Rube' will be tariffed out yet awhile."

PHILIP HALE.

His mother she made him some water-gruel,
And stirred it round with a spoon;
Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,
And died before 't was noon,
And died before 't was noon.

Judge Holmes thought that a Lilliputian should not be subjected to Brobdingnagian bail. The Judge knows his Gulliver.

You walked across the Common hurriedly. Your feet were cold, although they were encased in $13 shoes with an ingenious application of cork-sole. Your ears tingled. Your back was shivery, and yet you wore approved sanitary underwear and a fur-lined coat. At the Club you could not get too near the fire, and contrary to your habit, you prescribed yourself two cock-tails. And even then you were cold when you sat down at meat with your faithful spouse and accomplished daughter. Do you remember forty years ago? You would then go coasting—no, you never said coasting where you lived. Down Round Hill. You wore a thick jacket; there was a tippet 'round your neck; you had a fur cap turned down over your ears; and your hands were in mittens. If you now stood in such a costume for five minutes on a street corner, you would surely meet Mr. P. Neumonia, and he would go home with you. Your maturity, Sir, sees you weakened and not strengthened. How do you account for it?

This Giles Collins, whose sad fate is told in the lines printed above, was no boy. The poet says distinctly that Giles's mother was old. It took six strong men to bear the body. Giles died of love, of love for Lady Anna, who

"Was sitting at her window,
Mending her night-robe and coif,
She saw the very prettiest corpse,
She'd seen in all her life, life,
She'd seen in all her life."

There is now no joy to you such as that felt forty years ago. Your sled was upholstered and it bore in gaudy letters the name Wapiti; your father gave it to you for a Christmas present, and yet Mike Blanchfield's sled, old and battered, would pass it every time, and Mike grinned like a fiend as he put his thumb to his nose and spread indelicate fingers. The snow crackled under your boots. There was no wind. The crescent in the sky shivered. To you it was simply a crescent; it suggested then no myth, or thought of symbolism, or valuable scientific fact. The mare in the barn at the foot of the hill neighed in a catarrhal fashion; for even she was cold. And the keenest pleasure of all was not the mad rush down the hill, or the danger at the crossing, or the presence of Rebecca, the Dulcinea of King Street; it was the knowledge that you had overstayed your time, that your mother was looking out of the window, that your father had the set jaw that preceded bodily punishment. Yet you said to yourself, "Once more; once more;" but try as you would you could not pass Mike Blanchfield.

And do you remember the corduroy boots that your father brought you from the city? He said, "Now you'll be warm, my boy." You wore them to school; and there was one loud, universal, horrid yell. There was the philistine contempt for anything new or unexpected. The summer before you had antagonized your playmates by wearing an elaborate collar pinned to your jacket and ornamented with an arrangement of tassels. You were suspicious of ironical comment when your mother fastened the thing with pride and, kissing you, told you to be a good boy. But the reception of the corduroy boots killed in your breast the memory of past anguish. Ah, how uncomfortable you often were on account of the affection of your parents! You envied poorer boys who wore ordinary boots of leather, and whose collars—when they had any—were not taken from the portrait of "The Little Prince."

You do not remember, as you sit in your parlor in Commonwealth Avenue, what happened 15 years ago one half so clearly as you remember the episodes of boots, and collars, and sliding down Round Hill. You are fast becoming old. Read Schopenhauer's "The Ages of Life," and you may find comfort. "It is the depth and intensity of this early intuitive knowledge of the external world that explain why the experiences of childhood take such a firm hold on the memory. * * * The class of things that may be called insignificant is continually receiving fresh additions: much that wears an air of importance at first, gradually becomes of no consequence at all from the fact of its frequent repetition; so that in the end we actually lose count of the number of times it happens. Hence we are better able to remember the events of our early than of our later years." And you must not forget that for some years you have pursued happiness. When happiness is pursued, it is never caught.

The Hon. John L. Sullivan said as the peroration of his great speech in New York that it remains for the boxers of the present day, and their managers, to make boxing one of the leading sports in the athletic world. And the hearers applauded wildly, thinking no doubt of the judicial interest now taken in the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey case.

We regret to find a lecturer on the vocal apparatus of birds—the lecture was given before a chapter of the Agassiz Association—using this phrase: "the crow of the domestic rooster." As Mr. Richard Grant White once said a rooster is any animal that roosts. "Almost all birds are roosters, the hens, of course, as well as the cocks. * * * The cock is no more a rooster than the hen; and domestic fowls are no more roosters than canary birds or peacocks. Out of this nonsense, however, people must be laughed rather than reasoned."

What a pity that there was no bulbul in the Public Garden for the illustration

of Mr. Maynard's lecture. The vocal apparatus of this interesting bird deserves lively admiration. To be sure, it is late in the season for a bulbul, and if he were kept in the Public Garden he should be provided with a chest protector. We hope that Mr. Doogue will surely provide a bulbul for the spring exhibition. We have already called his attention to this important matter.

Young gentlemen who, finding the season dull in Boston, propose to join the Cuban insurrectionists should beware of the "congrejos," a dish of land crabs, and shun mangoes and pine-apples if they wish to preserve their courage in full glory. They should eat Algiréta berries, or the bézugo fish, or chiltapin, or comál, guáge, madróna, niztamál, oréjon, pasás, pontéduro, quióte, tepocáte, tequesquite. Life may be maintained by a judicious use of chilaquiles and tamál.

Dec 17. 96

STEINERT HALL.

A Temple Worthy of the Goddess Music.

Opening Concert by the Kneisels and Mr. Baermann.

Description of a Very Brilliant Occasion.

The new Steinert Music Hall was opened formally last night by a concert in which the Kneisel Quartet and Mr. Carl Baermann took part. There was a representative audience of musical Boston. The program was as follows:

Quartet in D major, op. 64, No. 5.....Haydn
Sonata for piano and violin, op. 47.....Beethoven
Quartet for piano, violin, viola and 'cello, op. 47.....Schumann

Through the enterprise, experience and taste of Messrs. M. Steinert & Sons this city has at last an ideal hall for chamber concerts. Yes, ideal is here no vain and empty word.

For the new Steinert Hall answers all requirements. The location is convenient; the size—it seats comfortably 600 people—is neither too large nor too small; the approach encourages and does not repel; the seats are easy of access, roomy; the lighting is so arranged that there is no distracting glare; the ventilation and the heating are above cavil; the stage is of the right height; the difficult problem of acoustics has been most satisfactorily solved. There are boxes, but they are not aggressive; their shallowness and simplicity do not diffuse or smother the volume of sound. There is a gallery which is a delight and not a vexation to those who sit in it. And in this hall, 35 feet below the level of Boylston Street, there is no thought or suggestion of prosaic traffic; there is no possible disturbing noise from the outer world; there is no suspicion of subterranean discomfort.

At last Boston has a meet and fitting home for chamber music, intimate music. The decorations are chaste, but not cold; refined simplicity rules throughout. There is nothing to take the attention away from the music. On the other hand, the quiet beauty of the chamber enlarges the musical enjoyment of the hearer.

* * *

Did you ever consider how dependent music is on its surroundings for the proper appreciation of it? A laborious climb up narrow steps; contracted seats and cramped aisles; shabby or gaudy walls; incongruous decorations; a stage adjusted so that necks must be craned, for few can resist the temptation of staring at the musicians; draughts or foul air; lights that dazzle the eye, the memory of performances in the hall that were distinctly unmusical—all these are abhorrent to the Muse, and mighty must be the talent of her servants to overcome them.

* * *

But now, I repeat, Boston has an ideal hall for chamber music. A long standing and deserved reproach against this town has been removed. Will not at no far distant day some lover or lovers of music, or lovers of the fame of this city, do for the Symphony Orchestra and the choral societies what Messrs. Steinert & Sons have done for chamber music?

* * *

The concert that dedicated was worthy of the occasion. The rare excellence of the acoustic properties was proved beyond a doubt and a peradventure. The stage with varnished floor is a sounding board. Its height is such that the audience is enwrapped in a musical atmosphere; the body of sound does not shoot ceilingward, or over the heads of the hearers. There is the immediate establishment of musical intimacy between the player and the audience. The most delicate pianissimo is distinct; the strongest fortissimo is not overbearing. And so the skill of the performers last night was even more fully appreciated than on the many former occasions when it has been abundantly in evidence.

The program, although made up of familiar compositions, was eminently fit for dedicatory purposes. The quartet of Haydn, fresh, frank, spontaneous; the superb showpiece of Beethoven, with its relieving passages of unearthly beauty; the passionate quartet of Schumann, with its experiments and its intensely modern feeling; these may well serve as examples of succeeding but immortal schools. For wide as the gap may seem between Haydn and Schumann, to the student who has the sense of historical perspective it is impossible to think of Schumann without also remembering his predecessors.

The Haydn quartet was played most charmingly. Mr. Baermann was at his best in the Kreutzer Sonata and his best in the music of Beethoven is something admirable. Mr. Kneisel displayed all the qualities that make him the widely-acknowledged artist. In the quartet by Schumann, Mr. Baermann was occasionally forgetful of the claims of his associates. He was inclined to hurry, and in the finale especially he forgot at times the meaning of the word ensemble. On the other hand, in this same quartet there were many glorious moments.

* * *

The audience was very applausive, and it was also loud in expressions of delight at the beauty and the comfort of the hall.

PHILIP HALE.

He belonged to a class of men who never quite understand there is something to be done in the world. They are the Mercutios of society. * * * They write and talk epigrams; they produce comic books, they are amusing at dinner. Life means more than that.

If ice will bear a man or even a goose before Christmas, it will not bear a mouse afterward.

About this time expect paragraphs concerning Christmas shopping. On Beacon Hill there lives in ease a family, consisting of father, mother and boy. A year ago the parents cudgelled their brains, wondering what they might give their son as a Christmas present. They are rich; but the youngster had everything—indeed, his grandmother, a severe old lady who still believes in the plenary inspiration of The Proverbs, said Tommy had too much. The toy shops were examined, as though for an inventory, book shop clerks lost their veneered patience. Finally the father said "Let's ask Tommy what he wants." And Tommy answered without delay, "Gimme an old suit of clothes so I can lick a Mick!"

"The trouble with many of these impressionists," remarked old Chimes to young Startle, fresh from Paris, who paints in tomatoes and omelettes, "is that they don't impress."

Miss Félicie Peaudan visited a shop in Paris a fortnight ago and was pleased mightily with the stock, so pleased that she tried to conceal about her fair body 112 articles of commerce. The guard, who had noticed her entrance, was amazed to find her strangely swollen after an half-hour; so swollen that she could hardly squeeze through the door. He summoned a policeman, not a physician. Nor did Miss Peaudan plead kleptomania. A woman of considerable originality, she told this tale: "I am about to marry a widower with three children, of whom I am to become the mother, and I wanted to start house with a stock of playthings for them." Would you believe it? Miss Peaudan's wedding has been postponed.

There is enthusiasm in New York over Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Svengali. "And now comes this Englishman, with his genius, to teach us that we never read the book—that we never saw the play." Gosh!!!

Again there is talk in the newspapers about the value of lettuce. We are still barbarians in the use of this plant. The Frenchmen of the 17th century knew a delicious preserved lettuce; furthermore they prepared it thus for garnishing all sorts of soup: "Let the lettuce simmer in a pot with your best bouillon; season it with fat or butter; when the leaves are cooked, split them into halves, garnish the soup, and serve." But in the "Almanach des Gourmands" (1803), Grimod de la Reynière speaks of lettuce as follows: "Lettuce, of which the bourgeoise makes a very agreeable side dish, either stuffed à la dame Simone, or served in a stew; but in fine houses lettuce is employed only as a garnish, chiefly in stews."

Wilkesbarre, Penn., saw crowded streets "aglow with red fire" Tuesday night. There were bands a-tooting and a-blaring. There was a procession, and societies were in regalia. There was a meeting at the Grand Opera House—all opera houses in small towns are "grand." The Mayor "delivered an address." So did "other prominent citizens." And why this sky-assailing tumult? Why these rocket-flights of oratory? Why were 8000 people at the railway station, before the first cannon gave the signal for frenetic joy? Because Mr. Joe Rice, who won second place in the six-day bicycle race, was once more in the town that he honors by his choice of residence.

"Ah, but I saw Mace and Sullivan," will be a boast in the future. Consummate exponents of their art such as they, respectively the most perfect and the most powerful fighters of their time, make landmarks in their calling as memorable as those reared by Mario and Bottesini. Possibly the greatest windbags, who have succeeded Mace and Sullivan, will be remembered by coming generations, too.——New York Sun.

That Mr. Foster in New York turned pale when he found five wives waiting for him in Court is not surprising. There are men who show palpable disturbance at the nerve centres when they are confronted suddenly with one wife.

Mr. James G. Huneker was thus affected by Yvette Guilbert at Koster and Bial's: "Hoarse cries that must be uttered by the throat of the damned, mocking bursts of laughter, laughter that soils as it sounds, and then the strange case of the virginal and vicious is unrolled before our eyes, unrolled by an art as cunning as Stevenson's, revealing a double personality, a multiple personality, revealing a great artist, who takes on the sighs, sobs, pain and pleasure of the humanity that grunts and sweats, prays and dies beneath the sun and earth."

Dec 8. 96

The spider shunned the interdicted room,
The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banished,
And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom
The very midge had vanished.

You are a reasonably sane man, and your nerves are under control; but answer honestly, have you never felt a queer, uncomfortable, creepy feeling when, alone, in an upper chamber you have peered into a looking glass? What did you expect to see? A face not your own? A spectre standing near you? A head grinning over your shoulder? Or, like unto the unfortunate in Hoffmann's story, did you fear to find no reflection of your own countenance? Have you not then given way to terror and rushed from the room? Baudelaire and Poictevin could hardly be induced to look at a mirror. Rodenbach gave as a reason, there is a popular tradition that the Devil sometimes appears therein; and it was Rodenbach who wrote

"Mysterious room; one thought it held a secret
Of something sad, of which it was a-weary,
Having seen the fleeting mystery in the glass."

Now Daudet once compared the life of a silent looking-glass to the living silence of the stars observed by Pascal. It was Mallarmé, however, who had the most poetic fancy: "And thy Venetian mirror, deep as a cold fountain in its banks of gilt work, what is reflected there? Ah! I am sure that more than one woman bathed in this water the sin of her beauty, and perhaps I should see a naked phantom if I looked a long time."

Or at dusk when Miss Eustacia descends languidly the long stairway that leads from her chamber to the living rooms, is she not startled by the conviction that some shadowy thing, some amorous ghost, some envious woman buried long ago, is right behind her? And does she not rush headlong in unreasonable fear?

In a flat such mental disturbances are rare. No well bred ghost will live in a flat. Think a moment; did you ever hear of a haunted flat?

Are there not mirrors that under certain conditions may receive and retain impressions of faces and long afterward under like conditions return them to those happening to stand before them?

The housewife who loves her husband and children, or who, indifferent, yet prides herself on her abilities, is even now pondering the Christmas dinner. We have received several letters asking advice. One of them runs as follows: "My husband has a small salary, and we live in a tiny flat. Many would call us very poor, but we live happily. I want to give Henry an unusually good dinner Christmas. I am sick of the usual turkey, plum pudding, and mince pie. You seem interested in things to eat. What would you recommend? Yours cordially, Dollie."

We consulted Oscar. Not the musical King, not the hero of Scribe's comedy, but "Oscar of the Waldorf," the Oscar whose cook-book in 907 quarto pages has just been published. We began at the first page. "In the construction of a kitchen range—that is, one that is intended for cooking—it is necessary to consider whether it is advisable or not to erect a stove for each particular purpose or process, or whether a stove can be so constructed as it will enable all processes to be carried on with it at one time, or indepently." Oscar's English is a little quisby, but his meaning is unmistakable. We wish to know before giving "Dollie" advice the exact number of stoves in her kitchen. We also wish to know whether a pair of scales and a set of weights are among her kitchen furniture, for these "are of extreme importance."

Yet we now suggest a salad that is not appreciated in this town. This salad is made of chiccory—an abomination in coffee, but a joy in salad bowl—and celery root; mind you, not celery, but celery root, dear to the Germans. You will not find this root in every shop, or in many market-stalls; but it is to be had, even in Boston, where there is extreme conventionalism in food. For that matter, Oscar of the Waldorf does not seem to know the glory of this salad. His chiccory arrangement is a sad, pale thing.

It's the day after the fair, but we make room for H. M.'s comment on a late comic incident in the life of this city: "Would not the Bacchante have been received in Boston society, if she had been introduced as 'A Puritan maiden fleeing with her child from the Redmen?'" No, H. M., we doubt if Boston society is as charitable as you suppose.

They are still telling stories in England about the new Archbishop of Canterbury. The Rev. W. C. Muriel had one day to preach a temperance sermon, and Dr. Temple was in the congregation. "I proved to my own satisfaction," says the Vicar in Church Bells, "that temperance was better than total abstinence, and, after the sermon, the Bishop gave me a tremendous squeeze of the hand. Next day came a letter from the palace: 'Dear Vicar, will you and Mrs. Muriel come and dine with us this evening?" At dessert the three wine decanters were put in front of the Bishop, and he said: 'Here, Vicar, you take the wine.' That was his only revenge."

Dec 9. 96

For why should an excess of wealth so dull the brain that the battle between the Kings of Hearts and Spades seems more interesting than the game with human knights and pawns? I have been often minded to write an Open Letter to Millionaires, and offer myself as master of their sports, to guide them through fields of untried sensations and novel enterprises. I have my offers tabulated—from $500 upward, each involving the inception of activities whose ramifications would provide diversion for years.

"But if Brown could not govern his necktie his appearance was certainly that of a man who could take care of himself." This reporter of the Bramin is a man of discernment and reflection. No one should be judged by the conduct of his necktie.

For the necktie is by nature a more intrepid climber than any member of an Alpine club or even the boldest of the Appalachians who risk their lives in scaling the mountain peaks of Massachusetts. The necktie is not discouraged by the dirty glacier of a neck, nor by the stubby, blue-black underbrush of lower cheeks. The tamer of the necktie is shrewder than Barey, and he that ruleth his necktie is greater than he that taketh a city.

Hooks, pins, bands, ingenious mechanical contrivances—what are these to a determined necktie, rejoicing in his strength? The bands of Orion would not hold him. Arcturus with his sons is easier to guide. The unicorn is more willing to serve thee, oh presumptuous man.

Furthermore the necktie is not like unto an antediluvian monster exerting blindly brute strength when there is no occasion. The necktie bides his time. He ignores your petty tyranny until the moment that he can shame you in the sight of the people. His favorite victims are the after-dinner speaker who has just thrown out his chest and hurled defiance or nailed a lie; the self-complacent lover who is sure of another fluttering female heart;

the [illegible] philanthropist [illegible] to [illegible] knowledge a buttered-and-[illegible] tribute; the passionate play-actor in the scene where he throws money in the face of Camille; the reformer, "Spouting with his mouth and nose;" the solemn ass at a dinner where he is not quite sure of the other guests. These, and such as these, does the necktie delight to mock and bring to utter confusion. And strong of soul is the man who can say in the language of Lear, "Down, thou climbing sorrow!"

Mr. Bayard believes that "ties of blood are thicker than water." We understand that blood is thicker than water; but what are ties of blood"; and as for that matter what are "ties of water"?

"Débutante tea" is preferred by many men, old as well as young, to cocktail, dripped absinthe, or Scotch and soda, for they find it more intoxicating.

We call the attention of all interested in the art of flying through air to an event that happened in Wiltshire, Dec. 19, 1735.

"From Bromham in Wilts came the high flying stranger,
Whose whimsical project the church put in danger.
His rope from the weathercock stretch'd by the people,
Away brought this wild fowl and part of the steeple;
He perch'd on a tree, and escap'd with small pain,
Though a rope in the end will I doubt prove his bane.
Lay a brief have these numps who pull'd at the bottom,
Precedence to take of the wise men of Gotham."

Baron Charles de Boigne, the father-in-law of Robert McLane, formerly Minister to France, is dead, and at a ripe age, for he was born about 1806. The newspapers speak of him as the author of "Petits Mémoires de l'Opéra." This volume, published in 1857, is very entertaining; it abounds in good-natured anecdotes and in asides that are sometimes pleasingly malicious. The author says in his preface, "At the theatre a name marches step by step with talent. Be a Malibran in song or a Taglioni in the dance, but if your name is Chapoudaillard or Schneitzoetzefer an idolatrous public will never call you before the curtain, nor will it deign to chafe its throat with a rough name or soil its mouth with the name of a doorkeeper."

Do you remember Ferranti, the buffo? Thirty years ago he was singing in "The Barber of Seville" with Parepa, Brignoli, and Susini, and even then he was called a veteran by the gilded youth. In 1879 he was in a concert company with Remenyi, Mrs. Thurston and Rosnati, and again there was wonder at his sprightliness. At last Ferranti is dead; not of old age, but an accident.

M. W. writes to the Journal: "When I go to the theatre I wear a small hat, and even then I ask those right behind me if the hat interferes with their view of the stage. I know that all women are not thoughtless in this respect. But a few nights ago I sat behind a man with an enormous head and neck. I couldn't see a thing, except by twisting and turning. What is to be done in such a case? I don't suppose the man could have taken his head off and held it in his lap, even if I had asked him to do so."

Dec 29

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Dvorak's 'Cello Concerto the One Novelty.

Master Huberman and Mrs. Joseph Adamowski.

Richard Burmeister Plays in the Steinert Hall.

The program of the eighth Symphony Concert, given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "Roman Carnival" .... Berlioz
Concerto for Violoncello, in B minor, Op. 104 .... Dvorak
(First time in Boston.)
Symphony No. 2, in C major, "Ocean" .. Rubinstein
I.—Allegro.
II.—Allegro.
III.—Adagio.
IV.—Scherzo, Presto.
V.—Adagio, Allegro con fuoco.

The overture of Berlioz was played brilliantly; and with this performance pleasure ended.

Dvorák's 'cello concerto was produced for the first time at a concert of the [illegible] Philharmonic [illegible] 19 [illegible] Leo Stern played the [illegible] part and the composer conducted. The first performance in Germany was at Wurzburg in October when Hugo Becker was the soloist.

I confess I see no excuse in this enlightened age for a 'cello concerto, unless the concerto be very short and of two strongly contrasted movements. The instrument is not well adapted to a work of long breath. There is a sweet cantabile, and then comes the bravura described by no less an authority than Hanslick as a chasing of flies up and down the strings. Now a little of this goes a great way. Add to this the inevitable monotony due to the sombre quality of the instrument.

Dvorák in this concerto, as in other late works of his, has run emptyings. His themes are for the most part ultra-sentimental, or vulgar; his development of them is gilded padding; the whole effect is one of insincerity rather than the naïveté, that was truly one of his distinguishing characteristics before he wrote under contract for English audiences and English publishers. The second movement, an adagio ma non troppo, will undoubtedly be popular, and the 'cellist will reap a harvest of applause, but the music is neither lofty nor of real sensuous beauty; and we have a right to expect better things from the Bohemian. There are passages in the concerto that sound as though they were thought of originally for the alleged Negro Symphony, and were rejected; but rejected with care, saved for future use. As a whole, the work is dull, and no brilliancy of orchestration can remove the impression of dullness. Even brilliancy itself is often dull. Another sign of Dvorák's failing powers is his interminable good-by to a theme. He pumps its hands; he will not let it go, although they may be standing on a wind-swept corner.

Mr. Schroeder displayed his fine, sanely-controlled tone and his sure, unostentatious technique, and was rewarded therefor liberally by the audience. His task was an onerous one; but he accomplished it with as much conscientiousness and heart as though he were laboring in the service of a kind master.

"Ocean, thou mighty monster" might serve as a motto for Rubinstein's Symphony. This symphony is indeed a monstrous thing—especially in length. In the first movement there is the roll of the waves, there is the suspicion of creaking cordage, there is the smell of brine. But, as after the first few days at sea, then comes the monotony of the voyage; and in Music Hall last night there was no diverting shovelboard, nor was the program-book a sufficient substitute for a novel crammed with incident. Stay, the entr' acte, entitled "Art Culture" was well worth reading.

* * *

Bronislaw Huberman, violinist, gave his second recital in Music Hall yesterday afternoon. He was assisted by Mrs. Joseph Adamowski, pianist. The program was as follows:

Concerto in G minor .... Bruch
Master Huberman.
a. Variations .... Haydn
b. "Papillon" .... Schumann
Mrs. Adamowski.
Romanza from Concerto in E minor... Chopin
(Arranged for violin by Wilhelmj.)
Master Huberman.
Impromptu .... Chopin
Serenade .... Schubert-Liszt
Hungarian Rhapsody .... Liszt
Mrs. Adamowski.
"Faust" Fantasie .... Wieniawski
Master Huberman.

There is little to be added or taken away from the judgment pronounced in the Journal after Huberman's first concert.

The boy is, without doubt, a genius, and geniuses are rare—even among fiddlers, to whom, as the old saw says, God has given to fiddle as he has given brains to other men.

This fiery young genius, however, needs a cool retreat for self-contemplation and self-introspection. It does not seem possible that Huberman today, playing as he does, could win such warm testimonials from experienced German critics as he did two years or so ago.

His phrasing yesterday was often grotesquely exuberant, i. e., erratic. Overaccentuation was as noticeable as it was at his first concert. His intonation was not always faultless, but this was owing to imperfect tuning rather than any actual bluntness of ear during the performance.

And yet how many revelations of genius there were in this concert! The boy has so many things that others toil and pant for in vain. If he could only be left alone for a while to meditate, to hear, to mature. The disfiguring tricks of today will become the rooted habits of the violinist of five years from now, if he is henceforth paraded constantly as a prodigy. But if in consequence of parental foolishness or greed, he does not have time for true musical development; if he prove to be a meteor rather than a returning comet, nevertheless it is something to have heard him and to have felt the thrill that is awakened only by the apparition of a genius.

* * *

Mrs. Adamowski [illegible] [illegible]. I have [illegible] so well as she played yesterday afternoon. Her elegance was not cold, her accuracy was never heartless, her fluency was spontaneous and irresistible; her dash, even in the most trivial passages of the Rhapsody by Liszt, was ever free from the taint of vulgarity. Her performance of the variations by Haydn was an unmixed delight. The arabesques in the impromptu by Chopin were as natural and flawless as frost painting on a window. I did not like her interpretation of the C sharp minor waltz of Chopin, which she played as an encore, for I think her unusual reading was comparatively ineffective. But her playing in the main was to be remembered long and with extreme pleasure.

* * *

There should have been a larger audience.

PHILIP HALE.

Burmeister played at Steinert Hall

'TWAS A DREAM.

A Christmas Tree With Gifts for Musicians.

Many Were Pleased, but a Few Were Disappointed.

Notes About Singers and Players—Concerts of the Week.

Reading an elaborate analysis of Rubinstein's Ocean Symphony, I fell a-sleep. Now in my sleep I dreamed a dream, and yet I knew not for a long time that it was a dream.

I was in the balcony of Music Hall, which seemed exceedingly great, for on the floor there was a multitude that no man could number, and yet the faces were distinct and known. They were joyful and expectant. The Symphony orchestra played pot-pourris of popular airs of the day, and a tall Christmas tree stood near Mr. Paur's music-stand. There was a placard which said: "Distribution of presents at 10 o'clock."

The orchestra played the march from "Tabasco" and men and women formed in couples, except Calvé and Emma Eames, who insisted that they should not be separated, and Mancinelli and Seidl, who had drunk heavily together in Wagnerian bruder-schaft.

Several men walked with Melba—tenors, composers, fiddlers, and amateurs. Lillian Russell was escorted by her husbands. Nordica was leaning on the shoulder of Jean de Reszke, who assured her she was the ideal Isolde. "But why don't you let me sing Brünnhilde?" she asked in passionate tones. Joachim was paying marked attention to his divorced wife, and D'Albert was exchanging domestic reminiscences with Teresa Carreno, while Sauret and Tagliapietra scowled as they passed. Col. Mapleson was telling Madame Dotti the plans of his next opera season. Among the youngest in the march were Adelina Patti and Arditi.

But there were some who sat in corners and talked, and, strange to say, their conversation was plainly to be heard. Mr. de Koven was telling Brahms where he found his tunes, and tears came into his eyes as he spoke of the kindness and generosity shown him by other composers. Mr. H. E. Krehbiel was reading extracts from his new work, "How to Listen to Music," to a deaf man. Albani was humming to a crowd of admirers, "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs." Antoinette Sterling was talking with Yvette Guilbert about the character of American audiences, while Anna Held and Mr. Bispham were discussing the degree of reverence due Handelian tradition.

* * *

The clock hands pointed at ten. The orchestra was silent. There was a "Sh-h-h-h" that quieted the talkers. Mayor Quincy was escorted to the platform. He began to pick the presents from the tree.

There were large bottles of temperament for the use of singers and players. Men and women jostled each other in a rush forward. Two sopranos were knocked down and trampled under foot. Even Emma Eames forgot her acquired dignity and was among the first to receive the precious gift. Carl Halir was a close second. Alas, there were not bottles enough to go round; and bitter was the disappointment of those who were too late.

The next gift was labeled "The Only True Vocal Method." Not one singing teacher in town moved forward. They all smiled disdainfully. Mayor Quincy was embarrassed; he opened the box; lo, it was full of sawdust.

Packages of technique were distributed to pianists; there were ribbons of legato for singers; there were [illegible] boxes of assorted orchestral colors for composers, a fine working model of the sonata-form was received thankfully by a pedagogue; a box of cigars was given to a formidable pianist for not having played the Waldstein sonata in public for two years.

* * *

Mr. Lang was presented with a finely bound copy of "The Art of Conducting," in three volumes; one volume for use in the Handel and Haydn concerts, one for the Cecilia concerts; and one for the Apollo.

* * *

Mr. Paur received a pamphlet entitled "The Delsartian Theories Applied to the Baton," and the orchestra struck up "Hail to the Chief."

* * *

A gold medal was given to Messrs. M. Steinert and Sons for the enterprise and taste displayed by them in the construction of their new hall.

* * *

Certificates of stock in the New Music Hall, corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Falmouth Street, were rejected by all who opened the containing envelopes.

* * *

The Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company, limited, received a list engrossed on parchment of new operas that have never been sung in Boston.

Clara Lane of the Castle Square Theatre received a diamond ring for the pleasure she has given so many Bostonians, and several members of the Symphony Orchestra nearly knocked her down in their anxiety to know if the stone was a real one.

* * *

Mayor Quincy announced in a voice quivering with emotion that Mr. H. L. Higginson had presented Music Hall with a new and fully equipped organ. There was tremendous applause.

I pinched myself. Surely I must be dreaming. No. It was real. I heard the shouting. I saw the officers of the Handel and Haydn presenting Mr. Higginson with a laurel wreath.

* * *

Jean de Reszke received a sworn statement from Mr. Grau that neither Alvarez, de Marchi, Van Dyck, or any other prominent tenor would be allowed to sing at the Metropolitan while he had control.

Nordica was made happy by a contract for appearances in all Wagnerian leading female parts.

Materna was comforted with a sure remedy against obesity.

Alvary was tickled with the gift of a new voice.

Mr. Damrosch was given a life-long railway pass between New York and Boston, on the condition that he should not set another of Hawthorne's novels to music.

To Mr. J. M. Sears was handed down the genuine "Jupiter" fiddle.

De Pachmann was measured for a collar that would not disturb him in the performance of Chopin.

Messrs. Mollenhauer and Rotoli each received a shaving-mug with the inscription, "To a Good Boy."

* * *

And then Mayor Quincy said, "The musicians of this town, and the foreign artists who are in the habit of visiting us, have united in purchasing handsome gold watches with chains, as a token of their regard for the music critics of Boston, who have shown rare courage in attending operas and concerts during the past year." The orchestra played. "Just tell them that you saw me." There was tumultuous cheering. Some of my colleagues were already on the stage. I made a mad rush down the stairs, but just as I reached the first landing I awoke.

The analytical program had fallen and made a dent in the floor. A broken clay-pipe was on the other side of the easy chair. It had all been a dream, a Christmas dream.

Philip Hale

MUSIC NOTES.

Lucille Hill is still singing in concerts in London.

A woman, Signorina Palmira, is the conductor at the opera at Lodi.

Mr. P. Dabiere played a mandolyra in Steinway Hall, London, Nov. 27.

Saint Saëns's "Phryné" obtained only a succès d'estime at the Monnaie, Brussels.

Marie Van Zandt was loudly praised in Paris for her performance of Lakmé at the Opéra Comique.

The review of the concerts of Saturday will be found in the news section of the Journal.

Mr. Muck, now at Berlin, may be called to conduct at the Vienna opera, for Jahn's health is not good.

Gabriel Fauré's piano quartet was played for the first time in London Nov. 23. The pianist was Clotilde Kleeberg.

The Royal College of Music, London, gave a performance of Verdi's "Falstaff" the 11th at the Lyceum Theatre.

Emil Sauer, pianist, played in London the 3d. Brahms's sonata in F minor and Handel variations were on the program.

[illegible] appeared again at [illegible] Monday Pop's in London, Nov. 30. [illegible] has been a member of the quartet [illegible] 18[illegible].

Massenet's "Navarraise" with Mrs. [illegible] Nuovina and Masini made a great sensation at St. Petersburg. There were [illegible] curtain calls.

The Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin will give six concerts in Vienna, under Weingartner, Nikisch, Mottl and Mannstaedt, in August, 1897.

The Damrosch opera season opened at Philadelphia the 14th. The opera was "Lohengrin," with Gadski, Eibenschütz, Krauss, Somer, Martens and [illegible] in the cast.

The Royal Society of Musicians, London, celebrated its 158th anniversary at Westminster Abbey Nov. 26 by a performance of "The Messiah." The society spent over £400 in charity during its past year.

An operetta in one act, "The Hygrometer" was played with success at the Thalia, Berlin; English words by Ross, music by B. L. Selby. The scene includes a little house with figures of man and woman who come out in turn according to the weather. They complain of never seeing each other, strike, sing a love duet and dance wildly.

In "Monsieur Lohengrin," operetta in three acts, music by Audran, produced lately at the Bouffes-Parisiens, Paris, Cécile about to appear at the Opéra, and harassed by creditors, awaits at Asnières a man. He comes, in a canoe, and calls himself Monsieur Lohengrin. She is curious and sceptical. He finally says his name is Rothschild. But he lies, and she finally marries another man.

The Musical Courier asks: "With such a magnificent baritone as Campanari in the Metropolitan Company, why should a superannuated voice like Lassalle's and a falsely educated voice like Ancona's be constantly thrust upon us? To the musically intelligent auditors who make mental habit, such a course is inexplicable. Why should an artist like Campanari be kept in the background? What is the object of this compulsory eclipse?"

"Sarasate should think what will be written of him a couple of centuries hence; an excellent player of light music, but despite his supernatural accuracy of intonation, his marvelous technique, his unsurpassed loveliness of tone, he never succeeded in playing the great music. And I am more and more inclined to attribute his failure to the fact that he permits himself to be influenced by accompanists who are immeasurably inferior to him as artists. Come, Mr. Sarasate, let us hear Beethoven, Mozart and Bach, for once at any rate, played by yourself and a pianist who is neither a little temperament and no seriousness nor immense seriousness and no temperament."—J. F. Runciman."

Mr. Huneker writes as follows: "Paderewski, who does not rank as high as a classic interpreter as d'Albert, as a technician with Rosenthal, or as phenomenal a pianist in many departments as Joseffy, has a potent personality. He is magnetic, and his magnetism blinds his devotees to his mediocre readings, his faulty sense of rhythm and his total lack of appreciation of the great masters, Bach and Beethoven. Yet he has made a name in America. And what did he say about Leschetizky's training: 'Leschetizky never taught me to play anything but billiards.' Leschetizky retorted to this by saying: 'Paderewski's success astonishes me. I never considered him as a player that represented my method of teaching.'"

The North American Review takes up the now very serious question of the street noises of this city. Dr. John H. Girdner, the writer of the article, declares that nervous people are driven to their graves by the hideous noises of wagons, animals, street fakirs and peddlers, hand organs, steam whistles and church bells. He would have a society formed for their suppression. We wish that some sort of agitation would teach the factories, churches, drivers of rickety carts, cable car gongs and all the other noise producers that people's health and personal liberty are [illegible] and infringed upon. If some of the law and order societies, which [illegible] for the suppression of vice, would turn their attention from the back doors [illegible] to this vital question they [illegible] prove their claims for continuing [illegible].—Musical Courier.

[illegible] Charles H. Eaton discoursed thus [illegible] New York World concerning opera:

"First, the opera should be given in English. Four-fifths of the people are unable to follow the language, and depend upon sounds and pantomime for [illegible] interpretation of the riddle going on before them. Is not as musical a German or French, one with guttural sounds and the other [illegible]? The star system, by which [illegible] few voices command all the available [illegible] be modified, so that the body of performers may be improved. * * [illegible] opera is an amusement engineered [illegible] Wall Street managers' must be [illegible] to a noble vocation, like the gallery and library a most potent [illegible] culture. To accomplish its true mission the opera must not depend on the frigid ministrations of fashion [illegible] must be put within the reach of [illegible] students and music lovers of moderate means. To do all this, opera should be [illegible] in America. The Governments of Germany and France build national opera houses and grant subsidies. Our [illegible] make such action impossible. [illegible] some millionaire make [illegible] and do an incalculable [illegible] the higher culture of his nation? Would he add to the rational [illegible] of the community and give support and impulse to the higher intellectual and moral life of the people? [illegible] a great opportunity."

[illegible] of Mr. W. J. Henderson of the N. Y. Times is observed in [illegible] review of a recital given by Sieveking. "Mr. Sieveking's piano playing [illegible] merit. It is his [illegible] never be accused of imitating Paderewski, Rosenthal, or D'Albert, though there may be insinuations that he has borrowed some of his ideas of the art from the wild, untutored buzzsaw or the merry, merry triphammer. A piano is a harmless instrument if let alone; but, like the Bulwerian worm, when trodden on, it will turn and sting. Mr. Sieveking played Beethoven's Sonata most powerfully. Perhaps he thought he was at his old occupation of assisting Sandow in an exhibition of strength. But it is really not necessary to hit a piano so hard; and besides, it is very unkind. Mr. Sieveking is a dynamic pianist. He has wild swoops from pianissimo to such a fortissimo as was never heard before. The very wires cry out against it like 'sweet bells jangled.' His touch is hard and heavy in passages where it ought to produce a singing tone, and when rapidity is required he breaks into a furious muddle of rattling tones that becomes indistinguishable. As for rhythm or symmetrical phrasing, there is none. And it would be simply farcical to describe any of his performances as a reading, even a bad one. In short, it is quite impossible to understand how Mr. Sieveking earned his reputation at home. He will certainly not earn one here. If he values the one he has at home, he will go back to it."

Here is a pleasant specimen of the gentle art of criticism published by Mr. J. F. Runciman in the Saturday Review, Dec. 5: "On Wednesday afternoon there were wonderful doings at St. James's Hall. For 20 to 25 minutes I sat in dumb admiration while some young men and maidens sang in as curious a fashion as it has ever been my lot to hear. In some respects the young people appeared to be well trained; they phrased intelligently and put expression—often a little too much expression—into their tones, and the tones themselves were not at all bad in quality. The odd thing was that not a young man or maiden of the lot seemed capable of sustaining a note with anything approaching eveness; all, at least, that I heard insisted upon pumping out their voices, making a crescendo and decrescendo upon every note, no matter how short it might be. The effect was precisely the effect of an accordion played by a master; each swelling and subsidence of the volume of tone moved one's bowels precisely as an accordion moves them; and by shutting one's eyes one could easily fancy the sounds as coming from so many human accordions each held in the grip of a virtuoso. Unfortunately in a moment of panic I dropped my program and precipitately quitted the hall, so that I have not the faintest notion of who the vocalists were; but it may be permitted me to suggest to them that since it is pity for so much excellent teaching to be wasted they might as well turn back for a few weeks and learn the elementary trick of producing a note of level tone."

Mr. Runciman remarks in the Saturday Review, Dec. 5: "The learned reader may perhaps wonder why I have dragged Mrs. (Cowden) Clarke in here; and he must be informed that the editor of this paper sent the book to me for review on the shallow pretence that it was in some way connected with music. The fact is that Mrs. Clarke is a daughter of Vincent Novello, a musician who flourished in a small way at the beginning of the century. Excepting, perhaps, for Lamb's mention of him I doubt whether his name would be known today had not his son Alfred been a singularly astute business man, who founded the publishing firm still known by his name, although there has not been a Novello connected with it for many years. That Mrs. Clarke should think Vincent Novello a great musician is perhaps inevitable; one has an almost unconquerable inclination to overrate one's parents; but the truth is he was a most ordinary person. Some pages of 'My Long Life' remind me of how a certain musical critic one evening took me upstairs in a business house off Oxford Street, and, standing outside the door of a very ordinary-looking room, said, in that rasping whisper so familiar to those who have wished to hear the pianissimo passages at Richter and Mottl concerts, 'This, this is Mr. Alfred's room!' I don't know definitely to this day who Mr. Alfred is, but I conjectured that he was 'the head of the firm,' and endeavored, by my demeanor, to express awe and something of terror. We descended the stairs softly, and did not speak again until we were in the open air."

The Pall Mall Gazette of the 7th speaks thus of a Russian work that has excited attention in Germany: "Mr. Henry Wood performed a very remarkable feat on Saturday night at the Promenade Concerts by the production of Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite, 'Scheherazade.' For nearly an hour by the clock the British promenader smoked his pipe and took his leisurely stroll while a pageant of fiercely barbaric, complex and singularly difficult music was unrolled before him. Moreover, he did not leave the hall and repair for comfort to an exhibition of the tattooed lady, or to take flying shots at 'moving objects'—joys dear to our one and only Aquarium. He listened respectfully, applaudingly even, with no more than an ocasional comment upon the exceedingly 'classical' nature of the performance; and Mr. Wood played on steadily to the end, without hesitating or flinching. It is an amazingly clever work, full of stupendous ingenuity and power. It begins by laying down the framework as a necessary foundation, frankly stating the melodies upon which the composer intends to build up the whole structure. These are, for the most part, charming, with occasionally long tremolo pauses upon emphatic notes, thus giving a remote lingering character to the symmetry of the whole composition that lent it a strange attraction. Now and then, indeed, at this point, there is a suspicion of commonplace that the composer strenuously strives to hide by all manner of elaborate and not unpleasant devices; but from this line the development of the whole suite will be found to be astonishingly, overwhelmingly manipulated. It has the real emotion of vital music, although there are moments when you utterly refuse it, dismiss it, and put it out of the pale of civilized consideration. Eppur si muove. It recalls you to itself compellingly and forcefully, wringing reluctant admiration from you, and imperiously demanding your acknowledgment of its transcendent energy. We refuse to call this music beautiful; but it is impossible to withstand its evident and transparent merits."

Dec 26 · 96

"The Messiah" Sung by the Handel and Haydn—Mr. Chadwick Conducted, for Mr. Lang Is Sick.

"The Messiah" was sung last night in Music Hall by the Handel and Haydn. The hall was full, and there were people standing. Mr. Hagar from the stage told the audience that Mr. Lang fell sick Saturday morning of congestion of the lungs; that his physician would not allow him to leave his bed; that Mr. George W. Chadwick would lead in his stead. So spoke Mr. Hagar in substance.

I hear that Mr. Lang, who was seriously sick Saturday, was more comfortable last night, and his many friends are no longer alarmed about his condition. His health is so robust and his habits of life have been so simple and regular that his speedy recovery is expected confidently.

Under these circumstances an extended review of the performance, so far as the chorus is concerned, would be out of place. Mr. Chadwick had conducted "The Messiah" before, but he was obliged to conduct last night without a rehearsal. Either praise or blame might be injurious to Mr. Lang as well as to Mr. Chadwick. It is enough to say that the performance was a smooth one, and occasionally there were real effects. Nor is it impertinent or injurious to others to say that Mr. Chadwick conducted with spirit, intelligence, and authority.

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The quartet was made up of Mrs. Emma Juch, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, Thomas E. Johnson, and David Bispham.

The sensuous beauty of Mrs. Juch's voice is now only a recollection. Her tones are for the most part edged or hollow. To gain an effect she is occasionally guilty of forcing her lower tones. And yet there is so much to admire in her artistry, that the hearer forgets the cruelty of Time. There would be a cunning management of breath—a beautiful rounding of a phrase—a nuance of expression, a splendid burst of musical intelligence; and the hearer then realized that a musician as well as a singer was giving him delight.

Mrs. Sawyer was inadequate. Her voice seemed light and ineffective. She sang laboriously. Her phrasing was monochromatic. Alike to her were joy and grief. She is not yet prepared for such a task as the alto part in "The Messiah."

Mr. Johnson sang with finish, and his "Thou Shalt Break Them" was a little more spirited than it was a year ago. Occasionally his tones seemed veiled, as though he were suffering from a cold.

Mr. Bispham made his début in Boston. A Philadelphian, he has won an enviable reputation in opera and concert in London, and at present he is a member of the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau company. I regret that he was obliged to make his first appearance here in "The Messiah," for his power is said to live in subtle interpretation, in dramatic moments, and in lyric comedy. Even the Handelian fetishists will hardly claim that "The Messiah" displays Mr. Bispham as subtle, dramatic, or a rare comedian. He certainly made a strong impression last evening in "Why do the Nations," but I decline to judge his art by this sample of classical volubility. The voice itself is rather dry and hard. But experience has taught us over and over again that with such a voice a singer may yet work miracles. Mr. Bispham will probably sing here this season in concert and opera. It is only fair to him to pronounce a more definite judgment after these future appearances.

PHILIP HALE.

I didn't mean your pocket, Mr., no:
I mean that having children and a wife,
With thirty bob on which to come and go,
Isn't dancing to the tabor and the fife:
When it doesn't make you drink, by Heaven!
it makes you think,
And notice curious items about life.

"Though he looks like a preacher, W. J. Anderson, private secretary to Gov. Upham of Wisconsin, was a cowboy in his younger days." This comment does not show especially keen observation. The croupier who has given his days and nights to the study of the doctrine of chances generally resembles a doctor of divinity. There were some venerable and delightful specimens at Saratoga in the palmy and palming seventies.

A contemporary published Nov. 21 a very funny and original review of a performance of "Pinafore" at the Castle Square. The author is a well-known humorist. The review was irresistibly amusing, and the doubts expressed therein concerning the probability of the plot and incidents were couched in language of good-natured irony. The article was copied extensively by other newspapers. Other reviewers envied and congratulated the writer. Lo and behold, the day after the original publication the editor received the following letter from a professor at Harvard College, who plumes himself upon his knowledge of the theatre:

"I beg [illegible] to call [illegible] attention to the enclosed clipping from this evening's ——. I really think that anything so inanely silly is an insult to the readers of the ——. A friendly word of warning to your [illegible] fresh reporter might not be amiss."

The reviewer made one mistake. He should have followed the example of Artemus Ward, and put at the end of the article: "(N. B. This is a goak.)"

Francisque Sarcey was in the habit of writing articles for the Petit Journal. The paper suddenly stopped the publication of his articles and did not give him the customary notice. He therefore claimed 500 francs damages. The Court gave him 400 francs.

Mr. Lepinay, at the head of a bird hospital in Paris, claims that the mortality among pet fowl averages 70 per cent.; this rate might be reduced easily to 25 per cent., when premonitory symptoms are noted in time and the proper treatment applied. If your bird is apoplectic, Miss Eustacia, if he fluffs up, tumbles off his perch and flops, bleed him on the fleshiest portion of his anatomy, and then put him under "dosimetric alcaldo-therapeutic influences." You see the cure is simple.

Mr. Alwin Schroeder, who played so admirably the solo part of Dvorák's 'cello concerto last Saturday night, was amazed to learn from a contemporary that he had composed large portions of the work and was therefore to be congratulated as a creator. Mr. Apthorp said in his program-book, "In much of the bravura passage-work for the solo instrument he (Dvorák) had the assistance of Mr. Alwin Schroeder, who indeed wrote many of the passages himself." Hence no doubt the not unnatural mistake of our contemporary. Mr. Schroeder assures us that Dvorák asked his advice concerning the position and the notation of certain passages, as is often the case when a composer writes for a solo instrument. Mr. Schroeder gave the advice, and in one or two instances made slight changes.

We regret that Mr. Herbert Kelcey, "who graces midnight suppers by his presence," spells Welsh rabbit "Welsh rarebit."

Masked robbers staid to tea at Thomas Fulton's near Poughkeepsie after they had bagged all the available swag. Is it unlikely that the women who had been robbed rejoiced in the appreciation shown their housewifery? For the thieves tarried long, and were loud in expressions of approval.

How doctors disagree! Here is a London correspondent gushing over "The Circus Girl" at the Gaiety, while the Pall Mall Gazette man remarks in his review, "We found ourselves thinking wistfully of the earliness of the hour during the first part of the performance, and of its lateness during the last."

Do you wish to learn the refrain of a song sung by Ellaline Terriss in this "Circus Girl"?

"Just a little bit of string! Such a tiny little thing!
Tied as tightly as a string could be!
So that if I tried to play I could never slip away,
For they'd got me on a string, you see!"

Sparkling, isn't it? It reminds one of the inspired librettist of "The Begum."

An episode of life in Chicago: "I have frequently told you of the fadisms to which a part of those who possess the laudable desire to be cultivated adopt, but the extreme has at last been reached. At a lecture on Beethoven this week the exhortationist prayed her hearers to feel imbued with the great master's spirit. She exclaimed with passionate and religious fervor: 'Lay your naked soul next to his naked soul, and your naked heart next to his naked heart,' etc. The day was chilly and I overheard one prominent woman say to another: 'That's an awful nice invitation, but I don't care for dust.'"

Dec 22. 96

"THE MESSIAH."

"The Messiah" was repeated last night by the Handel and Haydn at Music Hall. It was the 95th performance of the oratorio by the society. Mr. Chadwick again conducted, owing to the continuance of Mr. Lang's sickness. The soloists were Mrs. Emma Albani, soprano; Mrs. Carl Alves, alto; Mr. Charles Kaiser, tenor, and Mr. David Bispham.

The hall was filled, and the audience was enthusiastic, and showed marked friendship for Mrs. Albani. Mr. Bispham was also generously applauded. Mrs. Alves's honest work is well known here. Mr. Kaiser was inadequate.

Third Kneisel Concert — Production of a New Quartet by Mr. George W. Chadwick.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet concert, given last evening in Association Hall, was as follows:

Septet for trumpet, two violins, viola, violoncello, double bass and piano, in E flat major, Op. 65.......Saint-Saens
Quartet in E minor, No. 4 .... Chadwick
(M.S. First time.)
Andante moderato—Allegro.
Andantino semplice.
Giocoso un poco moderato.
Finale (Allegro molto risoluto.)
Quartet in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1...... Schumann

The Kneisel Club was assisted in Saint-Saën's septet by Mr. Richard Burmeister, pianist; Mr. Pierre Mueller, trumpeter; and Mr. E. Golde, double bassist.

This septet was written by Saint-Saëns for a chamber music club known as the Trompette; it was also written for himself and a French piano. We may therefore imagine easily that the requisites of the performance so far as the pianist are concerned are elegance, delicacy, and refined dash.

Last night this capricious septet was taken seriously by Mr. Burmeister, who is what is known in Germany as a formidable pianist. He smote the piano hip and thigh; and to show that he did not wish to take an unfair advantage of the antagonist, he raised the lid half-way. By his prowess he routed everything before him, piano, colleagues, and poor Saint-Saëns. No, no; Mr. Burmeister is too solid a pianist for such a work.

Now if this septet is not played with elegance and in almost an ironical spirit, it reminds one of the summer-hotel parlor entertainments in the character of the ensemble. Put a cornet, a blaring, hot cornet in the place of the trumpet, and you might be at Swampscott or Nantasket. But the vulgarity is in the irresistible association of ideas, not in the music itself. Last night, however, in spite of the efforts of Mr. Mueller, the accomplished trumpeter, and the ever-admirable Kneisels, the music, with the exception of the minuet, which even Mr. Burmeister could not ruin utterly, seemed hardly worth the playing.

* * *

Mr. Chadwick's last symphony and the quartet, which was produced for the first time last night, induce the hearer to believe that the composer has been influenced by Dvorák, the negrophile. I doubt if Mr. Chadwick would have written either of these two works in exactly the manner in which they now stand, if he had not heard the said works of Dvorák; for I find absolutely nothing in his preceding large works that guides his admirers to his present musical standpoint.

It seems to me as though Mr. Chadwick had deliberately sought out a field new to him, in which he saw tramping ahead of him the stalwart Antonin of Bohemia.

There is the thought of the peculiar Scottish-Negro-Dvorákian thematic construction, with the suggestion of the plain-song cadences that are so often found in folk-songs. There is the thought of the heel-irritating jig, that is known from the Hebrides to Congo-land.

I do not mean to say for a moment that there is any deliberate imitation of Dvorák's later music; but Mr. Chadwick has undoubtedly been influenced in spirit, and I regret this, for he is a big enough man to stand on his own legs and work out his own musical salvation.

I find Mr. Chadwick's contrapuntal skill in many passages, especially in the finale; and in this species of composition I know of no American with the exception of Mr. H. W. Parker who can rival him. But is this contrapuntal technique used with irresistible musical effect? To me much of the quartet is dull, and certain passages are ugly. Nor is it to be denied that beauty of tone is frequently disregarded; that the music seems written in defiance of the reasonable demand of the instruments for generous consideration.

The second movement won last night immediate popular success. And in this same movement there is again the later Dvorákian naïveté, that pleases at first and then awakens suspicion as to its enduring quality, if not its sincerity.

It is hard to avoid influences, and there are influences which are beneficial. But is Mr. Dvorák to be the guide, philosopher and friend to Americans who have talent of their own? Is Mr. Dvorák the one to take them by the hand and lead them to the Temple of Fame? His own Temple of Fame is in Bohemia, not in some negro quarter, or Bohemian settlement in the United States.

* * *

The Schumann Quartet, which is music that the composer for some reason or other allotted to the strings, gave great pleasure.

PHILIP HALE.

You [illegible] quiet [illegible] fellow [illegible] topcoat [illegible] satin neckcloth, light blue trousers, with glossy tipped boot and an emerald breastpin. I shall have a black crape round my white hat, and my usual bamboo cane with the richly-gilt knob.

J. L. T. writes to the Journal: "How do so many young men manage in cold weather to go about the streets without an overcoat? I do not mean laborers, who are actively employed, but students and idlers. The other day, when it was freezing weather and the wind was high, I saw young men in Boylston Street carrying ostentatiously overcoats on their arms."

We are inclined to believe that the first requisite for this physical bravado is a new and fashionable suit of clothes. We have observed that when the overcoat is folded over the arm, the suit is fresh; the coat is of irreproachable design, the trousers are decorated with approved creases. When we see the same man wearing the next day his overcoat, we infer that his other suit, the suit of last year or the year before, is under it.

We have been told that some of these terribly hardy young fellows wear just outside their linen shirt a thick buckskin cuirass. If they should be peeled, they would undoubtedly be like unto Falstaff's forked radish with fantastically carved head.

There are many Yankees who wear too thick clothing in winter. Clad in heavy flannels, plain, medicated, or sanitary, they add to this weight a starched impenetrable shirt and a heavy suit, and then they sit in rooms heated degrees above the average climb of the thermometer in July.

Our friend, the Providence Journal, takes us to task for a statement made in this column the 19th, and asserts that the necktie proclaims the man. We know that the editor of the Providence Journal is beyond doubt and peradventure the greatest living authority on cravats. For some months he has given his whole mind to this vital subject. But he should read with sharper eyes. We did not say, "No man should be judged by his necktie." God forbid that we should thus speak as the fool. We said, "No man should be judged by the conduct of his necktie."

The cravat seldom climbs above the collar. The necktie, true to its name, endeavors constantly to surround the flesh. It is true that the necktie is the index of the man; his taste, his courage, his morality may be known at a glance by looking at his tie. But we again assert that no one—not even the bravest warrior, the most adventurous explorer or the most imaginative poet can always control the conduct of this article of dress, when he chains it, or rivets it, or nails it, or glues it to a stand-up collar. Can the navigator dictate to the maelstrom? Can the astronomer check rising Sirius? Can the poet scan the epic of December? Remember the fate of the creator of Frankenstein. And what is the neck of vain, little man when it is once in the grasp of concentrated inanimate malice? 'Twere better for him if his neck were clothed in thunder.

"Did you ever hear the story of Prof. Bischoff, the brain specialist, of Berlin? Well, the professor spent his life in proving that the female brain was inferior to that of the male because its average weight was less. At his death a post-mortem was performed, and his brain removed and weighed. It was just one and three-quarter ounces lighter in weight than the brain of the average female."

They that believe Maceo is still alive point to an error in the translation of the Spanish word "gemelos," which was Englished "cuff buttons," when it should have been Englished "field glasses." Baretti's Spanish and English Dictionary says "gemelos" means "twins." It is, indeed, a wonderfully elastic word, equaled only by the German "zug," which excited the rapture of Mark Twain.

Dec 28. 90

Chi suil thu
Labhraidh bial thu;
Smuainichidh cridhe thu,
Tha Fear an righth'ghe
Gad' choisreagadh,
An t-Athair, am Mac, 's an Spiorad Naomh.

"Each day," said Old Chimes to us, after we walked leisurely from the Vendome, where we had paid our respects to General Buckner, "each day is to me an epitome of life.

"In the morning I awake, fresh, buoyant, innocent. I am a child. I am a natural being, primitive, healthy, simple. I like milk and fruits. Coffee seems a drug to rouse jaded spirits. I shudder at the thought of meat at breakfast. I go into the world innocent. I am almost ready to invest in strange Peruvian mines, buy shares of a new company for [illegible] grain to horses. If I were a newspaper man, I should believe a press-agent. I rub my eyes when I read of accidents and crimes.

"But by noon I have tasted of the Tree of Life. I am no longer a child, I am not even a guileless youth. After lunch I enjoy a cigar. I find myself tolerant toward the weak and erring. And I advance step by step as in the years of life—in the paths of foolishness and wickedness. I no longer am ready to buy queer stocks; but I would fain sell them. Alcohol pleases me at five o'clock, and I listen gladly at the Porphyry to gossip and slander. By seven o'clock, I sink to the level of meat, and I feel brute instincts. Flushed with rich food and wine, I am prepared for crime in all its branches. I envy the vitality of burglars. I feel a mad desire to set fire to the Art Museum. I would gladly plunge a knife into Auger who is talking about the recognition of Cuba. Wilder, horrider thoughts surge in my brain.

"And then weariness comes over me. I crawl to my rooms and gladly take on slippers. I look at daring deeds of criminals with senile admiration, regret, and shuddering. I dread the morning, with its routine of toilet. Oh, the monotony of bathing and shaving! The ridiculous appearance of a man with head and arms bursting through a stiffly starched shirt! And yet I like not the thought of a possible no-awaking. I stretch rheumatic legs in bed, and I go back to childhood. I remember how my father used to lie outside the coverlid and tell me stories till I fell asleep. And then—and then I undergo the chemistry of the night, and in the morning am born again."

It is peculiarly fit and proper that Mr. Ward Loper of the Wesleyan Museum should lope at his ease for two months. Texas has seen many lopers, but none so competent to honor her in science.

Mr. Clarence Southwick, afar off in Kansas City, is a-bugling, and the flying, dying echoes creep over Boston Common. "The Lotus today appeals on the ground that it is the exponent of the American idea in literature." And pray just what is the American idea? "Under the guidance of Mr. Harte it has become the distinctive American periodical." We admire Mr. Harte—that is when he is not making faces at Mr. Elbert Hubbard—but what is a distinctive American periodical? There is much nonsense in this talk about Americanism in art and "America for the American artist." Walt Whitman is great in spite of his "Americanism." He looked beyond the Atlantic and the Pacific; and—a more difficult feat—he looked beyond the horizon of Camden, New Jersey. Morality is largely a matter of geography and chronology. Art is not confined by time or space.

Mr. Edmond de Goncourt on the 23d of December, 1882, heard this incredible story told by Mr. Legros. "I knew a Mr. Bug in England. He was very rich and he changed his name. His fellow-townsman, after this change of name, never spoke of 'bugs'; they called the insects by the name assumed by the rich man."

And this is the feast day of Victoria, a Roman virgin, reputed to be a martyr, because she was persuaded by her friend Anatolie to discard her betrothed and become the bride of heaven.

Herrmann did not leave behind him more than $2000. His death was so sudden that he had no time to pick golden coins or bank notes from the whiskers, ears, or coat pockets of his fellow passengers.

WITH MUSICIANS.

Mr. Krehbiel's Book "How to Listen to Music."

A Volume of Real Interest and Educational Value.

Amateurs and Patronesses of Concerts Should Read It.

How to Listen to Music: Hints and Suggestions to Untaught Lovers of the Art. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This book is dedicated to Mr. W. J. Henderson, "who has helped me to respect musical criticism."

The purpose of Mr. Krehbiel's volume is thus defined by him: "It does not aim to edify either the musical professor or the musical scholar. It comes into the presence of the musical student with all becoming modesty. Its business is with those who love music and present themselves for its gracious ministrations in Concert Room and Opera House, but have not studied it, as professors and scholars are supposed to study."

* * *

Whether the ignorant lover of music who enjoys simply the sensuousness or the excitement of tones has more real pleasure in listening than he who has a smattering of form and theory is a question that admits of hot discussion. The real usefulness of this book is in the assistance that it will give to those who like to chatter about music and also to those who are obliged to hear these chatterers.

A certain patroness of art in this town and in the company of professional musicians once persisted in praising enthusiastically a "tarantelle" by Haydn. Now this "tarantelle" turned out to be the finale of a string quartet, which was nothing more or less than a straight old-fashioned lively movement in 2-4 time. A little definite information would have spared this woman mortification, although it would have deprived the hearers of legitimate amusement. It was no shame to her that she did not know the difference between a "tarantelle" and a conventional Haydn finale; but she should not have indulged so boisterously in ignorant and pretentious enthusiasm. There are many of these superficial habblers; and to them Mr. Krehbiel's book is to be recommended as a Christmas present.

* * *

Mr. Krehbiel first alludes to the many grotesque mistakes made by poets, novelists, essayists, who do not know the true character of instruments and the terminology of music. There is a long list—Tennyson, Coleridge, Brander Matthews, Mrs. Stowe, Ouida, Lamb and many others whom the author does not mention. He then treats of the recognition of musical elements: Repetition, rhythm, characteristic intervals. The next chapter is "The Contents and Kinds of Music." Of especial interest to amateurs in Boston is the chapter on "The Modern Orchestra." Here the size and seating of the orchestra are considered, and there is talk about the instruments. Eleven plates, which appeared originally in Harper's Weekly, show members of the New York Philharmonic Society, with their respective instruments displayed prominently; thus, Mr. Eller appears in the act of playing an oboe, as well as an English horn; and Mr. Pfeiffenschneider is preparing to blow a pontifical blast through a slide trombone. The distinction between the mere time-beating leader and the leader that is an interpreter might be studied with profit in this city. The chapter, "At an Orchestral Concert," treats of the symphony, sonata form, the symphonic poem, concertos, cadenzas, overtures, serenades, etc. There is much interesting information in "At a Pianoforte Recital." These last two chapters are thoroughly admirable. They are written in language that can be understood by the veriest amateur; they are not dull for a moment; they are instructive without pedantry; and the musician may refresh himself by reading them.

* * *

There is much that is to be commended in "At the Opera." But in this chapter Mr. Krehbiel, although he tries to be broadminded and to extend his vision in historical perspective, cannot for a moment forget his ultra-Germanic tendencies. "We might endure with equanimity to hear the chorus sing:

"La soupe aux choux se fait dans la marmite
Dans la marmite on fait la soupe aux choux,"

at the beginning of 'Robert le Diable,' as tradition says used to be done in Paris, but we surely ought to rise in rebellion when the chorus of guards change their muttered comments on Pizarro's furious aria in 'Fidelio' from,

'Er spricht von Tod und Wunde!'

to

'Er spricht vom todten Hunde!'

as is a prevalent custom among the irreverent choristers of Germany."

Why should the one offence be forgiven and the other be rebuked? The artistic crime is as great in one case as in the other. Mr. Krehbiel insinuates, "Do as you please with 'Robert'; it was written for Frenchmen; but you must not touch 'Fidelio'; it is the work of a German." Now, as a matter of fact, "Robert" is entitled to respect; it was an epoch-making opera; its influence on the opera of today was greater than that exerted by "Fidelio."

And so I am not surprised at Mr. Krehbiel's sneer at "Il Trovatore" and "Verdi's medley of burnt children and asthmatic dance rhythms," although he here shows himself a narrow partisan and not a cool judge. It is a pleasure to say that his Wagnerian fury is comparatively restrained, and in many respects this chapter is a valuable contribution to musical literature.

* * *

"No one would go far astray who should estimate the extent and sincerity

… alters by … of its chorus singers,' says Mr. Krehbiel at the beginning of the chapter on "Choirs and Choral Music." "However … the extent and sincerity of … musical … in certain English countries where large choruses have flourished for a long time' England is pre-eminently the country of choruses. Is … the country pre-eminently of music?"

I like Mr. Krehbiel better when he says: "So the concert-room be not too large, a choir of 60 well-trained voices is large enough to perform almost everything in choral literature with good effect, and the majority of the compositions will sound better under such circumstances than in large rooms with large choirs. * * * There is music it is true, like much of Handel's, the impressiveness of which is greatly enhanced by masses, but it is not extensive enough to justify the sacrifice of correctness and finish in the performance to mere volume."

What a pleasure, for instance, might not "The Messiah" be, if it were sung by 60 voices, led, after sufficient orchestral rehearsals, by a temperamental as well as intelligent conductor, who snapped his fingers at "tradition" and kicked aside the impertinent version prepared by Robert Franz.

* * *

I should like to quote in full the chapter entitled "Musician, Critic and Public." It is sane, dignified, courageous. Every critic who respects himself and his profession should thank Mr. Krehbiel for the position taken and the reasoning which makes the position inevitable.

There is room now for only this excerpt:

"We are bound to recognize that between the three factors, there is, ever was, and ever shall be in saecula saeculorum an irrepressible conflict, and that in the nature of things the middle factor is the Ishmaelite whose hand is raised against everybody and against whom everybody's hand is raised. The complacency of the musician and the indifference, not to say ignorance, of the public, ordinarily combine to make them allies, and the critic is, therefore, placed between two millstones, where he is vigorously rasped on both sides, and whence, being angular and hard of outer shell, he frequently requites the treatment received with complete and energetic reciprocity. Is he therefore to be pitied? Not a bit; for in this position he is performing one of the most significant and useful of his functions, and dis losing one of his most precious virtues."

* * *

The value of this excellent and tastefully printed book is enhanced by a full index.

PHILIP HALE.

Dec …

Just as poets and painters and musicians … all their works, building them with … lawless and lawful things alike so … they embody the beauty that is be… … these children of the … … at their moments with … … substances on which … refuse of creation; for … a tale in … … and terr… … death, love and … the Tree are but insi… … supreme art which is to win us … gather us into eternity like doves into … …

You remember, Mr. Thudicum, how … 40 years ago this night, your mother, the handsomest, sweetest woman you have ever known, read to you just before your bedtime a poem by Clement C. Moore beginning,

> 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
> Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

You remember that when she came to the lines,

> "He had a broad face and a little round belly
> That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly."

you laughed uproariously, and you begged her to show you the picture of St. Nicholas in the book.

Do you realize that in these days the poem is printed, as a rule, without the two lines that pleased you all in a less … period? These lines, dear Mr. Thudicum, are voted low. Your mother was coarse in her simple enjoyment; your father was coarse because he laughed; and so were the translators of the parable of the prodigal son; and Wycliffe, Shakspeare, Milton, Dr. Johnson, Capt. Marryat—and thousands of other honest people were equally low and vulgar.

You see "stomach"—the wildly absurd substitute—will not rhyme with "jelly," nor will "abdomen." So the offending lines are blue-pencilled by the genteel person.

But why should Mr. Clement C. Moore be the only poet thus rudely treated? The … in Coleridge's "Happiness" would be revised as follows.

"… … …
Shall … out each prosperous sail."

And Lowell's line should appear in a "family edition" as

> "But could see the fair west wind
> 'Stomach' the homeward sail."

"Mutual punch can never reconcile certain differences." This depends entirely, Dr. Parkhurst, on how it is brewed.

No wonder that the hermit of Beverly has disappeared. The profession of a hermit is no longer lucrative, and it costs a good deal of money to maintain a cell so that visitors will be attracted. A man who really longs to avoid the world now tries to secure a position as custodian of a special library where he will have plenty of time for contemplation and where the pay, though small, is sure.

Boarders and mealers in this city owe a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. Harrington for his vigilance in the matter of oleomargarine. The good work should be extended. There should be inspectors of coffee and oyster stews. There should be an official who could tell unerringly and at a glance the character of hash, and the difference between veal and chicken in a salad.

Prof. Cross remarks in the Pall Mall Gazette, "Napoleon had large secretiveness, great caution, acquisitiveness, alimentiveness, couldn't take a joke and a low ear." The question then arises, "Could Napoleon take a high ear?"

A music critic in Boston describes the first movement of Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony as "the most glorious work ever inspired by water." Now, will he please mention the most glorious musical work ever inspired by rum?

It is to be hoped that Mr. Atherton Brownell will receive substantial encouragement in his endeavor to produce "certain high-class plays" in this city. It is a striking comment on the genuine interest taken here in the drama that few of the subscribers seem to know anything or care anything about Echegaray, who is one of the greatest playwrights of this century. His "O Locura ó Santidad" alone will make his name memorable. Of course many clamor for Browning's "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," which, however highly you value it as a poetical work, is a wretched and yawn-compelling play.

On the 24th of December, 1884, Maupassant told this story of French high life: As the Rothschild had exhausted all kinds of hunting, and there was no longer any beast on their estate that they were interested in, they had a deer-skin dragged through the woods in the morning, and in the afternoon with finely educated dogs they hunted the odor of the non-existing animal, in a pursuit of a phantom. And as Mrs. Alphonse Rothschild was an intrepid leaper, they prepared obstacles for her in advance and moistened the grass so that she would not hurt herself in case of a fall.

How different the conduct of the Prince of Wales and a select party at Blenheim, as described by Truth. "The Daily Graphic favored us with sketches of the sport. In one the Prince is shooting pheasants, in the other rabbits, and the Duke of Marlborough is at his side superintending the slaughter, arrayed in the garb of the circus gentleman who converses with the clown and receives the lady in his arms when she leaps from her horse after jumping through hoops. In one 'shoot' 2000 pheasants were slain. And this is called sport! For my part I regard the poacher who goes forth in the dark with a dog and comes back with a few pheasants as much more of a sportsman than the battue shot."

Dec 26 1896

> Oh—
> It's warm in the heavens but it's cold upon the earth;
> An' we ain't no food at table nor no fire upon the hearth;
> And it's bitter hard a-Christmassing,
> Carolling,
> Singin' songs about our Saviour's birth;
> Singin' songs about the Babe what's born;
> Singin' of the shepherds on that morn.

Now there are many stories that might be told today: stories grim, uproarious, grotesque, philanthropic, horrible; finer stories than are to be read in the "iron-bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi."

Thus we might tell of the sewing woman in the village, who gave her shiftless husband money to buy a sled for their little boy. He stopped at the wrong end of the grocery and brought home a skate.

> When ye've got a cold 'at's whist for want of food,
> And a grate as grey's y'r air for want of …
> And y'r man and you ain't no wise nor much good,
> Oh—
> It's hard work a-Christmassing,
> Carolling,
> Singin' songs about the "Babe what's born."

There are those who protest against Dickens's view of Christmas. They sniff at his "sentimental" charity; they protest against his rough hurrah for food and drink and roaring fire. And yet will contemplation of celestial things take the place of creature comforts when the mercury is near zero and children wonder why their mothers let them be hungry? The irony of life pierces blunt souls when they see others sleek and merry, when the laborer for scanty pay or without work sees the extravagance of hereditary idlers.

> When ye've 'eered the bailiff's 'and upon the latch,
> And ye've feeled the rain a-trickling through the thatch
> An' y'r man can't git no stones to break ner yit no sleep to watch—
> Oh—
> We got to come a-Christmassing,
> Carolling,
> Singin' of the "Shepherds on that morn."

The significance of Christmas has in large measure disappeared. Even its worldly value is now discounted. It is not unlikely that in a few years Christmas Day will be celebrated October first, for the benefit of trade and advertisers. Exchange of presents is a robbery. It was a good and pious woman who said only yesterday, "I wish I could keep for myself the gifts I give others, and give them the presents they send me—then we should all be satisfied."

Thousands of the respectably poor count each Christmas the prospect of a happier season. The man whose sole capital is his brains reassures himself and says, "Surely the times will be better; my salary will be raised; for my employer knows that I am giving him the best years of my life, and he appreciates my work, my faithfulness." The bundle of hay and thistles is always just a little ahead of the nose of the ass, and the poor beast plods on till he drops. The workman says: "Wages will be better; coal and provisions will be cheaper another Christmas." Matthew Arnold spoke of the complaining millions of men. The uncomplaining thousands of men form a nobler army than that which drew tears from the eyes of Xerxes. Even in material, purse-tight, sterile cities hundreds of men and women, wearing themselves away in the struggle to snatch for themselves enough to sustain life, thinking today of the mystery at Bethlehem, echo the pitiful but brave cry of the third Wealden woman. And the cry is this:

> 'E was a man's poor as us, very near,
> An' 'E 'ad 'is trials and danger,
> An' I think 'E'll think of us when 'E
> Sees us singing 'ere;
> For 'is mother was poor like us, poor dear,
> An' she bore him in a manger.

Christmas—the mass of Christ. And how is this mass celebrated today? In church with sumptuous ceremony. In the hearts of the devout with reverential joy and thanksgiving. But hundreds of men and women of education, breeding and refinement, know the day only as a date in the calendar, to be observed formally by enlarged dinner, by the giving and taking of superfluous gifts. The Divine Birth is in reality no more real to them than that of Hercules or Romulus and Remus. They speak of the tale as poetical and beautiful, but the awful significance is foreign to them. Judea is no nearer to them than Mars; indeed, the latter interests them more keenly. Better for them, if they had faith in Santa Claus, concerning whom even their tender children are sceptical.

And there are Christologists who see in the wondrous birth only an occasion for vain wrangling. In them Christmas inspires words, words, words—not deeds.

Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. This song was heard nearly 2000 years ago by shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. What is the song today in Christian countries? Is it of peace? The gigantic armies of Europe—what is their song? And even in America, we find men in official positions, church members in good and regular standing, screaming for war. And are capital and labor at peace in Boston?

The centuries have not responded to the angelic choir. Lazarus still lies at the gate. The base is still exalted, the deserving is still oppressed. Greed, tyranny, poverty, shame are still words of edged meaning. The supreme consolation is not to be found in the works of the philosophers or the treatises of sociologists. The supreme consolation is the thought of the inevitable divine average, the knowledge of the divine compassion.

> Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
> Let young and old accept their part,
> And bow before the Awful Will,
> And bear it with an honest heart.
> Who misses, or who wins the prize?
> Go, lose or conquer as you can;
> But if you fail, or if you rise,
> Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

Dec 26. 96

The paper-maker gets most out of a book, and the author the least—a curious illustration of the comparative value of mind and matter. Perchance the balance may be rectified in the next world. Perchance the author who has to live in a cottage and drink the cheapest wines is not even in this world much less happy than the paper-maker, whose mansion includes a billiard-room and a private theatre.

Dean Hole told at Christ Church, Rochester, this story, which is pertinent to the season: "An old woman was stooping over a saucepan in which she was boiling a cabbage, when an austere lady suddenly entered the door and said: 'Elizabeth Williamson, I am thankful for once to see you in that devotional attitude; here's a tract as your reward.' Shortly afterward another lady came in and said: 'Well, Betty, what are you doing now?' 'Why, I am boiling some cabbage,' she replied. 'Oh, are you?' said the lady; 'that's poor food by itself. I'll go and buy you a good piece of bacon to put with it'—which was practical Christianity."

We recommend heartily a paper by Niementowski, a Polish writer. You will find it light reading for Christmastide. It deals with carboxethylorthoamidoparatoluylamide, nitrometamethylorthouramidobenzoyl, amidometamethylorthouramidobenzoyl, dinitrometamethylorthouramidobenzoyl, diamidometamethylorthouramidobenzoyl, and the diacetyl derivative of diamidometamethylorthouramidobenzoyl.

"Brown, Junior," wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette this letter, which bears directly on the subject of Christmas gifts: "My brother and I went to Holland a year or two ago with our parents. We had a very jolly time with our cousins there. It was they who taught us an old-fashioned custom, which we thought a very good one. Some time before a person's birthday, and also before the fete of St. Nicholas (which is on the 6th December, and equivalent to our Christmas as far as present giving goes) you are requested to write out a 'Verlang-list' (wishing list). You put down everything you think you would like to receive, then pass it round to any friends who ask to see it; and they can choose what to send, knowing at the same time that it will be doubly acceptable. We all do this now, and find it a capital way."

Enviable, thrice enviable was the life of Mr. John Teller, who died lately at Moschelle at the age of seventy years. For it was his habit to spend the Winter in slumber. "About the end of August he would go to bed as usual, and the following morning would not get up, but would continue in a calm and peaceful sleep all through the winter months, often until May or June." To be sure he was not the first to dispose thus sensibly of his time. Alexander Guagninus of Verona, Colonel of Foot in the Castle of Vitebska in the frontiers of Moscovy, was never weary of telling about a certain people that inhabit Lucomoria, a country of the further Sarmatia, who yearly, upon the 27th day of the month of November, would fall into a deep sleep. Afterwards at the return of the spring, upon the 24th day of April, they would again awake and arise. And D. Johannes Piduxlus, famous not only for his skill in physic, but his knowledge in all kind of natural history, bore witness that this story was true. Plutarch, a man of undoubted veracity, states that the nurse of one Timon used yearly to sleep out at a stretch two months of winter.

The Autobiography of Sir Charles Hallé contains good stories about the bumptiousness of Wagner. Wagner and Hallé met at Bayreuth in 1876. "You see," said Wagner, "I shall make Bayreuth the centre of civilization." To which Hallé replied: "A noble aim, my dear master."

And here is an example of the Wagnerian hifalutin that is admired by some even in cold-headed Boston. In 1862 Hallé, who had been introducing the music of Gluck with remarkable success into Manchester, came across Wagner at Heidelberg. The latter was amazed at Hallé's good fortune, and said of the English: "I do not know if ever they arrive at the sigh without which the aroma of art does not ascend to space." Becker, who was present

wrote down the sentence in her pocket book. "We never understood it," said Hallé, "but we felt it was worth preserving."

We quote from an English exchange a paragraph of interest to all female bicyclists: "At a meeting held in the Agricultural Hall last night the Ladies' Cyclists' Association was called upon to discuss a question of some delicacy and considerable interest to its members. Originally the association held that the wearing of 'rationals'—that, we are informed, is the proper term for the garments—was obligatory on all members who rode bicycles. Yesterday a proposal was made to abolish a rule which pressed too hardly upon those members who, as one member said, were 'hampered by husbands and brothers' and other inconvenient male relatives. Amid cries of shame, the audience listened to the sad case of one poor lady, who was actually threatened with the deprivation of her bicycle if she dared to don the above-mentioned garments, or even to ride in company with those who wore them. The plea of the weaker vessels won the day, and the wearing of the skirt is no longer a crime punishable by expulsion. The curious thing is that none of the champions of the skirt seemed to have adduced the argument that that garment is more fashionable and becoming than its ungainly rival. But, perhaps, in a strong-minded society like the L. C. A., that is a point unworthy of consideration."

On the 26th of December, 1895, Mr. Edmond de Goncourt received a singular letter from Dr. Barlé, who thanked him for sending a Belgian patient for treatment. The patient presented himself, saying: "I think I have heart disease. I intended to consult a Paris physician, but I did not know anyone to go to, until I read the last volume of Journal des Goncourt, where I saw that you attended Edmond de Goncourt. I made up my mind to go to you. Examine me."

Dec 27. 96

ABOUT MUSIC.

Singular Omissions in Symphony Program.

The Story of Humperdinck's "Koenigskinder" Excerpts.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

Mr. William F. Apthorp, in his program book of the 26th, makes this reference to the selections from the music to "King's Children," by Engelbert Humperdinck: "I have unfortunately been unable to find out anything about the history of this work."

* * *

"Königskinder" ("King's Children") is the title of a stage piece, "a German fairy tale," in three acts, by Ernst Rosmer, which is the pseudonym of Elsa Bernstein, who lives at Munich and is the daughter of Heinrich Porges, conductor, composer, pianist, pamphleteer, and ferocious Wagnerite. This piece is published by S. Fischer, Berlin.

Late in 1895 it was announced that Humperdinck was writing music for this play, and there was promise of a performance in the early spring at Munich.

In June, 1896, it was announced that Humperdinck had finished the music, and that the production of the complete work would be at Munich in the fall or winter of this year. I can find no record of the production of the complete work at Munich or elsewhere.

But the two orchestral excerpts—prelude to Act II. and prelude to Act III.—were first produced at a concert of the Bach Society at Heidelberg, June 2, 1896. The composer conducted.

They were played that same month at Cologne under the lead of the conductor. They were played at Frankfort Oct. 7; at Berlin, Oct. 12 (Nikisch); at Leipsic, Nov. 5 (Nikisch).

The first production in America of any portion of the work was at the Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn, Nov. 22, when the prelude to Act II. was played at a concert of the Brooklyn Saengerbund conducted by Mr. Louis Koemmenich.

In Germany the selections are played in their regular order. Mr. Paur reversed this order.

* * *

Now what is the story of "Königskinder"? It is a simple fairy tale.

Act I.—A King's son finds at the house of a witch in the forest a goose maid, who is the daughter of a King. He loves her, and he would take her away with [illegible] in the wood. It is a minstrel who, appearing with the spear-bearing citizens of Hellabrun at the house of the witch in order to seek her advice concerning the choice of a King, looses the spell and rescues the Princess.

Act II.—The people of Hellabrun, trusting the speech of the witch, await at the twelfth stroke of the clock their King or Queen. The King's son is living among them as a despised beggar; he has hired himself out as a swineherd. Only the daughter of the broommaker knows his princely station. The clock is striking; it is high noon; the city gate is open wide; the sun bursts through the clouds; the goosemaid enters, accompanied by the minstrel. The folk stare, speechless. But the Prince rushes impetuously with a great shout and holds the beloved one in his arms. There is mocking laughter; there is tumult; beaten with sticks and stones, the Prince is thrown outside the gate.

Act III.—It is the dead of winter. The exiled children wander in the forest. The loyal fiddler and a flock of children, among them the daughter of the broommaker, search for them. At last they find them: "united in love, starved and frozen in the winter snow. Ruined! Dead!" The living kneel, and the minstrel sings his last song and plays his last tune, and breaks his fiddle in pieces.

* * *

"Dann brech' ich meine Fiedel entzwei" runs the text.

Therefore Mr. Apthorp's translation of "Spielmann" by "piper" is erroneous.

These two preludes are published by Max Brockhaus, Leipsic.

* * *

Nor does the program-book of the 26th give the origin of Bizet's suite "Jeux d'Enfants."

Colonne in 1873 founded the Sunday concerts which are now given at the Châtelet. Interested in young French composers, he asked Bizet for an unpublished work, for the first concert. Now Bizet's "Jeux d'Enfants," 12 pieces for piano, four-hands, had just been published by Durand-Schoenewerk. He orchestrated of these pieces Nos. 2, 3, 6, 11, 12. These were first played at the first Colonne concert, at the Odéon, March 2, 1873. The first production in London was, I believe, in 1883.

* * *

Nor does the program-book of Dec. 26 give the scenario of Gluck's ballet "Don Juan." Jahn's "Mozart," Vol. IV., p. 345 (the edition of 1856-59), explains it as follows:

Scene I. Don Juan serenades Donna Anna, who opens her door for him. Her uncle surprises them. Don Juan rushes into the street and kills him.

Scene II. Great feast at the house of Don Juan. Donna Anna is present and she dances with him a pas de deux. The Statue appears and drives away the guests. At the end of a short visit, the Statue invites Don Juan to supper. Don Juan accepts and escorts him to the door. The guests return, but they are again frightened. Don Juan makes up his mind to visit the Statue, for his servant in spite of threats refuses to accompany him.

Scene III. The Mausoleum. The Statue tries in every way to induce Don Juan to repent. He finally hurls him into the nether world.

Scene IV. Don Juan in hell is tortured by the demons. In vain he seeks to escape. In vain he seeks to overpower them. He gives up all endeavor and is consumed by flames.

It will be observed that the librettist of this ballet saw Donna Anna with sinister eyes, as did Hoffman in his wondrous tale entitled "Don Juan."

* * *

The following poem by Post Wheeler, entitled "The Mad Musician," appeared in the Christmas Lotus.

A harp would I—a harp whose touch,
In sunlight, star-fire, glamoured dusk,
Would prick my senses fine as musk,
Whose voice would charm me overmuch.

It must be strung all cunningly,
Its cords fine-wove and music-mad,
Like her dark hair that made me glad
To singing when I wound it free.

Its frame a marvel would I make,
Fair-formed and rounded as is best,
Like the full curves that formed her breast
To thrill such cadence when she spake.

On harp deft-fashioned tone to tone,
Ah, me, what music would I dare!
Whose strings were twist of her rich hair,
And its frame carved of her breast-bone.

This poem recalls "L'Archet," by Charles Cros: how the beloved woman begged her lover to make his fiddle bow out of her blonde long hair, so that other women might be charmed when he went about seeking alms and playing his Cremona violin.

And it also recalls "The Cruel Sister," that old and dismal ballad:

He made a harp of her breast-bone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone;
By the bonny mill dams of Binnorie.

The strings [illegible] hair,
Binnorie, O, Binnorie
Whose notes made sad the listening ear;
By the bonny mill dams of Binnorie.

* * *

The following excerpt is from a London newspaper:

Like Benjamin Franklin, who is credited with the authorship of the proverb, Albert Mee has had to pay dearly for his whistle. He is a musical mariner, and although his duties as master of the gallant tug Marmion keep him for long hours on the bridge as his vessel braves the dangers of the Thames, he does not neglect his instrumental studies. Upon the solo whistle he has attained some proficiency. He knows to a nicety how to regulate the valve so as to produce the greatest possible number of variations of tone from the one note which the siren was constructed to emit. To play "The Lass That Loved a Sailor," is his one ambition, and he has already succeeded in executing many cacophonous sounds of the class popularly known as "barnyard imitations." He can make the whistle of the Marmion either crow like a Gargantuan rooster or chirp like a gigantic sparrow. Unfortunately his musical progress has been suddenly checked by Mr. Vaughan at Bow Street, who has imposed upon him a fine of £1 and costs for an offence described as "unlawfully signalling," in contravention of the by-laws of the Thames Conservators. He was practising assiduously near the Temple Pier, in the middle of October, selecting the time and place because he knew that the Long Vacation had not yet expired, when word reached him that steps would be taken to discourage his further "cock-a-doodle-dooing." He had forgotten that there was such a body as the Bar Musical Society, nor did he realize that the pursuit of his hobby was distracting several of Her Majesty's Judges in their chambers. Complaint had often been made before—among others by the Lord Chief Justice himself—and now one of the whistling coons of the river had been caught in flagrante delicto. Steamers are, it seems, supplied with whistles as aids to navigation, and not for orchestral purposes, a fact that other skippers will do well to bear in mind as they pass the Temple Pier.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Wagner has now a piano-lamp named after him.

The statue to Loewe at Kiel was dedicated Nov. 30.

Edith Bagg "of America" sang with success at Copenhagen.

Teresa Carreno sailed from Bremen the 22d for New York.

Leopold Lewandowski, composer and conductor at Warsaw, died there at the age of 63.

Henri Cain is writing a libretto, "Thyl Ulenspiegel," for Ian Blockx to set to music.

The success of "Andrea Chénier" has brought about in Italy a study of the poet's works.

Raoul Pugno's oratorio "La Résurrection de Lazare" has been given with success at Tournal.

"Eppelein von Gailingen," a folk-opera in two acts, by Ed. Ringler, has been produced at Nuremberg.

Heinrich Grünfeld of Berlin, 'cellist, has been decorated with the Prussian red-eagle order, 4th class.

Hannah Bryant, pianist, pupil of Siloti, played Liszt's E major concerto with great success at Antwerp.

Villiers Stanford's third string quartet in D minor, op. 64, was produced at the Queen's Hall, London, Nov. 11.

The review of the Symphony concert and the advance notices of concerts are in the news section of the Journal.

The Countess de Grandval's opera "Mazeppa" has been given in Antwerp. It was first given at Bordeaux, April 23, 1892.

In Leipsic the critics have hammered Mr. Nikisch for putting Rossini's overture to "Barber of Seville" in a Gewandhaus program.

Rivière, a tenor and pupil of Marie Roze, made a successful début in "Richard Coeur de Lion" at the Opéra-Comique, Paris.

Blanca Blume-Santer, a well-known singer at the Berlin opera in the sixties, died in extreme poverty at Buenos Ayres, 53 years old.

Fannie Edgar Thomas speaks of Miss Brimson of Boston, in the Marchesi School at Paris, who is studying Wagnerian parts in French.

Leo Stern played Dvorák's 'cello concerto at a Gewandhaus concert, Dec. 3. He was praised, but the work, as a whole and in detail, was condemned.

Adele Aus der Ohe is again in this country. She will play here with the Boston Symphony Orchestra Feb. 5, 6, and give two recitals here Feb. 9, 16.

Dionys Pruckner, a celebrated pianist, pupil of Liszt, teacher at Stuttgart, died Dec. 1 at Heidelberg, as the result of an operation. He was 62 years old.

New pieces for 'cellists: Three pieces by Robert Kahn op. 25 (Leuckart); Air and minuet by Lillencron op. 6 (Leuckart); sonata in A major by Josef Labor, op. 7 (Breitkopf and Härtel).

"Odysseus Heimkehr," the third part of August Bungert's tetralogy, was performed Dec. 12 at Dresden for the first time. Scheidemantel was the Odysseus, and Mrs. Wittich was the Penelope.

A new violin sonata in B minor by Oscar Nedbal, the viola of the Bohemian Quartet, was played a fortnight ago in Berlin at a concert of the famous club. It was praised for originality, fineness of work and nobility.

Rosenthal, the pianist, will resume his tour in February on the Pacific coast, and then come eastward. He has closed a contract with Henry Wolfsohn for a tournée in this country during the season 1898-9, and one for a later period.

The third edition of the History of the Boehm Flute, written by Christopher Welch, has just been published by G. Schirmer, New York. This edition contains the secret letter to [illegible] date.

"Richard Wagner's Werke [illegible] cyclus," by Ferdinand Leck, [illegible] to Franz Muncker, is to be published by Hanfstaengl, Munich. Thirty of Wagner's operatic scenes are to be depicted in photogravure. The complete work will cost 30 marks.

Blanche Marchesi sang early this month in Paris a cyclus of Christmas songs by Stephan Bordèse entitled "Contes Mystiques," set to music by Hoinnés, Viardot, Massenet, Dubois, Saint-Saëns, Paladilhe, Widor, Lenepveu, Fauré, Maréchal, Lecocq, Diet.

The death is announced of Otto Wesendonck in his eightieth year. The deceased, who resided in Berlin from the sixties, was an intimate friend of Wagner's during his Zurich exile, and the young composer found for a long time a home in his house. Five of the Lieder written by Mrs. Wesendonck were set to music by Richard Wagner.

The admirers of the sisters Ravogli will be pleased to hear that Sofia is slowly recovering from her very severe attack of peritonitis; but it is to be feared she will not be able to accept professional engagements for some months to come. Their winter's concert tour has had to be abandoned, and the sisters will return to Italy early in the New Year.

Otto Lessmann thus speaks of Miss Augusta Cottlow, an American pianist, who played lately in Berlin two concertos—Schumann's A minor and Chopin's E minor: "I heard only the latter. Miss Cottlow showed a very respectable finger-facility and proved that she had worked industriously at the development of her touch. As a whole her performance had something gypsy-like and brusque that should not be associated with so young a woman. Further artistic ripening will surely be of benefit to her by no means ordinary present endowment."

Mr. Floersheim speaks thus coolly of Sofie Menter, who played lately in Berlin: "She did not secure a great success, and, in fact, made very little impression. It is too bad we are all growing old, but then that's the law of nature. Only people should know when it is time to stop, and many don't seem to be able to comprehend this, among them Sofie Menter. She played the Beethoven E flat concerto like a prim old maid, stiffly, disjointedly and without force or poetry. In the first movement she made several changes which were neither Beethovenish nor particularly pleasing or effective. The close of the slow movement she played in slight gallop tempo, and the rondo was rhythmically bad. The tone was weak and dry."

We have never seen notice taken of the fact that the exact date of the action of "Die Meistersinger" can be established. The year must be one of two, for Hans Sachs is referred to as a widower, and the period of his widowhood dates from March, 1560, to August, 1561. Much the more probable is the latter year, for his apprentice would not be likely to suggest his marrying again three months after his wife's death. The exact date must, therefore, be June 23 and 24, 1561, the eve of St. John the Baptist's or Midsummer Day, and the festival itself. At this date Hans Saehs was 67 years of age, but it would be mere pedantry to insist that his impersonator should necessarily make up in exact accordance with this fact. There are many contemporary portraits of Hans Sachs. One, taken in his 51st year (Brensamer's wood cut) represents him with a full, square-cut beard and, so far as can be seen under his cap, curly locks in fair abundance. Even in his 81st year, according to Hernesian's painting, he had a profusion of side locks, though his hair had become thin at the top.—Musical Courier.

Richard Pohl, the musical writer and composer, died Dec. 17 at Baden-Baden. Born at Leipsic, Sept. 12, 1826, he studied at Karlsruhe, Göttingen and Leipsic, and after teaching at Graz and Dresden went to Weimar in 1854, where he formed a friendship with Liszt. From 1856 to 1860 he, with F. Brendel, published Anregungen für Kunst, and was joint editor of the Neue Zeitschrift für Musik. After Liszt's departure from Weimar Pohl in 1864 went to Baden-Baden, and edited the Badeblatt. He was a champion of the new German school of music, and wrote many articles in various journals, under the pen name of Hoplit. Among his works are Akustische Briefe für Musiker, 1853; Bayreuther Erinnerungen, 1877; Autobiographisches, 1881; Richard Wagner (1883, in Weldersee's Essays); Richard Wagner, Studien und Kritiken, 1883; Franz Liszt, 1883; Hektor Berlioz, 1884; Die Hohenzage der Musikalischen Entwickelung, 1888, and his translation of Berlioz's collected writings into German. Pohl was a poet, and published a comedy, "Musikalische Leiden," in 1856, and Gedichte, 1859. He wrote the text for Schumann's Manfred and Liszt's Prometheus. His compositions consist of ballads, op. 1 and 2; Mignonlieder, op. 4, 5, 6, 10, 12; a musical drama, "Die Wallfahrt naeh Kevlaar;" Abendlied, reverie for string orchestra; Wiegenlied, nocturne for piano and violin; In der Nacht, for four male voices, with piano, and two chamber pieces for 'cello and piano. He married a harper, Johanna Eyth, who died in 1870.

The Pall Mall Gazette speaks as follows of Dvorák's "Te Deum," performed for the first time in England at the second of Henschel's concerts, Dec. 3: "It is a curious, barbaric work, not wanting in splendor, abounding in cleverness, and at time most agreeably melodious. We can see no earthly reason why Dvorák set such music to a 'Te Deum' rather than to a Bacchanalian Ode, for frankly, the more solemn emotions aroused by the very serious words of this hymn have no counterpart in the music here provided for them. There is—particularly in the section beginning 'Æterna fac cum Sanctis tuis in Gloria numerari'—quite a bewildering amount of jigging, which, if it shows anything, proves that Dvorák has somewhat unconventional views upon the celestial processes. To an ear fresh from Sullivan's last comic opera, indeed, the effect was perhaps more grotesque than need be, for the curious

[illegible] phrase [illegible] has set (in 'The Grand [illegible]) to [illegible] tions of the mystical word 'ἀπέρναξ' into an appeal 'O Lord, save thy people,' does not lighten the gravity of the situation. The fact is that if you will provide yourself with a key, a ready explanation of this music, you may, without qualms of conscience, compose yourself to its placid enjoyment. Such a key is found here in a thorough determination not to look for subtlety or mystery of any kind, not to be bewildered by the most obvious phrases, not to be confounded by mistaking mere intelligibility for intellectual power. If you set such inconvenient expectations on one side you can heartily enjoy the [illegible] rhetorical melody of the 'Tu ad liberandum,' the not unmajestic sonority of the 'Sanctus,' and the shining common sense of the 'Tu ad dextram Dei sedes.' It is like—if the literary comparison may be allowed—reading Byron; there is no 'back thought,' no complexity of idea, no religious [illegible]ness, all is clear, open and free, and is, moreover, the work of a very clever man, who seldom contrives to bore you, and who is always ready at all points to please, to persuade and to be friendly. Miss Fullinger and Mr. Daniel Price took the solo parts with complete success. * * * Mr. Henschel's 'Morning Hymn,' newly orchestrated, was also introduced as a novelty, sung by Mr. Henschel's choir."

Mr. Otto Floersheim gives in the Musical Courier the following account of Richard Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," which was produced in Berlin Nov. 30: "Strauss is a very modest man, and does not like to talk about himself; still he was full of his latest creation, which he is to conduct at Cologne today, and which I heard here in Berlin under Nikisch at the Philharmonic concert last night. The composer gave me an explanation of his newest work, which does not quite tally with the several analyses that so far have already been published about it, but which gave me the clue to the whole. He said to me about the following: 'I did not intend to write philosophical music, nor to portray Nietzsche's great work musically. I meant to convey musically an idea of the development of the human race from its origin, through the various phases of development, religious as well as scientific, up to Nietzsche's idea of the Uebermensch. The whole symphonic poem is intended as my homage to the genius of Nietzsche, which found its greatest exemplification (he used the German word Bethaetigung) in his book, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."' This explanation of his work brought its understanding at one bound nearer to me than volumes of commentaries by Dr. Reimann and his ilk could or would have done. Late in the afternoon Richard Strauss, at the home of Prof. Wuellner, made an attempt to play the most complicated score so far even compiled by any composer—upon the piano. It was of course only a sketch, and could not be anything else, even if Strauss were a Liszt. As I said before, I was back in Berlin in time to hear 'Zarathustra' last night, under Nikisch, and the effect which the work created in an admirable performance was an indescribable one. Not considered as program music at all, but as absolute music, I do not hesitate to call it the grandest orchestral score that has ever been penned by mortal. This is a strong statement, but I make it with forethought and intent. Thus far Strauss has in each succeeding orchestral work surpassed its forerunner. Who knows what he may still give us? Whatever it may be, I doubt whether in a technical way it can surpass 'Zarathustra.' The opening of this work, [illegible] upon the lowest note, C, of the [illegible], enforced by the contra bassoon and a roll on the big drum, upon which the first theme is given out by four trumpets, is of elementary power and, despite its utmost simplicity, of unsurpassed and overwhelming grandeur and effectiveness. The different [illegible] of the work, which form one [illegible], coherent whole, and last about thirty-five minutes, are described in the score as 'Von den Hinterweltlern,' 'Von der grossen Sehnsucht' (this [illegible] striking), 'Von den Freuden und [illegible]schaften' (the latter quite Tristan), followed by 'Von Wissen[illegible],' which science is represented [illegible] a five-part fugue and 'Der Gene[illegible].' The close of the work is the [illegible] that does not satisfy [illegible] is the musical exemplification of an eternally unsolved question mark. [illegible] between the two principal keys of B major and C major that predominate in the work, and which war remain undecided. The violins give the [illegible] chord in the highest positions, and under it the double basses answer the contra C. There is no harmonic solution, and no resolution of this [illegible] enigma. I don't know what [illegible] of this close. So deep was the [illegible] created by 'Zarathustra' [illegible] audience remained silent for a [illegible] after the end, and then [illegible] tempestuous and long [illegible] applause, which remained un[illegible] by opposition. The Berlin critics, however, are vastly at variance in their estimation of the work. Nikisch [illegible] wonders with the Philharmonic [illegible] in this most difficult and intricate of scores. One thing is [illegible] the success was so great that 'Zarathustra' will be repeated during the course of the season."

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Novelties by Humperdinck, Bizet, and Even Gluck and Handel Played Last Night in Music Hall by the Symphony Orchestra Under Mr. Paur.

The program of the ninth Symphony concert was as follows:

Selections from the ballet "Don Juan"..Gluck
Arranged by Hermann Kretzschmar.
(First time in Boston.)
1. Overture, allegro pomposo, D major.
Andante grazioso, D major.
Trio, D minor.
2. Brillante, A major.
Allegretto, D major.
Allegretto risoluto.
Allegretto tranquillo, A major.
Alegretto, F major.
3. Grazioso, Andantino, A major, Menuet.
4. Finale, larghetto, D minor.
Allegro non troppo, D minor.

Symphony in C minor (B. & H., No. 9) Haydn

Selections from the music to "King's Children" ....Humperdinck
(First time in Boston).
1. Introduction to Act III.
"Ruined and Dead."
"Fiddler's Last Song."
2. Introduction to Act II.
"The Feast of Hella."
"Children's Dance."

Little Suite, "Children's Games," Op. 22. Bizet.
(First time in Boston.)
1. March, "Trumpets and Drums."
2. Berceuse, "The Doll."
3. Impromptu, "The Top."
4. Duo, "Little Husband, Little Wife."
5. Galop, "The Ball."

Overture No. 1, in D major...........Handel
Arranged by Franz Wullner.
(First time in Boston.)

The music of Gluck's ballet has more than a historical interest, for the andante grazioso and the menuet preceded by the pizzicato passages are of real beauty. There was also an opportunity given for learning the value of a trombone when it enters for the first time and with a special purpose. We are accustomed today to such liberal use of all known instruments when the ultra-modern composer wishes to express a simple thought, that the sobriety of Gluck's orchestration is refreshing, and the thought arises, "Have we really in certain ways made such a marvelous advance in music?"

I speak of the character of this ballet in "About Music" this morning, and it is not necessary to refer to it here. There are many pictures to be found in the books on costume and dancing which give us a better idea of the ballets of the 18th century than we can find in learned disquisitions on the stage of that period. The music may seem formal to this generation, but these tunes are not as stiff as the costumes of the dancers who gained and squandered vast sums, heated the blood of the gilded youth, and set kings by the ears.

This is the music that suited the dance when it was something more than a zenith-defying kick and a display of intimate laces. No doubt the ballet of that period would seem to us a slow and formal thing; but much of Gluck's music to "Don Juan" is still fresh and lovely.

* * *

Humperdinck's music to "Königskinder" is theatre music. When it is transferred to the concert hall, some explanation of the play which it accompanies and illustrates and enhances should be given to the audience. "Verdorben-gestorben"—"Spielmann's letzer Gesang"—"Hellafest"—"Kinder-Reigen"—These words appear in the program book; but to what purpose?

The story of the drama for which Humperdinck wrote these preludes is told this morning in "About Music." Now, although it is the day after the fair, let me describe the character of these pieces. I am indebted largely for this description to the admirable program books prepared by Friedrich Brandes for the Symphony concerts of the Dresden Royal Opera Orchestra. Mr. Paur reversed the order of the preludes.

The prelude to Act III. opens with mournful, lonesome chords given to the wood-wind, while the English horn and the first horn sound the "Lamentation" motiv, which, short and incisive, appears in various forms throughout the prelude. These chords are repeated by other wind instruments. The idea of this tone-picture is desolation, the desolation of the wintry forest and the exiled children wandering, hungry and cold. The oboe sings in mournful recollection of the short happiness known in love. The violins take up the song of grief. The children are dead; they lie in each other's arms. The loyal fiddler finds them and pronounces their elegy. There are hints of the two former motivs which interrupt the dirge of the horns. Then follows the apotheosis.

The prelude to Act II. tells of the rejoicing expectation at Hellabrunn, as the people await their ruler. There is dancing. A child's rattle is heard. The town children enter and dance the "Rosenringel," the theme of which is given first by the clarinet; at the end the children's simple tune is sung in frenzy by the whole orchestra.

Of course, we know this music only as concert music. We are not able to judge of its effectiveness in the theatre. As concert-music without dramatic association, it seems to me to be chiefly interesting on account of its orchestration, which is fully in the manner of Wagner. Outside of this sumptuous orchestration, I find little of worth or interest. The slow movement reminds one of the building up of the "Tristan" prelude, and if there is any choice between the two preludes to acts of "Königskinder," the slow movement is the one to be preferred.

But Humperdinck makes his little fishes talk like whales.

* * *

Now Bizet's suite "Jeux des Enfants" suggests children and their games, and his refined and telling orchestration is more effective—as absolute orchestral music—than the Wagnerian copy by Humperdinck. The funny pomp of the March is characteristic; so is the sweetness and simplicity of "The Doll." In the capricious "Top" there is not a measure that is not truly musical. "Little Husband, Little Wife" was exaggerated by the strings. Look at the score! See how pretty and subdued is the melody given to the first violins. As is too often the case of late, there was incongruous, preposterous passion, as though the boy and girl were erotic hero and heroine in one of Massenet's pornographic novels. Nor was the final galop played with the necessary brilliancy and dash. The rhythm was logy.

A delightful little suite, and Mr. Paur is to be thanked for producing it, even at this late day, when it is 23 years old.

* * *

The overture by Handel sounded like unto 250 or 300 other pieces by the pious and industrious composer. His wig in this piece was of most formidable proportions, and he shook it constantly.

Nor was the symphony by Haydn a rare delight. Much of it was decidedly boresome. And I should like to hear a vivace or an allegro of Haydn or Mozart led at the proper pace by Mr. Paur. The slow allegro was a wonderful wild-fowl at first but acquaintance with it turns it into a very featherless absurd thing.

PHILIP HALE.

Dec 28. 1891

I don't believe that the man who is artist or poet, pure and simple, thinks about his social position. Conscious that he possesses a gift which has a value quite apart and different from that of rank or wealth, he is perhaps too apt to have an unreasoning contempt for peers and millionaires.

"Miss Olga Nethersole will marry an English surgeon in the East India service." But have not the critics said that she is past all surgery?

The other day we published the monologue of Old Chimes, who explained to us how each of his days is an epitome of life: In the morning he arises innocent; at noon he begins to fall from grace; by 7 P. M. he is ripe for any crime; by midnight he is ready for sleep, the twin of death; and then he undergoes the chemistry of the night, and is born again the next morning.

We now publish a communication written by Mrs. Anna Tracy Brigham for this column. It is entitled "An Opposite View."

"'Each tomorrow, to me, is but another yesterday, and night comes on the same.'

"In the sombre darkness of early morning I find myself sitting by the fire in the dim light of a night lamp. It is chilly, and I feel upon me the weight of a precious burden which will not go whither I would have it, or be where I place it. This and that and the other are alike displeasing to it. So tired am I that my muscles relax and nearly let go the bobbing bundle. O fain would I sleep! I rise to remove the little stand and down go silver spoon and cup of milk; while the clatter of the broken saucer calls forth a half-stifled groan from my doctor-partner, who has lost more sleep, perhaps, than even I. Mechanically, I wipe the bespattered carpet; and the neglected clock lazily informs me that the hour is five. Then I sit down by the table to stiffly write a note of invitation, but I am not alone, for the little fellow must be wheeled with my disengaged hand. And the clock strikes seven. This is the morning.

"The curtains are up and so is the doctor. Snow comes dreamily down from an absolutely opaque sky, suggestive of rest and utter oblivion above. What are pancakes and syrup or coffee but of the earth earthy. And yet I am hungry.

"Day draws on to its meridian. High noon is but a straining of tired eyes, a propping open of lids, an effort to appear wide awake, and an after-dinner drowsiness that causes a start at the slightest unusual sound. A little nap is an actual necessity and makes life look brighter. Then a brisk walk behind my trundling bundle—no longer a burden. Oh, the music of the bells; the glory of the sun; the bracing December air; the elasticity of my step; the surging of renewed life in my quickened blood! I am awake for a new day.

"Tea time is nothing but a joy. Baby sleeps sweetly in his little cradle. A pleasant chat by the light of the evening lamp at our home fireside, and a few mother's stitches gladly set. Then the lifting of a curtain for a glimpse of the peaceful world, moonlit and snow-covered. The night is beautiful and life seems at its best and freshest. My thoughts turn upward, and I crave all good things for my dear ones ere I lay me down to rest. Truly, I have been refreshed, and sleep the sweet sleep of a little child.

"Alas! A cry from the cradle sends a telegram from sleepy brain to dormant muscles. Oh, I do not need to get up just yet. But I must—for the cry grows louder and I stumble against the door-casing; I spill the milk, and noisily scatter coal from my unsteady shovel. Ah, yes, it is night—black night. The fire is duller, the flame is dimmer than yesterday's. My rheumatic limbs are stiff and almost refuse to move, but the end is not yet. Who talks of the chemistry of the night or of being born again in the morning?"

The defendant in a breach of promise suit tried lately in London acknowledged under oath that he had written the following verses and sent them to his "dearest Nell":

"Cash governs the house,
That's the usual plan,
Man governs the cash,
And baby governs the man,
Woman, she governs the baby,
And teaches it how to trot,
So when you come to reckon it up,
It's woman who governs the lot."

There are Bostonians who will appreciate this description: "Mr. Heinrich Meyn is no more German than he is French, Italian or English, when considered in relation to his art. He is of German birth, but of cosmopolite nature, as any artist of his sympathies, travel and cultivation is apt to become. Furthermore, Mr. Meyn speaks English like a Londoner, and has a polished mastery in song of the French and Italian, in addition to the English and German tongues. He is now an American baritone, who sings equally in the various schools of music, while his conversational English is a rarely refined achievement."

Rural France has a grievance against the bicyclette; it has come between the village doctor and his patients. Aesculapius has taken to the wheel, and the old-fashioned cabriolet known to the peasants through all their dales and all their days as the "back-bumper" has disappeared. But Jacques Bonhomme likes his consultations in the open air without the danger of a doctor's fee, and this wild and headlong bicycle which never stands on ceremony or on anything else causes him profound disgust. A small incident which took place in the north of France the other day has confirmed the peasant in his mistrust of these "cycled gears" and things cyclular in general. The Bishop of a well known diocese was paying one of his visitations, and lunching with a curé de paroisse, the third guest being the village doctor. The Bishop belonged to the family of the Curii Dentati; he had particularly strong, square teeth, and one of them was a raging tooth at that moment. It was decided to extract it, and the village servant was sent to the village inn to fetch a certain case of instruments strapped to the doctor's bicycle. The man returned radiant a few minutes later, exclaiming, "J'ai trouvé l'pince-dent pour monseigneur l'évêque." At the same time he laid a bright new instrument down on the table. It was a bicycle spanner set to its widest grip.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Dec 29. 1891

You want these two little rascals to learn the alphabet because you and I learnt it, and it has not done us much injury. But aren't most people better without it? You teach a scoundrel to sign his name, and he forges a cheque. You teach a fool the art of writing, and he produces an epic poem, or a new way of squaring the circle.

Old Chimes was in his corner at the Porphyry when the sun was at its height. He explained his conduct by saying that if the weather was remarkably fine that Monday morning it was also discouraging, for it reminded him of youth and lustiness and a swinging walk and hope. "Now, by coming to the club and listening to you fellows, I escape all such gloomy thoughts."

"I am glad to see that a volume of revised proverbs is in press," said Old Chimes to a New Yorker, who is in Boston for rest. "I wonder if it will include one by my friend Kenyon Cox: Never look a gift-comb in the teeth."

"Barry? Barry?" said the New Yorker. "Do you mean the man with 'y,' or 'ie'? There is John D. Barry; he pursues literature, and he has not yet caught it. I confess I am disappointed in the man who spells his name 'ie'—'The Little Minister' man, for he has taken his mother and made copy out of her to sell his book to sentimental persons. Wordsworth spoke of the wretch:

'That would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave.'

"It seems to me that pathetic interest

in a mother whose ... was ... to ... people should not fire a son to exploit his affection for gain or peddle her infirmities to the lovers of sentimentalism."

And to him Old Chimes answered, "I went to church Sunday, and during the sermon I thought of the fortune awaiting the man who will invent a smokeless cigar. Then the hearer might say, 'While I was musing, the fire burned;' and yet if whiffs were taken by the smoker in an attitude of prayer, there would be no smoke to betray him. What a delightful Christmas gift—a box of smokeless cigars for use in theatre, concert and church! For, believe me, the idea that enjoyment of tobacco is in the sight of the cloud wreaths is absurd.

"There would be one advantage," continued Old Chimes, "if we were foolish enough to annex Spain and establish there a protectorate. The mutton is superior to Southdown or Helderberg, for the sheep in Spain eat only thyme and marjoram, and are washed, of course, with Castile soap. Mr. Menage knew this fact many years ago, and he knew that England was the one country for beef, and Italy the one country for veal. My physician, Dr. Drescher, says that marjoram is an excellent emmenagogue. Thyme is beneficial in arthritic deases; he prescribes it to melancholic persons, to those disordered in mind, and possessed with morbid apprehension. At the same time I should not like to live in Spain, even for the sake of the mutton. Mr. Menage chose Italy, on account of the mildness of the climate, for a birthplace; France as a place to live in, 'for it is the one country in the world where they understand good eating;' and as you must die somewhere choose Spain, because it is a sad land, largely sterile, and very conducive to thoughts of death."

And the musician lifted up his voice and said: "Why this fuss in our cities about the late Joseph Barnby? During his life he held good positions. He was honored in many ways, although his ability was mediocre. He was paid and he did not save. And now contributions are taken in Boston for the benefit of a Londoner, while many worthy musicians in this country are allowed to struggle while alive. No doubt some of the churches that are sending money to the family of Barnby, who wrote sentimental anthems and hymns, are even now squeezing their own organists and choirs."

Old Chimes answered: "Whenever I hear about English church composers of today I remember that page in 'Jude the Obscure.' I wish I could quote the whole of it. Jude, in trouble, goes to pour forth his whole soul to the composer of a strangely emotional hymn, and finds to his amazement that the composer sees no money in music and is going into the wine-trade instead. My friend Runciman writes me he knows that composer! He has not given up music, however; he has found a way of getting money out of it; I could tell you the address in Oxford Street where he retails his wares or the days on which he teaches in one or another of the London music schools; I could tell you where he may be found in many cathedral towns. He swarms all over the face of England; he is a curse; and his organ is 'Musical News.'"

The Reverend Mr. Hersey asks how shop girls can live on $5 a week. This question, alas, has been asked by many men, who were neither reverend nor reverential.

Gen. John Meredith Read, who died the 27th in Paris, was a kindly man, although his pomposity was gigantic and he might well have adorned Thackeray's gallery of snobs. When he lived in Albany, he gave a reception to Professor Goldwin Smith. The late Paul Cooper, a son of the novelist, was present and was asked late in the evening to take one more glass of a peculiarly agreeable punch. "No," said Squire Cooper; "I think I have had enough. I am beginning to admire Goldwin Smith. If I took another glass, I am afraid I should like Meredith Read." It was General Read who provoked an excruciatingly funny editorial article by Alden in the New York Times, in which Read's servant announced that several kings were down stairs waiting for him. "Do they bring letters of introduction?" was Read's reply. Yet in spite of his whims and foibles and preposterous vanity, he was a man of some ability, and he did many generous deeds.

A waterfall, 1600 feet high, has been discovered in Venezuela. The people of Venezuela should remember the speech of Daniel Webster at Rochester and take courage. No country that has a waterfall 1600 feet high will ever lose its liberty.

The New York Times refers to the West End Company as "a corporation which makes the streets of that city (Boston) hideous and perilous and affords the most inadequate and uncomfortable means of local transit of which we have any knowledge."

Dec 30. 1896

WITH MUSICIANS.

Is a Program-Book a Sad Evil or a Good Thing?

A Program-Book Should Surely Not Be Too Technical.

Death of the Creator of Gounod's Faust—Concert Notes.

The Program-Book is now in fashion at Symphony concerts in the large cities of the United States, in London, and in certain towns of Germany.

In Boston the Program-Book has assumed formidable proportions. It is handed to you just before you take your seat in Music Hall, and if you look down from the balcony any Saturday night you will find the great majority of the audience reading the book with a set countenance, even while the orchestra is a-playing.

And what is in these Program-Books at Music Hall? Technical disquisitions on the technical structure of the compositions themselves. The themes are not reproduced in musical notation.

The language used by the learned writer is not understood by one hearer out of 20. Seldom is there any information about the origin of a piece. Seldom is there any entertaining gossip about the circumstances of the first performance of the said piece. Seldom is there satisfactory information concerning the career of a new composer. There is an entr'acte which is often agreeable reading to those who enjoy desultory opinions about music in general, but these entr'actes are seldom, if ever, pertinent to the program of the evening.

The Program-Book at Music Hall serves as a distraction rather than an aid. It prevents men and women from hearing the music. The little assistance that might be easily given is generally withheld.

* * *

Now, I do not find fault with Mr. Apthorp, the compiler of the Symphony Program-Book. He believes in analyses couched in technical language. He does not believe in the reproduction of themes in musical notation. He is faithful to his theory of what a Program-Book should be.

I do protest against the theory concerning the Program-Book that is respected in London and in Boston.

* * *

What should a Program-Book contain?

Let me cite as an example a book compiled by Friedrich Brandes for the Dresden Symphony concert of Nov. 6, 1896.

Mozart's Jupiter symphony was played. Brandes first gives the date of composition. He takes it for granted that the hearer knows something about Mozart. How does he deal with the first movement of the symphony? I translate his account:

"The first theme enters brilliantly, majestically (theme is given in clear type, 4 measures); it is repeated, and after a hold the following opposing theme is introduced (theme given, 4 measures). The second theme furnishes a decided but in no way abrupt contrast (theme given, 6 measures); its character of quiet blithesomeness is also preserved in a fourth theme, a kind of coda (theme printed, 3 measures), and this completes the thematic contents of this movement." And he speaks thus succinctly of the other movements.

For even the musician this information is enough. The girl who plays the piano sees at a glance the themes; there is no disquieting talk in technical language about the development; she is able to recognize the themes when they are afterward treated.

Smetana's "Richard III." was given. There is an account of the circumstances under which it was composed. A quotation from Shakspeare prepares the hearer. There are a few words about Smetana's intention in this symphonic-poem, which is program music. And then there are reproductions of the characteristic motives. To my mind the language is too technical but it is simple in comparison with the language employed by Mr. Apthorp, and furthermore it is relieved by aesthetic comments.

When a singer appears at the Dresden concerts, as Gulbranson, her picture is published in half-tone, and there is a sketch of her life. There is no attempt to prejudice the hearer in advance; the questions that are asked naturally about a new-comer are answered discreetly.

* * *

Saturday night Smetana's "Wallenstein's Lager" will be played. How should the Program Book treat the piece?

Of what avail is a long, technical analysis, especially without musical illustrations?

The hearer wishes to know when the piece was written, when it was produced. There should be something about Schiller's drama that provoked the music. A digression concerning other music inspired by Wallenstein would not be impertinent. There should be everything to prepare the hearer for enjoyment and understanding. There should be nothing to divert the attention from the music.

"Yes," you say, "but will not the hearer read a program-book like the Dresden one during the music, and thus be diverted?

The explanations should be short.

The books in Dresden are concise. They are not swollen by advertisements. They are sold at an extremely low price a day or two before the concert.

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Such books are not unknown in the United States; witness the books prepared last season by Mr. Mathews for the Thomas concerts in Chicago.

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A cablegram announces the death of Joseph Théodore Désiré Barbot, the tenor who created the part of Faust in Gounod's opera.

Barbot was born at Toulouse, April 12, 1824. He first studied the violin and had no idea of being a singer. In 1843 he studied harmony at the Paris Conservatory, and was then persuaded to take singing lessons from Garcia with whom he staid three years, studying also with Morin, Moreau-Sainti, and Michelot. Toward the end of 1848 he was engaged at the Opera.

Barbot's greatest success in Paris was as Faust. He created this part at the Théatre Lyrique, March 19, 1859. Mrs. Carvalho was Marguerite, Miss Faivre, Siebel; Balanqué, Mephistopheles; Reynal, Valentine. Scudo in his review of the performance said: "Mr. Barbot made all that he could out of the part so that his bad voice and Toulousian accent should be pardoned. Why was the part not given to Michot?" Pougin says of Barbot, "He was a remarkable singer in many ways, although his voice was unsatisfactory."

Barbot, with his wife, a dramatic singer of unusual power at the Opéra, spent the greater part of his active career away from Paris, for he sang with success in many European cities in Italian opera.

Oct. 1, 1875, Barbot took the place of Pauline Viardot, as teacher of singing at the Paris Conservatory.

* * *

When "Faust" was moved to the Paris Opéra in 1869 Colin was the hero to Nilsson's Marguerite. The part has since been sung there by many, Bosquin, Achard, Vergnet,—the list is long. And Fausts have been seen here by the dozen in Boston, but how many of them made much of an impression?

The trouble is in the part itself. The panorama of the old man sighing and whining for youth, rejuvenated, making love to Marguerite, standing by and consenting to the assassination of Valentine, and then coming into the prison to oblige the management and join in the trio—no, no, here is no sympathetic or heroic part. Capoul is still remembered for his love making. Today there is no Faust in this country worth the price of an orchestra seat. A German Faust is funny, but not to the extent of $3 or $3 50. Jean de Reszke is respectable; but Faust was not respectable; he was something more than a genteel person. Gounod did not do much for the tenor.

PHILIP HALE.

All great men have their antipathies: James II. could not endure the sheen of a sword, Roger Bacon swooned at the sight of an apple; and white paper inspires in me a fit of profound melancholy.

Yet you may say, "Look at William Morris, the poet; he left a personal estate of £55,000." Yes, but did he make this sum out of his poetry? Did either "Jason" or "The Defence of Guinevere" pay his board for a year? Remember that Mr. Morris was an admirable handicraftsman. Designer of wall-paper, decorator, printer—and, we understand, that he never knew the prick of poverty.

This reminds us of a genial criticism passed on Morris the printer and his American imitators. A man said to us yesterday: "They have done literature a great service. They have printed certain books with such elegant but undecipherable type that no one can read them without straining the eyeballs. Now, to prevent the reading of certain books is an abiding glory, a deed that secures the laurel for all time."

And now comes Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson of Gardiner, Me., with a little book of poems, printed clearly and attractively. "This book is dedicated to any man, woman or critic who will cut the edges of it—I have done the top." This volume is entitled "The Torrent and the Night Before." Mr. Robinson is a man of catholic taste who pays tribute to Zola, Arnold, Crabbe, Hood, Hardy, Verlaine, Walt Whitman, and there is even "A Poem for Max Nordau."

Mr. Robinson was once impressed by Boston. As he sits in Gardiner, Me., he thus dreams of the home of the Bacchante.

My Northern pines are good enough for me,
But there's a town my memory uprears—
A town that always like a friend appears,
And always in the sunrise by the sea.
And over it, somehow, there seems to be
A downward flash of something new and fierce
That ever strives to clear, but never clears
The dimness of a charmed antiquity.

I know my Boston is a counterfeit—
A frameless imitation, all bereft
Of living nearness, noise, and common speech;
But I am glad for every glimpse of it—
And there it is—plain as a name that's left
In letters by warm hands I cannot reach.

We suppose Mr. Robinson refers to this city. There is a Boston, England.

Subscribers to the Savoy—the magazine, not the hotel—are asking, "When will the December number appear?" Alas, the editor, Mr. Symons, announced in the November number, "It has not conquered the general public, and without the florins of the general public, no magazine such as 'The Savoy' issued at so low a price, and without the aid of advertisements, can expect to pay its way." This lack of appreciation on the part of the public is deplorable, for there have been brave articles in the Savoy. The beginning of Mr. Havelock Ellis's piece about "Casanova" is alone worth the subscription for the year: "There are few more delightful books in the world than Casanova's 'Mémoires.' That is a statement I have long vainly sought to see in print." Or what magazine in England or America has published in the year of our Lord 1896 any story that approaches in wild imagination and subtle charm of style "Rosa Alchemica," by Mr. W. B. Yeats?

The Princess of Chimay and Caraman, formerly Miss Clara Ward of Detroit, who eloped with a Hungarian gypsy musician, will come to the United States in the spring. The name of the New York Theatre at which she will make her début has not yet been announced. Mr. Ellis should engage the gypsy without fail for a Symphony concert. Ten to one he is a fiddler of pronounced temperament.

Now that the long-lost birthplace of Buddha has been discovered, will not the rising young Chelas in Boston send a suitably inscribed tablet to mark the spot? There is so much sentimental pity here for oppressed foreigners as long as they stay in the country where they are oppressed; there are so many calls across the ocean for subscriptions to memorial windows and towers and tablets to dead Englishmen, that a spontaneous gift in memory of the gentle Buddha would be an agreeable change. Or is Buddhism no longer in fashion here?

Phrenologists tell us that the social brain is divided into three parts: 1, love for the opposite sex; 2, love of society, and 3, love of luxuries. In ordinary circumstances a man would be honest, but an abnormally developed social brain causes him to "borrow" his employer's money with the intention to pay it back. This is all very interesting, but how is the abnormally social brain to be reduced to proper dimensions?

Mrs. Meynell voices the observation of many on each side of the Atlantic when she says, "The worst of children in the country is their inveterate impulse to use death as their toy. Immediately on the discovery of some pretty insect one tender child calls to the other 'Dead it.'"

And Mrs. Meynell's child who "at some seven years old dwelt with delight upon the contrast of a white kid glove and a bright red wrist," lives right here in Boston, and her name is Legion. If you have a pet affectation, or a discomforting infirmity, be sure your child will find you out. Is not the naïveté of childhood in reality the most cynical malice?

The Earnest Student of Sociology who is just back from the Maine Woods, whither he fled to avoid the mercantile joys and sorrows of Christmas, is again at his pleasant rooms in Cherry Street. "I am convinced," he writes, "that a book-seller is a man who knows nothing about books."

Dec 31, 1896

Aristophanes taught the Athenians that true gentlemen ought not to be able to read or write. Imagination and memory are what men want. Learn your Homer and your Solon. Get poetry and law into your brain, the one will teach you the pleasure and peril of life, the other its method and management.

They say "The Australian Ballot" was the original title of "The Sign of the Cross."

The press agent of the Princess de Caraman-Chimay, or the Princess Chimay and Caraman, or the Princess de Chimay-Caraman, is earning his money. Telegraph wires of Europe sizzle and sputter. Strange things in the Atlantic see the cable turn a dull red. Traffic in the streets of Budapest is blocked, so great is the crowd eager to see the Princess and her gypsy fiddling lover. "The Princess blazes in diamonds." The name of the fiddler, by the way, is Janos Rigo. The passionate press agent does not say whether Mr. Rigo is a member of the powerful Hunyadi Janos family whose health has been drunk in thousands of bottles. Patience, gentlemen, patience. The Princess may yet assist here in the csárdás while her gypsy lover fiddles delirlously and holds the hat.

Stay, the reports are conflicting. Is the name "Janos," or "Jancsi" or "Janesi"? Let us not burst in ignorance. At any rate the Princess loves him dearly. His name, with a serpent, the letter C, and a ducal crown, is tattooed on the upper part of her arm. Now tattooing is regarded by some sociologists of today as a mark of degeneration.

And there are women here in Boston, smug, refined, irreproachable women, who, reading of this passionate freak of the Princess, envy her the freedom and unconventionality of her mental operations. They sit at meat with their parents or their husbands and talk pleasantly about the Bram trial, the late strike, music and the drama, and the health of Aunt Maria; but their thoughts are in Budapest. They find themselves looking down from a hotel window on a gaping crowd. They sit in a box at the opera and they blaze in diamonds. By their side is always Janos, or Jancsi, or Janesi, whose eyes are fishpools of love; and he whispers, "Yeckorus there was a Rommany Chal who was a boro koorin' mush, a surreio mush, a boro-wasteni mush, werry toonery an' hunnalo." But they are in Boston, and Mr. Hollingswatt calls about 9 o'clock to arrange a series of readings for the benefit of a Unitarian chapel.

There is a new book entitled "Audiences." Is the leading chapter headed: "How to get there"?

Does anybody say that the benefit concert to Colonel Mapleson was not given with "charitable purpose"?

Royer-Collard is to be envied for the invention of a phrase. He described a notorious fellow as follows: "He is not an ass, he is the ass."

The King of the Cannibal Islands is married. There was a time when the wedding supper would have made a sensation even in New York.

"Woman-pudding with baby sauce,
And little boy-ple for second course,
He ate them all without remorse,
The King of the Cannibal Islands."

But Colonel John F. Hobbs, the present King, is said to have forsaken the grand old civilization of his predecessors.

The Old Year is dying, and no one seems to care.

At the third annual Sketch Exhibition, which closed the 24th at the American Girl's Club, Paris, there were about 200 sketches. Miss McChesney's "The Dying Einhers" was the super-excellent exhibit, if the Daily Messenger may be believed. Other American artists who exhibited were the Misses Hawley, Taylor, Goodwin, Evans, Lesser, Nourse, Halliday, Well, Duff, Osgood, McDowell, Meyrick and Chapman. Miss Ogden exhibited some sculptures.

January 1, 1897

The birth of a new year is of an interest too wide to be predermited by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

And then did we, the seven, start from our seats in horror, and stand trembling, and shuddering, and aghast: for the tones in the voice of the shadow were not the tones of any one being, but of a multitude of beings, and, varying in their cadences from syllable to syllable fell duskily upon our ears in the well remembered and familiar accents of many thousand departed friends.

Hazlitt begins his essay "On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth" with these sentences: "No young man believes he shall ever die. It was a saying of my brother's and a fine one."

After forty has struck its bell for you, you begin to think of the inevitable visit of the Lean Fellow with a scythe. Of course he will not rap at your door this year, or even ask through the tube whether you are at home. The doctor for the Tartarus Life Insurance Company examined you two years ago. He thumped, and listened, and did all sorts of extraordinary things to you. "Sound as a nut, my boy!" You are not extravagant in your life. To be sure, you work steadily, and you seldom have a holiday; but your habits are regular, for you take a cocktail or a scotch-and-soda before dinner, and a couple of bottles of beer before going to bed.

Only a week ago you felt a queer tingling in the fingers of your left hand. Your arm—your left arm felt as though you had slept on it; it was dull and aching. The symptoms were not as pronounced the next day, but you remember that your father's long, painful, fatal sickness began with that queer tingling in the fingers of the left hand. You remember he said to you, "I don't understand it; of course it doesn't amount to anything." You remember also that three of his brothers made the same complaint the same year, and today they are beyond the compliments of the season.

You say to yourself, "The last year now seems as though it had been a month; today is 1897." The question creeps through you, "Shall I see 1898?"

And then you play the philosopher. You have known success. You have wronged no one deliberately, although perhaps you have been rather near in business. You have given your wife a decent allowance, and on the whole have always shown forbearance when she was inclined toward hysteria. You have voted in accordance with your business interests and thus acted as a good citizen. You belong to a reputable club, and, as a member of the Election Committee, you voted for any applicant that bore a respected name even when you knew he was unfit. Why should you fear to die?

You read for consolation. You read Bacon, but you find his language formal and cold. Montaigne is nearer, more human, especially when he speaks with Florio's voice. "All the time you live, you steale it from death: it is at her charge. The continuall worke of your life, is to contrive death; you are in death, during the time you continue in life: for, you are after death, when you are no longer living. * * * The same way you came from death to life, returne without passion or amazement, from life to death; your death is but a peece of the world's order, and but a parcell of the world's life. * * * I verily beleeve, these fearefull lookes, and astonishing countenances wherewith we encompasse it, are those that more amaze and terrifie us than death: a new forme of life; the out-cries of mothers; the wailing of women and children; the visitation of dismald and swouning friends: the assistance of a number of pale-looking, distracted, and whining servants; a darke chamber: tapers burning round about; our couch beset round with Physitians and Preachers; and to conclude, nothing but horror and astonishment on every side of us: are we not alreadie dead and buried."

And you read Alexander Smith on "Death and Dying," how that "Death, terrible to look forward to, may be pleasant even to look back at"; but you are not comforted. He says "Death is the most ordinary thing in the world"; but you would fain meet with something extraordinary. You respect the memory of old Lawrence, who in the 16th century and in a Shetland isle, married at 100, went out a-fishing alone in his boat and a-fowling with his gun by sea and land; and arriving at the age of 140 he semed rather to be dissolved by age than any distemper. You are willing to take oath that Swift exaggerated the melancholy plight of the Struldbrugs.

Nor are you cheered by the thought that the Great Khan, Shakspeare, Phryne, Alderman O'Hooligan, and Miss Rita Ripp, the dashing music hall singer, are already beneath the sod. You care not for deaf-and-dumb association with Kings and counsellors of the earth in the earth. You echo the cry of Lamb: "Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and irony itself—do these things go out with life?"

You are in the office. The clerks have just wished you a Happy New Year. Your fingers are still tingling. You must see a doctor. He will smile in a reassuring manner; he will tell you to drink lithia water freely; he will prescribe a diet; but you hear that Lean Fellow whetting his scythe. Your face will, little by little, be contracted; it will be changed into a mask. You will walk with difficulty. A flight of stairs will set you a-panting. You will tell your friends you suffer slightly from indigestion, but the pain is at the heart, and you know it. And then—perhaps at dead of night, perhaps at the table—perhaps in the street car—you will feel a terrible pang, you will twist your arms above your head, you will cry "I can't stand this any longer." The Lean Fellow will have made his call.

Your wife will forget your irritability and knagging and set you on a pedestal. Your name and the date of your death will appear on the bulletin board at the club. Members as they saunter by will say, "So, Thudicum's dead. I thought he wouldn't last long. He had been looking like the devil for some time. Well, he wasn't such a bad fellow. Wonder if he left any property." And Old Chimes and Auger will drink to each other's health.

I pass death with the dying, and birth
with the new-washed babe, and am not contained between my hat and boots.

And as to you life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths,
No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before.

And I know I am deathless,
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass,
I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue cut with a burnt stick at night.
My foothold is tenoned and mortised in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the amplitude of time.

Jan 2. 97

And the curse which I invoked of Him and of her, a saint in Heliysion, should I prove traitorous to that promise, involved a penalty the exceeding great horror of which will not permit me to make record of it here.

It is not unlikely that you will today before 9 o'clock P. M. abandon the resolution or break the promise made to yourself or another yesterday. Do not be ashamed of the breaking. Blush rather at the weakness or the necessity that inspired the unstable vow.

When a man tells you, "My word is as good as my bond," you are inclined to accept neither. When a man looks at you with a cold, hard-boiled eye and says, "You know me," you mentally note the fact that he is no better than Swett, who wishes the loan of $6 35 "for just 24 hours," and repeats half-a-dozen times, "I'll pay you tomorrow at 3 P. M.—no 3.30 P. M., in the office of the Mansard Hotel; be sure and be there."

Be discreet on the stairway of an apartment house, ye knagging couples. Living rooms are near the stair-wells and thin are the partitions. As we were reading yesterday an ingenious work On the Advantages of Celibacy, a shrill-edged voice was heard without the filmsy door, and it divided the shuddering day that struggled through the skylight. "Now John don't you say one disagreeable thing, or you'll spoil my whole afternoon." Wheezes, puffs, heavy boots; but there was no male reply. A moment, and there was a cry of welcome on the floor above.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, who prates about the morals of music till music seems absolutely immoral, has written an account of his adventures in the wilds and jungles of America. It appears that he is an admirer of Walt Whitman, which will cause some of us to pinch ourselves and question the soundness of our views concerning the Kosmos. Mr. Haweis quotes Walt as saying,

"I will throw my barbaric yap
Over the roofs of the world."

But Whitman did not say this. He did say,

"I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."

Accuracy, accuracy, Mr. Haweis, even in the destructive whirlwind of your admiration.

Massachusetts is nearer ancient Rome than is New York. "For it was a custom at Rome upon New Year's Day for all tradesmen to work a little in their business by way of omen; for luck's sake, that they might have constant business all the year after."

On the 2d of January, 1894, Mr. Edmond de Goncourt sat opposite a man in a railway car, whose face was the color of papier mâché; there were nervously creased lines; his eyes were mildly ironical; from his conversation, he was a composer of music. Talking with a painter, he said of the composers of the 18th century: "The first preoccupying thought of those men was to express their sentiments. Trade with them was only a servant—with us it is the boss."

The keepers of the boarding houses do tremble, the joints of their loins are loosed, and their knees smite one against another at the sound of the name of Dr. Harrington, who can tell oleomargarine from butter with one hand tied behind him.

Some years ago Lyon Playfair told the House of Commons that good oleomargarine was better than bad butter, and would supersede it. Punch took the statement as a peg on which it hung this Swinburnian domestic threnody:

"I am she whose nameless naked name to utter
The strong are weak;
The suet-sprung soft sweet sister of bad butter,
Yet rid of reek.
I, that, molten o'er the fires beneath me burning,
From void of vat,
Uprise supremer, in this my creamless churning,
First-born of fat!
By the bitter cry of bilious man downtrodden
'Neath trick of trade:
By the spade—the saffron'd smoothness salt and sodden—
Not called a spade;
By the ghastly grease in seethe of soapstone blended,
Nice, yet not nice;
By the rancid richness mutely mixed and mended,
Prime at the price;
By the fetid foulness which feed and fatten
With slimy spread;
By the blind brute bite of boyhood bound to batten
On buttered bread;
By the toothsome taste of tongues that ache and hunger
For something sound;
Take me—the cheap churn-child of the chaste cheesemonger—
And try a pound."

"On one occasion she surprised a venerable doctor of divinity of this city by her knowledge of the Aryan language." No wonder that she devastated homes. But what thousands really wish to know is whether Aryan is here applied to the division of languages which includes Sanskrit, Persian, Greek, Zend, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic, with their modern representatives, or whether it is restricted to the Asiatic portion of these. Perhaps "the venerable doctor of divinity" will enlighten us.

Jan 2, 1897

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Smetana's "Wallenstein's Lager" Played Here for the First Time —Debut of Mr. George W. Proctor in a New Piano Concerto.

The program of the Symphony concert last night in Music Hall, Mr. Emil Paur conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Fidelio".....Beethoven
Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 2, in F minor, op. 47.....Schuett
1. Allegro risoluto.
2. Andante tranquillo.
3. Allegro vivace.
(First time in Boston.)
Symphonic Poem, "Wallenstein's Lager" Smetana
(First time in Boston.)
Symphony No. 3, in F major, op. 90..Brahms

The program-book said that "Wallenstein's Camp" belongs to Smetana's "posthumous works."

Smetana was conductor of the Philharmonic Society in Gothenberg, Sweden, from 1858 to 1861. While he was occupying this position, he wrote at least two symphonic poems, "Richard III." (1858) and "Wallenstein's Lager" (1859), the year of his first wife's death."

This piece is remarkable, first of all for its refreshing honesty. There is here no striving for effect, no coquetting with the audience. The man says his say very frankly; he gives his idea in music of Schiller's play, and if the trumpets and drums and cymbals annoy the sensitive, the composer is, at least, faithful to his subject. It must be said that in the performance, Mr. Paur did not always observe the due proportion that should exist between percussion instruments and the rest of the orchestra. There was one general fortissimo in which only cymbals and drums were heard; but the composer had no such intention. Nor was Mr. Paur happy in his conception of the trombone and tuba recitatives.

Mr. Apthorp says, "Rheinberger, too, has some reference to the preaching Capuchin in the Lager movement (scherzo) of his Wallenstein symphony." "Has some reference" is good. Rheinberger includes this sermon in his title to the scherzo.

* * *

Mr. George W. Proctor made his début here in a concerto that was not worth the playing. Schütt, the author of two piano concertos, a piano trio, "Poesiés d' Automne," "Carnaval Mignon," a serenade for strings, variations for two pianos, small pieces for piano, songs, and a comic opera, "Signor For-

[illegible] nown to [illegible] h[illegible] [illegible] his [illegible]ate for violin and piano, which was played Dec. 29, 1894, by Messrs. T. Adamowski and Arthur Whiting.

The concerto heard last night was first played by Schütt to Leschetitzky and other invited artists, and then at the fourth Philharmonic concert in Vienna in January, 1896. The work calls for little attention. The talent of Schütt lies in piquant harmonies and capricious rhythms in miniature; for in pieces of long breath he displays neither cohesion nor force. The concerto does not hang together. There are a few agreeable moments, as the second theme in the first movement. The prettiness of the second movement is conventional. The finale is thankless and drearily vulgar. The orchestration is bombastic and flippant.

Mr. Proctor has no doubt piano-talent. He displayed taste at times, and he was sincere in the performance of a most insincere work. His technique is as yet imperfectly developed, as was seen and heard in his full chords which were without [illegible]sonance. The first thing for him to do is to loosen the stiffness of his arms and wrists. His tone is at present without marked color; and he made no decided impression of individuality. It is only fair to say that he was handicapped by the concerto; but on the other hand he gave last night no adequate reason for his appearance at a Symphony concert; unless one of the objects of these concerts is to furnish young pianists an opportunity of displaying in public what they have not learned as well as learned in study abroad.

* * *

The respectable overture to "Fidelio" was played in a sufficiently respectable fashion, and in the first movement of Brahms's noble symphony, Mr. Paur showed a singular idea of the meaning of "allegro con brio." Why not reverse the case occasionally, Mr. Paur, and give us a lively adagio?

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Where They Found the Libretto of "Half-a-King."

An Account of the Original and the First Pierette.

Schiller's Wallestein Trilogy in Opera and Concert.

"Half-a-King," libretto adapted from the French by Harry B. Smith, music by Ludwig Englarder, will be produced for the first time in Boston at the Tremont Theatre tomorrow night.

So far as the libretto is concerned, this operetta is founded on "Le Roi de Carreau"—"The King of Diamonds"—libretto by Leterrler and Vanloo, music by Théodore de Lajarte.

Théodore Edouard Dufaure Lajarte was born at Bordeaux July 10, 1826. He entered the Paris Conservatory in 1850. His works for the stage are "Le Secret de l'oncle Vincent," 1855; "Le Duel du Commandeur," 1857; "Mam'zelle Pénélope," 1859; "Le neveu de Gulliver," [illegible]; "La Farce de Maistre Villon," [illegible]; "Pierrot ténor," 1876; "Le Portrait," 1883; "Le Roi de Carreau," 1883. He wrote music for the church and military bands. He is also well known and esteemed as a writer on musical subjects. He contributed freely to the press. His chief volumes are "Instruments Sax et Fanfares civiles," 1867; "Bibliothèque Musicale du théâtre de l'Opéra," two volumes, 1876, a superb and invaluable work; "Traité de composition musicale," 1880. He edited "Chefs-d'oeuvre classiques de l'opéra français," and was librarian of the Paris Opéra. He died June 20, 1890, at Paris.

* * *

"Le Roi de Carreau" was first produced at the Nouveautés, Paris, Oct. [illegible] 1883. The cast was as follows:

La Roche Trumeau....................Brasseur
Tirechappe....................Berthelier
Agenor....................Vauthier
Mistigris....................Albert Brasseur
Benvenuta......Marguerite Vaillant-Couturier
Lucinde....................Emilie Mily-Meyer

In Mr. Smith's version Agenor is changed to Honoré and Benvenuta appears as Pierette.

"Le Roi de Carreau" ran 74 nights in 1883; 14 in 1884, and 13 in 1885.

The story in the original is as follows: Benvenuta is the dancing girl of a party of vagabonds commanded by Tirechappe. She was found by them as a child, and in her clothing was the half of a playing card, the king of diamonds. These vagabonds attack Agenor; Benvenuta begs him off, and of course falls in love with him. Now Agenor is betrothed to Lucinde, whom he has never seen. Tirechappe abducts the Baron and his daughter Lucinde, disguises himself and his followers, presents himself as the Baron and Benvenuta as Lucinde, although his son Mistigris loves Benvenuta. Agenor is about to marry Benvenuta, when she confesses the deception. The real nobleman is rescued. Tirechappo is about to be hanged. Benvenuta recalls Agenor's promise, given when he was in danger. The other half of the card is produced by the Duke. As Benvenuta is the daughter of La Roche Trumeau, she is a fit bride for Agenor. General rejoicing, and the wedding follows, with a singular song about the pitcher that should not be be broken prematurely.

Mr. Smith's version, so far as the plot is concerned, is not miles away from the story of Leterrier and Vanloo, as you will see tomorrow night.

"Half a King" was produced for the first time by Francis Wilson at New York, Sept. 14, 1896.

* * *

The career of Marguerite Vaillant-Couturier, who created the part of Benvenuta (Pierette), has not been without adventure.

Born at Paris in 1860, she took the first prize brilliantly in opera and opéra-comique at the Paris Conservatory, 1878, when she sang a scene from "Mireille." The managers of the Monnaie Brussels, wondered at the freshness of her voice, her dazzling beauty, the charm and grace of her acting, and they signed an engagement with her. But the French Government had given Carvalho, manager of the Opéra-Comique, Paris, the first right to laureats of the Conservatory. Miss Vaillant therefore was obliged to pay a fine of $3000. She made her début at the Monnaie in "Mireille" in September, 1878, and that year she received $360 a month. She became the wife of Couturier, a young baritone, who was in her class at the Conservatory, and followed her to Brussels. They were married in 1879. Couturier received $600 a month. She then sang at Marseilles, Nantes, Geneva, and made her début in Paris at the Nouveautés, creating Micaela in Lecocq's "Coeur et la Main," 1882. During the season of '84-'85 she sang Manon in Massenet's opera at Brussels, where the part had been created March 18 of that year by Arnaud. She then received $700 a month, $100 more than Rose Caron, the dramatic soprano. She afterward sang in Buenos Ayres, St. Petersburg, Nice. She appeared at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, in 1888, where she sang Carmen and created a part in Litolff's "Escadron Volant de la Reine," Dec. 14. Then she went to The Hague, and late in '94 she was at Toulouse.

* * *

Lamoureux is said to lead a symphony by Beethoven so that it is played with amazing accuracy and perfect attention to detail. "It is inhuman," said one critic in London; "if only there were one blemish I should rest happy in my critical dignity."

* * *

Do you remember Mr. Eugène de Danewardt, who sang here a few years ago? He appeared at a concert of the Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society Dec. 17 at the Queen's Hall, London. According to the Pall Mall Gazette, Mr. de Danckwardt sang a couple of French songs to the great joy of the really large audience, and was even encored." Observe the felicitous use of the word "even."

* * *

Smetana's symphonic-poem "Wallenstein's Camp," given for the first time in Boston at the Symphony Concert last week, is by no means the only piece suggested by Schiller's play. There is a long and formidable list of works. The one given here is no doubt incomplete.

There are these operas:

"Wallenstein," by August Ritter von Adelburg, composed about 1860, never produced.

"Wallenstein," by Pietro Musone, produced at Naples, Aug. 19, 1873, at the Teatro del Fondo. The chief parts were sung by Miss Rubini and Viganotti and Maurelli. The success was short-lived.

"Wallenstein," in four acts, by Denza, was produced at Naples, May 3, 1876, at the Teatro del Fondo, with considerable success.

"Wallenstein," text by de Lauzières and Panzacchi, music by G. R. Ruiz, was produced at the Teatro Communale, Bologna, Dec. 4, 1877. The chief interest was in the love-episode, and Schiller's views were not always respected. A success of esteem.

"Wallenstein," by Filippo Buccio del Marchesi della Conca. It was composed in 1881. Was it ever produced?

And here is a list of music written for the production of the play in whole or in part:

"Wallensteins Lager," music by Franz Destouches. Unpublished. Riemann says it was played at Weimar, Oct. 12, 1798, at the first performance of the play, at the opening of the new theatre. Schaefer says it was not performed until 1805. Destouches was the composer of the popular melody, "Wohl auf, Kameraden, aufs Pferd." But this claim has been disputed.

"Wallensteins Lager," music by Bernhard Anselm Weber. Unpublished. First performed at Berlin Nov. 28, 1803. This music lived in Berlin till the middle of this century.

"Piccolomini," music by Karl Wilhelm Henning. Unpublished. Composed and performed in 1828 at Berlin. Overture, entr'actes, incidental music.

"Wallensteins Tod," music by [illegible] Henning. Unpublished. [illegible] 11, 18[illegible], Berlin. Overture, entr'actes, march and battle music.

"Wallensteins Tod," music by Karl Gustav Kupsch. Unpublished. 18[illegible] at Freiburg in Breisgau. Praised loudly. Overture, 4 entr'actes, march, battle music, horn and trumpet fanfares.

"Wallensteins Tod," music by August Pabst. Unpublished. 1859, at Königsberg. Praised loudly. Overture, entr'actes and incidental music. The Poppenheim march is introduced in its original form, and afterward varied.

"Wallensteins Tod," march and battle music for the third act by B. A. Weber. Published in 1804. Used at the Berlin Theatre until very lately, and it may be used now occasionally.

"Wallensteins Lager," overture by Georg Andreas Henkel, op. 6. Published in 1[illegible]31.

"Wallenstein," overture to the Trilogy, by Emil Büchner. Unpublished. First performed at the Schiller festival Nov. 10, 1853, at Leipsic. David, Moscheles, Liszt admired it much. Performed in 1867 at Meiningen, again that year at Leipsic. "One of the few works worthy of association with the trilogy."

"Wallensteins Lager," overture by Friedrich Rosenkranz. Unpublished. First performed Nov. 10, 1859, at Augsburg. Still played in German cities—Schwerin for instance—before the play. The composer was honored by the Prince Regent Wilhelm.

"Wallensteins Lager," overture by Louis Schlottmann, op. 23. Composed in 1866; first produced in Berlin (Singakademie) April 6, 1867. Published in 1869.

"Wallensteins Lager," overture by Sigmund Kerling, op. 62. Published in 1876. Recommended to theatres where there is a small orchestra.

"Wallenstein, symphonisches Tongemälde," by Joseph Rheinberger. Composed in 1866. Produced for the first time in November, 1866 at Munich. Published in 1867. The four movements are entitled "Wallenstein," "Thekla," "Wallensteins Lager und Kapuzinerpredigt," "Wallensteins Tod."

"Die Wallenstein-Trilogie, symphonisches Tongemälde," by Heinrich Schmidt. Unpublished. Composed at Bayreuth in 1885. The music is said to be ultra-modern. I find no note of a performance.

"Trilogie de Wallenstein," by Vincent d' Indy. Begun in 1874, finished in 1880. The second part, "Les Piccolomini," was first played by Pasdeloup in Paris in 1875. The overture "Mort de Wallenstein" was played March 14, 1880, in Paris. The whole work was played at a Lamoureux concert in Paris in 1883. In 1890 it was played at Brussels. In 1891 at Cologne.

Then there are many settings of Thekla's song, the reiterlied, and there are settings of Thekla's two monologues. Of all these Schubert's "Mädchens Klage" is the most celebrated. It was orchestrated in 1859 by F. Lachner for use in Munich, and by F. Hiller for use in Cologne.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

"Andréa Chenier" pleased at Genoa.

St. Saëns's "Phryné" met with a fiasco at Milan.

Pauline Metzler-Löwy, singer at Leipsic, has retired to private life.

Carl Prill of Leipsic will be concertmaster at Bayreuth this summer.

They did not care for Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth" at Munich.

Asger Hamerik has written "Erntetanz" for female chorus and orchestra.

The Royal Academy Operatic Class, London, has given Gounod's "Mock Doctor."

An English exchange speaks of "the perfect intonation" of Antoinette Sterling!

"Parsifal" was given in concert form at Amsterdam Dec. 3 by the Excelsior Verein.

"The Holy Elisaheth," music by Fritz Kaiser, has been produced at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Tschaikowsky's E flat string quartet was played for the first time in London last month.

The posthumous literary works of Rubinstein will be published in "Vom Fels zum Meer."

Jeanne Gréta, soprano, made a favorable impression at the Crystal Palace concert, Dec. 12.

A new opera, "Der Liebe Mocat," by Gerhard Schjelderup, will be produced this month at Dresden.

Ella Russell sang in "St. Paul" at the Albert Hall, London, Dec. 10. "She is a most unequal singer."

Teresa Carreno played lately at Leipsic in one concert Beethoven's E flat concerto, Rubinstein's D minor concerto and Grieg's A minor concerto.

Otto Hegner won most favorable reviews in Berlin last month by his performance of Beethoven's E flat concerto and d'Albert's second concerto in E major.

Felix Weingartner has finished a symphonic-poem entitled "Die Gefilde der Seligen." It was inspired by a picture by Arnold Böcklin. It will be played for the first time at Mannheim.

Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad," Götz's "Taming of the Shrew" and Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulès," and "Iphigenia in Tauris" will be produced this season at the Berlin Opera House.

"A miniature suite" by Percy Pitt, founded on Verlaine's "Fêtes Galantes" was performed for the first time at a Saturday Promenade Concert, London, Dec. 12. Mr. Pitt was born in London in 1870. He studied in Leipsic and Munich.

A tablet has been put on the house of Wagner at Triebschen near Lucerne, and it bears this inscription: "Richard Wagner lived in this house from April, 1866, to April, 1872. He finished here 'Die Meistersinger,' Siegfried,' 'Götterdämmerung,' 'Kaisermarsch' and 'Siegfried-Idyll.'"

Teresa Carreno has decided to play the Rubinstein D minor concerto on the occasion of her re-entree before a New York audience at the Philharmonic Society public rehearsal and concert, Jan. 8 and 9, 18[illegible]. Mr. Rudolph Aronson announces Mrs. Carreno's first piano recital at the Hotel Waldorf, Thursday afternoon, Jan. 11.

M. Leon Delafosse has already established for himself a reputation in London as a clever and agreeable pianist, and on Thursday night (Dec. 10) he gave a concert at St. James's Hall, consisting entirely of works by M. Gabriel Fauré, a Parisian composer, whose music is tolerably well known in our drawing rooms. Whether it was wise for M. Delafosse thus to limit his program is an open question, but as it seems to have been a concert intended chiefly to honor M. Fauré, who journeyed from Paris to be present, we suppose the object in view was successfully attained, as there was a large and enthusiastic audience present. M. Fauré was associated with MM. Johannes Wolff, Hobday and Ludwig in his second quartet, and with M. Delafosse in duets arranged for two pianos. He also accompanied that superb singer, Mdlle. Camille Landi, in a set of his songs. M. Delafosse limited his contributions to five short pianoforte pieces, one of which, a "Romance sans paroles," should quickly become a favorite with young lady pianists of a tender disposition.——Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

The Roman correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette thus describes a new ballet to be produced at Rome this season: Luigi Manzotti, the well-known author of several popular ballets, among which are "Excelsior" and "Amor," has announced another for this season, called "Sport." The name roused so much curiosity that the author has given to the public a few hints as to what may be expected. "Bicycling," he said, "will form a great part of the ballet, but I cannot dedicate a great tableau to it because of its instability. The bicycle and immobility have nothing in common. The wheel scene treats of a company of bicyclists, men and women—the latter in rational costume—who stop at a small inn in the country for refreshments, and there improvise a country fête, in which the bicycle will figure largely, and for which Signor Mareneo is writing some very characteristic music, where bells, horns, and trumpets predominate. Among other sports there will be races, and the last tableau will represent the apotheosis of sport in all its manifestations, hunting, shooting, fencing, climbing, skating, bicycling, rowing, etc. Of big tableaux, such as the triumphs of Caesar in "Amor," there will be five, the first dedicated to climbing, with a scene representing the ascension of the Rockies in the United States; the second to skating, with a night scene of a carnival on a frozen Canadian lake; the third, Longchamps on the day of the Grand Prix; the fourth, a regatta at Venice; and the fifth, the Apotheosis of Sport before mentioned. This, however, will not be all. These five will be joined by lesser ones, illustrating sport in all its developments. When Signor Manzotti was questioned as to the difficulties of training the ballerine, he smiled and said that it was not so hard as might seem at first sight, especially the bicycling, as all the ladies were fervent cyclists and clever in the use of their "bikes." "I, I only," he added with a laugh, "know nothing whatever about it."

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "Of music as she is wrote there is, for most of us, at least enough. Of music as it is proposed she should be written, some of us, perhaps, may feel inclined to think there will be too much. Here, for instance, is a musician who has been admitted to practice, blandly suggesting to the managers of the Paris Opera that M. Falguière, the famous sculptor's 'cockfight' would lend itself admirably to musical expression as an orchestral suite, wherein 'shrill clarion' effects might be introduced with quite new and startling results. After that, the way would be quite clear for, say, a 'Laccoon concerto—of course, with serpent obbligato ad lib.—or for the rendering in appropriately 'rough music' of a Charivari cartoon. Our own Punch, too, could readily be made to furnish themes for the reeds, while the Temple Bar Griffin and the Piccadilly Circus Mercury might, under the deft manipulation of the heavenly maid, have a lot more to answer for yet. Moreover, the statuesque composer is not alone in his singularity. One Conservatoire prizeman is engaged upon musical rendition of 'L'Assommoir,' and another, with perhaps a keener eye for the fitness of things, busy with a comic opera interpretation of Ibsen. The next generation may be regaled with an orchestration of the music of the spheres."

Piano-makers and pianists may be interested in this review, published a few days ago in London: "Last night, at the Institue of Arts, Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch delivered an extremely interesting lecture upon the older musical instuments for which Bach, Purcell, and other composers of the eighteenth century wrote. One must carefully, however, make a distinction in what apparently was an unmitigated attack upon the pianoforte. We do not believe that Mr. Dolmetsch, under any circumstances, cares particularly for that instrument; but he was ready to acknowledge that as a separate means of musical communication it was open to great composers to write for it, mentioning particularly in this connection Schumann and Brahms—we waited vainly for the name of Chopin. Still, here was his chief point: the harpsichord and the spinet—to take these two—were instruments in use and practice when Purcell wrote his exquisite sonatas. The harpsichord is so entirely an instrument of itself, with its own genius, its own (so to say) attendant sprite, that to transfer compositions written for it to the pianoforte is to destroy their point, their meaning, their significance. So far, it is natural that every thinking man not fanatically devoted to the methods, say of the Philharmonic in its recent Purcell celebrations, must agree with Mr. Dolmetsch. In his contentions for the purely musical superiority of the harpsichord over the pianoforte not everybody will so easily follow him; but he made an admirable point in his argument for the greater excellence of the old instrument in accompaniment. The harpsichord will always

[illegible] with the strings of the ordinary [illegible] every one knows that the [piano]forte does not agree with any [illegible] instrument.' One matter, however, remains a mystery. Mr. Dolmetsch appealed to the phonograph. He explained first that the hammer-sound 'of the pianoforte does not, in time, reach the ear accustomed to it, which, as a matter of fact, hears the music only.' Triumphantly, then, he declared that the [phonograph] records the music of the [illegible] here exactly, but that with the [pianoforte] the result is disastrous, 'because,' as he said, amid much laughter and applause, 'the phonograph is not trained to forget the defects of the piano!' But we hesitate: after all, it is the ear that listens to both phonograph and piano: if the phonograph records correctly, how comes it that the ear, which forgets the 'hammer-noise,' in the piano, hears it in the phonograph? True, the phonograph is not trained like the ear; no more is the piano. How, then, does the ear record different results? Mr. Dolmetsch did not explain. His most interesting lecture was illustrated by the playing of various compositions by Purcell and others, which it was a most precious experience to hear played thus authentically."

The Pall Mall Gazette speaks in very appreciative words of the "Life and Letters of Sir Charles Hallé: being an Autobiography (1819-1860), with Correspondence and Diaries; edited by his son, C. E. Hallé, and his daughter, Marie Hallé": "There is one profound disappointment to note in the autobiography of Sir Charles Hallé, and one rare enough to the general run of personal memoirs—namely, that he never lived to finish it. The musician on the chronicle has been so much with us lately—what with Gounod, Arditi and Henry Russell and we know not who else—and has for the most part, had so little to [say], or, at any rate, so little sense of humor in the selection of what he does say, that it was with some trepidation that we approached a new collection of musical memoirs. There was no necessity for fear. Sir Charles Hallé has justified himself not only because he did in fact lead an interesting and eventful life, but also because he knew, for the most part, what to say and what to leave unsaid, because he had a very pretty sense of humor, and because he could, moreover, write the English language with remarkable discretion and ability. So far as his own contribution toward the record of his life goes, it would be difficult to praise it too highly. Of his own exploits he is modest enough to say absolutely nothing more than is permitted by the barest necessity. Indeed, but for our sane and natural certitude, that no man, unless he were possessed of considerable address and ability, could have had such associations and received such high consideration as Hallé himself has not been able to hide from his readers, there would really be nothing here to shew that he had in life accomplished anything of great and singular meritoriousness. The impression that he most delicately succeeds in giving is one of a charming and refined personality, warm in enthusiasm, fervent in art, eager in friendship, a trifle contemptuous of excess in all things, restrained, humorous, not too ambitious, and lavishly gifted with powers of correct and forcible expression. * * * The book is a mine of amusing anecdotes, all of them really well told. As a rule, too, Hallé was the pink of discretion; we can find only one instance of a revelation which we would have suppressed. All the world knows the story of Paganini's benefaction of Berlioz, upon whom he conferred the sum of 20,000 francs. Hallé here tells us that he has it on excellent authority that the gift really came from Bertin, the proprietor of the Journal des Débats, who 'persuaded Paganini to appear as the donor of the money.' Now Berlioz had already made a confidant of the world in this matter; he had told the story with infinite appreciation of its significance and its worth; we ourselves, the world, had accepted it with every token of respect and pleasure, and the confidence on both sides—on the one hand of astonished and not unchildlike delight, on the other of pleased acquiescence—had been mutual. We do not, therefore, thank Sir Charles Hallé for destroying so delightful a legend; if its truth were doubtful, we prefer the [illegible] truth; and even now, such is [illegible] that gossip of this kind would reflect upon the newly-found [donor] of the gift, we prefer to think that Hallé was misled by what might, after all, have been an easy enough mistake among the casual utterances of daily conversation. There are many passages which deserve quotation; but we must refrain. The book, let it be said in a [word], conclusively proves how true a [judge] Berlioz was when he named Hallé [the] Chevalier 'sans peur et sans reproche.' His earliest letters to his parents, so far back as 1838, demonstrate the [sweet]ness of his character, and the [kindli]ness, the virility, the determination of the man. Moreover, he seems to have understood minutely the exact nature of his limitations. He was a great [illegible] and in that character he [played] his part nobly before the public; [he never] bored us with superfluous com[ment] or [illegible]. His musical judgment was [illegible] by his temperament, which [illegible] rightly, sometimes doubtfully. He disliked 'The Redemption,' and we do not wonder; he thought 'Tristan' crude, and that we might have [expec]ted, however we may regret it. But we would not have him otherwise. Alone among recent memoirs this book must rank as the sincere and true expression of a singularly noble character. Other [men] may have been as great who have written autobiography. Few have written so well." The book is published by Smith, Elder & Co., London.

Jan 4 1897

I divide those who have quite passed the boundary of Marriageland into two classes—old maids and maiden ladies. * * * The maiden lady has perchance lost in war or wreck or by disease the only man she could have married. She remembers him always; the grief of the first memory has turned to a happier recollection, and, as the years pass, strengthens the anticipation of meeting him again. Meanwhile, according to her state of life, she does what is wise and right. She feels no humiliation in being alone, while her sisters are grandmothers and her nieces mothers. She knows that though most marriages are made on earth, there are marriages which will be made in heaven.

There is a sewing-woman in Boston who is prematurely old. A few years ago she was probably handsome; her features are striking, her hair is black and abundant; her figure is still trim, but care, worry, poverty have choked her vivacity and cut lines in her face as with a knife. She has four young children and a shiftless, drunken husband. Behindhand with her work, unable to collect money from well-to-live people who have owed it to her for six months, she found herself Christmas week without coal and almost without food. The landlord threatened to turn her and her children out the next week if she could not pay the rent. So far, as you see, it is an ordinary case of every-day poverty.

This sewing-woman went to a charitable society of her church. The officers knew her to be worthy. They said: "We will see to it that you have coal and food; we will put the children in a Home, where they will be comfortable and safe until you feel that you can take care of them properly; but we will do this on one condition: that you give nothing to your disreputable husband and have nothing to do with him." And what did the woman say in answer? "You are too hard on him. When he has work, he behaves himself. And when he has no work, and even when he drinks, he is still my husband, and my duty is to live with him." And do you think that this poor woman is a solitary instance of wifely devotion?

Wretched Lizerunt in Mr. Morrison's grim tale rewarded the doctor, who saved her from her husband's brutal kicks and blows, by shouting at him: "'I'd 'ave yer liver out if I could reach ye! You touch my 'usband, ye long pisenin' 'ound you! Ow!' And, infirm of aim, she flung a cracked tea-cup at his head. * * * 'Keep auf! if you come near me I'll corpse ye. You go while ye're safe!'"

Any policeman or magistrate in this city will tell you that he knows Lizerunt. The coal-heaver in "Squire Silchester's Whim" described his master as "a regular man." And what pray was his idea of a man of regular habits? "He always smokes his pipe at the Jolly Colliers till twelve, and then goes home and beats the Missus." If the neighbors had interfered with this man, the Missus herself would have turned and defended her lord and master with tooth and nail.

We are not arguing: we are not suggesting conclusions; we are simply stating facts. This sewing-woman, Lizerunt, the Missus in Mortimer Collins's novel, have their sisters in more fashionable streets. Twenty odd years ago we knew the editor of a famous newspaper in a town west of the Hudson River. He was a brilliant and dissipated man. One evening his wife gave a dinner to a woman's club. The dinner was over, and there was laughter, there was gossip. Suddenly there were tottering steps in the hall. The husband appeared. He had not taken off his overcoat. He smiled foolishly, dropped his hat and fell sprawling on a sofa. His wife rang for a maid, ordered her to bring a lap-robe, put it over her husband, and said to the guests: "Poor Richard! He is overworked this campaign. You know, the doctor says he should rest, but there's too much at stake, and so he has these attacks occasionally. What were you saying, Mrs. Jones, about Lilly's engagement?"

The sisterhood of these unfortunates is large and widespread. Queen or sewing-woman; favorite wife in harim or neglected in a Boston flat; they protect, stand by their husbands, and not solely, we believe, to bear heroic testimony to the wisdom of their choice.

At a fashionable gathering in Paris these hats were "observed". "The favorite ones were made of bishop violet velvet, caught together with a large pearl clasp, with either feathers or bunches of violets and leaves en aigrette. White felt was also worn, trimmed with black feathers—ostrich, not cock's feathers—on one side, and violets upon the other. Toques composed exclusively of violets are again popular."

J. S. W. asks: "Where does 'golly' come from?" Golly is a variation of the English name of the Deity. "By Golly" is distinctively English, and it is used by persons who do not dare to use an oath that in its strongest form has been known for centuries in many lands. It is in literature—from the beginning of the 18th century to Stevenson's "Wrong Box." Your other question, J. S. W., will receive attention.

Some time ago the Journal published this paragraph:

"A stamp collection containing nearly 7000 unused specimens was sold for $3640 recently in London, this being the largest price ever paid for a collection at auction." Is this statement true?

F. P. B. answers the question as follows:

"It is possible that this might be true if such a collection was sold as a whole at auction. However, within a year a single stamp—a 10c. stamp issued by the Baltimore (Md.) Postmaster in 1845—sold for $4400, this being the highest price ever paid for a single stamp. A single stamp had previously sold for $3000, and in London two years ago two stamps issued by Mauritius in 1847 sold for about $3300. On March 11, 12 and 13 an auction sale of stamps was held in Wesleyan Hall, 36 Bromfield Street, and some 600 "lots" were sold (possibly 1500 stamps) for an aggregate of over $16,000. There are in Boston not less than eight collections worth over $10,000, and one I consider worth about $50,000. The most valuable collection in the United States is in Maine, estimated from $150,000 to $200,000.

Jan 5, 1897

"HALF A KING."

"Half a King," a comic opera in three acts, text adapted by Harry B. Smith from Leterrier and Vanloo's libretto to "Le Roi de Carreau" (1883), music by Ludwig Englander, was produced for the first time in Boston last night at the Tremont Theatre by Francis Wilson and his company. Mr. Richard Barker was the conductor.

The Journal published last Sunday an account of the opera from which Mr. Smith took his libretto. The original does not now concern us.

Mr. Smith's version is uncommonly good. The story is told clearly; there is a steady development of plot; there is abundant action; the finales of the first two acts are diversified and well contrived; the third act is necessary, and not irrelevant and impertinent. The scenes admit of sumptuous as well as picturesque costumes. The character of Pierette is sympathetic, and the part of the King of Vagabonds might be made lovable and at the same time melodramatic. But, of course, Mr. Smith's Tirechappe was built for Mr. Wilson, and unless Mr. Wilson chose to play it in extreme Wilsonian vein the public would be disappointed. The dialogue whenever Mr. Wilson is on the stage is largely the work of that eminent dealer in gags, dispenser of slang and student of dictionaries. The book is one of the best that has been presented here of late years; and it must be remembered that Leterrier and Vanloo are skillful librettists.

Mr. Englander's music serves its purpose. It is within the vocal reach of the comedians, and the public that is addicted to modern comic opera will not be perplexed or disconcerted by originality or delicacy of treatment. The first air of Pierette, the one in which she refuses to give her name to Honoré, whom she has rescued, is the most distinguished number in the operetta. The unaccompanied ensemble and other more ambitious numbers are cheap and conventional. But the solos and the expected choruses have a plausible jingle, and played by the enlarged orchestra they set feet in motion.

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Mr. Wilson made a speech after the second act, a speech which abounded in irony as well as fun. It would have been wholly admirable if it had not contained a flippant allusion to the Deity, an allusion that was needless and in exceedingly bad taste. As Mr. Wilson heard the roars of laughter that followed his pranks and gags and antics, he must have thought of last season, when he failed to meet with the like success by his performance in Burnand and Sullivan's musical comedy. For in his speech, he alluded to "the missionary work" of last season and the fruits of it; and he complimented the audience of last night on its intelligence. The people have decreed that Mr. Wilson should be a rollicking jester, with gags and slang.

They will have no other Wilson. Even Mr. Clapp, who discovered him after he had delighted thousands, was compelled to liken him unto a Shaksperian clown. But I believe that Mr. Wilson, a sensitive man, a man of fine tastes, a lover of all that is sweet and noble in literature, must at times be tired of cap and bells, tumbling entrances, local and political gags, topical songs. And it seemed last night as he made his speech that all this came over him and barbed his wit.

There is nothing to be said of [him in] this performance that has not been said of him in "Erminie," "The Oolah," "The Merry Monarch," "The Lion Tamer." It is the same Francis Wilson, with his queer voice, nimble legs, rich vocabulary and lovable personality. If you are fond of him in his clowning—and his clowning is often most admirable—you will find him at his best in "Half a King."

Miss Lulu Glaser is the same delightful apparition—saucy, petulant, coquettish, graceful. She is steadily more ambitious in song, and I should not be surprised to find her some years from now as Brünnhilde in a company which boasts of Mr. Wilson as Mime. Miss Christie MacDonald as Lucinde was applauded loudly for her song in the third act. Miss Agnes Paul, and Messrs. John Brand, Peter Lang, J. C. Miron and E. P. Temple contributed materially to the success of the operetta. Mr. Clinton Elder was the tenor. The operetta was sumptuously mounted. The chorus was effective, and there were several very pretty girls in it. The theatre was crowded, and the name of the encore-fiend was Legion.

PHILIP HALE.

Then consider the unappeasable curiosity as to death which haunts every human being, and how pathetic that curiosity is, in so far as it suggests our own ignorance and helplessness, and we see at once that people may flock to public executions for other purposes than the gratification of morbid tastes: that they would pluck if they could some little knowledge of what death is: that imaginatively they attempt to reach to it, to touch and handle it through an experience which is not their own.

And here, Miss Eustacia, is a fair answer to your question.

"But what was her question?" we hear someone ask.

Now there were many letters in our mail yesterday, letters of advice and warning, letters from idlers and those on knowledge bent, letters from personal creditors, but none from personal debtors.

A correspondent in Vermont protested against opinions stated here a few days ago, and we regret to say that he spelled the first syllable of reveries, "reav". Then there was a letter from "Constant Reader," who wished to know whether we were male or female. All "Constant Reader" has to do is to come to the Journal office where she will find us chained to a desk and fed at irregular intervals. "Constant Reader" does not approve of this column. Neither do we. We should much prefer spending the day with the Swami Saradananda of India at the Somerset Club in the discussion of Sourindro Mohun Tagore's theory of the six principal Rágas, and whether Srí Rága's "divine lineaments are distinguished through his graceful vesture". "Constant Reader" says, "if it does not stop, I shall discontinue". Discontinue what?

But Miss Eustacia wrote a letter of gentle protest against "the unaccountable interest taken by women in the Bram trial." Yet there was not so much a protest as an expression of wonderment. "I happened to be in School Street Saturday afternoon, just after the announcement of the verdict. Newsboys were shrieking; men were standing on the curbstone or in doorways gesticulating and talking excitedly. There was the bustle that attends or follows the heralding of a great event. This, perhaps, was natural; but I cannot understand why women should have taken such a keen interest in the trial. My aunt, who, as you may know, is rather severe, read every word of the evidence at breakfast and after dinner, and she actually went to the court room to see the accused. Only yesterday I heard my cousin Lucy giving a theory of the murders that appalled me more than the thought of the crime itself. I do not believe that women as a rule enjoy sea stories, in which the captain, as someone said, is always a scoundrel and the third mate a perfect gentleman. How do you account for all this?"

We do not account for it. You must remember that the case was—yes, is an extraordinary one. The element of mystery attracts women as well as men. The long delay of the jury whetted curiosity. And then the spectacle of a man on trial for his life, although it is, unfortunately, not an uncommon one, will always arrest the attention. For, as Alexander Smith says in the essay from which we quoted, "Nothing interests men so much as death." And again, "'A greater crowd would come to see me hanged,' Cromwell is reported to have said when the populace came forth on a public occasion. A greater crowd would have gathered to see Cromwell hanged, but the compliment would have been paid to death, rather

than to Cromwell." We advise you to read the whole of this essay, which is entitled "A Lark's Flight"; you should also read Thackeray's essay, "Going to See a Man Hanged."

We foresaw it, we foresaw it. "The Princess de Chimay-Caraman has signed a contract to sing in a Budapest music hall, and Mr. Rigo will play the violin in the orchestra." Patience, they will soon be here.

On the 5th of January, 1892, the editor of Figaro invited Mr. de Goncourt to take charge of the art reviews and thus to succeed Albert Wolf. De Goncourt declined. "But I cannot help thinking of the people whom my acceptance would have put at my feet, of the ease with which I would have found artists to illustrate my books." Wolf, as reviewer, formed a very valuable collection of pictures.

Concert of the Kneisel Quartet in Association Hall--A New Violin Sonata by Mrs. Beach.

With the fourth concert by the Kneisel Quartet in Association Hall last evening came a truly varied and well-chosen program. The concert began with the familiar quartet in 2 minor, op. 59, No. 2, by Beethoven, following which was a novelty in the worthiest sense of the term, namely, a sonata for piano and violin in A minor, op. 34, by Mrs. Beach; and for a final selection there was given, perhaps, the best known of the Mozart Quartets, the one in E flat major.

Here was an abundance of rich, wholesome and artistic material, and, as requires not the telling, it was all presented from that sound and healthy musical feeling which has come to be regarded as the never failing characteristic of a Kneisel Quartet concert. Of the new sonata by Mrs. Beach it is a pleasure to write, that from beginning to end it fairly teems with musical ideas, all fine, original and fresh. There is not a commonplace bar or cadence in it; neither anything feebly said at second hand.

The short first subject of the opening movement is in the pure minor or hypo-dorian mode and has a quaint, incisive rhythm all its own. The second subject offers a fine contrast and is full of just such comfortable enjoyment as one derives from an idealized waltz.

The second movement, a quick scherzo, could but have put everybody in good humor, while leaving the appetite keen for the admirably contrasting movements that followed.

In the third movement, a Largo con dolore, there is a succession of distinct, delicately quaint and mystical changes, which seem also to present a series of musical interrogations. With a remarkably spirited Allegro con fuoco the sonata comes to an end, this final movement containing an abundance of free, clear and natural counterpoint, while at the same time being a bright and animated composition not without many a dash of fantasy, almost elfishness.

The sonata, as a whole, is an eminently sincere, spontaneous and able work, and one that bears the stamp of originality, as well as scholarship of surpassing merit. It contributed the most interesting feature of perhaps the most interesting concert of the Kneisel Quartet season thus far.

C. L. CAPEN.

Jan 6. 97

Mr. Max Heinrich's First Concert of the Season in Steinert Hall—Concert Given by Mrs. W. H. Sherwood in Association Hall.

Mr. Max Heinrich gave the first of a series of recitals in Steinert Hall last evening. He sang these songs: "Halt," "Am Feirabend," "Mit dem grunden Lautenbande," "Elfersucht," "Der Sturmische Morgen," "Muth," "Krieger's Ahnung," by Schubert; "Strong's Philon" and "Shall a Smile?' Moore's "Request," McDowell's "Thy Beaming Eyes," "O Ruddy Lover," "What's His Heart?" Brahms's "Von ewiger Liebe," "Ständchen," "Meine Liebe ist grün," "Verrath;" Foote's "I Arise From Dreams of Thee," "The Water Lily," "Song of the Forge;" Schumann's "Blondel's Lied," "Mein altes Ross" and "Provencalisches Lied."

Mr. Heinrich still continues to be an interesting apparition on the concert stage. Even when he offends most gravely against the rules and precepts of song—and his offences are not infrequent—he nevertheless holds the attention and well-nigh disarms criticism by some masterly dramatic stroke, or by some play of the imagination that vitalizes or ennobles the idea of the composer. It would be easy to say of his performance last night, "Here he ruined the phrase by singing in detached fashion instead of sustaining the tones, and there his tone production was unworthy of his reputation"; but it is also easy and it is only just to say that he often gave genuine pleasure by a display of rare intelligence.

* * *

The program contained little that was new, but some of the most familiar numbers, as those by Schubert, seemed new through Mr. Heinrich's interpretation. I confess that the song by Foote did not appeal to me, and Mr. Foote's songs, which we are accompanied by the composer, seem to me labored and ineffective, especially the first, with its groping after Oriental color and its disregard of the swooning sensuousness that characterizes the words. Mr. Strong's songs are bailing in a way; they suggest music that he might have written; they awaken a hope that is not fully realized; they almost persuade. The three songs of MacDowell, the first with its beautiful, throbbing phrase of passion, the others so characteristic of this American, who is one of the most imaginative of the composers now living, were sung delightfully by Mr. Heinrich. And Mr. Heinrich by his talent almost made the compositions by Brahms for voice and piano tolerable and to be endured. Now this is high praise.

There was a good-sized and very applausive audience.

PHILIP HALE.

MRS. SHERWOOD'S CONCERT.

Mrs. Wm. H. Sherwood gave the second of her series of two concerts in Association Hall last evening. The principal works performed were the trio op. 52, Rubenstein, and Schumann's trio in D minor op. 63. Mrs. Sherwood's associates in the ensemble numbers were Messrs. Jacques Hoffmann, violin; and Carl Barth, 'cello. Mrs. Sherwood also played a group of selections by Chopin and other soli by Leschetizky, Saran and Grieg. Mr. Hoffmann played the andante from Mendelssohn's violin concerto and a "Farfalla" by Sauret.

Mrs. Sherwood's playing commands respect. It is sincere, straightforward, correct and artistic. It is also severe in style—is often cold and literal. There can be no defence of such an irrelevant and thoroughly unpoetic treatment as the etude by Chopin in C sharp minor op. 25, received. Quite to the contrary both the etude in G flat major op. 25, and nocturne in G major were exquisitely played. Mrs. Sherwood's playing bears a singular resemblance to that of the late Clara Schumann—it is so unimpeachably note-perfect, yet by no means unmusical, save in the treatment of a special type of classical composition, such for example as the etude to which reference has been made.

Mr. Hoffmann offered a refined, loyal and unaffected interpretation of the Mendelssohn andante, and displayed rare technical skill in his performance of the selection by Sauret. The two trios were admirably given.

C. L. CAPEN.

Industry is a very fine thing. It is one of the finest things of which we have any knowledge. Yet do not frown, "do not weep for me," when I state that I don't like it. It doesn't agree with me. I prefer indolence. I am happiest when I am idle. I could live for months without performing any kind of labor, and at the expiration of that time I should feel fresh and vigorous enough to go right on in the same way for numerous more months.

It is a singular commentary on civilization to find local contemporaries applauding editorially and hysterically an official of the United States for the simple performance of duty to which he was sworn and for which he is paid.

Has the Providence Journal pondered the case of Gov. Black of New York? Gov. Black is addicted to the use of a white made-necktie, in the day time and with a frock coat. We use the term "necktie" advisedly. We appeal to Caesar. Is such use of the tie, or is the ensemble compatible with sound statesmanship? If Gov. Black had worn a black, blue, green, or even a red tie, would he have indulged himself in the sophomoric burst, "intolerant clamor and irresponsible assault"?

A contemporary, praising Calvé's Marguerite (in Gounod's "Faust"), remarks: "The Roi de Thule was a perfect specimen of acting and singing, and excepting only Melba, no Marguerite heard here (and the most celebrated have been in New York) has invested it with more realistic charm." "Excepting Melba"! Ah, the trumpet peal of the passionate press agent! "Excepting Melba"! Ah, the realistic, intense Melba! Pauline Lucca? A nobody. Christine Nilsson? Never heard the name. Calvé, the great histrionic genius is only equaled by—Melba, the singing bird!

The attacks on the memory of Hubert Crackanthorpe are as indecent as they are stupid. We regret to find an American journal of pretensions arguing that young Crackanthorpe must have been a vile fellow because he wrote "Wreckage." Was Thackeray a rascal because he pictured Barry Lyndon? "Wreckage" is not a "vile" book, and the reviewer's flippant allusions to it convince us that he never read it.

There is a quarter in Boston where dark and gloomy houses encourage the approach of sickness and pessimism. The sun enters the kitchen early in the morning, and, just before it falls below the horizon, it winks ironically at the parlor. Children that dwell there are pale; women are anaemic and nervous; men unable to leave grow misanthropic; even cats are no longer sleekly and purringly lazy. Houses without sun. And where are these houses? In some narrow alley of the North End? Behind some factory or warehouse? Oh, no. They are in the Back Bay, and the flats command sturdy rents; and estimable are the tenants in their walk and conversation.

Now the ancients were less barbarous. Read Vitruvius, whose treatise on architecture might be consulted with profit today by those concerned with architectonics. See, for instance, Book VI., and especially the chapter entitled, "What part of the sky each kind of building should face, so that the rooms be comfortable and healthy." Read of that site of Mitylene—"magnificently built with fair houses, sed imprudenter positam."

Wiser still than Vitruvius were the Aphres described over three centuries ago by Mr. William Watreman. "Their houses are made of wickers, and withes, wrought aboute trees, moch like vnto those that we calle frankencence trees, and in suche sorte that they may tourne them rounde euery waye." We hope the day will come when houses will revolve upon a pivot, so that each room may bask for a while.

The Pall Mall Gazette in a review of Sloane's "Napoleon" says: "Prof. Sloane's style is not particularly distinguished, but it is lucid, and remarkably free from 'Americanisms' although he does on one occasion employ the terrible word 'brusk.'" And is this "terrible" word an Americanism? Let us see. The Oxford Dictionary says under "Brusque," "Commonly spelt brusk in the 17th century, but now usually spelt and often pronounced as French." Philemon Holland, in 1601, used the form "bruske"; in the Reliq. Wotton, 1651, there is the phrase "a brusk welcome"; in "Lothair" (1870), Disraeli says: "He was brusk." These quotations are given by Dr. Murray; there is no quotation from an American author. Where does the Pall Mall Gazette find an authority for its statement?

A correspondent asks us, "What is the oldest form in English of the popular saying, 'Talk of the devil, etc.'?" We do not know. "Talk of the devil and see his horns," is in a poem dated 1672. Bailey (1736) gives the form "Talk of the devil and his imps appear." You will find "Talk of the devil, and he'll either come or send," and "The devil is never nearer than when we are talking of him" in Ray's collection. Prior in 1721 introduces the proverb in Hans Carvel:

"Forthwith the Devil did appear,
For name him, and he's always near."

Jan 7. 97

Concert of Miss Suza Doane, Pianist, and Mr. Albert Gerard-Thiers, Tenor, in Chickering Hall Last Evening.

The program of the concert given by Miss Doane and Mr. Gerard-Thiers was as follows:

The Sands of Dee.....Clay
Still wie die Nacht.....Bohm
It Was a Lover and His Lass.Thomas Morley
Mr. Thiers.
Carnaval ..... Schumann
Miss Doane.
Ninon ..... Tosti
Could I.....Tosti
Mr. Thiers.
Rhapsody.....Miss Lang
Serenata ..... Mason
Concert Etude, op. 36.....MacDowell
Miss Doane.
At Twilight.....Nevin
For a Dream's Sake.....Sawyer
Bonjour Suzon.....Pessard
Mr. Thiers.
Scherzo, B Minor.....Chopin
Miss Doane.

The accompanist was Mrs. Sarah B. Field.

Miss Doane made her début in Boston Jan. 15, 1895, at Steinert Hall. Mr. Gerard-Thiers sang in a performance of "Israel in Egypt" by the Handel and Haydn, Feb. 3, 1895, and the next day he gave a recital in Chickering Hall. He was then known as Mr. Albert G. Thies.

When Miss Doane played two years ago she appeared to be a pianist who had acquired by faithful study considerable technical proficiency. She displayed at that time undoubted temperament, which, however, was not under control; for there was undue nervousness—not the nervousness that comes from fright or accompanies often a first appearance, but a nervousness that affected her conception of tempo, her accentuation, her phrasing rather than her fingers. Her performance was inclined to be angular and not well balanced. She lacked sadly repose. But she then did certain things well, and she gave large promise for the future.

She now plays with perhaps more confidence and abandon, although last night she was not always letter-perfect. I regret to say that in the higher qualities I find little improvement. She is still inclined toward over-accentuation; she does not yet realize the value of contrasts; her delivery of a phrase is not authoritative; she still is without repose. And first of all I beg her to listen to her tone. She does not sing a melody. Last night she often began a phrase in admirable fashion; [illegible] would possess her, the important words in her sentence would be italicized. There was a tendency to anticipate climaxes. A long crescendo would become a series of ineffective explosions. And yet the hearer was again convinced that Miss Doane has a genuine talent for the piano, although she seemed often bent on contradicting him. Strength—dash—enthusiasm; all these are excellent; but delicacy, discrimination, a melting cantabile, varied tone-color, atmospheric effects, poetic suggestion are also excellent, yea, they are necessary. Even a little feminine sentimentalism would have been an agreeable relief last evening.

* * *

Now Mr. Gerard-Thiers errs on the side of sentiment. He is evidently a thoughtful, painstaking singer, who prepares carefully his effects. His singing should not be idly slighted; for he is not merely a voice and nothing else. But just as a robust tenor with a high note sings to the gallery, so Mr. Thiers sings sweetly to the ladies. There are occasions when such conduct is highly commendable; but when all songs are reduced to the plane of sentimentalism the result is cloying, especially when rhythm, phrasing and general conception suffer thereby. Even honest Morley's bluff, straightforward ditty was turned into a wondrous thing with rubatos, and sudden dynamic contrasts, and all manner of curlicues. No, no, Mr. Gerard-Thiers, this will never do. You overact in song.

* * *

The hall was filled with an audience generous in applause. Pianist and singer were encored. And Mr. Gerard-Thiers sang "Annie Laurie."

PHILIP HALE.

In my mind, he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, kings, lords, and commons, the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box.

This famous sentence of Brougham was rapped out with force by Old Chimes at the Porphyry. For the fine old crusted and cobwebbed gentleman was not dealing in paradoxes, as is his delight; he was standing for a full length portrait of Chimes Tonans.

"I tell you, Mr. Auger, I am amazed at the loose talk here in Boston about trial by jury. Twelve men who have heard and seen witnesses under oath are unworthy of confidence because their judgment is at variance with a beautiful theory which you evolved in your bath in explanation of a strange and bloody deed. Even my esteemed friend Calcutta proposes to raise a company in his quiet village, and lead his neighbors armed with scythes, pitchforks and razors against the Federal buildings in this town. On the other hand, I find a newspaper of established name shouting out Sunday, 'This verdict will not be acceptable to the great majority,' complimenting in fulsome language on Monday the prosecuting attorney, and on Wednesday advancing the incredible and monstrous proposition: 'It is better that one innocent man suffer punishment than that ninety-nine guilty escape unpunished.'

"I remember very well a chapter on trial by jury in Lieber's 'Civil Liberty,' for it was one of the few text books that I really enjoyed at college. 'The results of trial by jury have occasionally been such that even in England and here voices have been raised against it. Men feel the existing evil only; they do not see those evils that would result a hundred fold from an opposite state of things. Nor are those who feel irritated at some results of the trial by jury acquainted with the operation of trials without jury.'

"I remember a Judge of large experience telling me that the longer he lived the greater respect he had for the jury system. Juries may occasionally make mistakes, but in the great majority of cases they walk or stumble toward the just solution. Even when they seem to slight evidence, they often grasp hold of the equities. Understand me, Mr. Auger; I am expressing no opinion concerning the merits of the judgment in the Bram case. I have opinions, and they very likely would surprise you; but I am now talking in general. I am protesting against idle and vainglorious discussion after a verdict, cheap talk that, without introducing the slightest bit of new evidence, tends to throw discredit upon the jury system. I regret to add that garrulous, self-important jurymen do their full share toward exciting popular and injurious discussion.

"I admit that no human system is perfect. But let us take an extreme case: If Mr. Anthony Comstock were to be murdered, and I should be brought to trial for the deed, I should much prefer, if I were an innocent man, to be tried by a jury than by one Judge or three Judges. Judges, even the best of them, have their theories

their whirs; they might wish me to fit a case on which they had previously ruled. No, no, Auger, don't lose your head. I believe with you that verdicts in penal as well as in civil cases should be pronounced by two-thirds; but when you say that your opinion is worth more than that of a jury, remember Aristotle's remark, 'Many persons are more just than one, although each of the many is less so than the one.' And now what will you have? Charles, I see, is waiting for the orders."

Alan Dale of the New York Journal must be a surprised man. His criticisms have at last been taken seriously.

Mr. Sam Jones says "naked truth has left Boston." The outcry against the little boys and the Bacchante probably frightened her.

You say that you will not sing the part of Brünnhilde again, because by singing it often your voice would be injured. Mrs. Melba, you are a wise woman. Leave such parts for sopranos whose voices are in ruins, or who never had a golden voice. Jean de Reszke did not sing Wagnerian parts until he was advanced in years.

Dr. Perkins of Rockland, Maine, writes to the Journal concerning the use of the word "fezino" in Maine, and adds: "Half a century ago in Maine it was not unusual to hear a dull person spoken of as a 'numbchance.' The word is not a corruption of 'mumchance,' which has a wholly different meaning. Does any one recall the word 'numbchance' as having been used in recent years? It has, or had, a broader meaning than 'numbhead' or 'numbskull,' in that it was applied to those destitute of ambition or energy."

Jan 8.

It were a long and intricate subject to investigate the cause of the Englander's unpopularity abroad. Individually—of course, this is not said of the cosmopolitan English gentleman, who, with perfect tact, everywhere preserves his nationality, whilst ever respecting that of others—he is disliked, collectively hated. The phenomenon partly arises from the enormous national self-esteem. Partly, too, it comes from geographical peculiarities. The Englishman is an islander, toto divisus orbe, an abscissed joint, like the Jew, of the great human body.

And the attitude of these Englishmen toward Ambassador Bayard when they witness his pathetic conciliatory performances reminds us of the "ovation" given to Artemus Ward at the Green-Hen tavern in London. Let Artemus tell the story of the landlord's speech: "Risin' in the bar he spoke as follers, there hein over 20 individooals present: 'This North American has been a inmate of my 'ouse over two weeks, yit he hasn't made no attempt to scalp any member of my fam'ly. He hasn't broke no cups or sassers, or furnitur of any kind. (Hear, hear.) I find I can trust him with lited candles. He eats his wittles with a knive and a fork. Peple of this kind should be encurridged. I purpose 'is 'elth!' (Loud 'plaws.)"

Nearly 30 years ago Artemus Ward in his reply anticipated the oratorical flights of our present Ambassador. "What could I do but modestly get up and express a fervint hope that the Atlantic Cable would bind the two countries still more closely together? The lan'lord said my speech was full of orig'nality, but his idee was the old stage coach was more safer, and he no't peple would indors that opinyin in doo time."

But long before Artemus Ward wrote for Punch and died, leaving the Prince of Wales his panorama, Ambassador Bayard gushed in London. He was then known as Mr. Washington Jackson, and he spoke at the dinner of the Worshipful Company of Bellows-Mender, at their splendid hall in Marrowpudding Lane. The distinguished American rose amidst thunders of applause. Mr Thackeray reported the speech, and you will find it in "A Dinner in the City," which is one of the "Sketches and Travels in London." The synopsis deserves a separate paragraph.

"He explained how Broadway and Cornhill were in fact the same. He showed how Washington was in fact an Englishman, and how Franklin would never have been an American but for his education as a printer in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He declared that Milton was his cousin, Locke his ancestor, Newton his dearest friend, Shakspeare his grandfather, or more or less—he vowed that he had wept tears of briny anguish on the pedestal of Charing Cross—kissed with honest fervor the clay of Runnymede—that Ben Jonson and Samuel—that Pope and Dryden, and Dr. Watts and Swift were the darlings of his hearth and home, as of ours, and in a speech of about five-and-thirty minutes, explained to us a series of complimentary sensations very [illegible] to repeat or to remember".

Now if you saw this synopsis in this morning's paper, would you not swear that Ambassador Bayard had again been pouring out his soul?

Is the millennium approaching? A clergyman has refused an increase in salary, and the daughter of Spreckels has returned of her own will nearly $2,000,000 to her sugary father.

To J. S. W.: "The Seven Seas," which occurs in a certain edition of Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyám and serves Kipling as a title is undoubtedly an old ballad phrase, without reference to particular seas. Years ago the number seven was applied loosely to things animate and inanimate.

Yes, Mr. Burke, you are right, the age of chivalry is gone. We are reminded of your statement by the following incident in contemporaneous Boston life: A young man who was wooing a rich young woman learned that a relative of the desired one had told her stories, which, were they true or false, were derogatory to his character. He thought over the proper conduct to pursue, and he finally determined to follow the rules of knightly etiquette. He called at the office of his unappreciative acquaintance and struck him gently on the cheek with a glove. Did the insulted man call for suits of armor and lances for two? Did he say, "Sir, my seconds will wait on you"? Oh no. He took the offender by the nape of the neck and the slack of the trousers and threw him down the stairs. Thus did he skip a century or two in his reply. And now the ejected and rejected person says that the hurler is no gentleman.

Jan. 8, 1890, Mr. Edmond de Goncourt found his young friend Blanche in peevish mood. Her mother said: "No, she is not sick; but twice a week at Passy there is a lecture under the auspices of the 'Femmes de France' on the proper care of the sick and the wounded, and the little fool wishes to attend the course." And then de Goncourt moralized: "Yes, science is now the taste of all intelligences, from the highest to the lowest. A young girl no longer cuts out romances from newspapers, she clips scientific articles; and she is wild to attend medical lectures, just as formerly she would have longed for a ball." But, Mr. de Goncourt, even in your beloved 18th century, medicine and surgery were fads with fashionable Parisians, and you yourself in "La Femme au XVIII Siècle" told a story of a fair aristocrat who took surgeon's tools and a sawed-off leg or arm with her in carriage drives that she might not be idle.

Jan 9. 1897

But the misfortune is, that we laugh at the little pleasures, poor designs, and trifling satisfactions of children, whilst, at the same time, the wisdom, the ambition, and greatness of men, are visibly taken up with the same trifles.

"Gov. Black has not as yet fixed any office hours." But he is always in when Mr. Platt calls.

"In the Executive Chamber Gov. Black wears a working sack coat of dark material, with a very abbreviated skirt." But does he persist in wearing during the day a made tie of white lawn? This is the one, the burning question. Better for the people of New York if Gov. Black eschewed neckties and cravats of all kinds, and contented himself with a bone collar button. For there is a hypocrisy in white made ties worn ostentatiously in the business of the day. As the Providence Journal well remarks, "There was a time when ministers wore the white lawn tie as a harmless and unpretatical substitute for 'clericals.' Such misguided men still exist; and it may be that Gov. Black fancies that a white lawn tie is the outward symbol of inward virtue. If so, he is deceiving himself." Remember that the Providence Journal in the matter of made ties is adamant, approached only by young Mr. Smallweed in the matter of gravy.

A correspondent asks us to publish the following note. We publish it, with the remark that we have always found the grand stairway remarkably clean: "Can nothing be done to obviate the filthy condition of the grand stairway of the beautiful Public Library, caused by the continuous spitting of the public, passing up and down the stair case? We were mortified beyond words yesterday, when going into the Library with a friend. We had to warn her constantly to keep her out of the disgusting places in that otherwise superb entrance hall. Cannot the committee having charge of the building in some way procure an abatement of this terrible condition of things? It is not in our province to suggest or to dictate beyond the expressing of the earnest hope that with the beginning of the new year some plan may be devised by those empowered to act—to oblige the public to observe within the walls of that edifice one of the first rules of decency."

The Philistine says, "When Li Hung Chang asked Richard Harding Davis if he wrote stories because he was not strong enough to work, he put a question that was quite in order."

S. R. asks "Which is right, 'The acoustics of a hall is good,' or 'The acoustics of a hall are good?'" Neither. Acoustics, to be sure, is usually treated by grammarians as a singular noun; but acoustics means "the science of sound and of the phenomena of hearing;" it does not mean "acoustical properties."

They were speaking here of a gentle soul who really believes he is an anarchist and advocates slyly anarchistic principles in little essays on the art and appearance of life. "What, C—— an anarchist? Why, if he were summoned to join a gang to shoot down the rich at dinner and loot their houses he would don evening dress for the occasion." Not that C—— is as fastidious as the man in Law's "Practical Treatise upon Christian Perfection," who "should think he had hard usage to be saved from a shipwreck, unless he was carried off upon a cedar plank," but he is so courteous that he would pay his victims the conventional compliment at least.

We have said little about golf of late, although next to backgammon—Russian, our English—it is our favorite game. To enthusiasts who believe with Mr. Arthur Balfour that golf "has all the thrilling excitement of deer-stalking without its inconveniences and dangers," we recommend "The Golf Book of East Lothian," compiled and edited by John Kerr, Minister of Dirleton. There will they read how Queen Mary played golf with Bothwell after Darnley's death, and how Mr. Balfour, admirable at the tee shot, sometimes foozles in the shorter game. The book abounds in curious information and entertaining stories. Thus the Scots Parliament tried to abolish golf in 1457, when it was a Sunday diversion. Objection was not made on account of the day, but because golf was a rival to archery practice, and the Act abolishing ordained that "schutting be usit ilk Sunday." They that went to the links instead of listening to the Covenanter repented publicly, sitting on the "cutty stool."

A correspondent of Mr. Labouchere reveals a shocking state of affairs in London clubs: "Two-thirds of my acquaintances are in debt to their tradesmen, and as they cannot pay these claims themselves, they work off the amount of their indebtedness by introducing their friends. As I enter the club, one man looks at me critically, then says, 'My dear fellow! Where did you get that coat?' I tell him. He smiles sadly, then assures me that only Rippem, of Bond Street, can make coats. Somewhat discomfited at the discovery, I stroll into the next room, when another member comes up and confidentially—as if he were doing me a favor—says, 'I say, old man, you really should not wear those boots. Go to Heel's, in Piccadilly. I will tell him that you are coming.' It appears that everything that I eat, drink, or smoke, everything that I wear, and, indeed, everything that I buy, is bad; and strangely enough almost every member of the club is prepared to introduce me to different tradesmen, who will make an altogether new man of me."

Jan 10. 1897

TWO CONCERTS.

Mr. C. M. Loeffler's Success as Composer and Violinist — Mr. Martinus Sieveking's First Piano Recital in Steinert Hall.

The program of the 11th Symphony concert given in Music Hall last evening was as follows:

Overture to "Anacreon".....Cherubini
Divertimento for Violin and Orchestra, in A minor, op. 9.....Loeffler
Overture, Scherzo, Notturno and Wedding March from "Midsummer Night's Dream," op. 21 and 61.....Mendelssohn
Symphony in E flat major (B. & H., No. 3).....Mozart

The "Anacreon" overture is, indeed, a noble work, but there are other overtures by Cherubini that well deserv performance. "Les Abencerrages," "Médée," "L'hôtellerie Portugaise," "Ali Baba," for instance, have been heard here for several years. Too great partiality has been shown the "Anacreon," and, by the way, it is a singular fact that no outcry has been raised against its appearance in Music Hall by those who wear the motto, "Purity in Art," as a campaign button; for Anacreon himself was a highly improper person and he sang of women and wine in purple and scarlet phrases. And so one might ask Mr. Paderewski he thinks it necessary to give allopathic doses of Mozart and Haydn. If the less familiar symphonies of the latter were occasionally performed, a genuine service to the memory of the composer would be added to the pleasure given to the audience. There is a musty saw about familiarity. We should all entertain a higher regard for Mozart and Beethoven if their works were set before us as luxuries and not necessities. A symphony season without the performance of a symphony by Beethoven would make much for musical righteousness in this city. And poor Mozart! The audience will soon believe that he wrote only three symphonies—I forget; one in D major has been played in Music Hall.

Now there is nothing new to be said of the pieces by Cherubini, Mendelssohn and Mozart except by way of digression. It is only fair to say, however, that Mendelssohn's "Midsummer-Night's Dream" is ageing rapidly, if it is not actually old and decrepid. Mendelssohn's fairies seem in this period of imaginative music rather earthly creatures. The "Wedding March" pleases the women who enjoyed their church wedding and those who still have hopes; and, again, there are middle-aged husbands who think the music sounded differently when it came with a crash after the benediction. Then the genteel Notturno, with its ineffably Mendelssohnian gentility!

The feature of the evening was Mr. Loeffler's brilliant performance of his own Divertimento. When this piece was played by him two years ago this month, I spoke of it in terms of hearty admiration. The admiration is today enlarged. For this Divertimento is something more than a show-piece for the virtuoso, although any one of the great violinists who have visited us of late years might well have been proud of such a performance as that given by Mr. Loeffler last night. This piece is a work of high imagination in musical conception and orchestral speech. It is the work of an individual, not a copyist, not a conventional, well-taught person who thinks it prudent to side with the majority.

In this composition I find one of the chief characteristics of Mr. Loeffler, the violinist and the man: a peculiar refinement, which abhors that which is commonplace even when it has been accepted by those in authority. This refinement is never capricious and sterile fastidiousness. There is a refinement that sniffs and does not create; but Mr. Loeffler, by his pure melodic thought, his ingenious harmonies, which are at times pungent and exotic, and his exquisite sense of instrumental coloring, has given to music something that was not found there before he wrote. The gift is not merely a singular combination of instruments, or a series of strange harmonic progressions; it is large and liberal. He has given his own self, that which is best and noblest within him. Now this best and noblest is of more than ordinary value, for Mr. Loeffler is highly and originally imaginative; and unless there is imagination in a musical work, that work simply bears witness to industry. I know of few composers living today who are at the same time so distinctly original and so poetically and discriminatingly musical as is Mr. Loeffler.

* * *

Mr. Martinus Sieveking gave his first piano recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. He played these pieces:

Sonate, Op. 27, No. 2.....Beethoven
Fantaisie, F minor, Op. 49; Two Etudes (Nos. 3 and 5), Op. 10; Prelude, F major; Polonaise, A flat.....Chopin
Fantaisie, C major, Op. 17.....Schumann
Menuet from "L'Arlesienne".....Bizet
Angelus; Waldklangen.....Sieveking
Etude de Concert, G flat, Op. 24..Moszkowski

Mr. Sieveking appeared to his best advantage in the performance of the charming menuet by Bizet, which was not written originally for the piano. For here he was frank, and he understood the character of the piece.

This pianist has strength and a certain delicacy that would command respectful attention if they were employed with greater understanding. His legato is admirable, most admirable. But in his recital yesterday Mr. Sieveking showed not once but frequently—I am tempted to say constantly an inability to grasp the fundamental idea of the composer. Seldom have I heard in a concert-room such a distorted, unpoetic, unmusical reading as that of the first movement of the sonata by Beethoven. And this, alas, was not a solitary instance of misconception. I am not speaking now of little points in the detail; I am speaking of sustained musical offences that turned familiar pieces into something strange and new and neither beautiful nor impressive.

It would be an easy and disagreeable task to give the reasons for this adverse judgment; but there would be need of disquisitions on technical subjects that are of little interest to any except pianists, and the pianists who were present yesterday do not need to be told of that which was so apparent. It may be added here that Mr. Sieve-

[illegible] his [illegible] were [illegible] because they were [illegible], or insufficiently prepared; that his use of the [illegible] pedal was nervous rather than judicious, that he was by no means letter perfect; that he repeatedly struck false notes, that Chopin's polonaise was as characterless as the tempo of the Chopin prelude was extraordinary. Either Mr. Sieveking is a pianist of one piece, the G minor concerto by Saint Saëns—or for some reason or other he was not yesterday in the vein. But his persistent misconceptions and elemental faults led one to the conclusion that Mr. Sieveking is not yet prepared for appearance in a recital. It is one thing to dash through a concerto with a [illegible]. It is another thing to play a dozen pieces by different composers.

Mr. Sieveking, the composer, did not atone for the failings of Mr. Sieveking, the pianist. The "Angelus" is half Liszt and half comic opera. The "Wald-[illegible]n" left no impression whatever.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Word About the Pitcher in "Half a King."

Mr. Henderson Speaks Sensibly Concerning Comic Operas.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

You remember the big pitcher that was to have been shattered at the wedding of Pierette and Mistigris in "Half a King." Alas for Mistigris! It was not broken for his benefit.

What is the idea of this strange ceremony? Remember the wedding was in the Court of Miracles.

In Victor Hugo's "Notre-Dame" Esmeralda saves the life of Gringoire by marrying him. This wedding, too, was in the Court of Miracles, and the date was Jan. 6, 1482. The guests were vagabonds and thieves, as in "Half a King." Hugo says: "The Duke of Egypt, without uttering a word, brought forth a clay pitcher. The gypsy girl presented it to Gringoire. 'Throw it on the ground,' said she. The pitcher broke in four pieces. 'Brother,' then said the Duke of Egypt, laying his hands upon their foreheads, 'She is thy wife—sister, he is thy husband—for four years. Go your way.'"

Mr. Smith, the librettist, took the incident from the libretto of "Le Roi de Carreau;" but he did not adapt the song that is sung about the pitcher. In the original operetta there are two versions. One goes,

"Cette cruche est un emblème
Un precieux talisman
Au gai pays de Bohême," —

And the refrain is

"Fille gentille et sage
Retenez bien cela,
Ce n'est qu'au jour du mariage
Qu'il faudra casser la cruche, que voilà."

And the refrain of the other version is

"Mais un jour, patatras,
Un jour, quoi qu'elle fasse
Tout en ne voulant pas,
La cruche se casse."

In the operetta there is evidently thought of the famous picture by Greuze, and there is reference to the popular French expression "Casser sa cruche." In Hugo's romance the pieces of the pitcher determined the length of the marriage.

In certain Italian districts the mother-in-law gives the bride a pot filled with ashes and weeds. The bride dashes it to earth; the smaller the pieces, the happier and more fruitful will be the marriage. Mantegazza tells us that throughout Italy, it is a good omen to break something the wedding day, and that in some German countries, the night before the wedding, the young men break the old crockery in the house, shouting shouts of joy. In Lombardy, the boldest neighbor enters secretly into the room where the merry-making is high, and throws into the crowd a bowl, which is broken into a thousand pieces, while the youths in the street hurrah for the bride.

Now at Jewish weddings a wine-glass is stamped upon and dashed to pieces. There are various reasons given for this. Some say the rite signifies that the tie can no more be loosened than the glass be made whole. Some say that "in the midst of the rejoicing it is necessary to remind the people that the Jewish nation is as scattered as the pieces of the shattered wine-glass."

At a wedding according to the ceremony of the Russian Greek Church, after the words "Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder," all the company light their wax tapers; and one of them presents the priest with a glass of wine, which he drinks, and the [illegible] married [illegible]. This is done [illegible] and then the bride and bridegroom dash their glasses down upon the floor, and tread the pieces under their feet, denouncing severe maledictions on all those who shall hereafter endeavor to set them at variance."

* * *

What a pity that much of the music of "Le Roi de Carreau" was not retained when the book was made over for "Half a King." But Lajarte wrote for Paris and for French singing-comedians; and although these comedians as a rule act better than they sing, his music would be beyond the capacity of Mr. Wilson and his company.

And if the music were really delightful, the libretto were presented without gags and slang, and the action were without tumbling, the public that loves Mr. Wilson would be grieved beyond measure and vote its old favorite dull or "too ambitious."

* * *

Let me here quote Mr. W. J. Henderson's sane and acute words:

"The majority of the pieces written for the stars—Wilson, Hopper, De Angelis, Della Fox, et id omne genus—are radically bad. They have no artistic raison d'être, and the critics who love operetta and who persistently condemn these pieces have to face the awful charge that they are Wagnerite 'cranks' and dislike comic opera simply because it is comic. It is perhaps unseemly to strike a personal note here, but let me put myself on record. There is no form of public entertainment which is dearer to me than operetta. I believe it to be capable of the highest artistic possibilities, and I call Gilbert and Sullivan into court as supporters of my belief. But I do not like comic opera which is not comic, but simply vulgar, slangy and acrobatic. And that is what most of the operettas are which are written for the stars.

"An exception must be made in favor of Lillian Russell. Operettas written for her are not necessarily vulgar and slangy; but they are usually not funny. Miss Russell's requirements are diametrically opposed to success in operetta. She must be the central figure of a story which must celebrate her beauty and her vocal accomplishments and her handsome gowns. These are not essential elements of comedy, and hence Miss Russell's operettas are not funny.

"The libretto should stand in the post of command in operetta as in grand opera. 'The play's the thing.' The libretto is the more important part. A thoroughly good libretto will carry very weak music to success with the public; but the best operetta music ever written will not give longevity to a stupid book. Therefore the 'star' system is injurious to the welfare of operetta. And therefore also in the world of operetta the Wagnerian theory ought to rule: 'The text—what in old-fashioned dialect was called the libretto—once written by the poet, all other persons who have to do with the work—composer, stage architect, scene painter, costumer, stage manager, conductor, and singing actors—should aim at one thing only: the most exact, perfect and lifelike embodiment of the poet's thought.' That is just as good law and gospel for operetta as it is for grand opera."

* * *

Singers in despair of something new might look at Lisa Lehmann's song cycle from Omar Khayyám, "In a Persian Garden," first sung at a London Pop. Concert, Dec. 14. The Pall Mall Gazette reviews it as sung by Evangeline Florence, Marian Mackenzie, Ben Davies, Thomas Meux:

"Miss Lehmann certainly writes music which no intelligent listener would dismiss idly from his thoughts; she has ideas and a distinct power of expression. Her work, if it can scarcely be called movingly beautiful—if all the beauties of all the melodies of this cycle were rolled into one the result would be far behind 'Voi che sapete' in point of loveliness—has, however, a character, strenuous, sometimes surprising and even distinguished, that is satisfactory and interesting enough. But she altogether lacks variety; and her treatment of rhythm—particularly Fitzgerald's subtly regular rhythm—reminds one too often of the universal method of treating the common nursery rhyme. The first number gives a somewhat staggering proof of this—'Wake! for the sun who scattered'; the singers last night also clearly felt that point; and, instead of minimizing the effect, gave the beat of the measure with appalling accuracy. Still, it is well to have such composers as this among us, for they at all events self-sacrificingly help in drawing the public away from those dreadful ballads of the day which, it is understood, gifted composers write for 'pot-boilers,' because London will have them at any price, even the price of art."

* * *

Here is a thrilling account of the trials and tribulations of the musician's life in England:

"Nobody can now truthfully say that we are not a musical nation, since so many members of the community are so saturated with quavers, crescendos, and the other paraphernalia of the scales that some of them are constrained to give music lessons at the rate of [illegible]pence an hour—the pay of a bricklayer's laborer—and even then cannot find enough pupils to enable them to make a fortune. One of these people, named Brandon, was before Judge French, of the Shoreditch County Court, and offered to pay off a debt at the rate of four shillings a month. 'He is a Professor of Music, Your Honor, and can pay much more,' cried the plaintiff. 'No, I'm not,' replied the other, 'I'm a teacher. All kinds of people call themselves professors nowadays. My barber is a professor.' 'You don't seem to be a good customer to him,' remarked the plaintiff [illegible], pointing to the long hair which most musicians who are not entirely bald deem it their duty to cultivate; 'you have lots of pupils,' he added. 'Your Honor,' appealed the defendant, 'times are very bad just now, and there are so many people who teach music that I have to take as little as sixpence a lesson. It takes a lot of pupils to make a living out of that.' Judge French agreed, but thought he might try to pay five shillings a month."

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Dippel, the tenor, who is known here, has been singing at Königsberg.

The review of yesterday's concerts is in the news section of the Journal.

A society of wind instruments for chamber concerts has been formed at Cologne.

A new song-cyclus, "Die Verlassene," by Ludwig Schytte, has been published by Simrock.

Elsa Ruegger, a 12-year-old 'cellist of Brussels, met with overwhelming success at Munich.

Lortzing's "Die beiden Schützen" (1837) has been revived at Carlsruhe with great success.

"Amore Allegro" is the title of a new comic opera by Roberto Amadei, which was produced at Loreto.

An unpublished opera by Louis Lacombe, "Le Tonnelier de Nuremberg," will be produced at Coblenz.

The musical society of Warsaw has celebrated its 25th anniversary. It has 900 members, and its shares amount to $60,000.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" has now been heard at Mayence. Let us have an opportunity of hearing it, Mr. Paur.

"Enoch Arden," by Rudolf Raimann, met with no success at Breslau, Dec. 18, Bizet's "Djamileh" the same night triumphed.

Dvorak's new symphonic poem, "The Golden Spinning Wheel," was given by Thomas's Orchestra in Chicago the first week in January.

Ippoditow-Ivanow, professor at the Moscow Conservatory, has received from the Tsar 500 roubles for a cantata written for the late coronation.

Mrs. Thurber says Antonin Dvořák will return next season to New York and resume his place as director of the National Conservatory of Music.

The new scenery—27 acts—for five operas and two ballets at the Paris Opéra, necessitated by the fire in the Rue Richer, has cost about $300,000.

Schubert's "Der häusliche Krieg" and "Enoch Arden," an opera in one act, by Viktor Hansmann, will be given at the Berlin Opera House this month.

The Opéra-Comique, Paris, between "Lakmé" and "Don Juan," is taking in about $1800 each night. These receipts are regarded in Paris as unusually large.

Népravnik's opera, "Dubrowsky," was produced at Prague, Dec. 13, for the first time out of Russia. The libretto is by Modest Tschaikowsky, a brother of the composer.

Bungert's "Return of Ulysses," produced at the Dresden Opera House, takes only four hours in performance. They say that Bungert is by no means a servile imitator of Wagner.

Mr. Koki Hourouya, supreme conductor of all the military bands of Japan, is studying at Dresden the organization of German bands. He studied music in France for seven years.

"It is as possible to overact with the voice, which Mr. Plunket Greene sometimes does, as it is to under-act, which is Mr. Lloyd's one occasional fault," says the Pall Mall Gazette man, with his usual acumen.

Ernest Reyer is in the Midi. His "Selam," an Oriental symphonic poem, written to verses of Gautier, and which has not been heard for more than 40 years, will be performed at the second concert of the Paris Opéra.

Rimski-Korsakoff's symphonic poem, "Antar," has been played at Bordeaux. Why not give the whole of it here, Mr. Paur? You talk of a fragment of it. But a fragment of an unknown work is not fair to composer or audience.

In Zola and Bruneau's new opera, "Messidor," at the Paris Opéra, there will be real windmills and real machinery. But the workmen will not wear realistic blue blouses; they will wear the Basque jacket of the Pyrenees.

The royal theatre at Hanover has a new curtain, Apollo and the Muses, painted by Alexander von Liezenmayer of Munich. The old curtain will be preserved on account of its historical interest. It dates from 1789. Napoleon I. liked it so much he took it to Paris. It was returned in 1815.

"Het Meilief" ("The May Queen"), text by Demeester, music by Peter Benoit, has been produced at the Théatre-Flammand, Brussels. "It is a drama into which music enters as a scenic illustration. It is much less than an opera, and it is more than a melodrama." The critics bewail the fact that Benoit persists in lavishing beautiful music on poor librettos.

The beautiful widow of Archduke Rudolph of Austria, Princess Stephanie of Belgium, has recently added another accomplishment to her list. For some months past the Archduchess sacrificed much of the time formerly given to her favorite pastime, the bicycle, to taking singing lessons from a well-known master in Vienna. Desirous to allow the public to judge of a new talent of which they had heretofore been ignorant, she sang at the Laxebdorg Church in Vienna, in December, where, it is said, the crowd assembled was enormous.

Moritz Adler, German pianist and composer, will make his début in this country at New York Jan. 28. He lost his eyesight at the age of nine years through an attack of scarlet fever. Through long training the boy, who had all along shown a predilection for piano music, was taught not only the lessons a player must learn, but the notes in every selection, and not through raised notes for the blind, but [illegible] having [illegible] years of age, and has recently completed his third concert tour of Europe.

Mr. Floersheim writes as follows concerning Ossip Gabrilowitsch, a Russian pianist, scarcely more than 18 years old: "Gabrilowitsch has completely and deservedly conquered Berlin just as he did Leipsic, and I am sure if he were to go to the United States he would carry everything before him, for he is just the sort of player to please, interest and excite an American audience. He is full of power, energy, sweep and élan, with the reliable technic to back up with rare infallibility the execution of his ideas. Of what stuff he is made you can see in the by no means conventional selection of his concertos, the Tschaikowsky B flat minor and the Irish flavored C minor one of Saint-Saens. Wonderful in his strong sense of rhythm and the way he piles up his climaxes, which, without ever overtaxing the natural limits of his very beautiful Bechstein grand, produce a sonority, a tonal volume, which is as rare as it is telling."

The trend and tendency of recent musical seasons in London contrasts perhaps a little curiously with the interesting fact that this day (Dec. 24) Mr. Henry Russell accomplishes the 85th year of his age. Mr. Russell is so identified with the entertainments and amusements of our grandfathers that his vigorous presence among us today naturally recalls the extraordinary development in musical taste that has taken place during the last half-century. Had Wagner lived to this time Mr. Russell would be his senior, a fact which shows the amazing temporal significance of the older man's career, who 40 years ago was filling England and America with the tunes of his "Cheer, boys, cheer," or his "I'm afloat! I'm afloat," and was likewise filling his pockets with the proceeds of entertainments the popularity of which roused the envy even of a Dickens. And now you may resort of a Saturday night to the Queen's Hall and observe the substantial Britisher enjoying his cigar and his "Tristan" prelude simultaneously and with equal satisfaction. It is odd to meditate upon a transformation of taste that has traveled from "Cheer, boys, cheer," to Isolde's Liebestod; doubtless we plume ourselves complacently enough on our progress; but Mr. Russell played his part for all that.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Algernon Ashton, an English musician, wrote this letter, published in London, concerning symphonic writers. "A famous musical critic recently expressed the opinion that there is a sad lack of great symphonic writers of the present day, and that, although we have some worthy symphonists, yet none of them is great enough to dispel anxiety. I do not agree with this assertion. Johannes Brahms is still living, and though this illustrious master cannot be placed on a level with Beethoven, the greatest composer of all time, yet the four noble symphonies which Brahms has bequeathed to the world, are, to say the very least, quite equal to any that Schubert, Mendelssohn or Schumann have written. There are other notable symphonic composers of the latter half of this expiring century, such as Volkmann, Gade, Raff, Bruckner, Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky and Dvorak, though the life-work of some of these masters is still of too recent a date for us to be able to judge with any degree of certainty what place their symphonies will ultimately take in the temple of everlasting fame. But even if I had not been able to produce instances of the existence of eminent modern symphonic writers, is it after all really desirable for us to have a constant succession of immortal masters in music? Most assuredly not. The fewer the better, say I. Why, there would be little or no distinction in writing grand and magnificent work, if every fifth or tenth musician were able to do so. As it is, we have already had great composers enough and to spare in al conscience, who with their numberless enchanting creations are quite sufficient to delight mankind for hundreds of years to come. It would be just as absurd to believe that English literature was in a bad way and in a declining state merely because there happens to be no writer now living who can match himself with Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, Dickens or Thackeray."

Jan 11. 97

And how shall we be able to know, when these perpetual Jesters speak sincerely? That's a Point which we can never be well assur'd of. For my Part, therefore, I should place this Species of Gentlemen upon a Level with Liars, and should open my self just as much to the one, as to the other.

A woman said to us the other day, "The whole system of making calls is absurd; a nuisance to those calling and receiving, and the most aggravating species of call is the evening descent upon you made by husband and wife, or mother and daughter, when no warning has been sounded. Last night, for instance, my husband said: 'Now we'll have a pleasant, quiet evening. I'll work for an hour or two, and you will have a chance to finish "Nancy Noon."' At half past eight the bell rang. We live in a flat; the maid had joined her associate cave-dwellers. To answer through the tube would be fatal to our peace, but what was there to do? The front rooms were lighted; any outsider might know there was somebody at home; the ringer might be a telegraph boy; there might be a matter of business. I answered the bell. It was Mr. Jawkins, with Mrs. Jawkins. There was no way out of it. Up they came. They sat and sat and talked and talked. There were just three bottles of beer in the house. There were no cigars, and Jim's other pipe would not draw. And those people staid till half-past eleven. An evening wasted.

"Now Mr. Jawkins is pleasant enough for half an hour, but I do not care for his wife. she's a pushing, ambitious thing. and Jim is barely civil to her when he sees her. We talked about everything in town, in the world and in the sky, but we had to do the leading. They do not care for us. Why did they come? Simply because they were bored with each other at home, and they were determined to bore somebody else. People should never call in the evening unless they have been invited, or unless they have given notice of at least 24 hours. By the way, why won't you drop in at Ruggett's tonight? I suppose Jim and I ought to call on them, and if you should happen to be there, we could get through with it much more easily."

There is one advantage in the flat system: you can keep visitors at bay. When you have a house to yourself, Uncle Amos, Aunt Luella or Cousin Joe does not understand why there should not be a room and meals for a stray, wandering relative. The flat tells its own story. There is no secret chamber, no lost room. The servant's voice through the tube discourages approach, especially if she has been well trained in tone-production. Even Cousin Joe could not camp out comfortably on the grand piano, and you can prove to him that the bookcase or the chest of drawers is not a disguised bedstead. And even the most intrepid visitor shies at the enforced proximity of dwellers in a flat. The flat has well nigh abolished "the spare room."

The spare room is known in England, and an English newspaper published lately a fairly accurate description of it: "In most houses there are rooms, or at least a room, set apart for the accommodation of visitors, which is called the 'visitor's room' or the 'spare room.' It contains, as a rule, besides other necessary articles of furniture, a chest of drawers and a wardrobe. The bottom drawers of the chest of drawers contain the superfluous family blankets and muslin curtains, and the door of the wardrobe has a way of opening automatically and silently some minutes after you have shut it, in a manner that suggests supernatural agency. The walls and shelves are decorated with wedding presents that are too ugly to be endured elsewhere. These observations are the result of a somewhat limited experience of visitors' rooms, it is true, and may possibly describe phenomena by no means universal. My experience also leads me to believe that you always find the visitor's room provided with the soap that above all others you detest, and also totally deficient in or inadequately provided with pins."

There is no mention here of one of the characteristic features of the old-fashioned spare room in New England. This feature was the floor hole through which the heat from the living room below was supposed to rise and "take the chill off." There was sometimes a thin and deceptive covering. By putting your ear to this hole, you could ascertain easily the opinions of your hosts concerning your personal appearance, table-manners, conversation. If your entertainers were absent-minded, you found this hole by putting a leg through it.

Constance Maud has written a book for children. It is entitled "Wagner's Heroines." The story of Siegmund and Sieglinde, and that of Tristan and Isolde are peculiarly appropriate for reading aloud these winter evenings by the glowing steam radiator. And then the questions naturally occurring to the children would call forth the entire intellectual activity of the prudent father.

What an absurd fuss the ultra Wagnerites of New York are making over Mr. Anton Seidl. You would think that Mr. Seidl is the only human being who has the true interpretation of Wagner's music locked within his noble breast. Now Mr. Seidl won a certain success in Europe, it is true, as conductor of a strolling opera company; but is Richter wholly unacquainted with the scores and the intentions of Richard? Is Mottl a vain and futile person? Is Hermann Levi a mere pretender? The most memorable performance of "Lohengrin" in this city so far as the work of the orchestra was concerned was that led by Mr. Mancinelli. Whenever you hear in New York the arrogant cry "There is but one opera maker; his name is Wagner," you will also hear the laughable counterpoint, "And Seidl is his prophet."

Jan 1 – 97

"Brian Boru" Is Heard in Boston.

"Brian Boru," a romantic opera, libretto by Stanislaus Stange, music by Julian Edwards, was performed for the first time in this city last evening by the Whitney Opera Company at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Edwards was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Brian Boru	Max Eugene
O'Donovan	Samuel I. Slade
O'Connor	Bruce Paget
Erina	Grace Golden
Johnny Dugan	John C. Slavin
Baby Malone	Amelia Summerville
Fairy Queen	Louise Margot
Banshee	Annie Cameron
Pat O'Hara	Jefferson De Angelis
Elfrida	Amanda Fabris
Lord Edward	George O'Donnell
Fitz-Stephen	Tom Ricketts
Oswald	Fred. Summerfield

The story of this opera is an episode in the life of our old friend Brian Boru, or Borolhme, or Boruma, however you choose to spell the word for "cow-tribute;" Brian of the Dal-Cals dynasty, who was killed in battle on Good Friday, 1014, and whose descendants are today mighty monarchs, though uncrowned, in many American cities.

Perhaps it would not be well to inquire too anxiously into the historical accuracy of Mr. Stange's story. Brian figured once in an "historical Hibernian melo-drama" entitled "Brian Borolhme," by James Sheridan Knowles, Esq., in which O'Donohue, led to execution, addresses Tormagnus, the Scandinavian Chief, in the following chaste and beautiful language: Stretch'd on this iron bed of pain and anguish, my parting soul shall wing its flight to heaven; whilst thou, assassin, on thy gilded couch, shall feel the scorpion stings that goad thy heart, and carry all thy future hell within thee!" There is an Erina in Knowles's play, but she is the daughter of Brian.

Mr. Stange's story proper is pretty enough in substance, and it is not unsuitable for operatic purposes. There are contrasting scenes and emotions; treachery is opposed to patriotism; there is the spectacle of deceitful and accursed Sassenachs finally overcome on Irish soil; there is much waving of Ireland's flag; and there is a coronation at Dublin. For all this happened, or is supposed to have happened, before the chieftain's secretary was moved to inquire, "O where, Kinkora, is Brian the Great?"

But Ohone! Ullagone! the pretty story as it was told originally, even with the introduction of real fairies and a warranted Banshee, was voted dull by audiences accustomed to what is ironically known in the United States as comic opera. There was an attempt to enliven the thing, and so last night we found Amelia Summerville doing her familiar turn as an overgrown and gawky girl; Mr. Slavin brought equally familiar business in the "specialty line;" and Mr. de Angelis again performed wild antics and told jests that undoubtedly irritated the followers of Partholan, the Firbolgs, and the Tuatha Dé Danann on account of their mustiness. The romantic interest is now subordinate to the alleged comic interest. Mr. Stange's libretto is now an inconsequential and absurd thing, simply because—as his friends say—he has given the public what it wants. And again, Ohone! Ullagone!

Mr. Edwards, the composer, has suffered in similar manner. He is a man of sound musical attainments and serious aims. I know his theories and beliefs concerning light opera. But what is a composer to do if he wishes his operettas accepted by managers? He must please the public; if he can, legitimately; if he is not able to do this, he must please them illegitimately; which, being interpreted, means that he must smother his pride and smile when some stupid, inane song or acrobatic dance, lugged in by the heels, provokes thunders of applause, while a dainty melody, a well-wrought ensemble, or a fine display of orchestration passes almost unnoticed.

I do not believe for a moment that when Mr. Edwards and Mr. Stange worked at this opera, they had the slightest idea that Miss Summerville, Mr. de Angelis and Mr. Slavin would bear off the honors of last evening by exploits that had nothing to do with the development of the plot. If all the specialty business had been thrown in a heap into the second act, with the preliminary announcement from Lord Edward, "Let the sports proceed," this inconsequential stuff would have worked no greater injury to "Brian Boru," as an artistic work, than it did last night scattered through three acts.

* * *

This opera opens delightfully and gives a promise which, alas, is not fulfilled. The fairy music, the gift of the magic fiddle to the faithful O'Hara, the appearance of the Banshee, the entrance of Brian—all this was interesting, out of the usual line; and even if there were Wagnerian touches in Mr. Edwards's music, they were skillfully introduced and they were effective. The music of this first act is characteristic and fresh. And this whole act is by all odds the least wearisome—for it must be confessed, that, as a whole, and as it now stands, the opera is deathly dull; it is especially monotonous in the distracting attempts at merry-making.

There is an occasionally pleasant use of Irish melodies; there are sonorous ensembles; the music for the first appearance of Elfrida is far above that of the average operetta of the period; and throughout the work there are evidences in plenty of Mr. Edwards's skill in routine and his genuine musical knowledge. But on the other hand there is comparatively little inspiration; and with the exception of the Irish melodies and the first song of Elfrida, there is not one tune that clings to the memory as you go out into the night. You remember Miss Summerville, you remember Mr. Slavin, although you may wish to dismiss them speedily from the mind. For you cannot agree with the gentleman who shouted from the gallery last night, "What's the matter with Slavin? He's all right."

* * *

To put the thing in a nutshell, an originally good idea has been spoiled by pandering to alleged popular taste. It might have been a pleasure to see "Brian Boru" in its original form.

* * *

The performance does not call for extended comment. The company is one of only fair ability, for Mr. de Angelis, who is very amusing in grotesque and impossible character parts, is surprisingly dull as O'Hara. The chorus is large and well trained, and the orchestra is of reasonable proportions and proficiency. The piece is well mounted. Mr. Eugene was an imposing Brian, and he sang in manly, heroic fashion. Mr. Slade and Mr. Paget sang and acted with spirit, and Mr. Ricketts was laboriously tiresome as Fitz-Stephen.

* * *

Miss Fabris is stouter in face and figure than when she was last here, but her voice is shrill and sour, and the exertion made in tone-production is unpleasant to the eye. Miss Golden sang with more fervor than art.

The audience was large and applausive. There were curtain calls, and Mr. Edwards did not make a speech.

PHILIP HALE.

"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK."

Museum

"Eve'ythin's peculiar," interrupted Mr. Bacchus, with a wave of his hand. "It's a peculiar thing to be alive, that's what I ever thinks."

A large room in the Porphyry Club has been set apart for a special purpose. The chairs and tables and sofas have been fastened securely to the floor. The walls have been padded. Mattresses have taken the place of rugs. Members who wish to engage the room for an hour or an evening are obliged to leave their names with the steward, before the noon of the same day. After two or more conversationalists take possession of the room, the door is locked on the outside. The only communication with the world is through the dumb-waiter, which responds to any order shouted down the well. When the conversationalists are tired, they may call for release; they are released, whether tired or fresh, at the hour of closing; and if they are released before this latter hour, they are not allowed to enter other rooms that night. This room is to be used solely by members who insist on discussing the Bram trial.

Daughter—"George says he fears he can't support me in the style I'm accustomed to."

The Father—"Marry him, anyhow. I can't keep it up much longer myself."—Town Topics.

Mr. Gladstone says he has bought about 35,000 books in his life; and yet he is not nearly so formidable a foe to society as the man who owns and reads only one book. Do you remember the Troppmann case? That bloody wretch was the man of one book, which he had read until it goaded him to murder—not the author, but a whole family. He that reads 35,000 volumes is comparatively safe. He has varied interests. No true collector would care for so many books, and the man of 35,000 is hardly capable of feeling a murderous thrill when he sees the choice library of a rival; his taste is gross; he buys in bulk. The ideal collector is a man who would kill the owner of a unique volume and then have the book bound in the skin of the victim. Jack-the-Ripper is to him one of the most illustrious collectors known to fame, in a quiet, unostentatious way, although he did not care for books or stamps or monograms.

Time and the Hour says: "There is a lady in this town whose name is a peg upon which the whole mass of newspaper 'society' writers hang their figments, day after day, and week after week, until one does not know who is more pitiable. the subject or the exhausted reader. The height of absurdity was reached when a contemporary reported one day that she had visited the Zoo 'incognito.' Now what does that mean?" We suppose it means that the animals—four-legged—did not recognize her.

There is no doubt about it, Monte Carlo is no longer what it was; the glory is departed. It was only last Saturday that we cut this personal from the agony column of the London Times.

Monte Carlo.—Have played as intended. Zero was indolent, and I lost all the money. The game is uninteresting. So also is the new chef. Off to Algiers.—G. B. N.

And yesterday we learned that Miss Ellen Terry was refused admission to the Casino on account of her clothes. Sherry's in New York is more liberal.

The paragraphers are humane. We have not noticed any strained allusion to "Sherry and egg," and no one has represented Mr. Comstock as exclaiming, "I am dying, Egypt, dying."

"Why she walks badly." But women in novels seldom walk. According to Charles Reade, they glide. According to George Meredith they swim.

Our old friend Walsingham is at last in his real element. At Washington he is sitting in the laps of diplomats and giving them points on diplomacy. We should not be surprised to hear that he is wearing ribbons, medals and other "gewgaws," which appealed so strongly to Andrew Johnson when he made his alcoholic address to the foreign ministers: "You'uns there with the gewgaws on."

We invite respectfully the attention of those who admire "the style of 'Nancy Noon'" to this sentence, picked at random: "How could he in this clatter hear the calls of the Virtues, God's hautboys, bugling men to high moments?" A hautboy that will bugle a man or a woman should be added at once to the Symphony Orchestra, and Mr. Sautet should bugle a concerto and the audience at the same time. Why did not the gifted author of "Nancy Noon" speak of "the Virtues, God's bugles, hautboying men to high moments"? "Hautboying" is a prettier verb than "bugling." And a bugle that can hautboy is surely an interesting instrument.

On the 12th of January, 1890, Mr. Edmond de Goncourt was attacked by goose-flesh on learning this detail in the trade of a slater. "I am told his employer takes 50 centimes out of his wages each month to pay for the litter on which he will be moved the day he falls from a roof."

Jan 1 – 97

Two Singers at Keith's New Theatre—The Melourgia Concert in Steinert Hall—Second Concert of the Boston String Quartet.

Mr. Alberti, a baritone of the late Mapleson Opera Company, and his wife, Mrs. Orlandi-Alberti, are singing this week at Keith's New Theatre.

Mr. Alberti sang, the afternoon I heard him, "Dio Possente," from "Faust." It was interesting to see how an old Italian tradition was respected by him; he varied the reprise, and he is the first baritone I have heard for several years who thus applied an old rule to Gounod's music. He sang the air with more tenderness than is usual. A lover was suggested more frequently than a soldier. But he sang with taste, however you might have been disposed to criticise the fundamental conception. Mrs. Orlandi-Alberti sang the famous song from Rossini's "Barber," and she was joined by her husband in a duet from the same delightful opera. Mrs. Alberti's voice is neither as fresh nor as well trained as that of her husband, but she sang with vivacity and some natural intelligence. She was fortunate in coming between Mrs. Charles T. Ellis and Jennie Dunn.

As is the custom in Continental cities, Mr. Alberti appeared in what we are pleased to call full evening dress. I remember the first performance of "Mors et Vita" in Paris, when the baritone and tenor parts were taken respectively by Faure and Edward Lloyd. The concert was at the Trocadéro, in the afternoon. The contrast between the men was striking. Faure was in evening dress, without gloves. He sat like an artist, conscious of his worth, a polished gentleman. Lloyd wore a huge, baggy, Prince Albert coat; his white gloves bulged. He looked beefy and ill at ease. After the performance Gounod, who was the conductor, kissed each of them with warm impartiality.

* * *

The Melourgia, a mixed voice singi

s[illegible]ty, Mr. [illegible] Dodell, conductor, gave its first concert of the season last evening in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Swift, Mr. Bartlett, Dr. Clark and Mr. Swift were the solo singers; Mr. Van Vliet was the 'cellist; Mr. Wry was the pianist, and Mr. Potter the organist.

The feature of the program was Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen," which was given last night by a chorus of about 40 voices and with an accompaniment of piano and organ. When it was first produced—almost 40 years ago—with Clara Novello, Sims Reeves "and the inimitable Mr. Weiss" as solo singers, it may have been a pleasant pastoral, although I doubt if any performance ever justified the hysterical declaration of one of Bennett's admirers: "In short, the 'May Queen' is a masterpiece which will last as long as music itself." Sung last night without an orchestra and without warmth or force, the cantata seemed hopelessly antiquated, and I am inclined to believe that there is no real vitality in the music.

There may or there may not have been changes in the Melourgia; but in certain respects, notably purity of intonation, there has been a marked improvement. The quality of the female voices is better than that of the men, but this statement may be applied to more ambitious societies in the United States. The Melourgia phrases with more intelligence than it did last season. It should confine its attention, however, for some time to very simple part songs, until it has gained greater confidence, a surer control over the difficult matter of accentuation, and a more decisive attack. Last night the "Serenade," by Elgar, gave more genuine musical enjoyment than did the ambitious attempt to sing a dull cantata, with an absurdly ineffective accompaniment.

So far as the soloists were concerned, Mr. Bartlett bore away the honors. It is a pleasure to hear him under favorable or unfavorable circumstances; for it is very, very seldom that he forgets his art or misunderstands the composer. Mrs. Waterhouse has an agreeable voice. It is a pity that she does not use it with greater animation and sentiment. Mr. Van Vliet performed an exceedingly difficult feat on the 'cello. He plays Schumann's "Traumerei" slower than I have ever heard it in concert hall or boarding-house parlor. Dr. Clark was loudly applauded for his delivery of Robin Hood's song. The second and last concert of the Melourgia will be given in May.

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON STRING QUARTET CONCERT.

La'' [illegible]lha, il Allah!
D[illegible] [illegible]nde[illegible]d! A shepherd's tent
Served [illegible]s then for house and fold;
All to wh[illegible]om we gave or lent,
Paid us back a thousand fold.
Troublous years by myriads wailed,
Rarely had a cross for us,
Never when we gaily sailed,
Singing down the Bosphorus.
L[illegible]a'laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
There never came a cross for us,
While we daily, gaily sailed,
Adown the meadowy Bosphorus.

When there was talk some time ago about a new Music Hall which should descend upon the Back Bay, as the New Jerusalem from the clouds, with closets for sealskin sacks, racks for umbrellas, and checks for Arctic overshoes, many were allured to subscription by the promise of real baignoires and practical ambulatories. We hope that the Fenway Garden will be provided with these adjuncts to pleasure. If we cannot have baignoires—and they may be mistaken by Uncle Amos for bathrooms—give us three or four ambulatories and at least two succursal aisles.

We hear you ask, "What has the poetic burst at the head of this column to do with the above paragraph?" Nothing, absolutely nothing, dear Madam. There is no order, no coherency, no purpose, and, we believe, there is no deception. The little paragraph that leads each day may be a quotation from Phineas Fletcher—oh, rare and neglected poet!—or Artemus Ward; from an annual report of a Watch and Ward Society or from the memoirs of Casanova; from the novel of today or from our great work, as yet unpublished, "An Inquiry into the Practice of Yawning," in 6 vols., fol., pigskin, to be sold only by subscription.

At the same time we pity you if you have never sailed adown the foamy, joyous Bosphorus. We can not exclaim with James Clarence Mangan:

"And bad luck attends and ends
Boatings down the Bosphorus."

It did in Mangan's case, for he insisted on spending nights as well as days in the boat. But though gray hairs are sorrowfully brushed away, Madam, as you stand before the glass, we hope that you are still able to join in the Jubilee of the Illusionized.

And so there is a relationship. Those that look forward to immediate good understanding between labor and capital, agreeable and rapid transit, removal of vice by legislation, a hall which will be the fit abiding place of the Symphony Orchestra, are sailing adown the Bosphorus, which flows through the kingdom ruled by Francis Wilson I.

There should be no slippery elm used for the new Cabinet.

We call the attention of the Providence Journal to these lines of Mangan, who puts them in the mouth of Meer Djafrit against "the Ingleezee Khafir, calling himself Djaun Bool Djenkinzun." They sum up concisely sundry editorial articles that have been published by our revered contemporary:

"I spit on thy clothing,
That garb for baboons!
I eye with deep loathing
Thy tight pantaloons!
I curse the cravat
That encircles thy throat,
And thy cooking-pot hat,
And thy swallow-tailed coat!"

French judges have been wrangling over this question of absorbing general interest: "When a man dies and leaves all his fortune to his wife, has he the right to direct that in the event of her marrying again she shall lose the bequest?" A test case was first brought before the Lisieux tribunal, which held that the testator had the right. The Caen Court of Appeal thought differently. This was its argument: "The Creator said 'Increase and multiply'; celibacy is contrary to nature and should not be forcibly imposed. Celibacy becomes the more disagreeable, when once the spouse has tasted the sweets of marriage." There was also talk of the decreasing population of France. The decree was that the widow could keep the money and marry again. But the Supreme Court of Appeal decided recently that the husband, or the wife, has a right to restrict the conditions of a legacy in the manner about which there was dispute.

The New York Sun pays a handsome compliment to a distinguished statesman of this Commonwealth: "The Hon. Elijah Adams Morse, M. C., of Massachusetts is a literary person of much affluence of quotation, and it seems especially rash to question his accuracy in the field of hymnology, 'I believe,' he told some of his Massachusetts brethren the other day, the hymn that says:

" 'The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly place
Or walk the golden streets.'

"Perhaps no other species of poetical composition is habitually so tampered with, botched and arbitrarily changed as is the hymn. It seems to us that we have heard this hymn sung with not the exact words quoted by Mr. Morse, but with the substitution in the third line of 'Before we reach the heavenly fields.' The exigency of the rhyme might seem to favor this reading, but, alas, in too many hymns the rhymes are altogether too accommodating. Besides, Mr. Morse's scholarship may be depended upon."

Jan 14—

Instead of there being before him the pale face of Eustacia, and a masculine shape unknown, there was only the imperturbable countenance of the heath, which, having defied the cataclysmal onsets of centuries, reduced to insignificance by its seamed and antique features the wildest turmoil of a single man.

And it is this imperturbable countenance that disturbs some persons, city-bred, who would fain live in the country. The streets, the houses of a large town are familiar, humanized in a measure. You know the general scheme of the huge apartment house. The electric lights are nearer than the stars, and cause you to forget even the worn out, inhospitable moon. There is no mystery about the tree in the Common; it is tagged with scientific accuracy.

A town is not as heartless as Nature. You hear talk of "stony streets" and you read pretty phrases about the "impassive city," but a town is after all the creation of man, and it is a part of him. If the town abuse you, it is as though your enemy were a-railing. The town may be cynical, cruel, filthy in speech and behavior; far more appalling is the indifference of Nature, the indifference of Egdon Heath, for instance, toward the anguish of Yeobright and his mother, toward the coquetry of Eustacia, toward the pathetic fidelity of Diggory Venn.

Perhaps for this reason a village murder is more horrific than fatal stabbing or shooting within town walls. There is on some hillside a pretty spot, sequestered, peaceful. In summer children rest there under the shade of the trees; or lovers watch the going down of the sun; or an aged woman looks across at the burying-ground. The place has a name; perhaps grotesque, [illegible] The rocks, the

[illegible] trees, the very ground are familiar with the villagers. The sky is accustomed to them. Suddenly a corpse—the body of one murdered—is found there. Nature sounded no alarm when it saw the deed. Neither sun nor moon cares to bear testimony. Thousands of years ago there may have been murder on that very spot. No summer day has passed for a century without the sight of death there in what we regard as an insignificant form. And to Nature, the Kosmic Sphinx, the mother that bore you, the girl you love, the man whom you would kill if you had the courage, is of no more lively interest than the bee or the gnat, the angleworm or the placid cow.

This indifference of Nature disturbs the sensitive and the nervous who go into the country for rest. There is many a one that could endure the sight of a battle or a hanging more easily than the sight of the stars from a lonely field. The near roar of a street is less disquieting than the ghastly silence of a cold night as you look furtively at the encompassing hills.

And a village murder by the force of the irony of the situation becomes of almost national interest. The people in distant cities know the murdered one as though she were a neighbor. The petty details of her actions just before her taking off are discussed as though they were Napoleonic deeds. The crime is discussed in street cars, parlors, barrooms. Only Nature that witnessed the struggle holds her tongue and attends strictly to her business. For Nature is never excited. Nature has no curiosity.

The eyes of Egyptologists are still turned toward New York.

Westward the Princess Chimay takes her way. In Budapest a singer—in Berlin as a living picture—then Paris, of course, with song and dance and exhibition of diamonds—across the channel to entertain Queen Victoria who will give her a set of her memoirs and an Indian shawl—and then—and then—New York. The Earnest Student of Sociology, Old Chimes, the Historical Painter, and the Chief Manager of the Great Wild East Show are making arrangements to meet her on the dock.

Long training is not necessary to success on the dramatic stage. Here is Miss Atkinson, who leaped with a bound from the tennis court to the pinnacle of the Thespian temple. Her début was telegraphed to the leading newspapers throughout the country. The critics agree with surprising unanimity. "She has a few lines to speak in the second act. She wears tights, gauze trousers, a zouave jacket and a little cap." Do we know as much about the costumes of Burbadge or Mrs. Siddons?

To W. B.: "Cabinet" in the phrase "the President's Cabinet," comes from "cabinet, the private room in which the confidential advisers of the sovereign or chief ministers of a country meet." Originally the word was an English diminutive of "cabin" and meant " a little cabin, hut, tent, dwelling, den or hole of a beast"; but in certain senses it was influenced largely by the French "Cabinet."

Jan 15

The Horse-radish is lying on his side
And smoking a pipe of tobacco.
Makhorka! White hazel tree, oh, raspberry bush!
Vyeryeyiewshki vyeryeview, viewshki, view-sky vyeryeviewshki.
Young lady has little morocco shoes.

And the old woman, a termagent,
Took a dislike to the smell
Of tobacco! white hazel tree, oh, raspberry bush!
Vyeryeviewshki vyeryeview, viewshki, view-sky vyeryeviewshki.
Young lady has little morocco shoes.

We were reminded of this gem of Romany fancy by reading a pamphlet the other day in which consumption, nervous depression, and appendicitis are traced directly to the use of tobacco. There is no discrimination made between an honest pipe or two and a box of cigarettes; between drugged, sticky Oriental tobacco and the thin black slab that delights the dwellers in the Tide-Water District. The reasoning and the conclusions of the pamphleteer reminded us also of "An Essay on the Relationship Existing between the Abuse of the Pipe and the Increase of Guillotine Executions," written by Stanislas Quilgars, Secretary to the Mayor of Vicq. This essay was crowned by the Society of Hygiene.

And this is Mr. Quilgars's line of argument: (1) Tobacco, drying the larynx, turns you into a sponge and makes you suck the bottle: oil on fire; (2) the bottle puts cards in your hands and debauch in your belly; (3) debauch drives the husband against the wife and shakes the bludgeon in the household; (4) the bludgeon becomes a knife, thumps become gashes, quarrels turn into assassinations; therefore, every puffer of smoke finds the guillotine in the bowl of his pipe. This reasoning [illegible] so irresistible that young Coquillon who smoked slyly the cigarette ends rejected by Mr. Pincemaille of the Municipal Council was frightened and abandoned the habit forever.

It appears from Professor Fay's remarks that the Sella collection which has made "a successful tour among the libraries in the prominent cities of the country" is one of the most intrepid climbers of the Appalachian Society.

The many friends and admirers of the Reverend W. Copley Winslow are surprised that he has not been called as an expert in the Seeley investigation. His reputation as an acute and erudite Egyptologist is acknowledged in two continents.

Mr. Colwell has been awarded $50,000 for the loss of his wife's affection. She must be an uncommonly fine woman.

If Theodore Roosevelt should be chosen President of Hobart College there would surely be a well endowed chair of pugilism.

Dr. Ferdinand Brann, accused of passing forged checks, says he has been confounded with his wicked twin brother. The defence is not original. Artemus Ward told us long ago of a grave, ministerial-looking and elderly man in a white choker who had a gift enterprise concern at a fair in Cleveland. " 'My friends,' he solemnly said, 'you will observe that this jewelry is elegant indeed, but I can afford to give it away, as I have a twin brother seven years older than I am, in New York city, who steals it a great deal faster than I can give it away. No blanks, my friends—all prizes—and only fifty cents a chance. I don't make anything myself, my friends—all I get goes to aid a sick woman—my aunt in the country, gentlemen—and, besides, I like to see folks enjoy themselves!' "

We have been requested to publish the following communication. We do it with great pleasure, for we know the author to be a sweet, strong soul, a prominent member of the Art Club, and a faithful attendant at the Emanuel Church: "It has been suggested in one of the Back Bay studios that Little Egypt be modeled and placed in the Public Library as a companion piece to 'The Bacchante.' It will be educational by showing the progress of grace and beauty in the 'Form Divine,' and be of great aid in developing in the minds of the young a taste for the pure in life as in art."

And what is to be said of a civilization that drove Hoffmann at Sing Sing to suicide. He had no work to occupy his mind. He felt his mind giving way. He killed himself. A cowardly Legislature had decided that he should be without work; that he should be in solitary confinement, without any distraction; without the possibility of doing something that might be of use to him after he had served his time.

Dr. Allan M'Lane Hamilton says, with reference to the idleness at Sing Sing, "In the English prisons the convicts are forced to do worthless labor. Instance the treadmill, the crank and the other devices which call for work that is non-productive of results. It is purely automatic, but it is work." But does Dr. Hamilton really advocate the use of the crank in our prisons? Does he remember the story of convict life in England as told by Charles Reade without contradiction? How 9 jailers out of 10 tampered with cranks? "Each crank tasked the Sisyphus three times what it professed to do. It was calculated that four prisoners, on an average crank marked 10 pounds, had to exert an aggregate of force equal to one horse; and this exertion was prolonged, day after day, far beyond a horse's power of endurance, and in many cases on a modicum of food so scanty that no horse ever foaled, so fed, could have drawn an arm chair a mile." The treadmill—the crank—these are as cruel, hideous engines as the Nuremberg virgin, "the rack, strapado, or the boiling boot."

Miss Aagot Lunde's Concert in Steinert Hall Last Evening—A Singer Who Has Improved in Many Ways.

Miss Aagot Lunde, assisted by Miss Laura Webster, 'cellist, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. There was a large and applausive audience. Miss Lunde sang these songs:

Vi Fida lo Sposo (Ezio)......................
Con Rauco Mormorio (Rodelinda)...... Handel
Stilles Leid..............................
Heimliche Grusse..........................
Mondnacht ....
Anathema .... Fielitz
Im Volkston..........................Jadassohn
Wake Not, but Hear Me, Love.........Osgood
In Picardie..............................Foote
I Arise from Dreams of Thee...........Woolf
A Madrigal.............................Harris
Paa Fjellet............................Kerulf
Mens Jeg Venter.........................Grieg
Polska ....Dannstrom
Efteraarsstormen ....Grieg
Min Skat............................... Kerulf

Miss Lunde made her début in Boston, if I am not mistaken, about five years ago. She then sang with an enthusiasm that was not often controlled by taste or art. Her intonation was very impure; she was frequently guilty of scooping; and her phrasing was simply a matter of taking and losing breath at random. She was furthermore unfamiliar with the English language.

No one who heard her then would have recognized her last night; for her own courage and industry and the admirable teaching to which she has submitted herself have made her another woman, a singer who now shows many pleasing qualities.

I do not say that her singing last night was flawless. Her intonation was not always pure, and this was especially noticeable in the songs by Grieg. Her unfaithfulness to the true pitch is to be observed often when she attacks an upper tone. In the earlier years of her career she was undoubtedly badly taught, and the break in the contralto voice was not bridged with understanding. But an infirmity that five years ago seemed chronic is now only occasional, and, when she sings within the working part of her voice her intonation is pure. She should still persevere; and for the present she should abstain from songs that make too great demands on compass.

And now for the evidence of her improvement in other ways. She uses the legato with skill, and she is not as reckless as formerly in the abuse of the portamento. Her enthusiasm is under control. She no longer whoops her climaxes. She has not merely a piano and a fortissimo; she knows dynamic gradations between the two, and last evening she employed the pianissimo effectively. Her enunciation is distinct. Her phrasing is more intelligent. In the cadences of the airs by Handel she forced her tones unnecessarily, but this is a vicious trick common to singers who accept alleged Handelian traditions. She was heard to best advantage, perhaps, in "Mondnacht," "A Madrigal" (a perfunctory song by Victor Harris), and the characteristic songs by Kerulf and Dannstrom. I think she could have made more of Mr. Woolf's eminently musical setting of Shelley's verses, for the singer did not rise to the passion of the climax, and the song throughout demanded more sensuousness of tone and expression. All in all, Miss Lunde is to be congratulated on the results of her patient work.

* * *

Miss Webster played an andante from a concerto by Vieuxtemps; Popper's Reigen and Bruch's Ave Maria. She did not play with her usual skill and sentiment. The piece by Bruch is one of the dreariest things ever brought on the concert stage by a 'cellist.

PHILIP HALE.

Now just attend to me,
Married men of all degree.
While I tell you the vicissitudes of life,
There's nothing, understand,
Half so pleasing to a man,
As a good temper'd, kind and loving wife.
She is always at her work,
Tho' sometimes used like a Turk,
Here and everywhere compelled she has to run;
While a man can banish care,
Drown sorrow and dull care,
A woman never knows when her day's work's done.

We heard yesterday a shocking tale of man's depravity. The first of January Mr. Sneaker—for the sake of his wife we do not give his real name—told his family at breakfast that he proposed to make an experiment for a year. "I am convinced," he said, "that vegetarianism is the golden word of health. I have read pamphlets for and against the practice, and the evidence is overwhelming against meat. For meat is not the natural food of intellectual man or lovely woman. Meat feeds the baser passions. It provokes dangerous blood. It brings disease. Centuries ago it was said of the Atlantes, 'They eat of no kind of beast, neither dream in their sleep.' How repugnant is the thought of sustaining our life by taking away the life of the innocent lamb, the pathetic calf, the industrious hen, the cattle feeding upon the hills! Then a vegetable diet is more economical. Meat is dearer in Boston than in any other American city."

And so Mrs. Sneaker and the little Sneakers have been living on health-foods, buckwheat cakes, vegetables, milk, and various preparations of birdseeds. Obedient to her lord's request, no meat has been upon the table since that breakfast morning. Yesterday she remarked to her neighbor on the floor above that she was tired of paste dishes and hen foods, but she had promised William to reduce expenses, and although the children were swollen for an hour after each meal and after two hours were hungry as sharks, she should keep her promise. "The bills were certainly lower."

We are told that the monster Sneaker, who lunches down town, consumes vast quantities of steak, pork chops, sausages, liver, tripe, spare rib, beginning always with a heavy stock soup. He explains his voracity by saying: "You know this is my dinner. The children dine at 1 o'clock, so we have a light supper at night. It's a much healthier way to live." Now, last year Sneaker's lunch consisted of a cup of coffee, a ham sandwich and a piece of pie. These he devoured standing, and he would fight for a place at the counter as though he were contending with the beasts at Ephesus.

And what is Mrs. Sneaker to do when she discovers the perfidy of her husband; for such perfidy cannot long be concealed. The old song goes:

"Married women take advice,
Get you everything that's nice,
A little drop of brandy, rum or gin,
And if your husband should complain,
Give the compliment again,
And whack him with the wooden rolling-pin."

But Mrs. Sneaker is a woman of fine breeding, and this age is not as heroic as the one that saw the birth of the song.

Our advice to Mrs. Sneaker is to order mushrooms and artichokes in large quantities and to insist on having them at least twice a day. If your husband complain of the price, tell him mushrooms should be cheap, because in 1503 it was not uncommon in Damascus for 20 or 30 camels laden with mushrooms to come each day all the way from Armenia. If he fail to see the logic of this remark—and men are often stupid—recite this verse in a clear bell-like voice:

"When the moon is at the full,
Mushrooms you may freely pull;
But when the moon is on the wane,
Wait ere you think to pluck again."

Then turn the conversation to artichokes and insist on having them imported from the Orkney Islands. The expense will soon cause him to return home to his mutton.

What's this? A French artist imported to paint Major McKinley? Was there no paint in Canton? Was there no painter there? America should be for American painters!

A School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquities has been incorporated in New York State. Are there not enough modern mysteries to satisfy the restless and the curious? Who struck Billy Patterson? Who stole Charlie Ross? Where is Stewart's body? How was the City of Boston lost? Who killed old Mr. Nathan?

Mr. Huneker regards Princess de Chimay as the "most evocative of names." Her uncle, by the way, does not believe that she is going on the stage. 'Tis a wise uncle—even in Chicago—that knows his own niece.

As you saunter in street or are thrown about in electric car, you see men's heads which are so imposing, so authoritative, that they seem predestined to adorn the postage stamps of a nation. Yet do not be deceived. We saw the other day a most venerable head. Benevolence, firmness, infinite wisdom, hoary age, were combined in a subject worthy of Rembrandt or Velasquez. Surely a Judge, a philanthropist, or a retired professor of Sanskrit. We found out on inquiry that our sage played Peter Funk at auction sales.

It was on Jan. 16, 1890, that Mr. Pillaut said of Wagner—the composer, not the inventor of a sleeping car—"His musical form leads you to think of a future world, and his sonorousness is the sonorousness that seems manufactured for the ears of a race which will come long after us."

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel W. Frost of Springfield was celebrated in Grand Army Hall Thursday evening.

Jan 17. 97

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Karl von Dittersdorf Appears on the Program—Miss Aus der Ohe Plays Liszt's E Flat Major Piano Concerto.

The program of the 12th Symphony concert given last night in Music Hall, Emil Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Symphony in C major.... .....Dittersdorf
Arranged by Hermann Kretzschmar.
(First time in Boston.)
1. Allegro molto.
2. Larghetto.
3. Menuetto I., vivace. Menuetto II., tranquillo.
4. Finale, prestissimo.

Concerto for pianoforte, No. 1, in E flat major .....Liszt
Overture to "Don Giovanni".....Mozart
Symphony No. 4, in B-flat major...Beethoven

The interest of Dittersdorf's symphony is chiefly historical; and yet the man's voice is individual. The talent of Haydn was acknowledged by everyone at the time this symphony was written, and his influence was indisputable; and yet Dittersdorf was not the sedulous ape. He thought for himself; he thought in an honest, homely way, and he gave himself no airs and graces. It is straightforward music, respectable, and, like unto many respectable things and persons, it is rather dull. The katy-did repetition of simple theme is well-nigh intolerable, just as no doubt much that amuses or excites us today will be yawned at by our accomplished descendants. It must be remembered that we know this symphony only through Kretzschmar's edition, with its added expression-marks and filling-out of the cembalo part. With the small orchestra for which it was written, and in a smaller hall, it may have awakened livelier emotions; and the audience of today is not the comparatively simple folk who listened with pleasure to Dittersdorf and the Haydn of the earlier symphonies.

I speak in another column this morning of the date of Dittersdorf's first symphonies. There were symphonists before Hadyn, whose first work of this kind was written in 1759. A symphony by Sammartini was played at Milan in 1734, and one by Gossec was written in 1754. How would they seem to modern ears? Hopelessly stupid? And are any of the symphonies which Dittersdorf wrote on subjects from the Metamorphoses of Ovid still in existence? I should like to become acquainted with Dittersdorf's musical idea of Diana in the bath.

* * *

It was a great pleasure to hear Miss Aus der Ohe again. I understand that she wished to play a concerto by d'Albert, but the lateness of her arrival—for she was called suddenly as a substitute for Emma Eames—forbade the necessary rehearsal. Perhaps it was as well for her to play the familiar work of Liszt, and certainly her performance of it was admirable, most admirable.

Miss Ausder Ohe grows steadily in her art. There are pianists who appear with the brilliancy of a meteor and share its sudden fate. They grow lazy; they are spoiled by flattery; or conceit devours them. Other pianists manage by perseverance and industry to maintain a respectable position. Miss Aus der Ohe commanded attention when she first appeared in public; and since that time she has grown steadily in musical stature.

There was a time when she was Amazonian in her performance. She exulted in her strength. She gloried in the contest between piano and orchestra. And she excelled in pieces demanding dash and brilliancy. In these pieces she was a pianist who was incidentally, by accident of birth, a woman.

Even now she is a Diana in the purity and the pride of her performance. But if she is not a sensuous player, she is virginal rather than cold. She is intrepid, not arrogant. She fears no difficulty presented by Liszt; but she does not wear the scalp of the composer at her girdle. Nor does she use her strength as though she wished to show her superiority in this respect over the poor brute, man.

I admit that this concerto by Liszt does not make violent claims upon the deep emotional character of a pianist. It does make serious demands, however, on technique, taste and understanding. To say that Miss Aus der Ohe turned it into something more than a brilliant show piece is in itself no slight praise. There was no thought last night of difficulty or labor or vainglorious display. She played with amazing fluency, which was controlled constantly by musical understanding. She played with the orchestra, and not against it. Although her individuality was strongly pronounced—for Miss Aus der Ohe reminds you of no one but Miss Aus der Ohe—it never stood between the composer and the audience. The ease, the spontaneity of her performance! The charm of certain pedal effects not too deliberately and patently contrived! And above all the true elegance, without ostentation, without nervousness, in performance and performer! Seldom have I heard concerto-playing in Music Hall that gave such unalloyed pleasure. Miss Aus der Ohe may well be proud of the enthusiasm that she aroused. It was not manufactured; it was not genteel and perfunctory. It was as spontaneous as her own performance.

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The overture to "Don Giovanni" is almost spoiled by the absurd coda necessary to concert use. Written originally for an orchestra of 26 or 27 and for a small theatre, it is all out of proportion when played by the Symphony orchestra in Music Hall.

In the interesting "entr'acte" in the program-book Mr. Apthorp says, "The French version 'Don Juan' is given at the Académie de musique in Paris, not at the Opéra Comique." But this season it is given in Paris at each one of these opera-houses. Maurel is still singing the part of the rake-helly hero at the Opéra Comique.

Mr. Apthorp also says "In Munich 'Don Giovanni' has been given for some years now in a small opera-house, with small orchestra, and with none of the solo voices doubled by the chorus in the first finale." Is he sure that it has thus been given for "several years"? The famous attempt to give the opera with the orchestra of Mozart, and according to his score and in a small theatre, was May 29, 1896. The opera was then sung at the Residenz theatre and not at the Opera house.

* * *

The 4th Symphony of Beethoven gave much pleasure last night. Indeed, it gave such pleasure that it would be a pity to fritter it away, even in recollection, by idle dissertations on the imperishable adagio, which is even finer and nobler than Berlioz's famous rhapsodic burst evoked by it. Let it be enough to say that it was played with full appreciation of its countless beauties, mysterious hints, and elemental grandeur.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Dittersdorf and His Queer Program-Symphonies.

Damrosch in Trouble---The Fiasco of Lilli Lehmann.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

The name of Dittersdorf, the symphonist, appeared last week for the first time on a Boston Symphony program. And, indeed, this writer of many symphonies—Riemann names over 100—violin concertos, chamber music, piano-pieces, operas, cantatas, oratorios, etc., is now known chiefly as the author of the comic opera, "Doctor und Apotheker 1(1786)," which is still given in Germany (twice in 1894), and the E flat major string quartet, which was first played here by the Kneisels Jan. 4, 1892.

Karl Ditters, afterward known as Karl von Dittersdorf, born in Vienna, Nov. 2, 1739, died in 1799, at the Castle Rothlhetta, near Neuhaus, in extreme poverty. In his day he was reckoned an admirable composer as well as violinist. Perhaps his most remarkable work for orchestra was the series of 12 or 15 symphonies—the statements are conflicting concerning the exact number—upon subjects taken from Ovid's Metamorphoses. These are early examples of program music. One symphony, for example, was named "Action." The first movement portrayed the chase in the forest; the andante, Diana bathing; in the menuet Actaeon surprised her; the subject of the final is the vengeance of Diana and the devouring of the offender by her hounds. Another of his symphonies was entitled "The Four Ages of the World." Another was named "Ill Combatti mento delle umane Passioni." These Ovidian symphonies were published in 1785, and they made such a stir that a grave theologian named Hermes wrote a long-winded analysis of them.

And as a violinist Dittersdorf indulged in vagaries, although there is no doubt of his real ability; for in 1786 he gave an imitation of the croaking of frogs upon the violin, and we read that the "cultured audience" was "uncommonly well satisfied with this admirable player."

He was also the author of a book, his Autobiography, dictated to his son and published in Leipzig in 1801 by Breitkopf and Härtel. It is a book of 300 pages miserably printed on wretched paper. This original is now rare; but an English translation was published in London a few months ago. The Autobiography is a sad but extremely entertaining work, crammed with useful information about the musical life of the time and abounding in sane advice to students of the violin and composition. While it is true that the custom of having private orchestras gave great opportunities to composers in the service of Princes and led them to write without anxiety concerning an orchestra, public or publisher, the lot of these composers was precarious, for they were dependent on the caprice of their patrons. The motto of Dittersdorf's Autobiography might well be "O, how wretched is that poor man that hangs on Princes' favors."

Here is Dittersdorf, one of the acknowledged masters of his time, a virtuos

[illegible] closing the [illegible] of his life with a pitiful statement of his income and outgo, giving these last words to the reader: "Dear Reader, do not suspect me of having written the above lines for the purpose of pumping alms from you. It is more than probable that I shall not be alive when you are reading this little book. But if any one will help my poor family after the destruction of my cottage, which is already rotten, O then will God surely recompense him! I am honest enough to admit that I have made my family doubly unhappy. First, on account of my poverty; second, on account of my sickness. Yet there is some excuse for my poverty, as my pension for 26 years of service has always been too small to pay my debts, and the money I had laid aside in case of need, the most of which has gone into the physician's little bag, the apothecary's shop, and the health baths (and all without help) I have been obliged to part with. But my heedlessness in sparing my health is unpardonable, the more so because a kindly nature gave me a strong and solid body, upon which I, poor fool, have made wanton attacks."

Dittersdorf says little about his symphonies, and he gives few or no dates. He mentions six symphonies "which attracted attention in Prague and Vienna." He says he wrote three symphonies and an oboe concerto in four weeks, and received $30 for them. At a concert given by him in Berlin two of six symphonies which he had sent to the King of Prussia were performed, one at the beginning and one at the end of the concert.

These first mentioned "six symphonies" were written in 1759, the year that Haydn wrote his first symphony in three movements (string quartet, two oboes and two horns) for Count Morzin's orchestra.

They say that the symphony of Dittersdorf played last night first appeared in 1788. This is the year of Haydn's 'Children's Symphony," and the so-called "Oxford" symphony, which was written originally for Paris.

* * *

Lilli Lehmann made her first appearance this season in America in a concert at New York Jan. 12. The Musical Courier speaks of her as follows:

"If an American woman, old or young, had sung as did Lilli Lehmann yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall the press would have pounded the life out of her. But being Lehmann everyone politely applauded. The once celebrated Wagner singer has passed not only her prime, but her singing is now hardly a shadow. Her voice is sick, sick at the bottom, sicker in the middle register and sickest at the top. She sang songs by Wagner, Franz and Schubert, and in all she demonstrated absolutely her unfitness to be either on the concert or operatic stage. All her old and disagreeable mannerisms were in evidence, the 'scooping,' the harsh stroke of the glottis and the bad breathing.

"We regret to have to write it, but Lilli Lehmann, who once charmed us in the Wagner music drama, has reached the period when she should abstain from public appearances. It comes to every singer and it has come to her. Why Mr. Damrosch permitted her to sing here before his regular season, and without the deceptive accessories of the stage, costume, lights and orchestra, we cannot comprehend. The song recital is a cruel test for a worn voice, and this recital was nothing short of cruelty, both because of the singer's past reputation and because of her audience, to have given this affair. If, we repeat, an American singer had sung under similar conditions, what a critical row there would have been! The avarice of foreign singers is disgusting."

It is true; Lily Lehmann is no longer young. She was born May 15, 1848, and she was an ornament—a German ornament—of the Berlin opera 27 years ago. Nor is devotion to the music of Wagner a preservative of the voice.

* * *

Mr. Damrosch—Mr. Walter Damrosch, and his opera company did not have a pleasant time in Baltimore. I quote from a telegraphic dispatch to the New York Herald:

Baltimore, Md., Jan. 9.—So disgusted is Mr. Damrosch because of the unsatisfactory attendance at his short season of grand opera in this city that he openly today charged the failure to the ignorance of the people of this city. One of the Baltimore performances was abandoned because of small receipts at the box office, while at the other two there were twice as many empty seats as there were auditors.

When asked to explain the cause, he said, "Well, I shall use a very plain word, but it is the only one to express my meaning; it is ignorance. There may be plenty of people here who are fond of music, and who enjoy a pretty opera and a violin concert, and the like, but that is very different from a community with a musical education.

"The people here are evidently incapable of appreciating what I have brought them, and in that particular they are behind New York, Philadelphia and Washington. I have been giving opera to large houses in Philadelphia, and I shall do the same at the capital. In Baltimore no one comes, simply because the community is 'too ignorant in musical matters to know what is good."

Mr. John W. Albaugh, Jr., of the Lyceum Theatre, where Mr. Damrosch has been holding forth, takes issue with the irate impresario. "It was $4 opera," said Mr. Albaugh, "that was announced, but after witnessing Tannhäuser [illegible] you say that all Mr. Damrosch's promises about massive scenery and metropolitan appointments were fulfilled? Those who paid the $4 were entitled to what had been pledged. But in the second act of Tannhäuser what did you see? Merely one of the stock interiors of the Lyceum Theatre that we have used in scores of plays. And the furniture? Two ordinary chairs on a platform. Moreover, Mme. Gadski, the prima donna, whom every one expected to hear, did not sing. I do not consider the performance that Mr. Damrosch gave worthy to be called $4 opera in any just sense. It is a considerable sum of money to ask people to give for an evening's performance, and it should command the very best that can be furnished."

The harrowing feature of this report is that Mr. Damrosch does not mention Boston as an appreciative town. "Behind New York, Philadelphia and Washington." But why not behind Boston also, Boston, where "The Scarlet Letter" was first produced and listened to politely?

* * *

The Musical Courier of Jan. 13 publishes an interesting table of comparative figures. This table does not call for comment:

COMPARATIVE SCALE.
Per Night.

	New York.	Paris.
Jean Reszke	$3000	$200
Ed. Reszke	800	80
Melba	1600	200
Calve	1500	200
Plancon	750	100
		Bayreuth.
Lilli Lehmann	1000	$100

* * *

Young singers and pianists in Boston who give concerts, and then accuse the critics of ignorance or prejudice because they do not appreciate them, should read the following letter sent to the Manager Wolff of Berlin. It was written by a young pianist, a woman who had appeared in Bechstein Hall and failed:

"I have not yet seen any criticisms, but I possess sufficient critical judgment of my own to apply it also in my own case. The solitary life in a small place where I had no means of comparison with greater talents had fostered an overestimation of my own talent. Through this public appearance I am now rid of my self-overrating propensities, and know that, despite some good natural gifts, I do not possess a sufficiently solid musical education to enable me to make a showing in larger surroundings than those of which our small town boasts. Thus I return resignedly to the little place of my activty hoping there to be able to enlarge the present limits of my abilities and to be of some use in my more limited sphere where less is expected of me. Please be thanked heartily for the kind interest you have shown in me. Yours,

M. K."

* * *

The Raconteur tells this singular story about Dvořák's "Negro" Symphony:

I heard a curious story at Lüchow's the other night—Lüchow's where do congregate many mighty musicians daily. A clarinetist, now dead, an excellent player, Stoeckigt by name, was playing with Mr. Seidl in a rehearsal of Dvořák's American Symphony. When the last movement was reached the clarinetist said:

"Oh, I know this. I played this onee before."

Seidl was aghast. The symphony was Dvořák's fifth, and the copyist's ink was hardly dry on the orchestral parts.

"You know this?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Stoeckigt. "I have even some copies of different phrases that I made in my note book many years ago in Hamburg." He produced his notebook, such as musicians carry, and showed certain passages he had copied, and Seidl was considerably mixed up until he saw Dvořák, who, with his accustomed childlike naïveté, admitted that he had used in the new work a movement from an old symphony. He had become dissatisfied with it, and destroyed all but the last movement. When he thought out his so-called American symphony he saw that he could fit into the scheme the older work, which, of course, he modified considerably. The funny part of it all was the tenacious memory of the clarinetist, who, after ten years, could recall such a fragmentary and almost evanescent thing as the few bars of the clarinet part!

Funnier still was the calling of the symphony "American" because it had a few melodies suggestive of the music of the negro. The entire work is Scotch, Irish, German and Slavic; but American, not a note! The story, published for the first time here, of that last movement tells the tale.

Dvořák was thrifty.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A monument will be raised to Wagner in Dessau.

The Helen von Doenhoff Operatic Concert Company has been organized.

Xavier Leroux has written the music for a poem, "Venus and Adonis," by Gallet.

Massenet's "Cendrillon" will be given at the inauguration of the new Opéra Comique.

Joseffy played Liszt's A minor concerto at a Liederkranz concert, New York, Jan. 7.

Melba has been "indisposed" at least six times this season at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"Innocente," a new opera by d'Angeli, has been produced at Novi-Ligura with great success.

Mr. Chadwick's third symphony was played by Thomas's orchestra in Chicago early this month.

Clara Butt may sing Orpheus in Gluck's opera at Covent Garden this coming summer. She is a novice.

A suite of dances from Rimski-Korsakoff's "Mlada" has been played in Chicago by the Thomas Orchestra.

Ferdinand Gleich, a music critic in Dresden, was made Professor on his 80th birthday. "You come late—but you come."

Mrs. Helen Hopekirk will be in Boston next month. She will bring with her a concerto and a concert-piece for piano and orchestra.

Lucien Lambert's "Le Spahi," which won the first prize at the Concours of the city of Paris, will be produced at the Opéra-Comique.

The recent annual examinations at the Conservatory of Mexico were a dismal failure. The professors are said to be brilliantly ignorant.

Foreign newspapers tell us that Lipowsky, a baritone, was assassinated at Littau, "by mistake." Perhaps it was the tenor they were after.

A young Russian pianist, Alexandra de Markoff, played Beethoven's C minor concerto with success at a Lamoureux concert, Paris, Dec. 20.

Teresa Carreno made her reappearance in America at New York Jan. 9, when she played Rubinstein's D minor concerto at a Philharmonic concert.

Fanny Moran-Olden, who was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company half a dozen years ago, has been declared a bankrupt by the Court of Oldenburg.

"Eddystone," an opera by the tenor, Wallnöfer, who was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company last season, is to be produced at Riga, where he is singing.

"Armida E Rinaldo" by Annibale Pallizone was produced lately at Casalmonferrat. Is there to be a return to the old libretto subjects in ultra-modern Italy?

Down in Caracas they put a baritone in jail for not singing an encore. He should come North, where his courage would be applauded and possibly rewarded with a medal.

Adelaide Bolska, who made her début at Barcelona in "Hamlet" (Thomas), is said to be physically the ideal Ophelia. Her singing and the delicacy of her acting were praised equally.

Xyndas Spiridon, the first master Samara, died lately, at the age of 84. He had written three operas, one of which "The Candidate for Parliament," was produced in Greek eight years ago at Trieste.

The committee in charge of the funds for a statue to Schumann at Zwickau has raised $8250 in 11 years. It proposes to try the result of collecting for one more year, in hope of gaining a considerably larger sum.

Saint-Saëns's ballet "Javotte" was produced for the first time at the Monnaie, Brussels, just before Christmas. The audience was disappointed and the critics had little to say in opposition to the popular verdict.

Mr. Bispham sang the four "Serious Songs" by Brahms, which were noticed at length lately in the Journal, in New York, Jan 12. They were sung for the first time in America. Miss Marguerite Hall sang at the same concert.

Lamoureux will give this month, in a concert devoted completely to the works and memory of Chabrier, the first performance of "Briséis," the opera left unfinished. Two hundred and fifty persons will take part in the performance.

The Royal Society of Musicians benefits to the amount of £2500 by the demise of Mr. William Dorrell, who also bequeaths £500 to the Philharmonic Society and £200 to the Royal Academy of Music, where for 45 years he was a professor of the pianoforte.

Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth" failed at Munich. The authors were called out timidly after the first act; after the second and the third there were sounds of lively disapproval mingled with faint applause. "The libretto is puerile, and does not reproduce any of the interesting scenes in Dickens's pretty tale." The performance was not a good one.

No one has ever seen or heard, they say, a note of Boito's opera "Nero," which has been talked about for 20 years, and yet there was a parody of it produced at Ancona. An Italian newspaper asked "But how can one parody an opera that may not even exist?" To which a contemporary replied, "Easy enough; you have only to raise the curtain half way, show a scene wadded with clouds, and lower the curtain after a moment of silence. An audience can thus form an idea of Boito's 'Nero.'"

The Musical Courier speaks as follows of Emma Eames in Massenet's "Werther": "Why Mr. Grau has not seen fit to revive it until last week is a mystery. The reason given we have heard is because Emma Eames was absent. We are certain that plenty of singers could be found to sing Charlotte as well as Mrs. Eames and to act it much better. She gave no hint of the domestic, parent-loving heroine of Goethe, and while she sang the letter aria with considerable virtuosity she at no time indicated the sadness of soul of the sorrow-stricken girl."

Here is another work of Dvořák that they did not like in England: "The new string quartet by Dvořák (op. 106 in G major), performed for the first time on any platform at the small Queen's Hall Nov. 25, is not to be reckoned among the happiest efforts of the Bohemian master. Indeed, we are inclined on a first hearing to pronounce it the weakest, the most diffuse, and the least attractive of all his compositions for this combination. The opening movement is quite painfully restless, and often downright ugly, while the themes of the third movement and finale are lacking alike in freshness and distinction. There are undoubtedly fine passages in the work, and the slow movement, though unduly spun out, is highly impressive. But as a whole the work is curiously lacking in restraint, culture, dignity, and self-criticism. Mr. Gompertz and his able associates—Messrs. Inwards, Kreuz, and C. Ould—gave a spirited rendering of the new work."

School Board education and London County Council fads are not always the sweet [illegible] objects of contemplation to the overtaxed ratepayer, but there are few people who have any inclination to find serious fault with the County Council in its endeavor to make our parks and public gardens attractive to the multitude in the summer by musical performances. In 1892 the Council expended £3000 in this way, and last year the expenses amounted to £7000. This year the sum to be devoted to open air music is £8000, and by the appreciative attendance of the public we must unhesitatingly say that it is money well spent. During the past summer the penny charge for seats and programs resulted in the handsome sum of £600, and that proves there was more than a passive interest taken in the performances, because a very slight arithmetical exercise will give the number of people who thus invested in a humble "penn'orth" at 144,000. A very respectable total, when it is borne in mind that not one person in ten buys a program or enters the paying circle.——Sporting and Dramatic News.

Observe the cheerful manner in which the Pall Mall Gazette spoke last month of a new symphony produced Dec. 5, and remember the symphony is by an Englishman: "The symphony played by Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace on Saturday was not a Beethoven, not a Schubert, not a Schumann, but a—Barclay Jones. We have every respect for youth; and the promise of youth, of talented, accomplished youth, is, of course, one of the most delightful things in the world. It is to be gathered, then, from Sir George Grove's analysis that Mr. Jones is a young man in years and an eager musician. That may be so; but there are other points to be considered. In the first place, the excellence of the Palace concerts is a matter which every musician must have deeply at heart. Mr. Manns, more than any conductor living in England, has accomplished shining work in the interests of music. These concerts have, moreover, during a long period of 40 years, become at last almost classical events; and a wall of disappointment went up on all sides the other day when a threat was published that, unless they were better patronized, it would be necessary to put a stop to the series. For these reasons alone the admission of a symphony of by no means first-rate merit, even by the excellent organist of the Brompton Oratory, is, we consider, a mistake in policy. For no living public can be expected to exercise an enthusiastic patronage over an entertainment little more than two hours in length, nearly an hour of which is given over to such a production. The best that can be said is that it was only once in a way, and that Mr. Manns rarely makes slips of this kind. It would be perhaps superfluous to discuss the symphony minutely; there is nothing in it at all memorable, nothing that could not have been written by any really industrious organist of rather more than average abilities, possessed of a desire to distinguish himself. Its merits are pedestrian. It is best described by negatives; it is not grotesque, it is not brilliant, it is not absurd and it is not exciting. It is sound enough in its way, but it has no living quality."

Jan 18. 97

To see my aged father dear,
As he stood near the bar,
Likewise my tender mother,
Her old grey locks to tear;
In tearing of her old grey locks,
These words to me did say,
"O, Son! O, Son! what have you done,
That you're going to Botany Bay?"

The convict is a logical thought in the consideration of crime. It is a pleasure to know that men and women in this town are pondering the question "What shall be done with a convict after he is released?" We are told that in some prisons it is the custom to discharge him without giving him a cent. In such cases what is he to do? Even if he is full of honest purpose, willing to work, competent in some branch of industry, would you employ him, Mr. Thudicum, if you had work at your disposal? Ten to one, you would not; nor would good Deacon Jones, nor would Mrs. Gelatine, who is so interested in the Armenian cause. Some years ago a convict in this State was discharged. He was without money. He walked to this city. He stopped at house after house on his way, told his story honestly and without sham piety, said he needed food and was willing to work for it. At nearly every house the door was slammed in his face while he was talking. He sought work in Boston, and he sought it in vain. At last, hungry, without shelter, he went into a gun shop. He said he wished to buy a pistol. The clerk showed him one, and when asked, loaded it and told him how to use it. The ex-convict shot and killed himself the next moment. Some think that the clerk was unconsciously a true philanthropist.

Montgomery Bullycarp in "The Transcendental Traveller's Guide" gives this caution that may well be heeded by all who have to deal with singing men and singing women: "Hast thou an ambition to run an opera company 'as it should be run'—and has never been run before? Well, thy ambition is noble. Only remember that the literal Englishing of the Italian word 'impresario' is 'undertaker.'"

And who is or was Mr. Bullycarp, a correspondent may ask. Know, O reader, that Mr. William F. Apthorp has the unique copy of the complete works of one of the most distinguished philosophers and disputants at the Court of Utopia.

Bowers's is owned.

The Sun perpetrated yesterday a grim, colossal joke. "Gov. McKinley needn't strain his eyes looking for a competent Secretary of the Treasury. He can find a better man for that post than the newly elected Senator from the great commercial State of New York, the Hon. Thomas Collier Platt."

The Chap-Book should have changed its name with its size.

Mr. W. W. Astor says he will not become a British subject. Denial or admission is really of little consequence. Nor would either bring a case into the proposed Court of Arbitration.

Mr. Dithmar of the New York Times speaks thus of Mr. John McNally's new farce comedy: "Yet she (Miss Irwin) ought to be grateful to Mr. John McNally. He fits her talent like a glove, if not like the paper on the wall. There is Trojan work in this latest farce of his, 'Courted into Court.' Its text is often really witty, and there is a suspicion of originality in some of the shafts. I am afraid, too, that some of it is above the heads of the people, and that is a kind of high building no dramatic architect can afford. Dottie Dymple makes a speech somewhere about woman's relations to man in which she says, 'We must be fair to the men even if we have to use peroxide.' Not a laugh greets this remark. A friend of mine who presumes to be a judge of human nature insists that the reason of the silence is that many sensitive women in the audience feel hurt. They, too, use peroxide of hydrogen for the sake of fairness. But that view is irrational. No person in an American audience ever applies the wit of a play to himself. To reason thus is to argue in favor of the intellectual alertness of our theatre-goers. The habitual theatre-goer knows better. He reasons by analogy that Mr. McNally's joke is too subtle for the audience. They do not catch the twist in the sense. * * * It is all better than the average of such farces, and it is full of rollicking fun."

The Question of the Corsets was to have been fought out in Paris this week, under the auspices of the International Scientific Institute. The name of the latter body sounds rather a dry one, and solemn enough to suggest ideas about breaking a butterfly on the wheel. The program, however, proved decidedly attractive. It was stated thus: "The Corset and its influence on the Health and Beauty of Woman, with experiments on two living subjects during the lecture." This was what drew the audience—the modern cestus or Venus in a straitwaistcoat, illustrated by living pictures. And then the opposition had advertised their intention to speak, for there are those who claim that the tight-laced shepherdess à la Watteau is as healthy and beautiful to look upon as the Venus of Milo. It would have been a case of Phryne before the judges, and a large and frivolous audience had assembled whose conversation was not quite so straight-laced as the corset they had met to denounce. But the trial ended in a fiasco because the two "living subjects" never put in an appearance. The lecture presented no other attraction than the X-rays and the pathology of the painful. People had not come to study the Melancholy of Anatomy, and before the curtain had dropped down they had all dropped out.—The Pall Mall Gazette.

The London Philatelic Exhibition will be opened this year at the galleries of the Royal Institution of Painters in Water Colors, Piccadilly, Thursday, July 22, 1897. The exhibition will embrace British, Colonial and foreign postage stamps, envelopes, post cards, newsbands, proofs, essays, etc., as well as albums, books and philatelic appliances, literature and curiosities, and objects of interest in connection with philately and the postal service. "It is hoped that the committee will have the hearty co-operation of all philatelists in their endeavor to make the undertaking a success worthy of the occasion, and thoroughly representative of all aspects of the pursuit to which it is devoted. The exhibition will remain open until the evening of Thursday, Aug. 5, and all exhibits will be returned to the owners as soon as possible after that date. The work of the committee, especially in the preparation of the official catalogue, will be considerably lightened if intending exhibitors will send full particulars of their exhibits at the earliest possible moment to the Secretary, Mr. J. A. Tilleard, 4 Lombard Court, city."

Jan 19

Mr. Max Heinrich's Second Recital —Debut of Miss Julia Heinrich.

Mr. Max Heinrich, assisted by Mrs. Heinrich and Miss Julia Heinrich, gave a concert last night in Steinert Hall. He sang Schubert's Die Post, Liebesbotschaft, Aufenthalt, Das Fischer Mädchen, Die Taubenpost; Handel's Where'er you walk, Gounod's It is not always May, Mendelssohn's Hunting Song, Horrock's The Bird and the Rose, Stanford's My Love's an Arbutus, Cowen's Snowflakes, Brückler's Gebet, Franz's Ständchen and Lotosblume, Tschaikowsky's Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt.

Perhaps Mr. Heinrich's voice was not in its very best condition last evening, for his intonation was not always absolutely flawless; but seldom have I heard him declaim as skillfully or sing as well. His proficiency as an interpreter of Schubert is too well known to require praise at this late date. Even more delightful than his singing of these songs was the display of intelligence in the songs with English words. Mr. Heinrich not only mastered the controlling idea of the composer and made it his own, but he vitalized the detail without giving it distracting prominence; now this is a rare art. He is indeed a discriminating as well as an imaginative singer. The playfulness of Cowen's "Snowflakes," the inimitable simplicity of Handel's "Where'er You Walk," the modern mournfulness and passion of Tschaikowsky's wondrous setting of Goethe's lines—these were by him so thoroughly appreciated and in turn set clearly and forcibly before the hearer that it was impossible to say in which the singer excelled. And, to turn to the pedagogic side, seldom have I of late heard Mr. Heinrich sing long sustained phrases so effectively as he did in the "Lotosblume" by Franz.

* * *

Miss Heinrich, who made her first appearance, is the daughter of such thorough musicians that there was curiosity to hear her. She sang two Biblical songs by Dvorák, op. 99, III. and IV.; Grieg's Morgenthau; Franz's Frühlingsfeier, and, with her mother, three duets by Schumann, Ländliches Lied, Herbstlied, and Schön' Blümelein.

Her voice is a treasure-house. The lower and middle tones are of more than ordinary beauty; they are rich, full and of pleasing, haunting melancholy. The upper tones are of good quality, and there is no suspicion of a singer with two voices, as is unfortunately the case with many who are naturally contraltos, and whose upper tones are manufactured. The organ, then, is one of uncommon richness, one that lends itself easily to any deep emotion, one that abounds in sensuous tones that would charm even if they were heard only in dull, slow exercises. It is also evident that Miss Heinrich is of a genuine musical nature.

The precise degree of her art at present is another matter. She was naturally very nervous and the choice of the songs by Dvorák was unfortunate, for she did not sustain the long legato phrases, and she was inclined to be lame in her phrasing. In the songs and duets that followed she showed greater confidence and was heard more to her advantage. It seems to me, now that her natural gifts have been displayed—and it is a pleasure to add that she sang in simple, honest, girlish fashion—she should for the present devote herself more to the purely technical branch of her art than the emotional and the so-called intellectual. She has emotion enough; and it is not likely that with her voice she will ever be dryly intellectual. Let her apply herself diligently to technique, so that she may be full mistress of her voice and give unalloyed delight.

There was a large and very applausive audience.

PHILIP HALE.

When Epps's infallible nibs entertainment and comfort refuse,
How pleasant to meet Doctor Ibsen
Enjoying himself in the blues!

At his aspect all little folk tremble,
He wears hippopotamus socks,
And his features exactly resemble
The face of a Jack-in-the-Box.

He uses a porous umbrella,
He wears a tall chimney-pot hat,
And he dances a gay Tarantella
Composed by the Wife of a Rat.

Mr. R. H. Sherard tells in the Humanitarian of a visit to Dr. Ibsen. The Doctor's only pleasure is to spend an hour twice a day at the Grand Hotel, Christiania, and to read the papers, "with a glass of aqua vitae on his right hand, and a glass of beer on his left, from which, as he reads, he takes alternate sips. He spends one hour a day perambulating the streets, clad in black, professional broadcloth, with his tall hat tilted back on his head."

And again the London poet bursts into song:

His moments of leisure he passes
In ways that are crabbed and queer,
For he sits at an inn drinking glasses,
Alternate, of brandy and beer.

He only performs on an Erard,
He never has heard a trombone.
He has talked to the great Mr. Sherard,
But he likes to be chiefly alone.

The eminent playwright says Christiania is the most immoral town in Europe. This claim has been made for Stockholm, Naples, Vienna. And it was only the other day that a most respectable, gold-spectacled Bostonian said to us, "I suppose Boston is, after all, the most immoral city in this country," and he spoke with a curiously ill-disguised pride. There are estimable persons who glory in the idea that they are upright, while the walk of all about them is slantindicular. The Earnest Student of Sociology has often expressed surprise that Cambridge plumes itself on its morality, but Boston snickers furtively when accused of immorality.

To B. G.: We do not know who invented the word paragrapher in its ultra-modern sense. One of the most brilliant of early American paragraphers was Henry Clapp of the old Saturday Press (N. Y.). His contemporaries were inclined to look askew at the short, crisp sentences. Even Artemus Ward as late as '66-'67, in his story "Pyrotechny" wrote this chapter headed

MYSELF.

I write this romance in the French style.
Yes; something that way.
The French style consists of making just as many paragraphs as possible.
Thus one may fill up a column in a very short time.
I am paid by the column, and the quicker I can fill up a column—but this is a matter to which we will not refer.
We will let this matter pass.

The inventor of the accordeon-paragraph is one of the greatest benefactors to the race of newspaper men. The ordinary paragraph was supposed to be complete in itself. But the accordeon-paragraph can be stretched to a column, if there is dearth of material. The theme may not even be original; but the practised accordeonist will play endless variations.

Lifting books from a library or shop is a special form of kleptomania, and the disease or passion has its terminology. Thus Andrew Lang says that Catherine de Medici was a biblioklept, and he speaks of a great Parisian bookseller who was a bibliokleptomaniac. The worst kind of a book-thief is the friend who borrows and never returns. Mortimer Collins introduced two words of condensing force into the English language when he spoke of the Château de la Roche Simonet as "a delicious retreat for melilunatics and oinogynobibliomaniacs."

They have started a soup kitchen in Athens. Will they deal out the famous black broth of Sparta?

A Roman correspondent writes to his newspaper that King Humbert every morning on rising takes a large plate of risotto, and then looks after his private garden, in which he cultivates "insignificant vegetables, such as onions, beans, etc." Onions, one of the supreme joys of life, "insignificant"? Beans, the mainstay of Boston and the one thing feared by Pythagoras "insignificant"? Go to! We shall soon hear chives described as trivial.

Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett says the Sultan is essentially kind-hearted, but in a desperate position. This reminds us of an incident in the official life of Lieut. Col. de Vialar, Military Attaché at the French Embassy in Constantinople. He was sent by his Government to report on the outrages on the Armenians at Marash in Kurdistan. On his return from his mission the Turkish Minister of War offered him his hand. De Vialar replied, "When an army behaves like yours a French officer has no longer a right to shake hands with its officers."

Jan 20 '97

The critics of the newspaper press are besieged daily with requests for notices of a complimentary character touching persons who have no honest standing in art. They are fawned on, truckled to, cajoled, subjected to the most seductive influences, sometimes bribed with woman's smiles or manager's money—and why? To win their influence in favor of good art, think you? No; to feed vanity and greed. When a critic is found of sufficient self-respect and character to resist all appeals and to be proof against all temptations, who is quicker than the musician to cite against his opinion the applause of the public over whose gullibility and ignorance, perchance, he made merry with the critic while trying to purchase his independence and honor?

We were struck by these words of Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel and we asked our friend, the music critic, whether he agreed with the opinions expressed therein. He [illegible] Krehbiel says of [illegible] might be said truly of Boston, and in European towns there is the same besiegement. Geography does not govern the relations between singers, players, managers and critics, although capitulation may be more common in Berlin than in Boston."

Come, let us anew our Ibsen pursue. Mr. Sherard, whom we quoted yesterday, gives other more or less interesting information about the playwright. It appears that Ibsen "never visits his only son." Furthermore, Ibsen says "I am in favor of nothing. I suggest no remedies. I have no doctrines. I am not a teacher. I am a painter, a portrait painter." And thus the London poet was moved to take his favorite pen:

He takes a perpetual pride in
His utter aversion to mirth,
And gladly consents to abide in
The wickedest city on earth.

He is sure that Society's rotten,
He knows that humanity's vile,
And he'd rather be dead and forgotten
Than stoop to indulge in a smile.

O how sweet to be closely acquainted
With Ibsen, that elderly ghoul,
Who has always exclusively painted
The brute or the knave or the fool.

And yet how unfair, how false are these last lines. There is the Enemy of Society, for instance; neither brute, nor knave, nor fool. Stay: fool perhaps, because he was brave and honest and benevolently inclined toward his neighbors.

No wonder that certain genteel playactors, with veneered manner and irreproachable trousers, prattle spitefully concerning Ibsen and "problem plays." For they realize that such plays are as death-knells to their own professional existence.

Yet listen to the brilliant Mr. Huneker: "Life is not only very 'daily,' to quote Jules Laforgue, but we are all very middle class, and Ibsen, the Ibsen who is supposed to dig and delve in the abnormal, in reality selects the most commonplace of mortals for his plays. It is their unredeemed mediocrity, their vulgar, petty, mean lives that he paints with such horrible, such mortifying and exquisite truth. And of course theatre-goers do not care for the truth; they like the cunning implications of the clever dramatist, who shows them pretty magic lantern slides, on which they see depicted enlarged and ennobled images of themselves. The drama holds up the mirror to nature! What nonsense! If it did, the theatres would all close for want of patronage. The dramatist holds the mirror a little distance off from your own features, and then you are duly flattered, and speak loftily of the ideal, and the beautiful, and other sweet but often meaningless words. Truth never enters our playhouses nowadays. She would be led to the door by the ushers and summarily ejected. So let us enjoy our little illusions in peace, Mr. Shaw. Some of us agree with you, but after all, we are the groundlings, and crave not the frosty heights upon which waves the banner of realism. Besides, the groundlings pay their money at the box office!"

Of course the "gas officials" say that the deaths from the subtly poisonous gas are all due to gross carelessness on the part of the too literal consumers. To gas companies the public is always wrong, just as the meter cannot tell a lie, however sorely tempted. The West End Company would agree with this view if corroboration were needed by the "gas officials."

Ella Gordon Ford, alias Gordon Vernon, fashionably-attired, odorous with costly perfumes, was arrested in Hastings, England, charged with fortune telling. By direction of the Chief Constable, the wife of a policeman visited her and had her fortune told by palmistry for five shillings. The prisoner contended that palmistry was a science, and handed to the Bench a testimonial supporting this view from —Mark Twain. The Magistrate, who had no sense of humor with him, thought she was a-guying him, and promptly fined her £10, or six weeks' imprisonment.

Mr. Archie Crawford's Concert in Steinert Hall—A Singer With Enthusiasm and Little Art.

Mr. Archie Crawford, an English baritone, assisted by Mr. Gustav Hornberger, 'cellist, and Miss Evelyn Benedict, pianist, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

Old Ballads:
a—Standfast!
b—The Little Red Fox.
Songs:
a—Sans Toi!.....Guy d'Hardelot
b—Allah.....Chadwick
c—Gestandniss.....Meyer-Helmund
c—Leichter Verlust.....Meyer-Helmund
Violoncello Solo:
Ballade Elegiaque.....Schuberth
Old Ballads:
a—The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.
b—The Vicar of Bray.
c—The Leather Bottel.
Modern English Ballads:
a—Douglas Gordon.....Kellie
b—The Postillion.....Molloy

Am Springbrunnen ..... Davidoff
Song.
a—Ein Jungling liebt ein Madchen ..White
b—Serenade de Don Juan... Tschaikowsky
Love Songs:
a—Montrose's Love Song.....White
b—My Love Is Come. .....Marzials
c—To Anthea..... .....Hatton

The program was varied, and in itself was interesting. The old ballads are too much neglected by singers who visit us and by our local singers. English is not a fashionable language in our concert halls—unless the songs are set by local composers. Dubious German and worse French receive enlightened patronage.

The program made several statements about the date of the ballads. Thus "The Vicar of Bray" was said to be composed about 1680. Did Mr. Crawford mean the words or the tune? For the words allude to the House of Hanover and a George; but George I. did not ascend the English throne until 1714.

Mr. Crawford is a young man of easy manners, apparently cheerful disposition and indisputable enthusiasm. He sings with epic confidence. I can imagine scenes in which he would shine illustriously; as in a musical comedy, shouting "Tommy Atkins;" or at a summer resort in a hotel parlor, with the sagacious listener in the distant corner of the broad piazza. His good nature, his confidence in his own ability and his heroic delivery would, in such scenes, win him applause and friends. In a concert room he is incongruous.

For Mr. Crawford is a singer without art. Neither his tone-production nor his phrasing is worthy of serious consideration, and his voice is at the best metallic. There are "natural singers" who by beauty of tone or by dramatic versatility command respectful attention or give genuine pleasure. Mr. Crawford is not to be classed among them. He will without cause attempt the pathetic, as in "The Little Red Fox"; he will indulge himself in amazing falsetto; but his delight is to shout, so that the timid look toward the door, and the sympathetic fear lest he inflict some physical injury upon himself. He is a manly, and no doubt an agreeable young gentleman, but he is not a singer. Nor does he seem to me musical or even truly appreciative of the poet's intention.

The solos for 'cello, as played by Mr. Hornberger, were an amusing relief.

There was a very friendly audience.

PHILIP HALE.

Good heavens! And the world still believes in education, in teaching people the "grammar of art." Education is fatal to anyone with a spark of artistic feeling. Education should be confined to clerks, and even them it drives to drink. Will the world learn that we never learn anything that we did not know before? The artist, the poet, painter, musician, and novelist go straight to the food they want, guided by an unerring and ineffable instinct; to teach them is to destroy the nerve of the artistic instinct, it is fatal.

Ah these prima donnas! Is the golden voice of Melba tarnished? Is her fame now a matter of record, soon to become a mere tradition? If her voice is affected seriously, so that she must lay down the sceptre, the fickle audiences will be easily consoled. "The garlands they twine," said Schumann, "they always pull to pieces again to offer them in another form to the next comer who chances to know how to amuse them better."

Last month a singer died, who once delighted the opera-goers of this country; yet there was hardly an allusion to her death in the newspapers of the towns where she shone in radiant beauty as woman and actress. There must be here in Boston some elderly gentlemen who feel a faint glow at the mention of the name of Bina Steffenone. Her favorite operas were "Norma," "Ernani," "Nozze di Figaro," "Lucrezia Borgia." It was in 1850 that she visited the United States under the management of Marty. And how they gossiped about her! Read Max Maretzek's singular story about the fits and convulsions which often seized her before her appearances on the stage. She was only 25 years old when in New York some patroness of opera asked her—George William Curtis told the story—"Is it true Signorina that you smoke?" To which the soprano replied with enthusiasm, "Oh, yes. I smoke—I drink—I tink I do everything that is delicious." She retired from the stage when she was 37 years old.

S. B. asks, "What do outsiders mean when they speak of 'Bostonese' as a form of English speech?" The other day we were in an apothecary shop. The proprietor, a stately individual, with educated whiskers, stood at the receipt of custom. To him a clerk showed a bottle—a pretty bottle of some panacea, and asked "Shall I put this in the window?" The proprietor deliberated. The customers realized the importance of the occasion and were breathless. And his was the judgment pronounced. "I think I should expose it." This is perhaps a favorable instance of "Bostonese." Here is a [illegible] A priest from a distant town asked a young woman whom he met in Newbury Street the way to Dr. Hale's church. "I perceive that you are proceeding in the wrong direction," was the reply.

We are delighted to find that the missionary work done in the Journal is bringing forth a harvest. Here is Miss Anna Barrows, who has begun a course of "demonstration lectures" in cooking. Describing a lyonnaise of French chestnuts, Miss Barrows said, "A bit of onion juice will improve the dish; but a tablespoonful of chives will make it still more delicate." This surely is the dawn of the glorious day when chives will be a familiar and beloved word to our local statesmen, cobblers, authors, and, in short, all men and women of high or low degree. Would that the lamented Heron Editor had lived to see this reddening of the Eastern sky; for he, too, knew the inestimable value of chives!

There is mourning in New York, for the be-diamoned Otero has discovered that she has a voice. "With it she tore the smoky atmosphere of Koster and Bial's into jagged streaks of discord. It stunned the audience into silence. Otero stared pathetically into the auditorium."

"Might I ask," said the lady from South America, "why that plain person at the far side of the room arrogates unto herself so many airs?"

"She is a Daughter of the Revolution," said the one interrogated, in awed tones. "Her ancestor fought in the Revolution."

"Oh," said the lady from South America, "I myself am a daughter of seventeen of them."—Indianapolis Journal.

No one in commenting on the death of Joel T. Headley alluded to a fact that impressed the laborious compiler S. Austin Allibone: "Mr. Headley's first American ancestor was the eldest son of an English baron." Mr. Allibone lived in Philadelphia, where they pay considerable attention to such accidents.

The same laborious compiler tells us "So great has been the demand for his (Headley's) writings that the sale had reached 200,000 volumes up to 1853." His first book was published in 1844. Do you remember Poe's bloodthirsty review of Headley's "The Sacred Mountains"? Here is a specimen chop, for the review was written with an axe. "'How Heaven regarded this disaster, and the Universe felt at the sight I cannot 'tell.' Only think of that! I cannot!—I, Headley, really cannot tell how the Universe 'felt' once upon a time! This is downright bashfulness on the part of Mr. Headley. He could tell if he would only try. Why did he not inquire? Had he demanded of the Universe how it felt, can anyone doubt that the answer would have been—'Pretty well, I thank you, my dear Headley; how do you feel yourself?'"

"In the last act, while lying in the tomb of the Capulets, the raw gusts swept over the stage and rudely gripped the throat of this peerless singer." Again we congratulate Melba on the flowing, sonorous English of her press agent.

Nourrit's Death.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN of Jan. 13 A. B. corrects Mr. De Vivo's statements concerning the death of the French tenor, Nourrit. A. B. says: "It was my fortune to be present in the San Carlo Theatre at Naples in 1839, at the performance of Mercadante's 'Il Giuramento,' which was followed that same night by Nourrit's suicide. Nourrit's wonderful voice at times failed him; on that night it was said that he was not well; the critical and merciless San Carlo audience was not satisfied with his singing, and some hisses were heard. The artist went home in great dejection, raved over what had happened, and during the night threw himself or fell out of his window and was picked up dead in the court yard below."

But "Il Giuramento" was not given as a whole the night of Nourrit's suicide. The performance March 7, 1839, was a pasticcio for the benefit of a play actor, Salvetti. Nourrit was put down originally for an air and a duet from "Norma" with Miss Granchi. He added an air from "Il Giuramento" for his own advantage.

Nor is it an established fact that Nourrit was hissed that night. He did not speak of any such disgrace to his wife after the concert, and she heard no hissing. Members of the orchestra swore that the alleged hissing was a whistle of a stage hand. Friends in the audience denied that Nourrit was hissed. This alleged disturbance was after the duet from "Norma." After this disturbance he sang the aria from "Il Giuramento" and was applauded vehemently. Between 5 and 6 o'clock of the next morning he threw himself into the court of the Hotel Barbaia.

The melancholia of Nourrit had been for some time before his suicide a source of lively apprehension to his family and friends. Symptoms of madness were pronounced at Marseilles in 1837. Paul Lemaître summed up the matter as follows: "Excited by exalted religious ideas, by homesickness, by regret for a lost monarchy, Nourrit was finally a maniac."

A. B. will find interesting particulars of the tenor's tragic ending in Quicherat's monumental "Adolphe Nourrit, sa vie, son talent" (Paris, 1867), Vol. I., pp. 482-500; Vol. III., 410-441. PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON, Jan. 13.

Among them was the Lady Isabella Fitzgibbon (sister of the Earl of Clare), who affecting either fashionable airs or probably having had a good meal of beef-steaks, before she went out, neglected most of the delicacies of the table, and merely trifled with a lobster salad. Old Lyons, who had a great respect for the substantials, by which he had realized his money, turned round to her as she sat by his side, the picture of aristocratical nonchalance, and kindly said, "Ah, then, my lady, why don't you take some of the good beef and mutton, the chickens and the turkeys, and don't be filling your stomach with that could cabbage!"

They say that every man thinks he can play Hamlet or run a newspaper. But it is not every man who finds an opportunity to display such talent. Now the name of the man who thinks he can cook is Legion, and, alas, a blazer is within reach of the humblest.

Of these amateur cooks the most dangerous is the explorer. We see him now, the hardy pioneer with coon-skin cap, shouldering his blazer, abandoning civilization with a cheerful heart, eager to blaze his way through the virgin forests of cookery. He is prepared for suffering, privation, scorn in case of failure. Onward he toils in hope of some as yet undiscovered dish.

It was only the other night that we saw Mr. Gurryman at the Porphyry Club. He sat ponderously at a table. In front of him were dishes of chopped meats, lobster, lettuce; a blazer winking ironically; bottles of sauces invented by noblemen and retired army officers of England; pats of butter; glasses of various wines and spirits. Awe-struck waiters stood apprehending extraordinary orders. And there was one faithful friend, faithful even to the altar; for he was ready to eat gratefully whatever might be the result. Now this friendship rose to the height of love, wonderful, passing the love of women.

What did Gurryman propose to cook? He had not the slightest idea. Anything that happened to come out would be eaten smackingly by Pythias. It was an event in Pythias's life. Gurryman had said to him that morning at a directors' meeting: "Old man, come round to the club tonight about 11 o'clock and I'll cook for you. You know there are dishes on which I pride myself." Now Gurryman has an authoritative air—nobody warned Pythias—and Pythias, who is a simple fellow, fond of tripe and onions, liver, and other undisguised dishes, was flattered, impressed. He slighted the dinner prepared by his loving spouse; he almost forgot to kiss his little daughter good night; he could not play his favorite game of patience; he was at the club half an hour before the appointed time and sat in nervous expectancy in the stranger's room. Poor fool!. Did he think for a moment that Gurryman would lose such an opportunity for a pose? The members of the Porphyry know Gurryman's explorations in cookery. They acknowledge his daring; they respect their stomachs. And we heard yesterday that Pythias is no longer the devoted friend.

Mr. William Emory Griffeth shows by his trialogue "Autumn" in the January Lotus, that he is a diligent reader of John Davidson's "Fleet Street Eclogues." To read and admire, however, is in this case to ape, but not to surpass.

And this reminds us that Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte should be ashamed of his article "The Posthumous Fiasco" in the same number of the Lotus. Mr. Harte does not appreciate the work of H. C. Bunner. It is true he patronizes for a moment the dead man by saying "The one really good thing that Bunner wrote was the collection of 'Short Sixes.'" And then he belabors him for three pages, ending with "A hack should have no literary remains." Mr. Harte has not been himself since his visit to East Aurora, to which he still refers in most boresome manner. This review is unworthy of him; it is sour, spiteful, and, worse than this, eminently Philistine.

It was on Jan. 22, 1878, that they discussed at a Paris restaurant how poetic, ideal, supernatural thoughts might be introduced into the material, sceptical French brain. Charles Robin cried out, "Read Homer to the children." And Mr. de Goncourt said that a book of the Iliad would not speak to the intelligence of a child so forcibly as the foolishly marvelous tale of some old woman nurse.

And on Jan. 22, 1889, Gibert the singer told of a doctor in Paris who, by massage, remodeled women's faces, fashioning over a face deformed by swelling or fat, restoring the lost oval. This benefactor of the woman of 40 wiped out wrinkles and triumphed over crow's feet. Yes, but could he turn again to marble the crumbling chin, which is almost always the first feature to surrender to envious Time?

The A[illegible] [illegible] home. At a late meeting of the Society for Political Study in New York during a discussion of the treaty of arbitration, Mrs. Le Roy Smith exclaimed: "But as I understand it we can fight if we so desire." And then Mrs. St. John Gaffney made the speech of the day, one that may be recommended to certain male disputants: "I couldn't discuss the treaty intelligently, and I know I have company in ignorance here."

Mrs. Hartmann's Concert in Steinert Hall—Songs Chosen Injudiciously by Her.

Mrs. Florence Hartmann, contralto, assisted by Mr. Max Heinrich, baritone, and Mr. George W. Proctor, pianist, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. Mr. Paul F. Thouret was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Wiegenlied.....
Am Grabe Anselmo's.....
An Schwager Kronos.....
Schubert
Mrs. Hartmann.
The Water Lily.....Foote
Two Folk Songs.....Chadwick
The Request.....Moór
Mrs. Hartmann.
Prelude.....
Nocturne.....
Mazurka.....
Chopin
Mr. Proctor.
Where'er You Walk.....Handel
It Is Not Always May.....Gounod
Hunting Song.....Mendelssohn
Mr. Heinrich.
Ihre Stimme.....
Es Leuchtet Meine Liebe.....
Geisternache.....
Schumann
Mrs. Hartmann.
The Bird and the Rose.....Horrocks
My Love's an Arbutus.....Stanford
My Rosalie.....Dunkel
Mr. Heinrich.
Amouri Viens Aider.....Saint-Saëns
Mrs. Hartmann.

Mrs. Hartmann's program was selected injudiciously. "An Schwager Kronos" is eminently a man's song, and the other songs by Schubert are of little interest unless they are vitalized by surpassing art. Unfortunately, Mrs. Hartmann was excessively nervous, and did not do herself justice in the first group. Nor did she make much out of the dreary, futile songs by Schumann. This nervousness was more or less evident throughout the concert, and it is to be regretted that Mrs. Hartmann chose such a trying program. In the simpler pieces she showed intelligence, and in the air from "Samson and Delilah" she displayed considerable feeling. I am convinced that she can sing with greater breadth and passion than were in evidence last night. Her nervousness, which was surely unfeigned, took away in large measure her control of breath and led her to unmeaning accentuation of the final note of each phrase.

Her tones were often not without beauty, and then again they seemed veiled. There would be passages which demand emotional treatment, and she would be unresponsive; and then she would surprise the hearer by fiery delivery as in "An Schwager Kronos." The next time she appears in public let us hope that she will not make up such an ambitious program. A concert may give pleasure, even if songs by Schubert or Schumann are not sung. If the singer insist on songs of these composers, she should choose with keener appreciation of melodic charm.

* * *

Mr. Heinrich sang his familiar ditties about birds and flowers and cool breezes in eminently Heinrichian fashion. It is not often that he offers to an audience such unmitigated trash as "My Rosalie." Recalled, he sang "Gypsy John."

Mr. Proctor played three little pieces by Chopin without beauty of tone color and without ease of rhythm. Indeed, he played as though he were an industrious and earnest pupil, chiefly concerned with hitting the right keys. Mr. Proctor has a heavy and inexorable left hand. He has apparently been influenced mightily as to his stage-walk by painstaking observation of Mr. John Drew in a society comedy.

There was a good sized and applausive audience.

PHILIP HALE.

There is a daily tragedy which is far more real, far more profound and in far closer keeping with our true being than the tragedy of great adventures. It is easy to feel this but it is not easy to show it, because this essential tragedy is not merely material or psychological. Here there is no question of the determined struggle of one being against another, of the struggle of one desire against another desire; or of the eternal combat between passion and duty. The thing is rather to put into light what there is astonishing in the mere fact of living.

A singer about to give a concert wrote a letter to a very rich man's wife whom she did not know, urging her to be present. For she reasoned, "If Mrs. Crocsus is seen at my concert, her presence will be of more advantage to me in future than the money of ten ordinary persons or the unanimous praise of the critics."

As music is now a trade rather than an art, such shrewdness is to be commended. And it occurs to us that here is an excellent opportunity for the impecunious and untitled aristocracy of Boston to earn glove money by receiving the checks—or bills, for some might object to an identifying check—from singers and players who wish their little concerts to be regarded as social functions. The rich might well say, "Is my time worth nothing?" And they, too, might thus add to their gaudy income.

Bjornstjene Bjornson propose to leave Norway "on account of the continued attacks upon him." Has he no sense of the value of steady advertisement? He should ponder the case of young Mr. R. Harding Davis.

There are smoke talks that do not end in smoke.

Omens and prognostications are all about us. Yesterday was St. Vincent's Day. The sun was radiant. And what did the old poet say?

Remember on St. Vincent's Day
If the sun his beams display,
Be sure to mark his transient beam
Which thro' the casement sheds a gleam;
For 'tis a token bright and clear
Of prosperous weather all the year.

And tomorrow night, St. Paul's Eve, all prudent persons should pelt a water pitcher with stones until it is demolished; then they should repair to an ale house, buy a new pitcher, and fill and empty it many times. Why? Tradition recommends this sport, which should be observed at least by all interested in American tin-plate, for the festival was intended to celebrate the day when tin was first turned into metal. We doubt, however, whether the police would accept this excellent excuse tomorrow evening.

Mr. Paul du Chaillu is a man of surprising originality. He attributes Nelson's great victory to the fact that he was a descendant of the Norsemen. "In support of this he said that today there are hundreds of families in Scandinavia who bear the name of Nelson." Mr. du Chaillu will next tell us that Hannibal conquered at Cannae because he was a Carthaginian; that Napoleon won at Austerlitz because he was a Corsican.

"Mayor Lovering said that any petition to the West End Company must be drawn up with the greatest care." He is absolutely right. It should be borne on a golden salver, and the petitioners should kneel as they present it.

And so May Irwin is to go back on her benefactor, Mr. Harris. It was not so many years ago that Mr. Harris allowed the two Irwin sisters to take part in a specialty turn with him, and ever since he has been a generous friend. There are at least two reasons for Miss Irwin's somewhat extraordinary conduct. One reason is a head swollen by preposterous and incredible flattery. The other is of a still more personal and intimate nature. Messrs. Rich and Harris are to be congratulated on their purpose to abandon the star system so far as farce comedy is concerned.

"Sheriff Chenery said that in the future O'Neil will be allowed to see certain of his friends and relatives under proper restrictions and at proper times." The intelligent foreigner would suppose from this that Mr. O'Neil had been indicted or even found guilty. Now, all this happens, not in Armenia, not in Benin, but in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Mr. Frank B. Sanborn spoke recently of the "Surface Estrangement" that followed Walt Whitman's publication of a letter of hot praise written to him by Emerson. This "estrangement" must have been very superficial, for the two seers met afterward on most friendly terms. We do not agree with Mr. Sanborn in his explanation of Emerson's silence concerning Whitman's literary work. Emerson's letter caused the whole Cambridge clique to rub their eyes. We have been told that great and continual pressure was brought to bear on him by the poets and essayists who were frightened by Whitman's lusty, sonorous voice. And Emerson yielded. The same man who in 1855 wrote to Whitman: "I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of 'Leaves of Grass.' I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. * * * I give you joy of your free and brave thought. I find incomparable things said incomparably well, as they must be"; this same Emerson when editing "Parnassus" in 1875 did not have the courage to insert one line by Whitman in the collection, although he found room for little American poets, male and female, who are today only names in catalogues.

Jan 24. 1897

WHITMAN THE MAN.

Hard on the heels of Mr. Burroughs' elaborate essay on Whitman, the poet, comes Mr. Thomas Donaldson's "Walt Whitman, the Man," an attractively printed and illustrated book, which is published by Francis P. Harper, New York. It was in 1891 that Mr. Donaldson said to Whitman at his little house in Camden, "What about my hundred pages that I am getting out about you?" And the seer replied, "Go on, Tom, go on—and God be with you."

And Mr. Donaldson succeeded admirably in his task. In the first place the book is distinctly free from slush and gush. There is hearty admiration for man and poet; but the author is no thurifer with thick and pungent incense. He is very frank in his comments on his dear friend; but the frankness is not of kin to the maliciousness that in the name of realism has disfigured of late in several striking instances the character of the man written about and the character of the writer. Mr. Donaldson knew Whitman intimately from 1876 until 1892; yet he calls Whitman an entirely reserved man, without many great thoughts in talk—in fact, "he was not a good or a fluent talker. * * * he seemed frequently as if mentally groping." He does not accept his poetry in bulk. And throughout the book we find no sudden abandonment of judgment, no blindness to weaknesses, and above all no pose on the part of the author, who in his preface says, "He (Whitman) knew that I would not bother the public with my views of his work solely, but would rather present the man Whitman in his everyday manner, and this has been my aim." The aim has been accomplished. We now know intimately the Whitman of latter years; we respect and love him the more for Mr. Donaldson's book; and we would fain know more of Mr. Donaldson himself.

Some have said that Whitman suffered in artistic discrimination because he had no sense of humor. A story is told in this book about snorers in a boarding house in Washington who kept him awake night after night. After vain remonstrance, he went down to the street, found a bowlder of nearly 50 pounds' weight, carried it up the stairs and opposite the room of the snorers. He then raised it high and let it drop. It seems to us that Whitman, after all, had an elemental sense of humor. He looked down at the landlord, who threatened to throw him into the street; he smiled softly; and he then went solemnly down stairs to his own room.

Mr. Donaldson gives a wealth of interesting detail. He disproves thoroughly the report that Whitman was lazy or a beggar after his health broke down; he shows him working when work was torture to mind and body. This man who sang so boldly the dignity and the beauty of the body as well as the soul, was a most simple being in his tastes. He ate little meat; he did not use tobacco; he drank a little wine when dining at the house of a friend, but he then drank only for companionship; he was scrupulously clean; his clothes were of coarse material; he delighted in the talk and friendship of laborers and children as well as in correspondence with Tennyson and Locker; he was a friend of the sun; he was a patient listener; he never answered those that mocked him; he was fond of the theatre and opera; he did not care for money, but he was frugal in expenditure; he was content with fifty cents a day for food and personal expenses for three years before he died; his friends discovered by accident that he was once absolutely in want; his conversation was as clean as his person; he was [illegible] to be a Democrat in politics, he seldom gave an opinion of a caller who visited him only for curiosity or as a bore; he revered Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, Omar Khayyám, Burns; he read constantly the Bible, but he was loath to talk about creeds; "In pain, helplessness, and a half-dazed condition, at times for months, he longed for death;" the thought of his unparalleled services to the soldiers in the hospitals comforted him, and yet he did not speak of the political significance of the war; he wept with gratitude when friends, from Whittier to Edwin Booth, from Dr. Furness to "Billy" Florence, gave him a horse and buggy; he was equally at home with Symonds or Henry Irving or a street car conductor, or Anne Gilchrist; men in Europe who had never seen him, as well as little children in Camden, wept when he was buried.

We know of few books of this kind that paint so carefully a portrait; we know of few portraits thus painted that so impress you and grow upon you. It would be a pleasant task to speak of the many letters of help and comfort that Whitman received from men and women of Boston: to discuss the loving correspondence between Whitman and Tennyson; but the book itself must be read.

What would the admirer of Whitman not give for a book that would describe with equal fidelity the poet's life from 1850 to 1860? Suddenly, without a preceding note of warning, "Leaves of Grass" appeared in 1855. As Emerson said in his famous letter, there must have been a long foreground somewhere for such a start. The Whitman described by Mr. Donaldson was a broken-down, mentally enfeebled, prematurely old man. We know very little about the Whitman of 1855, rejoicing in his strength.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Brave Step Forward at the Worcester Festival.

Mr. Archie Crawford—Melba—The Beethoven Fetich.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

The following extracts from the report of the Program Committee of the Worcester County Musical Association are worthy the consideration of the officers of the Handel and Haydn.

The list of the chief choral works for the next festival is very modern. It will be found in Notes and Comments. The report, explaining this sensible departure, says:

"The classical oratorio, for the first time since the festival has become a quasi national institution, has been eliminated, and the result is a gain in the matter of brightness and attractiveness. Nobody has any desire to belittle the old standard works, but those which are best adapted to the present state of musical taste and feeling have been given at the festival time and time again, so that there seems no imperative call for repeating one of more of them every year."

Furthermore, the committee has shown intelligence in insisting on a reorganization of the chorus. The Spy speaks as follows:

"Of the 500 or more members of last year's chorus, about 350 have presented themselves to the Examining Committee, and by the time the sifting process is complete there will be 300 or more of excellently trained chorus voices to form the nucleus of the festival chorus. The advantage of having only competent singers and effective voices scarcely need be pointed out. But this is not all. The evident disposition of the managers for improvement and progress has awakened rather an unexpected interest outside of the chorus, and fresh applications for membership are coming in with gratifying frequency. Whether the chorus is again raised to the old number of a round 500 or not, remains to be seen. Critics would probably agree that such increase is undesirable. A smaller body of singers, if the material is selected with care, is not only more flexible, intelligent and tractable, but it may also be at least equally strong in volume of tone and certainly more efficient in execution."

[illegible] be at least equally strong in volume of tone." Ten to one it will be stronger.

I have spoken often in the Journal concerning this question of bulky choruses. Let me quote from Mr. Krehbiel's "How to Listen to Music:"

"So the concert-room be not too large, a choir of 60 well-trained voices is large enough to perform almost everything in choral literature with good effect, and the majority of the best compositions will sound better under such circumstances than in large rooms with large choirs. * * * There is music, it is true, like much of Handel's, the impressiveness of which is greatly enhanced by masses, but it is not extensive enough to justify the sacrifice of correctness and the finish in the performance to mere volume. * * * When Mozart remodeled Handel's 'Messiah' he was careful to indicate that the florid passages ('divisions' they used to be called in England) should be sung by the solo voices alone, but nowadays choirs of five hundred voices attack such choruses as 'For unto us a Child is born' without the slightest hesitation, even if they sometimes make a mournful mess of the 'divisions.'"

Oh ye officers of the Worcester Musical Association, cut down with unflinching hand! I doubt extremely if there are 300 effective voices in your chorus. Two hundred would bring more satisfactory results; and it is not unlikely that you would do still better work with 150 or even 100 singers.

* * *

It was a pleasure to hear last week that fine old English song, "The Leathern Bottle"; but Mr. Archie Crawford sang, or rather shouted, a sadly expurgated version. Here is the first verse, as found in D'Urfey's "Laugh and Be Fat; or Pills to Purge Melancholy":

"Now God above, that made all things,
Heaven and earth, and all therein;
The ships upon the seas to swim,
To keep foes out, they come not in.
Now every one doth what he can
All for the use and praise of man,
I wish in Heaven that soul may dwell
That first devised the leathern bottle."

As Maginn well says in his dissertation on this poem—and no singer should dare to sing the sturdy song who has not read the dissertation—

"A more splendid exordium is not in the whole compass of our poetry. The bard, about to sing of a noble invention, takes high ground. His eye, with a fine frenzy rolling, glances at the origin of the world; the glories of Heaven and the utilities of Earth; at old ocean, murmuring with its innumerable waves, and the stately vessels walking the waters in all their magnificence; and then, by a gradual and easy descent, like Socrates bringing philosophy from the abodes of the gods to the dwellings of men, chaunts the merits of him who, for the use and praise of man, devised the Leathern Bottle. Compare Pindar's celebrated opening with this, and you will see how short is the flight of the Boeotian muse, contrasted with that of our own swan."

* * *

I fear that Mr. Crawford is an example of a young man who has been injured by the injudicious praise of his friends.

You know the occasional dearth of amusement at summer resorts. A pleasant young fellow will come to the beach or the mountain and in honest fashion sing without any pretence of art for the pleasure of the bored. He is agreeable, fond of sports, reasonably good-looking. He becomes a favorite and he is told that he is a fine singer. "You should give a concert in Boston next season. We'll see that you have a worthy audience." He is persuaded. He gives the concert. The faithful friends applaud. The musicians who are present wonder at the courage of the singer and the fidelity of the friends.

* * *

The news of Melba's misfortune, although sad, was not wholly unexpected. She was first heard here March 1, 1894, as Juliet in Gounod's opera. Her first appearance on any stage was at the Monnaie, Brussels, the season of '87-'88. When she first sang here she was probably at her zenith; for certainly since then she has not shone so constantly and brilliantly. There were dazzling moments, but at times the voice seemed tired, and the intonation was not always faultless.

That her actual singing of the part of Brünnhilde in "Siegfried" broke her down seems to me an absurd statement; for Brünnhilde in this opera has but practically half an act. She had been suffering from la grippe, influenza or what you will. No doubt she was nervous and worried about her first appearance in this part. It is difficult to form, from the reviews published in the New York daily newspapers, any just idea of the merits or faults of the performance itself. I hear from some one present that her coach was within comforting and prompting distance that night, and that she was not sure of the text or music. Why in the world did she undertake the task? She had her own realm in which she reigned supreme.

Let us hope that her retirement will be only for a season. The world can ill afford to lose such a singer. Let her devote herself for some months in chastened spirit to a contemplation of the vanities of the earth. She may at the same time work on that famous book which she meditated two or three seasons ago. To rest from singing is

[illegible] ment of every description

* * *

Mr. Henderson writes thus entertainingly of "Shamus O'Brien":

"There is another thing in 'Shamus O'Brien' that is worthy of note, and that is the manner in which 'music cues' are taken up. The conductor does not wait until the last word of the dialogue preceding a musical number before beginning the orchestral introduction. The dialogue has been carefully timed, and the 'music cue' comes several speeches ahead of the termination of the talk, so that when the actors have said the last word it is time to sing. The dramatic effect of this is excellent. It maintains the interest of the auditor, preserves the continuity of the scene, and prevents that complete destruction of the illusion which is the usual result of passing from speech to song. Of course, the composer must assist in preparing this effect by writing his introductions in such a way that the dialogue can be heard. On the other hand, in ensemble scenes action may easily supply the place of speech, and then the composer may write more forcibly.

"'Shamus O'Brien' is genuinely good, and it ought to meet with public favor. If it does not have a long career in this city, it will go to show that we do not like good opera comique, and that will be an evidence of a lack of good taste on our part. We are prone to run to extremes in our tastes. We like things that are highly spiced. If we cannot have the gorgeous glories of Wagner's works, give us the eternal bass drum of Gustave Kerker. Let us have highly-colored art. Give us Vibert or Aubrey Beardsley. But we do not seem to take kindly to the shady nooks of Birket Foster, the chaste English of John Bunyan, or the refined gentleness of pure opera comique. Perhaps 'Shamus O'Brien' will do something toward educating us in the right direction. We need an occasional dose of musical bromide of potassium to steady our nerves and keep us from sleepless nights. If the charming work of Mr. Jessop and Dr. Stanford does this for us, we shall all owe it a debt of gratitude. 'Oh; boys, listen to Shamus.'"

* * *

Mr. W. S. Mathews of Chicago thus replies to a statement of Mr. Lang:

"Mr. B. J. Lang 'regards Beethoven's influence on the musical art of today as far surpassing that of any other composer.' Here I would take issue. I believe that as an inspiration for composers two other names are far more influential than Beethoven; they are Bach and Wagner. Bach because he represents absolute music, in and of itself, with the least possible of the story-telling element. Therefore it is always fresh, and, because we come to it unhampered by a story which we seek to make the music fit, we are able to feel it at its true worth. And Wagner because he carried thematic development and orchestral coloring so much farther than any one else."

But does Mr. Mathews contend seriously that the orchestration of Wagner is superior to that of Berlioz? I doubt if many true musicians and well educated orchestral players will agree with him. Or is the thematic development of Wagner superior to that of Bach?

But Mr. Mathews writes these brave and sane words concerning the Beethoven fetich:

"I think there is a tendency towards making too much of the symphonies of Beethoven. Write what we may about classical form and the like, it remains true that Beethoven was after all a mere man, trying to write something new in the way of music for pleasing the ears of the men and women of Vienna along between 1796 and 1826. Posterity probably had few if any charms for him. Sometimes, as in the Heroic symphony and in the fifth and ninth symphonies, when moved by a great conception, he reached an astonishing sweep of imagination and of emotional expression. At other times, as in the works of this program, he aimed mainly at the pleasing, the jocund, the playful. These works show his musical powers in a very attractive light, but I cannot see that it is of advantage to put a halo around them before playing them. It is like the old women who read the bible only on Sunday and in their best gowns. They miss half the good points in it because so preoccupied with the expectation of something inspired and not understandable. If our symphony programs took the range they ought in all good sense to take, and brought us first and foremost all the symphonies of Brahms and Tschaikowsky, who are the greatest symphonists of the last quarter of a century, we could then have these lighter works of Beethoven as the lighter parts of the programs; for in them he was simply writing good music. It is play, and a jolly mood is better for understanding it than any number of damp towels around the head or any kind of protuberance of bumps of reverence. What is the good? When Beethoven makes a good joke, why do we look solemn and try to discover where the prayer should be said? Prayer and reverence are both good in their way, but there are times when plain common sense is equally profound. These light works of Beethoven belong to such times. Mr. Tomlins endeavors to account for Beethoven's choral writing by attributing it to his deafness. I imagine it is merely a case of his never having taken the trouble to find out the range, powers and conveniences of that extremely clever if limited instrument, the human voice. Mr. Beethoven is a dead failure as writer for voice, whether chorus or solo. Why not say so?"

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Verdi is learning to ride the bicycle.

There was no symphony concert last evening.

Rosenthal will begin to play about March 1.

Henry Marteau will revisit America next year.

Mrs. Beach's symphony is soon to be played in Buffalo.

Miss Chaminade will play in about 40 concerts in the United States next season.

Mr. John E. Mansfield, a newspaper man of Boston, has just finished a song, "Forgive Me Jack."

Mrs. Mohor-Ravenstein, one of the chief singers in the Damrosch Opera Company, fizzled completely, and she has resigned.

Mr. Arthur Whiting and the Kneisel Quartet are to give three Brahms subscription recitals in New York Jan. 24, Feb. 28, March 28. Such devotion to Brahms is pathetic.

Mr. Sebastian Schlesinger has blown a sonorous blast of warning to young girls who propose to study in Paris. Beware of the men, is the condensation of his blast. Mr. Schlesinger is unduly nervous.

At the first of Messrs. Plunkett Greene and Leonard Borwick's concerts in London the program will be devoted entirely to the works of Schubert, as the date of the concert, Feb. 7, falls within the week of Schubert's centenary.

Giordano, the composer of "Andrea Chenier," was married about a month ago at Milan to Olga Spatz, the daughter of the proprietor of the Hotel de Milan. Verdi gave the bride a diamond-mounted fan, and King Humbert sent the groom the Order of the Crown of Italy.

Mr. Paderewski will undertake a short provincial tour in England in the spring, but previous to that he will be heard at the Crystal Palace and Philharmonic concerts. Mr. Frederic Lamond will give a series of five pianoforte recitals at the St. James's Hall during the present and the next month.

The following works will be performed at the next Worcester (Mass.) Festival: Gounod's "Redemption," Parker's "Hora Novissima," Goring Thomas's posthumous cantata, "The Swan and the Skylark;" choral selections from Wagner's operas; Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah." Mr. Zerrahn will be the conductor.

There will be a series of five Wagner concerts conducted by Felix Mottl, at the Queen's Hall on Tuesdays, March 16 and 30, April 13, and May 11 and 18. One of the features will be the entire third act of "Parsifal," by special permission from the Bayreuth authorities, with, it is hoped, Heinrich Vogl as the "pure fool," afterward the saintly hero.

Mr. Newman has arranged a series of three orchestral concerts, of course, under ordinary conditions, on Saturday afternoons at the Queen's Hall, on Jan. 30, Feb. 6 and 20. The first program will include a new symphony by Glazanow, for the first time in England; the second will be all Wagner; and the third will include Tschaikowsky's Symphonic Pathétique.

The Daily Messenger, Paris, Jan. 12, thus speaks of Miss Gertrude Rennyson, a pupil of Mr. Augusto Rotoli. Miss Rennyson is now preparing for the stage, and she sang Jan. 10 in Paris, at a concert at the American Girls' Club: "Miss Rennyson, a dramatic soprano, with a voice of extraordinary timbre and equality, was heard in the dream of Elsa, from 'Lohengrin,' and Elizabeth's prayer, from 'Tannhäuser.' Miss Alice Mandelick sang at the same concert, and the Messenger describes her as "a contralto of the first order."

In speaking of a concerto recently performed in Vienna for the first time, Dr. Hanslick said: "It belongs to the class of suicide compositions, which kill themselves by their own pitiless length." A notable maxim which nearly every living composer ought to paste on his inkstand. Dvorák, Paderewski and MacDowell may be specially excepted. When he was last in America Dvorák said he thought a symphony should not last over half an hour, and lately he has even adopted the shorter form of the symphonic poem in one movement.—New York Evening Post.

Even Mr. Finch of the Evening Post was obliged to write as follows of his idol, Lilli Lehmann, now of the Damrosch company: "In the last group of songs—Schubert's Du bist Die Ruh, Erl-König, and Aline—the singer gave decided evidence of fatigue. Part of the first-named song was sung out of tune—something Mme. Lehmann never used to do—and in the Erl King her voice showed symptoms of serious damage. It was guttural, strident, and made almost a painful impression in its inability to follow the singer's admirable dramatic intentions. She should have avoided that song, for it confirmed the rumors that had come from abroad as to her incapacity for sustained effort, which rumors it had been fondly hoped were untrue."

The Musical Courier, in summing up the year 1896, speaks thus of Paderewski: "Paderewski left us last season limp and spiritless, but loaded with American dollars. His vaunted gift of $10,000 was only a drop in the bucket. He was content, quite content, last season, to play old programs, and in a perfunctory manner. His single contribution to the music of the year, his Polish Fantasie for piano and orchestra, is an ineffectual piece of imitative writing, especially weak in thematic invention and tricky in orchestration—a pleasing mixture of Liszt and Chopin, nothing more. Mr. Paderewski may return, will return, for he knows America as a Tom Tiddler's ground upon which lies shining dollars. No fear that the Polish contingent will ever neglect us. Like the poor we will always have the Poles."

Richard Strauss is evidently suffering from the self-magnifying malady colloquially known as swelled head. He is not original, but has a great desire to be so considered. In a recent number of the periodical Jugend there an- [illegible] of the key of D flat major, but ends contrary to all traditional rules in D major. In a foot note Strauss remarks, "Vocalists who may wish to sing this song before the end of the nineteenth century are advised by the composer to transpose the last six bars a tone lower, so as to end the piece in the same key in which it began." Music lovers of the next century, it may be safely predicted, will know a good deal more about the music of Johann Strauss than about that of Richard Strauss. A good waltz stands a much better chance of becoming a classic than an ambitious but empty symphonic poem.—New York Evening Post.

We are now on the threshold of the spring musical season, and it promises to be even more busy than that of the past autumn, which is saying a great deal. Amateurs will rejoice to learn that the Carl Rosa Opera Company have at last secured a temporary London home, and will commence a brief series of performances at the Garrick on Jan. 18. I am informed that pending the production at the Garrick of Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy's new play (which means, I suppose, his Anglicization of "My Friend From India"), Mr. Brickwell has arranged with the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company for a three weeks' season at that theatre. The opera repertory will include "La Vivandière," "The Meistersingers," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "The Flying Dutchman," "Carmen," "Mignon," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Valkyrie," and "The Bohemian Girl."—The Referee, Jan. 3.

The receptiveness of the public may be great, but we do not think it will swallow "A Man About Town," a three-act musical farce by "Huan Mee," presented at the Avenue Theatre Jan. 2. For sheer uselessness we have seldom met its like, and what may have been possibilities to the actor proved very dull realities to the spectator. But is Messrs. "Huan Mee's" concoction a bitter satire on the taste of present day amusement seekers? Did they say when they were evolving their work, "Let us give a practical illustration of what the theatre-going public will accept, providing there are thrown in a few jingling tunes and a dance or two?" Why should it be thought that the crudest of farces will serve, if accompanied by song and dance? Music may cover a lot of sins, but it has its limitations. There must be some little indication of a plot, or, if that is lacking, the deficiency must be supplied by fun of a kind and clever acting; but "A Man About Town" can lay no claim to possessing a single attribute which makes for success. The story starts from a fairly good idea, and then wanders about as aimlessly as King Lear on the storm-beaten heath. The characters are mere pieces of theatrical pasteboard, and the dialogue is as void of wit as a guinea pig is of tail. The farce also served to show that outside the eccentric Mr. E. J. Lonnen had no power of raising laughter. He worked hard, but he neither said nor did a funny thing throughout the evening. His partner in the leading business was Miss Alice Lethbridge, who neither sings, acts, nor dances, with transcendent ability. Miss Alma Stanley looked sublimely miserable in a part that was so puerile that we wonder an actress who has so often given us work of real excellence should condescend to appear in it. The one redeeming feature of the evening was little Miss May Edouin, who acted with taking spirit and danced a tarantelle to the evident delight of the whole house. Mr. E. Dagnall extracted an occasional spark of mild humor out of the part of an amorous theatrical manager; and Mr. Sidney Howard gave a fairly successful rendering of an excitable Frenchman. The music was by Mr. Alfred Carpenter, and it equaled in point of merit the libretto of "Huan Mee."—London Sporting and Dramatic News.

Jan. 25. 1897

Maria Manning came from Sweden,
Brought up respectably, we hear;
And Frederick Manning came from Taunton,
In the County of Somersetshire.
Maria lived with noble ladies,
In ease and splendor and delight;
But on one sad and fatal morning,
She was made Frederick Manning's wife.

Perhaps you do not appreciate the frank beauty, the Greek directness of these lines. If this is the case, we are sorry for you and ask your prayerful attention for the verses that follow:

She first was courted by O'Connor,
Who was a lover most sincere.
He was possessed of wealth and riches,
And loved Maria Roux most dear.
But she preferred her present husband,
As it appeared, and with delight,
Slighted sore Patrick O'Connor,
And was made Frederick Manning's wife.

Benin, scene of the late horrible massacre, has long had a hard name. Sir Richard Burton in his "Wanderings in West Africa," published anonymously in 1863, wrote of the evil fame of the inhabitants along the Benin River. They were said to be fond of the whites—served at their meals. And the King of Great Benin City, long before, was partial to whites, but in a different way; "he offered for the very small consideration of a white wife to drive all his subjects into the pale of the church." Mr. Wilson says, "At the island of San Thomè a strong appeal was made to the Christian feeling of the sisterhood, one of whom had the courage to look the matter in the face, and actually accepted the hand of his sable Majesty. She ought to have been canonized, but it is not known that this deed of self-sacrifice ever received any special notice from the Father of the Church." To which Burton adds, "If the then King was as fine looking a man as the present occupant of the 'Stool,' which here is synonymous with the 'Throne,' the young lady lost little by exchanging him for an ex-sanguined white of San Thomè."

Capt. Gallwey visited Benin in 1892. He saw horrible sights. Dead bodies, skulls, crucified women offered up to stop the rain. For Benin is the seat of a very powerful theocracy of fetish priests; and human sacrifices are nearly as frequent as in Dahome. "The usual mode of execution is by decapitation. The victim places his head on a stone block at the edge of a pit, and when the head is severed it falls into the pit. When a new pit is required a gang of slaves is sent to excavate it. When the authorities think the pit deep enough the ladders are drawn up without notice to the wretched creatures who are below, and who are left there to die."

But there is the haunting thought of the ballad of the hearth and heart from which we have already quoted for the benefit of local composers beating their breatsts in despair of verses to fire their muse.

And when O'Connor knew the story,
Down his cheeks rolled floods of tears.
He beat his breast and wept in sorrow,
Wrung his hands and tore his hair;
Maria, dear, how could you leave me?
Wretched you have made my life.
Tell me why you did deceive me,
For to be Fred Manning's wife.

It was on the 25th of January, 1885, that Jules Destrée made this entry in his journal: "Sunday evening one understands suicide."

And again we submit to the poet's spell:

At length they all were reconciled,
And met together night and day,
Maria, by O'Connor's riches,
Dressed in splendor fine and gay.
Though married, yet she corresponded,
With O'Connor, all was right,
And oft he went to see Maria,
Frederick Manning's lawful wife.

And what was the result of such innocent but triangular life? Wife and husband were faithful to each other. But what did they do? Listen to the poet with tear-stained cheeks:

At length they plann'd their friend to murder,
And for his company did crave.
The dreadful weapons they prepared,
And in the kitchen dug his grave.

And as they fondly did caress him,
They slew him—what a dreadful sight.
First they mangled, after robbed him,
Frederick Manning and his wife.

It is St. Paul's Day.

If St. Paul be fair and clear,
Then betides a happy year.
But if it chance to snow or rain,
Dear will be all sorts o' grain.
If clouds or mists do dark the sky,
Great store of birds and beasts shall die;
And if the winds do fly aloft,
Then wars shall vex the country oft.

If you wish to know the truth about that extraordinary man, Sir Richard F. Burton, who was born three centuries too late, read his biography by Georgina M. Stisted, and pay no attention to the cumbrous, hysterical two volumes by the late Lady Burton. "No one will disagree with Miss Stisted," says an English reviewer, "in her view of Lady Burton's destruction of the unfinished MS. of 'The Scented Garden.' Like the 'Arabian Nights,' it was intended for students, and, heroic as the mistaken act may be, students can never pardon its selfishness. Beside this over-conscientious act, Lady Burton's reprint of the 'Arabian Nights' in a form accessible to the world was, to say the least, an inconsistency."

Jan 26. 1897

They absconded, but were apprehended,
And for the cruel deed were tried.

"Who?" Why, the devoted husband and wife, of whom the poet told you yesterday. They were found guilty and sentenced. And what did the Judge say?

Return, he said, to whence they brought you,
From thence unto the fatal tree,
And there together be suspended,
Where multitudes your fate may see.
Your hours, recollect, are numbered,
You betrayed a friend, and took his life,
For such there's not one spark of pity,
For Frederick Manning and his wife.

And why do we revive this horrid murder of O'Connor? The French say that a play is merely a pretext for a critic's newspaper article. In many cases a murder is valuable only for the literature induced by it. The Mannings died—were hanged—in 1849. The poet that immortalized them is unknown. We claim in all sobriety that the life of Patrick O'Connor, dear as it was to the descendant of a thousand kings, was as nothing when weighed in the balance against the superb first verse of the poem, the verse that we have kept till

now as the conclusion of the whole matter:

See the scaffold it is mounted,
And the doomed ones do appear,
Seemingly borne wan with sorrow,
Grief and anguish, pain and care.
They cried, the moment is approaching,
When we, together, must leave this life,
And no one has the least compassion
On Frederick Manning and his wife.

You observe this "Life of the Mannings" has no chorus, in which respect it is perhaps inferior to "The Life and Trial of Palmer," in seven verse with this chorus:

My trial causes great excitement,
In town and country everywhere,
Now guilty found is William Palmer,
Of Rugeley town in Stafford Shire.

It is surely inferior to "Mary Arnold, the Female Monster," beginning:

Of all the tales was ever told,
I now will you impart,
That cannot fail to terror strike
To every human heart.
The deeds of Mary Arnold
Who does in a jail deplore,
Oh! such a dreadful tale as this,
Was never told before.

CHORUS.

This wretched woman's dreadful deed,
Does every one affright.
With black beetles in walnut shells,
She deprived her child of sight.

When you find anyone declaiming against the "sensationalism" of New York Sunday newspapers, you may know at once that his education has been superficial or conducted along narrow lines, so that he now misses many of the real joys of life. We summon the attention of all thoughtful parents who wish their children's minds should be well rounded. Ballads like unto the above should be taught, a verse at a time, and recited just before going to bed. As soon as the dear ones are able to read, the "Newgate Calendar" should be put into their hands, for "Chronicles of Crime" inculcate snobbishness. Thomas Beard's "Theatre of God's Judgment"—especially the third edition, "encreased with many more examples," 1631—would be an admirable Christmas present. Just as he that is not acquainted with earlier operas cannot appreciate fully the work of Wagner, so the uneducated man cannot enjoy in its fullness modern sensationalism.

So "The Duchess" will write no more. Her readers undoubtedly far outnumber those of Fielding, Hardy and Meredith put together.

Mr. Joshua Atwood, 3d, claims that street cleaning is done more effectively here than in New York. We have only two questions for him: (1) Has he walked in Boston and considered the streets thereof? (2) How long is it since he visited New York?

Mr. W. J. Henderson has been sadly misinformed, otherwise the following astounding paragraph would never have appeared in the New York Times: "There is something curious about Boston. At any rate, many artists who please New York find the atmosphere over there altogether too cool for them. Lillian Carlismith, for instance, spent some six years in the hub of the universe in a desperate struggle against those three fates, Gertrude Franklin, Gertrude Edmands and B. J. Lang, and finally she gave it up and came to New York. She appeared here in operetta last season with Francis Wilson in 'The Chieftain,' but owing to a combination of sickness and stage fright she was not successful. This year she has sung in concert two or three times, and her voice and style have evoked hearty praise. But she will find New York a hard field to plow, too. It is not quite as full of cliques as Boston, but one must pull wires here to get started in music. This is unfortunate—wrong, indeed—but it is true."

Mr Henderson has evidently been listening to Miss Carlismith. This singer is not unknown here. She had her chance as Miss Smith and as Miss Carlismith. She sang in choirs, chamber concerts, with the Handel and Haydn; she gave concerts. But however well she may sing today, she did not sing in an artistic manner when she lived here; and that is the reason why "the atmosphere was cool." The sneer at Miss Franklin and Miss Edmands is laughably unfounded and unworthy of Mr. Henderson. Nor do we believe that Mr. Lang used to sit up nights contriving plots for the musical destruction of Miss Carlismith.

Mr. Max Heinrich's Third Recital in Steinert Hall.—A Group of New Songs by Mr. George W. Chadwick.

Mr. Max Heinrich, assisted by Mrs. Heinrich, gave the third of his song recitals last evening in Steinert Hall. The programme was as follows:

Sandmännchen Traum.....Schumann
Armer Peter.....Schumann
Gruss.....Schumann
Tragödie, I., II., III.....Schumann
Sehnsucht.....Schumann
Mr. Heinrich.
The Rose and the Nightingale.....Barnby
May Dew.....Bennett
Polly Willis.....Dr. Arne
Mrs. Heinrich.
Two Duets from "Die Zauberflöte"..Mozart
Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich.
In Mead Where Roses Bloom.....Chadwick
Sister Fairest, Why Art Thou Sighing?
Chadwick
Love's Like a Summer Rose.....Chadwick
The Rose Leans Over the Pool.....Chadwick
Oh, Let Night Speak of Me.....Chadwick
(Accompanied by the Composer.)
Mr. Heinrich.
Mainacht..... Brahms
Ach, Wenn' der König nur Wüsst'.....
Schumann
Mit einer Primula veris.....Grieg
Zwei braune Augen.....Grieg
Mrs. Heinrich.
Two Duets:
Night Hymn at Sea (by request)....
Goring Thomas
Calm as the Night.....Götze
Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich.

This program was pleasingly varied. The songs by Schumann are among the best of that composer, and Mr. Heinrich sang with the "innigkeit" that is so absolutely necessary to the full interpretation. This German word is often applied to German singers whose voices are in ruins, but whose intentions are honorably poetic as well as musical; and the fact that a singer possesses this quality is often no more to his credit than the vague quality "intellectuality," which is ascribed as a rule to those who are utterly ignorant of the elements of vocal art. But in Mr. Heinrich's case the compliment last night had no such disquieting background. I know of few singers who can bring out so clearly and so naturally the deep pathos of Schumann's "Tragödie" or "Armer Peter." For these are songs that demand something more than a flawless method and a profound knowledge of the wisdom of ancient Italian teachers.

I understand that Mr. Chadwick's five songs are in manuscript, and that the words of them are by Mr. Arlo Bates. I should like to hear the first again, for the impression after one hearing was unfavorable; there seemed to be too great self-consciousness and a straining after effect. The others appealed more to me, melodically and in musical expression of definite sentiment. The second is of genuine dramatic power; the third is of uncommon beauty; "The Rose Leans Over the Pool" is of an archness that is free from flippancy, and it will surely be a favorite with singers and audiences; the fifth is nobly passionate. Mr. Chadwick was fortunate in his interpreter. "The Rose Leans Over the Pool" was repeated, and it stood the test.

Mrs. Heinrich sang the songs by Grieg delightfully, and the duets gave much pleasure.

PHILIP HALE.

Jan 27 '97

There is nothing more beautiful than a key, so long as one does not know what it opens.

An eminent authority in supernatural topography, the Rev. Sam Jones, assured us all the other day that Boston was not far from hell. Mr. Moody, an equally eminent authority, believes that Boston is within speaking distance of heaven. This city seems to be centrally and conveniently located.

New York may sneer at the "musical pretensions" of Boston, but let us summon sturdy facts. There is here this day a 16-year-old newsboy "who possesses in his youthful and sweet voice the notes of a lark and the culture of a De Reszke." And only last Sunday witnessed the apparition of a phenomenon, a female phenomenon; "this lady has never taken any lessons nor does she understand music at all under normal conditions; while in an entranced state she sings in five different voices and nine different languages; the only language she knows or speaks in her normal condition is the English language." Scalchi has only four voices when she is in her best condition.

G. S. writes, "Thirty years ago there was a verse common among the boys at school in Hampshire County, and this is the way it ran:

'Have you seen the devil,
With his wood and iron shovel,
Digging up potatoes
With his big toe-nail?'

Can you tell me anything of its origin?"

There are four verses that were sung or repeated years ago in Warwickshire, England. The first is as you give it, with this change in the fourth line: "In the turnpike road." In the second verse his wife is supposed to scrape the potatoes; in the third his daughter washes them; in the fourth his son with a double-barrel'd gun is shooting birds for dinner. An astute commentator on Folk Rhymes ascribes the origin of this charming poem "to the familiar belief that the devil on occasions undertakes labor for mortals, and gets through an enormous amount of work." Perhaps the Rev. Sam Jones can throw additional light on this perplexing question?

Oh the ironical laughter of the golden sign when the firm so flaunted to the eye has failed!

Early this month in Belfast a child, aged 12 months, fell sick with whooping cough. The mother took it to a charmer, who performed the following ceremonies: "A donkey was brought into requisition, and three times in succession the infant was passed under the belly of the animal, the charmer all the while going through some form of incantation. After this the donkey was given some special food, and at the same time the child was also given some food, and, while both were eating, the charmer again went over his mystic words." The child was then taken home, and it soon thereafter died. The ancient Irish were wiser in their treatment of whooping cough. They put a live trout into the fasting child's mouth. Then they put it back alive into the stream. If they could not find a trout they used a frog.

Baron Rudolf von Larisch has proved to his own satisfaction that the female form is geometrically a failure. Some piqued Zulietta said to him as to Rousseau, "Leave women, and study the mathematics."

Poor Baron von Larisch! The century-gray world laughs at your precise, pedantic measurements.

This is the female form:
A divine nimbus exhales from it from head to foot;
It attracts with fierce undeniable attraction!
I am drawn by its breath as if I were no more than a helpless vapor—all falls aside but myself and it.

Why is the Providence Journal silent while there is wild discussion in Paris as to the black or white tie for evening dress? Our revered contemporary should lead, not follow. We still hope to hear its clarion blast. "Very young men," says an alleged authority in the Daily Messenger, "will wear white ties, but those over 30 will follow the example of an English Royal Prince, and wear black. White waistcoats will be favored by both young and old, but the white embroidered waistcoat is the dernier cri. Dresscoats are worn longer." We strain ears toward Providence.

To S. R.: You complain that you cannot keep ferns in your flat on account of the greediness of your pet cat. Why do you not abandon ferns and grow catnip—the nepeta cataria. It would give much greater pleasure to your pet.

To G. P.: You are right. Even the humblest home should be the house beautiful to the inmates. You say you cannot afford a Soumac rug. Begin with the necessaries. You can buy an old Nankin salad bowl for $50; or a Kin-Kozan water bottle for $20. There are hundreds of inexpensive trinkets for the mantelpiece. We saw a "Badger beating his stomach at the moon, inlaid with silver by gold by Minkoku," for 10sh. 6d. In a recent English catalogue. If you buy a cloisonné enamel plaque, be sure it is by Namakawa Sosukei.

Jan 28 '97

Mrs. Szumowska's Recital in Steinert Hall—A Performance Characterized by Grace and Refinement.

Mrs. Szumowska-Adamowska gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. She played these pieces:

Theme Varie:
"The Harmonious Blacksmith"....Handel
Pastorale..... Scarlatti
Capriccio..... Scarlatti
Fantaisie, C major.....Schumann
Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 1.....Chopin
Mazurka, Op. 41, No. 1.....Chopin
Etude, C-sharp minor.....Chopin
Scherzo, B minor, Op. 20.....Chopin
Menuet, A major.....Paderewski
(New. First time.)
Valse..... Stojowski
Polonaise..... Liszt

Mrs. Szumowska is not a heroic pianist, and in the stormier passages of such a work as Schumann's Fantaisie she is comparatively ineffective. Her thunder and lightning are not authoritative, although they are used sincerely; the audience is neither stunned nor branded; it applauds the grace with which the bolt was brandished. It is not given to every woman to be the Amazon; on the other hand, it is not given to many pianists, male or female, to play with such peculiar elegance as that which characterized yesterday Mrs. Szumowska's performance of the pieces by Scarlatti, Handel, the nocturne, mazurka, and etude of Chopin, and the unknown Polish pieces; or with such grace as that which redeemed the arabesques of Liszt from the charge of a mere delight for the astounding virtuoso.

I think this fair pianist has the advantage over her more heroic sisters in this every-day world. To be in full sympathy with heroic playing, the hearer himself must be screwed up to the heroic pitch. He must emphatically be in the vein; perhaps he should [illegible] raw pork for picture-haunted dreams. But when Mrs. Szumowska plays the music of Scarlatti or Chopin, the jaded hearer is soothed, comforted, reminded of other days than those told by the calendar of the week, and other moods than those awaiting him without Steinert Hall.

It seems to me that she made a mistake in taking Chopin's scherzo at so furious a pace. For as she played it, the beauties of the music were revealed imperfectly, as glimpses of landscape caught through the window of an express train. She played it at a speed that outstripped her present technique, and she was not always letter-perfect. If she had chosen a slower pace, the idea of speed would have been more forcibly presented, for the rhythm that yesterday was not always in evidence would have been felt like a strong pulse.

Admirable was her playing of the pieces by Paderewski and Stojowski, and yet the pieces themselves made no marked impression. If Paderewski had not written his famous menuet, the new one might be more readily accepted. This new one sounds at times as though the old one were distorted in some singular fashion, or even played backwards. Stojowski's waltz hints occasionally at the waltz, but the flowery compliments of the composer are long-winded and prevent one from hearing the mucic that is surely sounding somewhere.

Truly a delightful concert. There was so much that gave pleasure at the moment and is now remembered gratefully! Fluent technique that was never used to set applause-traps; beauty of tone that did not degenerate into sentimentalism; grace of expression that was not finical, and refinement that was not supercilious—these were displayed modestly and unaffectedly; and these characteristics combined with a charm of fragrant personality again persuaded us that the piano is not necessarily a formidable concert instrument.

There was a good-sized and highly appreciative audience.

PHILIP HALE.

When I am playing with my Cat, who knowes whether she have more sport in dallying with me, than I have in gaming with her? We entertaine one another with mutuall apish tricks. If I have my houre to begin or to refuse, so hath she hers.

Now that cats are on exhibition in Mechanics' Building, let us hope that they will receive the careful attention of all serious-minded Bostonians. Not all places are favorable to cats; witness Ahenea near Delos, where no cat could live. The climate of Huntington Avenue is eminently salubrious, and cats in the vicinity would no doubt reach a venerable age if they were not molested.

Mohammed can in this respect give lessons to Christians. For once as he read, with arm upon the table, his cat fell asleep on the resting sleeve. The hour came for him to go to the Temple; and rather than disturb the cat he cut away the sleeve.

Now there are women who—perhaps from strange sympathy—are kinder to cats than are men, who yet, in certain ways, are more closely allied to the animal. There was Madam du Puis, a celebrated player on the harp, in the seventeenth century. Her will was set aside by cold Judges, and why? Listen to the old gossip: "This Lady's Will made a great noise; and a suit was carried on, in order to have it set aside. The pension which the deceased Lady settled on her cat, and the visits which she ordered should be paid her every week, were the circumstances most inveighed against." And not far from Boston there is a noble institution provided for little wanderers through the posthumous kindness of a woman.

Even in popular speech and slang the cat is not treated respectfully. There are uses to which we must not here allude. But it is permitted to ask, why do London thieves call a quart pot "a cat" and pint pots "kittens"? Why should "boarding round" be called "whipping the cat"? Why should "to play the turncoat" be known as "to turn the cat in the pan"? Why should "shoot the cat" be a modern as well as ancient English phrase for describing a favorite epicurean trick at Roman banquets?

The Egyptians were more ceremonious in their treatment, which is known to every schoolboy. The wise Hindus rivaled, nay rival the Egyptians. The very word for cat, mârgâras, means the cleanser, the animal that cleans itself; in which the cat surpasses many men and women. The cleanser of the night, the white cat, is the moon. The cat-moon eats the gray mice of the night. In the Mahâbhâratam is the fable of the penitent cat, who "by the austerity which it practises on the banks of the Ganges, inspires confidence in the birds, which gather round it to do it honor. The mice imitate the example of the birds, and put themselves under the cat's protection, that it may defend them. The cat makes its meals upon them every day, by inducing one or two to accompany it to the river, and fattens exceedingly fast."

Revere the cat. Diana, the goddess, chaste Diana, did not disdain, when fleeing from the giants, to take its form. In Sicily the cat is sacred to St. Martha, and he who kills one will be unhappy for seven years. The goddess Freya was drawn by two cats. Today the cat is sacred to St. Gertrude. Is the cat the friend of the witch? Yes, the black one, but the white one always reveals to the prince the witch's treachery. For the white cat is often an enchanted maiden who finally marries the prince. The demoniacal black cat is the night without a moon. And yet we have heard that in the night all cats are gray. If a sick man see or hear two cats fighting against each other, it is an omen of approaching death.

If the cat washes her face o'er the ear,
'Tis a sign that the weather 'll be fine and clear.

And yet the Latin proverb says, "The cat likes fish, but refuses to go into the water," and there is a Hungarian proverb, "The cat does not die in water." There is another Hungarian proverb, "The cat of autumn and the woman of spring are not worth much."

Why was a cat formerly called Tybert or Tybalt? For Mercutio stung Tybalt to the quick by calling him "rat-catcher," "king of cats."

Baudelaire sang the praise of cats:

"Amis de la science et de la volupté,
Ils cherchent le silence et l'horreur des ténèbres."

But a still finer poem is that by Maurice Rollinat, which we recommend to those who are not disturbed at night by the thought of the black cat that visited Edgar Allan Poe.

And in the same building with the cats are, appropriately, pigeons, dear to Venus. Darwin tells us that in the fourth Egyptian dynasty, before 3000 B. C., pigeons appeared in bills of fare. The Romans gave fabulous prices for them. Twenty thousand pigeons were carried about with the court of Akber Khan. And in 1875 we find Mortimer Collins writing, "Roast pigeon is good with bacon around him; stewed pigeon is good; the bird enlivens a rump-steak pie. His liver is excellent on anchovy toast. That distinguished epicure, Col. Money, advises you to eat with him purple Hamburg grapes, and drink claret cup. That was in July; in December other accompaniment would be requisite, and one beauty of the pigeon is that, like the lobster, he is all the year round in season."

Remember, however, that it is impossible for a person to die happily whilst resting on a pillow stuffed with pigeons' feathers, he will struggle with death in the most exquisite torture. "The pillows of dying persons are, therefore, frequently taken away when they appear in great agonies, lest they may have pigeons' feathers in them."

Jan 28, 97

Often the cockloft is empty, in those whom Nature hath built many stories high.

We were reminded of this saying of Thomas Fuller by a letter received from "Excelsior". And this saying in turn recalled the apothegm, "My Lord St. Albans said that nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads."

Now the letter of "Excelsior" to the Journal is as follows: "In Dr. Johnson's Rambler (No. 117, April 30, 1751) there appears what professes to be a letter from an enthusiastic man on the advantages of living in a garret. The letter shows conclusively that the notion of dwelling at a high elevation is powerfully stimulating to intellectual activity, and that, as a rule, the people who occupy the upper rooms of a building are much gayer and sprightlier than those that sojourn below. After establishing and illustrating this fact, he states two reasons in explanation of it: "First, the increased purity of the air at a high altitude, and, secondly, 'the increase of that vertiginous motion with which we are carried round by the diurnal revolution of the earth. The power of agitation upon the spirits'—he goes on to say—'is well known; every man has had his heart lightened in a rapid vehicle, or on a galloping horse; and nothing is plainer than that he who towers to the fifth story is whirled through more space by every circumrotation, than another that grovels upon the ground-floor.'"

"Excelsior" makes bold to say: "The soundness of this reasoning must commend itself to every philosophic mind, and an exceeding interest attaches to the point in its scientific application to the sky-scraper of our own day. If the influence of the garret in Johnson's time was so great in quickening mental activity for those who dwelt on the fifth floor, what an im-

[illegible] come to those who have their happy residence on the fifteenth or the twentieth! And as soon as the principle becomes understood, what a rush for the upper rooms of the tall buildings there will be on the part of lawyers, poets, stock-operators, and others who need a special quickening of mental energy in the line of their peculiar vocations! In this law of 'vertiginous motion' can we not discern grand possibilities as to the development of genius in the ideal business-block of the future, as it shall tower in its majesty higher and higher towards the skies?"

An ingenious letter, full of pleasing speculation. And yet we deplore the argument of "Excelsior," for to us the high-building is an abomination of desolation. In our opinion we are supported by Holy Writ. The first sky-scraper was built on a plain in the land of Shinar. The owners, the architect, the contractor joined in saying, "Go to, let us build us a tower whose top may reach unto heaven." The Lord came down to see the tower which the children of men builded. And we know the fate of the presumptuous builders. There was, no doubt, talk of safety-elevators; there were possibly allusions to the stimulus of "vertiginous motion." But the Lord scattered the builders abroad from thence upon the face of the earth. Some found their way to New York; others to Chicago; and a few, alas, inquired the road to Boston. Remember, too, the tower in Siloam. It fell.

Modern science shows, dear Mr. Excelsior, that dwelling in the top stories of soaring, heaven-defying buildings, with the daily perpendicular elevator-shooting, superinduces a singular and cruel nervous disease. The unfortunates become victims of the cocktail habit; they knag their wives; little by little, they sink in even self-esteem until they are addicted passionately to farce-comedy. And then it is but a step to the insane asylum or the jail.

Experienced builders say that the life of an exceedingly tall building is a short one; that its vitality is low when it reaches thirty years. There are buildings in Chicago even now, mere infants, which are already rheumatic. Some bulge as with dropsy; others shiver as with the ague.

A room that is lived in long is saturated with the personality of the occupant, just as the room, its location, and all that pertains to it, influence mightily the occupant. Now what is the mental condition of extraordinarily tall men or women? A child will tell you that the giant is, nine cases out of ten, silly, weak-minded, credulous, easily overcome; but the dwarf is shrewd and capable in his wickedness. Paul Heyse has reversed this proposition in a way by making a giant a pessimist and a dwarf an optimist; but this is a period of paradox. The keepers of freak museums and other inventors of fairy stories corroborate Fuller and Bacon. Nor are giants always strong in body; witness O'Brien, 8 feet high, whose skeleton is preserved in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, London. The son of Euthymenes of Salamina, at the age of three years, was four feet four inches in height; but he was slow of pace, dull of sense; he was seized with manifold diseases and immoderate afflictions of sickness. The young giantess seen by Wierus was stupid and dull. To quote the Rev. Nathaniel Wanley, "Those human fabricks which Nature hath raised to a giant-like height, are observed not to have so happy a composition of the brain as other men: like the Pyramids of Egypt, they are rather for ostentation than use, and are remembered in history not for any accomplishment of mind, but only for the magnitude of their bodies."

And we believe that as sky-scrapers are unsightly, dangerous, unhealthy to those who are obliged to live in their shade, so do they work evil and malignant influence on the dwellers far aloft. The upper rooms are fit only for those that fly financial kites.

Wise men have figured that the height of the tower of Babel was only 156 feet with the platform, and others, equally wise, say the tower never advanced beyond its foundations. It matters little whether fire fell from heaven and destroyed the work, or whether Alexander Polyhistor is right in saying that the winds blew it to pieces. We know this: The Lord came down to see the tower, and then scattered the builders. Is not the sky-scraper of today a blasphemous example of pride and avarice?

Jan 30 1897

Kindness is odious, and widowhood is sad, and destitution is without comfort, and persecution is full of trouble, and famine is intolerable, and tears are the sad ease of a sadder heart: But these are evils of our life, not of our death.

The Boston Herald assures us that the Wayside Inn has been purchased by "Mr. Edward R. Lemon of Malden, an ancestor of old New England families." He will probably fill the house with the relics of posterity.

A. B. wishes to know why "Zoo" is pronounced by many "zu." One reason is because "zu" is the correct pronunciation.

"When your wife asks for a quarter, give her a dollar," said one of the evangelists in public. H—m! A better way to treat her is to give her an allowance, so that she will not be obliged to ask for money. And then at the end of the month pay the bills without a murmur. For peace is, after all, the one thing desirable.

And here let us give a bit of advice to the rich wives of the poor: Don't compel your husbands to ask each day for a trifling sum. Pay them every Saturday when you pay the servants. We know of no more pitiable sight than a strong, bearded man asking the wife of his bosom for 50 cents, saying "I must go down town, and I wish to buy a few postage stamps," and then compromising on a quarter. The Historical Painter has added a sketch of this wretched being in the act of being refused to the draughts of three passionate looks mentioned by Sir Thomas Browne: of Thyestes when he was told at the table that he had eaten a piece of his own son; of Bajazet when he went into the iron cage; of Oedipus when he first came to know that he had killed his father and married his own mother.

Mr. Job Johnson, a rising young grocer's clerk, had an exciting experience in Beacon Street yesterday morning. Just as he was passing the house of one of our most prominent citizens the wagon slewed, and Mr. Johnson, who was seated carelessly, was thrown into a snow drift. This accident afforded much amusement to those who happened to be standing near the windows. Society editors please copy.

We have received several letters which give variations of the charming nursery rhyme we published the 27th. J. S. B. writes:

" 'Did you ever see the Devil
With his long-handled shovel
Digging 'taters in the garden
With his night-cap on?'

and adds, "The author of 'The Heavenly Twins' puts this jingle into the mouth of one of the angels, I believe."

H. S writes:

" 'Did you ever see the Devil
With his spade and with his shovel
Digging potatoes by the bushel
With his tail cocked up?'

was a familiar rhyme amongst the Newfoundland fishermen when I was a boy, say about 1845-'50. These fishermen may have degenerated; they may now sing polter songs."

This variation reminds us of the verse quoted in Hunt's "Popular Romances of the West of England":

"Here's to the devil,
With his wooden pick and shovel,
Digging tin by the bushel,
With his tail cock'd up."

H. S. asks: "Where did you get the verse 'The Night Before Larry Was Stretched'? It also was familiar amongst those fishermen who came over from Cork or Galway." There is a dispute about the authorship of this famous poem, which was written about 1816. According to the best authorities, Will Maher, a shoemaker of Waterford, wrote the song. It has been attributed to Dr. Robert Burrowes, Dean of St. Finbar's, Cork. We first saw it in Father Prout's "Reliques," with the marvelous translation of it into French. It is, indeed, a noble burst. No wonder that the Sun quoted it lately with reference to Mr. Godkin of the Evening Post. Perhaps the finest verse is the second:

" ' 'Pon my conscience, dear Larry,' says I,
'I'm sorry to see you in trouble,
And your life's cheerful noggin run dry,
And yourself going off like its bubble!'
'Hould your tongue in that matter,' says he;
'For the neckcloth I don't care a button,
And by this time tomorrow you'll see
Your Larry will be dead as mutton;
All for what? 'Kase his courage was good!' "

The news of the fight between Mr. Dick Burge and Mr. Eddie Connolly, our own Eddie, was like a deep draught of refreshing wine. "In the 7th round Connolly's face could scarcely be recognized." "Connolly's face was terribly battered." Why, this sounds like old times. No wonder the Sportsman says, "A finer fight was never seen. It is a thousand pities that it could not have been finished." And so in was the excitement that the trainer of Mr. Burge may be pardoned easily for crying, "Do the Yankee, Dick," although his language was unparliamentary.

But when Mr. Stuart, speaking of the Nevada law which will enable Messrs. Corbett and Fitzsimmons to meet, says, "Nothing less than the death of one of the principals will stop the fight," we realize that pugilism in this country is in its decadence, and we seem to be at a quishy auction sale, hearkening to the voice of the venerable Mr. Peter Funk.

Suppose that Gen. Felix Agnus was once a barber—which statement he denies—what then? The question is, "Was he a good one?" It is a most honorable calling, this barbering. The barber was formerly a surgeon and a dentist. The company of Barber-Surgeons was incorporated by Edward IV. Long before his day there were famous barbers. Witness the glory of Bagdad, an experienced physician, a profound chemist, a never-failing astrologer, a finished grammarian, a perfect rhetorician, a subtle logician; thoroughly accomplished in geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, and in all the refinements of algebra; a historian, and well instructed in all the points of philosophical controversy; poet, architect, and above all—a silent man.

Jan 31, 1897

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Program in Memory of Franz Schubert, Born January 31, 1797 —Max Heinrich Sings Songs With Piano Accompaniment.

The Schubert program of the 13th Symphony Concert, given last night in Music Hall, was as follows:

Unfinished Symphony in B minor.....1822
Allegro.
Andante.
Songs with Pianoforte:
(a) Gruppe aus dem Tartarus.....1817
(b) Greisengesang 1820-22
(c) An Schwager Kronos.....1816
Symphony No. 9, in C major.....1828

This was a concert which, while it gave undoubted pleasure to the many warm admirers of Schubert, demands little attention from a reviewer. The two orchestral selections have been played here again and again, and they are familiar to concert-goers, old and young. Of what profit to again declare that the unfinished symphony is chiefly great because it is unfinished; that the second movement is a dismal falling off from the wondrous beauty of the first? Of what profit to again tell of the rash German who finished this symphony a few years ago? Or of what profit to speak of the interminable length and Hungarian spirit of the Symphony in C major?

Mr. Apthorp puts forward the suggestion in the program book that there is a legend connected with the Symphony in C, that the MS. "was never known to anyone until it was discovered by Robert Schumann some ten years after the composer's death." This is, indeed, a legend; for this same symphony was written in 1828 for a Gesellschaft concert in Vienna. The society tried it over and found it too long and too difficult. Schubert then gave the society his symphony in C, No. 6, an entirely different work. But this Symphony No. 6 was not played at a Gesellschaft concert until after Schubert's death. It was played Dec. 14, 1828, and March 12, 1829.

But Mr. Apthorp believes that an account of a performance in Vienna on the 14th of February, 1829, of a posthumous MS. symphony of Schubert—an account published in the Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung, February, 1829, refers to the great symphony in C. I see no reason for his belief. Dates are uncertain even today in German music journals. It is impossible from music newspapers published last year in France, Germany, and England to determine, for instance, the exact date of the first performance of "Andrea Chénier," for the dates are laughably at variance. And this is an age of the telegraph and telephone and daily newspaper. The review was probably with reference to a performance of the shorter symphony in C. Surely Hanslick in his "Geschichte des Concertwesens in Wien" would have alluded to this earlier performance, but on page 294 he mentions the performances of the shorter symphony, and then says that the first performance in Vienna of the greater symphony was in 1839, and only partial. The first two numbers were played, with an aria by Donizetti between them.

* * *

The peculiar genius of Schubert is displayed to fullest advantage in his songs, not in his orchestral music. It is therefore the more to be regretted that Mr. Heinrich did not choose more wisely. He is a skillful, at times a very skillful declaimer of songs by Schubert;

not a singer of them. Now to gain irresistible effect as a declaimer, it is necessary for him to be in a small hall where his individuality works a potent spell; it is necessary that the vitality of the declaimer be as an atmosphere round about the hearer. In Music Hall last night "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus" was ineffective, and yet I have heard him declaim this in the old Steinert Hall when the effect was overwhelming. "Greisengesang" demands a singer with greater sensuousness of tone and a mastery of vocal art. Mr. Heinrich declaimed it with much intelligence, perhaps with too much elaboration; but he declaimed it; he did not sing it. What has been said of "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus" applies equally to "An Schwager Kronos." And it may be said here that no one of these three songs is among the immortal melodies of Schubert.

* * *

The piano accompaniments were played by Mr. Paur, and they were without distinction as played by him. There was a very large and applausive audience.

PHILIP HALE.

COMING CONCERTS.

A concert in memory of the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Schubert will be given this afternoon at 3 o'clock under the auspices of the New England Sängerbund male choruses of Boston and neighborhood at Boston Turnhalle, 29 Middlesex Street. The program will include a memorial hymn by Henry Pelkus, an address by Dr. Kelterborn, the 23d Psalm, songs for alto by Miss Rollwagen, "the Night" (male chorus), excerpts from the D minor Quartet by the Boston String Quartet, tenor songs by Mr. Karl Keller, German Dances arranged for mixed chorus by C. Flitner (first time in America), songs for soprano, by Mrs. Kelterborn, and "The Lindentree," arranged for male voices and sung by a chorus drawn from seven German local musical societies. Dr. Pelling will conduct the male choruses and Dr. Kelterborn the female and mixed choruses.

The Kneisel Quartet will give its fifth concert in Association Hall Monday evening. The program will include Henschel's E flat major quartet (ms. first time), Brahms's piano trio in B flat (revised version), and Schubert's D minor quartet (posth). Mr. Harold Randolph of Baltimore will be the pianist.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Novelette by Wagner in English Dress.

Story of "The Geisha Girl," a Musical Comedy.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, has published in attractive form "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven," by Richard Wagner. The translation is by Otto W. Weyer.

The winter of '40-'41, Wagner was in Paris. He had finished in November, '40, the score of "Rienzi," and Dec. 4 he sent it to the Intendant of the Dresden opera. To keep himself alive, he did all manner of odd jobs, reading proof, arranging for various instruments, reducing scores to piano versions, etc. In 1841 he began to write for the Gazette Musicale. He wrote in German, and he was obliged to pay for the translation into French out of the small sums of money received. The novelette "Eine Pilgerfahrt zu Beethoven" ("Une Visite à Beethoven"), attracted the notice of Berlioz, who praised it in the Journal des Débats.

There is a second novelette by Wagner, published originally in the Gazette Musicale, in which the hero musician who visited Beethoven dies in dire poverty in Paris after bitter discouragements.

Mr. Paul Carus has written a preface for the translation from Chicago, in which he says of other articles written in 1841 in Paris: "The best of all is perhaps the article on Rossini's 'Stabat Mater,' which is a bitter satire on a rival composer, whose hypocrisy and lack of idealism Wagner castigates without mercy." This shows us Mr. Carus as a deeply-dyed Wagnerite. Pray, what does he mean by "hypocrisy" and "lack of idealism?" They are bitter words. Ancient Pistol himself used no bitterer, when he entered the room in the Boar's Head Tavern and Doll Tear-Sheet and the Hostess stared at his anger.

What nonsense it is to sneer thus at Rossini, whose "Barber of Seville" is as genuine a masterpiece as any work of Wagner! To raise an altar to Wagner it is first necessary to tear down other altars. And in Paris early this month we saw the pathetic spectacle of Mr. Octave Mirbeau, who in his mad enthusiasm for the late César Franck pays him honor by insulting the memory of Gounod. Must "Vive César Franck!" be followed by "A bas Gounod!" to convince the bystander of the shouter's sincerity?

"There were a number of famous musicians in Paris—Habeneck, Halévy and others—but none of them attracted Wagner, who had no sympathy for artists whose sole object was to be counted among the lions of musical composition, and then to write operas for the purpose of making as much money as possible." So Wagner had no thought of money, and did not wish to be counted among the lions of musical composition. There are men and women now living who could write amusingly from personal experience on this subject. Even Nietzsche was disgusted with Bayreuth while Wagner was alive. "The operatic character of the business, the whole worldly tendency of Bayreuth, hurt Nietzsche, a soul and intellect always directed to the highest art." Mr. Carus says Wagner thought most of Berlioz, "in spite of his repulsive character." How "repulsive," Mr. Carus? Tell us, oh dear one! One extract more from this preface. "May this translation make it popular all over the English-speaking world, and help the spread of a love of true Art and genuine Music." True Art with a capital A and genuine music with a capital M of course mean the theories and the music of Wagner.

* * *

Mr. Carus regards "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven" as "a most exquisite gem of the poetic imagination."

A poor musician in a city of Central Germany longs to see Beethoven. He writes galops and pot pourris until he has saved enough money, and then he starts on foot for Vienna. On the road he falls in with a rich Englishman, who plays the flute twice a week, bugles on Thursday, and composes on Sunday; and he too is going to Vienna to see Beethoven. After various commonplace mishaps, the pilgrims enter the town, and find rooms in a hotel opposite Beethoven's lodgings. Beethoven has been bothered enormously by English lion-hunters, and it is difficult for a stranger to see him. The poor pilgrim hears "Fidelio," and that only increases his ardor. He sees his idol in a beer-garden, but the boresome Englishman is there and insists on introducing himself. The pilgrim seizes his companion's coat-tail, and Beethoven in gloomy anger stalks away. The coat-tail incident is treated with heavy, German humor. The pilgrim has written a note to Beethoven, telling of his longing. An answer is returned, an engagement is made. The Englishman discovers this fact, and insists on sharing the call. He is disposed of finally, and then Beethoven talks freely to his true worshiper.

Beethoven talks. Now this means that Wagner puts his own theories concerning opera into the mouth of Beethoven, attributing to him ideas for which there is no possible warrant. "If I were to compose an opera after my own taste and views, people would run away from it. There would be no arias, duets, trios, nor any similar stuff in it, with which they patch operas together now-a-days. And that which I should put in their stead no singer would consent to sing, no public be willing to hear. They all know nothing better than the glittering falsehood, brilliant nonsense, sweet-coated ennui. * * * When one is compelled to make it the main object to bedeck women, who have passable voices, with all kinds of gaudy tinsel, with which to obtain the bravos and the applause of clapping hands, he ought to turn a Parisian modiste, rather than go on as a dramatic composer." Or imagine Beethoven talking such fustian as: To the unrestrained primal emotions of nature, soaring away into the infinite (representing them by the instruments) oppose the clear and determinate emotion of the human heart (representing it by the human voice). The presence of this latter element would have a benign and pacificatory effect upon the war of what I have styled nature's primal emotions; would give to their various and uncertain streams a fixed and united course. And on its own side, in becoming receptive of these primal emotions of nature, the human heart, immeasurably strengthened and expanded, would become capable of perceiving clearly within itself the supreme—therefore felt but as an uncertain instinct, but now transformed into a divine consciousness." The little book closes with a sneer at Rossini.

* * *

To those studying Wagner's morbid vanity and arrogance, this book will serve as a confirmation of what his "enemies" have said about these distinguishing characteristics. To those, on the other hand, who worship blindly Wagner, this book will be a precious gift. To the great reading public the book is of little value.

Wagner's German is not easy to translate. Mr. Weyer has been fairly successful in his task. For "Floristan," on page 25, read "Fiorestan."

* * *

"The Geisha Girl," a musical comedy, text by Owen Hall, lyrics by Harry Greenbank, music by Sidney Jones and Lionel Monckton, was first produced at Daly's Theatre, London, April 25, 1896. The plot was outlined as follows by the Pall Mall Gazette of April 27, '96:

"A 'Geisha' (which word according to one of the lyrics in the piece is pronounced as rhyming to 'Asia') appears to be a singing girl employed as an attraction to customers in a tea house in Japan. A Japanese tea house seems to be a rather free-and-easy kind of establishment, where the pretty employes are mostly occupied in making love indiscriminately to any chance males who come along, but, for choice, to gallant officers of Her Majesty's ship Turtle. The particular tea house of which Mr. Owen Hall, with very considerable assistance from the capital lyrics of Mr. Harry Greenbank, tells the story is kept by a rather amusing Chinaman yclept 'Wun-hi,' Mr. Huntley Wright, whose principal Geisha, or prima donna, who is under indentures of apprenticeship to him for a term of two years, is one 'O Mimosa San,' very appropriately and charmingly played by Miss Marie Tempest. Mr. Hayden Coffin, as Reginald Fairfax, one of the officers of H. M. S. Turtle, makes his appearance on the scene, which is evidently familiar to him, and flirts as only a sailor is supposed to be able to flirt with Mimosa, who is an old-time favorite of his, although seemingly they had not previously got very far in the language of love, as we find Fairfax instructing Mimosa in kissing, surely the very alphabet of the gentle art. Mimosa carries on these flirtations with the handsome young officer purely in the way of business, for the real object of her affections is a Japanese military officer, one Captain Katana, of the Governor's Guard, and melodiously represented by Mr. William Philp. Another extremely agreeable adjunct to Wun-hi's tea house is a remarkably attractive and sprightly French girl in Japanese costume, Juliette Diamant, attached to the tea house as interpreter, a character played with the most delightfully fascinating piquancy by Miss Jullette Nesville. This wide-awake young lady has matrimonial designs upon the Marquis Imari, Chief of Police and Governor of the province, played at present in a manner distinctly ponderous and studiously devoid of humor by Mr. Harry Monkhouse. The Marquis in turn has designs upon O Mimosa San, whom he proposes to add to the already lengthy list of his better halves, a destiny most strongly and properly resented by the lady in question. Apropos of no intelligible reason, Lady Constance Wynne, an English visitor to Japan, traveling in her yacht, played by Miss Maud Hobson, and accompanied by a lovely bevy of English guests in the comely persons of Misses Blanche Massey, Hetty Hamer, Alice Davis and Margaret Fraser, whose program names are not of the slightest importance, appears upon the scene and upbraids Fairfax for flirting with Mimosa to the neglect of his affianced sweetheart, Molly Seamore, represented in her own peculiarly effective manner by Miss Letty Lind. In the course of events the Marquis Imari, irate with Mimosa's persistent refusal to marry him, puts down the tea house and orders the sale of all its contents, including the Geisha. Meanwhile Molly Seamore, to 'get back' to her lover Fairfax, whose butterfly sippings among the 'fleurs de thé' have been impressed upon her somewhat unnecessarily by Lady Constance Wynne, has disguised herself at the instigation of Mimosa, who sympathizes with her for some rather incomprehensible reason, as a Geisha. The Marquis bids for Mimosa at the sale, but is outbid by Lady Constance, who, in a fit of remorse, for unnecessary interference, buys Mimosa, so saving her from the fate designed for her. The second lot that is put up to sale proves to be the disguised Molly Seamore, who, in the presence of all her friends, unrecognized, is knocked down to the disappointed marquis for a paltry hundred dollars, he having come to the conclusion that if he cannot get the bride he wants he must have one of some sort. A very effective and well managed stage picture forms the conclusion of the first act, which went without a hitch or a dull moment from start to finish.

"It is neither necessary nor easy to describe in detail the ramifications of the plot that ensue in Act II. This act is distinctly not so good in any way as Act I, but it is infinitely better than the majority of second acts of pieces of a similar class."

The first performance of "The Geisha Girl" in this country was at Daly's Theatre, New York, Sept. 9, 1896. Dorothy Morton, Violet Lloyd, William Sampson and Edwin Stevens were the chief comedians.

PHILIP HALE.

FREE PUBLIC ORGAN RECITALS.

Arrangements have been made, with the co-operation of Boston parishes and organists, for a series of about twenty free public organ recitals during February, March and April. The series was suggested and arranged by the Art Department of the Twentieth Century Club, with the general purpose of furnishing larger opportunities for the public hearing of good music and with the special hope of quickening interest in the organ music of worthy composers of various nationalities. The length of the evening recitals will be about an hour; that of the noon recitals about half an hour. At most of the concerts one or more soloists, vocal or instrumental, will lend variety to the program, and certain rarely heard works for organ with other instruments are promised during the series. At each concert printed programs, with brief annotations concerning the works and the composers, will be furnished, as an aid to intelligent listening.

The following list gives dates, places and names of organists:

Feb. 2—Shawmut Congregational, H. M. Dunham.
Feb. 6—St. Paul's, W. A. Locke.
Feb. 10—Ruggles Street, H. A. Norris.
Feb. 13—King's Chapel, B. J. Lang.
Feb. 16—Sleeper Hall, G. E. Whiting.
Feb. 20—To be announced.
Feb. 23—Advent, S. B. Whitney.
Feb. 27—St. Paul's, W. R. Spaulding.
March 2—Every Day, Ernest Douglas.
March 6—Central, G. A. Burdett.
March 13—King's Chapel, B. J. Lang.
March 16—Trinity, to be announced.
March 20—To be announced.
March 23—First Unitarian, Arthur Foote.
March 27—To be announced.
March 30—First, Roxbury, Philip Hale.
April 3—Central, G. A. Burdett.
April 6—Every Day, E. E. Truette.
April 13—Sleeper Hall—Messrs. Dunham and Wade.

Tickets for the series may be had on application at any of the following places: Old Corner Bookstore, Congregational Bookstore, Unitarian Rooms, Young Men's Christian Association, South End House, Wells Memorial Building, Bulfinch Place Church, North End Union, or by inclosing a stamped and directed envelope with an application to the "Committee on Organ Recitals, Twentieth Century Club, 14 Ashburton Place, Boston." Tickets may also be obtained at Shawmut Congregational Church, on the evening of the first recital, between 7 and 7.30 o'clock. Admission may be had to the concerts without ticket, but in general a portion of the auditorium will be reserved for ticket holders. The programs of the concerts this week will be found with announcements of other concerts in the news section of the Journal.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

They are translating "The Mikado" into French.

Hausmann played Dvorák's 'cello concerto at Meiningen Jan. 12.

Emma Calvé will sing at the Springfield Music Festival, May 6.

A piano concerto by Villiers Stanford will be produced in London next summer.

Otto Hieber, court capellmeister and professor at Munich, is dead.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company meditates a trip to America next season.

Lamoureux, with his orchestra, will give concerts in London next March.

The review of the Symphony concert is in the news section of the Journal.

"Pagliacci" will be given at the Opéra Comique, Paris, the end of May.

Saint-Saëns is writing an important orchestral work in the Canary Islands.

Mrs. Leon Jacquet (Miss Mina Wetzler), the pianist, will soon be heard in public.

Julius Schulhoff, who has lived for some time in Berlin, has been made a professor.

Winkelmann of Vienna has declined to sing at Covent Garden this coming spring.

Leoncavallo's "Bohéme" will be produced at the Lyric Theatre, Milan, the end of April.

Stanford and Arthur Somerville are uniting works for the next Birmingham Festival.

Patti will create the chief part in a new one act opera, "Dolores," by Pollonnais, at Nice.

Samuel Rousseau's new opera, "La Cloche du Rhin," will be produced at the Paris Opéra.

Only one new opera was produced at the Paris Opéra in 1896: Duvernoy's "Hellé," April 24.

Montegriffo, the tenor, has sailed for Caracas, "where he will sing in opera for $1500 a month."

A new life of Gounod has been written by Paul Voss. The book is criticised unfavorably in Germany.

"Miss Marguerite Hall has been offered the largest salary ever paid a church contralto in New York."

Max Alvary is said to be now in excellent health. He will make his reappearance in opera at Hamburg.

A prelude by Stephen Krehl of Carlsruhe to Hauptmann's "Hannele" was played for the first time at Meiningen Jan. 12.

They say Mr. Damrosch will produce Xaver Scharwenka's opera, "Mataswintha" in New York toward the end of March.

Among recent orchestral novelties in London were a Cossack Dance by Dargomijsky and four dances from Delibe's "Kassya."

Alexander Heindl, the violoncello player, who is making a great hit in the vaudeville houses, will be at Keith's next week.

Newspaper men at the Scala, Milan, have now a large room with every accommodation for writing, telephoning, telegraphing.

The City Government of Marseilles has refused to grant next season the customary subsidy of $50,000 to the opera house.

Fitzner's "Arme Heinrich" was given at Frankfort Jan. 7. The story is the one on which Longfellow founded his Golden Legend.

Victor Roger's new operetta "La Majesté l'Amour" was produced lately in Paris at the Eldorado. The music is not well spoken of.

We learn from a musical contemporary that Gigout, the Parisian organist, "will create a renaissance of organ art" at Barcelona.

Glazounoff will visit London for the first time this coming summer, to conduct his 4th symphony. Mr. Paur, they say it is worth hearing.

Mr. Evan Williams, whose voice is of remarkable power and sweetness, will make his début in Boston as the solo tenor in "Elijah" Feb. 7.

Anna Falk-Mehlig, the pianist, who now lives in Antwerp, has been decorated by the King of Wurtemberg and the Prince of Hohenzollern

Jean Jacques Rousseau's "Devin du Village" was revived lately in Paris at the Théatre Lyrique de la Gaierie Vivienne and gave genuine pleasure.

Marie Barnard, formerly of Boston, has been engaged for the Royal Italian Opera in Rome the coming spring. She will sing Marguerite and Elsa.

Richard Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" pleased so much in Frankfort that it is to be repeated in the course of the Museum concerts this season.

The Budapest opera has lost its case in the Court of Appeals against Nikisch for leaving before the expiration of his contract. The opera demanded $40,000.

A tailor named Schetelig, in a little Saxon town, who for 60 years has not failed to sing in the church choir, has been decorated by the King of Saxony.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company has decided to produce Ambroise Thomas's "Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Eté. The translation will be made by Mr. Beatty-Kingston.

Mr. Floersheim is enthusiastic over the piano playing of 10-year-old Paula Szalit. Her compositions are wondered at by such judges as d'Albert and Otto Lessmann.

Gernsheim's symphony in B flat was played for the first time in Berlin Jan. 11. It is said to be in classical form, but developed from Schumann's romanticism.

MacDowell's "Saracens" and "Lovely Alda" will be played Feb. 2 at the concert by the American Symphony Orchestra, New York. Mr. Paur, they are worth playing.

Marie Van Zandt has a severe bronchial trouble. In Paris she has been receiving 12,000 francs a month. At Covent Garden next summer she will receive 2500 a night.

Tinel's "St. Francis" has been publicly performed nearly 100 times within six years. Boston knows it only through a sadly mutilated version presented by the Cecilia.

W. W. Rousseau, organist of the Church of the Holy Cross, Troy, N. Y., died suddenly about a fortnight ago. He assisted Dr. Tucker in the compilation of Tucker's Hymnal.

Rivarde met with much success at the third Philharmonic concert in Vienna. Why was not this celebrated violinist heard at a Symphony concert in Boston when he was in this country?

Eugen d'Albert's new opera, "Gernot," will be produced at Mannheim the middle of April. Mrs. Hermine d'Albert-Finck will be the dramatic soprano, and d'Albert will conduct.

Colonne has produced in Paris an unpublished work by Chabrier, a Suite Pastorale. The four movements were taken by the composer from his Pièces pittoresques and orchestrated by him in 1887.

Muriel Elliot of London, a pupil of Stavenhagen, played the piano in Berlin the 9th. Her technique and musical feeling were praised, but she is said to be too evidently under the influence of her teacher.

Mrs. Kaschowska will leave Leipsic and join the Darmstadt opera company. She sang in Boston at a Symphony concert, April 22, 1893. She had previously sung here in opera under Seidl and Damrosch, 1888-89, 1889-90.

Ricordi will publish Mascagni's new Japanese opera. They say at the interview between publisher and composer the latter wore a cardinal red robe, a turban, and a string of pearls. Wagner at times dressed himself curiously.

A Fantaisie Dialoguée for organ and orchestra by Boëllman has been produced by Lamoureux in Paris. The piece was praised for the workmanship displayed, but they say the dialogue is more easily recognized than the fantasy.

The Judges appointed to assign the Luitpold prize for a new German opera examined 98 works, and unanimously refused to award a prize. Then 10 were re-examined and a ballot was taken. The prize was divided between Ludwig Thuille of Munich, Arthur Koenneman of Ostrau, and Alexander Zemlinsky of Vienna.

A Miss Evangeline Florence sang early this month at a Monday Popular Concert in London. She is said to have sung with extraordinary brilliancy. "Her voice, hard at times, and sometimes (as it seemed) quivering with nervousness, found its fullness toward the middle of the song, and finally achieved real distinction. Her work is by no means finished; but this is a singer who is really on the way toward some genuine vocal excellence." Is not Miss Florence known in this neighborhood?

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "If ever a history of opera in England comes to be rightly written, the result will surely be one of the most comical books in the world. Such a topsy-turvy world never was before: a world of broken engagements, of unpaid cheques, of agreements unfulfilled, of prospects still-born, of empty theatres, of frantic jealousies, of world-renowned triumphs, and of social scandals. Sir Augustus Harris came for a brief time to wave a wand of peace over a sea of discord, but since his death all seems to be again confusion. Scheme after scheme has been offered to the public as about to be carried seriously into practice, but in each instance the plan has fallen through and has left not a wrack behind."

Feb 1. 9

O, gazelle-eyed Princess!
Grand daughter of the Sultan of Cathay!
The Knave of Spades beseeches
Thee by night and day:
He dies to lay before thee samples of his quinces,
Apricots and peaches!

"The Complete Bachelor," written by one of the most prominent young club men of New York," has just been published. It should be consulted by all Bostonians who expect to attend the Bradley Martin ball. And many rules and precepts in this treatise apply to married men as well as bachelors. Here, for instance, is an invaluable hint: "The hands should be well washed and dried, tepid water, scentless soap, and a smooth towel being used."

They have always been punctilious in social matters in New York. The program of a grand concert and ball given there Jan. 27, 1826, had the following notice: "No gentleman will be permitted to wear his hat in the room during the evening, or dance in his boots * * * Standing on the seats is strictly prohibited."

But there is one who will not dance in her boots at the Bradley Martin ball. This thrilling news is telegraphed: "Miss Elsie de Wolfe will appear in her bare feet." Perhaps she is taking the Knappe cure. Or, like unto the Lady Godiva of blessed memory, she is reasonably sure of herself.

They that knew Mr. Bradley Martin in Albany before his marriage smile to themselves as they read of the splurge in New York. He was then a simple young fellow, easily amused, and rather dull. His father was shrewd and plain. And when, pray, did Mr. Bradley Martin first adopt the cheap distinction of a hyphen?

Walsingham, of course, will be at the ball. Mr. Martin leans upon him as a sure rock in time of trouble. We hope that the neck-tie editor of the Providence Journal will not be prevented from taking a prominent part—and no one is more deserving of such honor—by any paltry business or social engagement in his own city.

And yet the editor of the Providence Journal has disappointed us sadly. Here is his reply to our question of the 27th: "Again our friend of the Boston Journal calls upon us to settle an important matter over which all Paris is disputing. The question is as to the propriety of the black tie with evening dress—a point upon which we have already expressed an opinion with sufficient clearness. Besides, it is of little consequence to anybody how they dress in Paris. Men there are hopeless barbarians. They persist in wearing evening dress by daylight; they sport the most offensively out-of-date silk hats; and if they discard the white tie for the black it is only of a piece with their previous performances."

"They sport the most offensively out-of-date silk hats." And this is from the pen of one to whom we have looked up reverentially! We still acknowledge him as the one, the great, the only authority on neck-ties, but we now know that in the matter of hats he is mortal; and we are suspicious of his position concerning variegated waistcoats. There is no individuality in a new, glossy, "correctly modeled" plug-hat. Anyone can buy one, and secure at the same time an affidavit from the hatter. He is then merely one of a thousand. We regret to say that Dr. Holmes was apparently one of these conventionalists:

"Have a good hat; the secret of your looks
Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks;
Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat."

Remember the circumstances, however, before you judge the poet harshly. He wrote these lines in 1846, when he was comparatively young, afraid of fashion; and he read them before the Boston Mercantile Library Association. He would not have dared to tell his true admiration for old hats.

To the true philosopher a plug-hat is not for a season; it is for all time. The Parisians are philosophers, not "barbarians."

We quote now from Time and the Hour of Jan. 30: "On Sunday occurs the centenary of the birth of Franz Schubert. English musicians propose to observe it by many concerts at which the programs will be made up of Schubert's music. Vienna, his birthplace, will honor his memory by a long array of festive observances. Like Homer, Dante, and many other great ones of earth, Schubert found his native city an unsympathetic mother, but now she recognizes his greatness and seeks to make amends for her former harshness. Will not musical Boston pay any regard to the Schubert anniversary?"

Our contemporary should arouse itself and rub its eyes. The Symphony program of Jan. 30 was dedicated to Schubert. His birthday was celebrated here yesterday with marked ceremony by the German singing societies of Boston and the neighborhood. This evening the Kneisel Quartet will play his posthumous D minor quartet. And the Orpheus will give Friday a concert and a party in honor of the anniversary.

Perhaps the most fitting tribute paid the genius of Schubert is the little poem written some years ago by William J. Henderson:

The theatre's gilded, shallow glare,
The hum of jewel'd vacancy,
The tinsel pageant's fret and blare,
The buskin'd stride, the tragic leer
Are not, oh, happy heart, for thee.

But thine the hearth and thine the [illegible]
And thine the comrade, pipe and bowl;
The child, the wife, the heart's desire,
The strings of God's great human lyre,
Are thine, thou singer of the soul.

H. A. of Nashua, N. H., writes to the Journal as follows: "Here is a version of that 'charming poem' on the labor of the devil which was prevalent in Vermont 50 years ago:

"'Did you ever in your life
See the devil and his wife
Shovel gravel, gravel, gravel,
With a long short iron wooden leather shovel
Called a hoe?'"

Feb 2. 97

"Tristan und Isolde" as Given by the Damrosch Opera Company—Reappearance of Lilli Lehmann—The Kneisel Quartet Concert.

Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" was given last night at the Boston Theatre by the Damrosch Opera Company. Mr. Damrosch conducted. The cast was as follows:

Tristan.....Paul Kalisch
Isolde.....Lilli Lehmann
King Mark.....Emil Fischer
Kurvenal.....Carl Somer
Melot.....Fritz Derschuck
Brangaene.....Riza Eibenschuetz
Seaman.....Paul Lange
Steurmann.....C. Heim

The chief interest in the performance last night was naturally the reappearance of Lilli Lehmann. She was heard here in '89 as Brünnhilde and Elizabeth, and in '90 as Norma, Donna Anna, Valentine and Fidelio; but "Tristan" was not given here until April 1, 1895, and Isolde was then sung by Rosa Sucher. After Sucher came Klafsky, Ternina and Nordica.

* * *

Mrs. Lehmann has grown stout—in plainer speech, she is fat. There are hardened opera-goers who by experience in Germany and America are convinced that Isolde was fat and middle-aged. Now it is true that the Isolde of Wagner was no blushing, artless young maiden. Before she met Tristan, she had been betrothed to a young gentleman named Morold, and she had cultivated medicine with such marked success that Tristan heard of her fame and went to her to be cured. And even when she went to Cornwall as the bride-elect of King Mark, she thoughtfully provided herself with two quart-bottles: one held an aphrodisiac beverage and the other cold poison; each of these, compounded skillfully by the loving mother of Isolde, was intended for the King.

But experience is not necessarily accompanied by undue avoirdupois, and I prefer to think of Wagner's heroine as a slight, nervous, clinging sort of a woman, with spells and wiles and eyes of changing hues, and a knowledge of the inherent weakness of man. She, as well as Lady Macbeth, has been sadly misrepresented on the stage. Boston has seen one Isolde that might well have upset the mental and moral equilibrium of all of Arthur's Knights, and her name was Ternina. Nor should it be forgotten that Nordica was less rigid and angular as Isolde than in other operatic parts assumed by her.

But if Mrs. Lehmann is very stout, she still carries herself for the most part gracefully, and when she smiles she is still a handsome woman. Last night her acting was distinguished by agreeable simplicity and by a repose that was more effective than all the spasms and contortions and cemaphoric gestures of the approved Isoldes. Her utter confusion after the surprise in the second act was eloquently expressed by the charm of absolute quiet and silence; and her business in the last act would have been admirable in its self-restraint had she not knelt over the corpse of Tristan in a manner that was grotesque on account of the too generous proportions of her body. In the first act she did not stray from the narrow grooves of conventionality; but she abstained from the mouthing and from the acute hysteria that are too often regarded as indispensable to a "strong interpretation" of the part. Her performance, in a word, was governed by extreme good taste. It was not objectively striking; it was not very passionate; but in its quiet way it was artistic. It commanded respect; it did not move the heart or sweep away the judgment.

And how about her voice? For disquieting rumors had preceded her appearance. Now, according to the books, Mrs. Lehmann was born in 1848; and already in 1870 she was a favorite in Berlin. The years are inexorable. It is not to be denied that the voice of Mrs. Lehmann is not the voice that once gave unalloyed pleasure, and made the hearer forget her occasional lapses from pure intonation and her cumbrous although much vaunted coloature. And yet I never admired her art so much as I did last night, for it was employed, and often successfully, in [illegible] were tones that thrilled, and [illegible] tones of sensuous beauty [illegible] hearer was conscious of the effort of the singer to control her tones. Her piano was studied and plausible. Her forte was without large abandon.

Measures sung by her in the wondrously beautiful duet of the second act now haunt the memory. But when she came to the death scene she was vocally inadequate. For once the noble music was effective only on account of the orchestra. The vocal art of Mrs. Lehmann was not so much in the service of the composer as in the patent endeavor to preserve the singer's reputation. And yet there were moments when the phrasing and the general intelligence displayed revealed the Mrs. Lehmann of her golden years.

* * *

Mr. Kalisch has improved as an actor since he was last heard here. By this I mean that he is not as obtrusive and athletic as when he gave his memorable performance of "Tannhäuser." He has learned the value of repose. He no longer finds hands, arms and legs, things provided by a kindly Nature for continual active display. He is not a heroic figure. His personality is no more sympathetic than his individuality. But he was honest in his methods, and his performance should be treated respectfully. I do not find that he has made marked improvement in his singing. Last night he sang as do the majority of respectable German tenors, so far as tone production is concerned; he sang better in one respect: his intonation was not so offensively false as that of the true heroic tenors beloved by the ultra Wagnerites. 'Twas a sincere, painstaking, uninspired performance.

* * *

Miss Eibenschuetz wandered from the true pitch in the first act, and thus added to the distress of Isolde. There was a moment in the third act that showed the possibilities that are for the most part concealed in her. Mr. Somer made his début in Boston. He has an agreeable voice, which he uses in orthodox German fashion. I reserve further judgment on his ability as a singer until he has something to sing. Last night he very properly declaimed. His Kurvenal was a manly figure, and only in the flopping death scene did he give way to exaggeration. Mr. Fischer was a dignified Mark in undignified positions allotted him by the author-composer.

* * *

The orchestra was under control, and there was much to be commended in its work. Mr. Damrosch at times gave too loose rein, and sound was close to noise to the detriment of the singers. There was an applausive audience of good size, and there were several curtain calls.

PHILIP HALE.

KNEISEL QUARTET CONCERT.

Brief mention of the fifth concert by the Kneisel Quartet in Association Hall last evening should by no means suggest that the occasion lacked interest. It was doubtless as tuneful a concert as any string quartet has been known to give in Boston, and all this without the slightest sacrifice of musical art at its worthiest. Henschel, Brahms, and Schubert, these three were the composers; even Brahms in his B major trio for violin, 'cello and piano has for once endowed his music with so much real tunefulness that it could but have been quite as easily enjoyed by even the least musical in the audience as were the melodious quartet by Henschel and the D minor trio by Schubert. quartet

The Henschel Quartet received its first public performance.

Here the composer seems as if having written without labor in this quartet. Thematic development to an unusal extent it unmistakably does not possess. It is not an intensely profound work. It has no musical conundrums to offer. It is in no part either mysterious or vague. Not simply for the achievement of writing a quartet has the work been evolved. Now, many a work of transient and mixed value has been written with great labor, with an intricate development of themes, and with a certain kind of profundity.

As a substitute for any such qualities one finds in the new Henschel Quartet the rare charm of naturalness throughout and all due skill. Melody and plenty of it is its predominating characteristic. The composer has his say in the work, just as though he wished without effort to make himself entertaining to a refined and cultivated company of companionable men and women. No analysis of the work need be given until it is heard here again; not that it fails to be easily understood at a single hearing (far from it), but it will be interesting to observe how well its melodies will wear as the result of repeated hearings. At present they appear to possess a lasting degree of interest.

For the Brahms "Trio" the performers were Messrs. Harold Randolph, pianist; Franz Kneisel, violinist, and Schroeder, the 'cellist. Mr. Randolph, who, in an artistic sense is a new arrival here, plays excellently. He is truly musical, has a fine technique, and he ably demonstrates that in his student days he was fortunately well guided by a conscientious and masterly instructor, none other, by the way, than our own Carl Faelten. All three works on the program were given with abundant spirit, sympathetic thought and feeling and unerring refinement. The work by Henschel is dedicated to the Kneisel Quartet, and a highly prized dedication may it justly appear to these widely-known artists.

C. L. CAPEN.

"LOHENGRIN."

"Lohengrin" was given its first hearing at the Castle Square Theatre last evening. It was sung in English and the cast was as follows:

Lohengrin..............................Richie Ling
King Henry..............................W. H. Clarke
Telramund..............................J. K. Murray
Elsa..............................Clara Lane
Ortrude..............................Hattie Ladd
Herald..............................John Read

Mr. Hirschfeld was the conductor.

In spite of "Lohengrin's" present popularity its first production at Weimar, Aug. 28, 1850, neither pleased the public, nor did the critics hesitate to pronounce it ugly. To what artistic appreciation the present generation of public and critics may have risen does not now concern us, nor does the applausive audience of last evening necessarily indicate that the Castle Square company is equipped in any way for an undertaking so great as the giving of even creditable performance of "Lohengrin." From a scenic and orchestral standpoint the production was all that could be desired. The chorus did well at times, but was too weak for effective work. Of the principals, Mr. Ling was a gentlemanly Lohengrin. Beyond that his conception of the character did not wander. Both Mr. Ling's and Miss Lane's voices are inadequate, although Miss Lane is to be credited with a most artistic conception and portrayal of Elsa. Mr. Clarke quite outdid himself, but at his best he is at times vocally painful. There is an unmistakable fuzzy halo about Mr. Murray's tone that if allowed to develop will in time totally eclipse his more than ordinarily pleasing voice. The Herald was, as most heralds, a decided error. Why a man of Mr. Read's vocal equipments should be intrusted with so vocally important a part is beyond comprehension. He has neither art nor voice.

Mr Hirschfeld kept his forces together in a comfortable manner, both choruses and orchestra.

Miss Millard and Mr. Pache will alternate with Miss Lane and Mr. Ling.

Once there was a Gardener,
Who sang all day a dirge to his poor flowers:
He often stooped and kissed 'em
After thunder-showers:
His nerves were delicate, though fresh air is deemed a hardener
Of the human system!

For some time we have neglected the interests of the farmer. We have perhaps confounded weighty matters with trifles light as air. Mr. Bradley Martin's ball—black neckties worn with dress suits in Paris—the rigs of the Princess de Chemise—the true version of the beautiful poem entitled "The Satanic Potato Digger"—what are all these to the Infinite? And what are all these to the farmer who has waited patiently week after week for words of ripe and prudent counsel? Even now we hear him calling, "Here it is February. What shall I do, what shall I do?"

What does old Thomas Tusser advise him to do?

"Sow peason and beans, in the wane of the moon,
Who soweth them sooner, he soweth too soon,
That they with the planet may rest and arise,
And flourish, with bearing most plentifull-wise."

We regret to say that Mr. William Mavor, LL. D., Honorary Member of the Board of Agriculture, is sceptical in his annotation upon these lines. "That the moon has a considerable effect on the weather, few meteorologists will doubt; but that the wane or the increase of this luminary promotes or retards vegetation, per se, is contrary to reason and experience." Mr. Mavor died 60 years ago. What a pity that he is not now alive. We should like to argue the above point with him—he was such a preternaturally solemn old ass. Hear him summing up his own literary work. He chose the awful dignity of the third person. "Reviewing his extensive labors, the author records his satisfaction that he can contemplate what he has done without a fear and without a blush. The consciousness of meaning well, however imperfect his performances, and that he has never, by a single sentiment, pandered to vice or injured the cause of virtue, will shed a gleam of sunshine on the closing scenes of life."

If Candlemas Day be fine and clear,
There will be two winters in one year.
But if Candlemas Day brings clouds and rain
Winter is gone, and will not come again.

After Mr. Herbert Casson sighed for the day when a Thomas Paine memorial window should decorate Trinity Church, and after Miss V. de Cleyre prophesied "the final overthrow and engulfment of a whole system of economy, Government and religion," they all sat down to supper.

The discussion concerning the "extravagance" of the Martin ball recalls these wise words of Henry Fawcett: "The proposition that an individual diminishes the capital of a country by spending his wealth in luxuries, and increases the capital of the country by saving it, will lead us to another equally important proposition, and one which is sometimes announced as a startling paradox. For we shall be able to deduce from our previous remarks that a demand for commodities is not a demand for labor, or in other words, that he who spends his wealth upon his own indulgences gives no additional employment to the laborer; the laborers are benefited by those who save, and who are eagerly anxious to accumulate wealth for themselves. These opinions, however, are entirely opposed to popular notions. The spendthrift is half excused, and often receives the homage due to a public benefactor, because, although he injures himself, yet it is supposed that he benefits the community in general. The virtues of prudent saving meet with no such kindly reception; if there is national distress, the capitalists have first to bear the brunt of popular indignation."

We call the attention of the rising young Jacobites of Boston to the desirability of Philadelphia as a dwelling place for them. A portrait of Charles I. was unveiled in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Evangelist, Jan. 29, and Bishop Coleman read this prayer of blessing: "Bless, we beseech Thee, our work in setting up to Thy glory in this Thy house a likeness of Thy servant and martyr, Charles; and grant that all they that visit this temple may be moved by the sight thereof to a faithful copying of his constancy even unto death." Charles, the "Martyr" enshrined in an American church! And in the Quaker city!

The agent of a concert company was at Mount Sterling, and had bargained with the proprietor of a hall for the use of the place one night. After the negotiations had closed it occurred to the agent to ask:

"How are the acoustics in that hall?"

"Lemme tell you," said the hall proprietor, looking serious, injured and somewhat indignant, "Thar wuz er nigger-minstrul comp'ny heah 'bout three weeks ago, in my place, en they stole 'bout evahthing they could lay ther han's on. I hain't seed them coosticks sence them dratted minstr'ls ... en hit wouldn't 'sprise me ef ... gone an' tuck em."—Chicago Herald.

Feb 3. '897

Wagner's "Flying Dutchman"

Given in German by the Damrosch Opera Company — Carl Somer and Johanna Gadski as Cursed and Saviour.

"The Flying Dutchman" was given last night by the Damrosch Opera Company. Mr. Damrosch conducted. The cast was as follows:

Flying Dutchman..............................Carl Somer
Daland..............................Gerhard Stehman
Senta..............................Johanna Gadski
Erik..............................Fred Ernst
Steersman..............................Wilhelm Xanten
Mary..............................Marie Mattfeld

It is the fashion for the ultra-Wagnerites to sneer at "The Flying Dutchman" as unworthy of Wagner. They dub it "Italian." It is largely Italian in its melodic construction. The duet between Senta and the Dutchman, in the second act, might have been signed by any Italian composer of the forties, and the airs of Eric are diluted Donizetti. On the other hand the air of Daland "Mögst du, mein Kind" is almost wholly in the style of French opéra-comique.

In spite of the eclecticism shown in this opera—and by the way, there are curious hints at the later music dramas of Wagner—there is a freshness in much of the music that is missed sadly in the more ambitious works. And to me, at least, the story is more interesting and human than the dreary tales of savage men and disreputable gods and demigods, lusting and thieving and butchering in forest, in mist, in river and on lonely mountain heights.

There are otherwise estimable persons who tolerate "The Flying Dutchman" because, as they say, it teaches a profound psychological lesson, or it illustrates a deep psychological truth—I have forgotten the exact claim. But he that truly enjoys the opera does not go as a hearer to study metaphysics, psychology, or even folk lore.

I accept the Dutchman as the blaspheming Vanderdecken. He is as real a character as Puss in Boots, or Aladdin, or Jack the Giant-Killer, or the Wandering Jew. I do not say that he is as entertaining a character. In the first act he is a dreadful bore, and Mr. Somer did not save him last night from this reproach. Vanderdecken would be tolerable in the second act were it not for the silly stage business—the fifteen-minute silent stare so dear to Wagner. In the third act he is a fine fellow. He raves and tears his hair and goes to his supposed doom in delightful fashion.

* *

But Vanderdecken must be first of all picturesque in his affliction. He must smell of strange brine. He has seen strange sights. Men have fled from him as from a leper. The winds and the waves have struggled against him in vain. He has heard the trumpets in the sky proclaim his awful fate.

Now Mr. Somer did not cast a spell. In the first act he was a weary mariner seeking a wife in a new port. In the second act he was at first shy, oh so shy, and then melodramatic in conventional manner, advancing toward Senta as though he were supplied with a mask, dark lantern and a knife. In the third act he showed more emotion, but even then he suggested in no way the unearthly. As a singer he has a few positive as well as negative merits. His voice is fresh, and while the organ is not conspicuous for any singular beauty or impressive nobility, it is a respectable medium for him to work with. His singing is more sustained than that of many German baritones, but his production of tone is not to be praised, and he has at times the usual German tricks of slovenly attack and slovenly portamento. I could have forgiven him graver faults, and overlooked his occasional false intonation, if he had shown the slightest individuality in his interpretation of Vanderdecken. This Flying Dutchman would not have imposed upon a child. Any little boy who knew the story would have gone up to him fearlessly and said, "Why, you are fooling. You are not Vanderdecken."

Mrs. Gadski is almost always intelligent in whatever she undertakes, and Senta was carefully portrayed. Strange to say this sympathetic woman was not very sympathetic in this part. Her voice is in better condition this year than it was last season, so far as intonation is concerned, for last night she was not constantly false to the pitch; indeed, for the most part she sang well. But the voice is not as warm and full of vitality as it was two seasons ago. Hard work and steady singing in operas of Wagner have already had their effect on tones that were not naturally heroic, i. e., of brass.

Mr. Stehman's Daland was well conceived and well carried out. His scene in the second act was the feature of the performance. Mr. Ernst sang with vigor and thus accentuated many of his vocal sins. The Steersman wobbled his song and the Nurse suffered from vocal palsy. The male chorus shouted the sailor choruses as they are usually shouted. The Spinning Wheel chorus was given effectively, but the music itself has lost its charm. No doubt Liszt's piano arrangement has staled it.

The performance of the orchestra was occasionally rough and not always ready, and Mr. Damrosch read with vigor rather than finesse. He missed many points: as in disregarding the long silence that comes after the entreaty of the maidens to the ghostly crew in the third act, and thus losing the effect of the mysterious chord that interrupts, pianissimo, the silence.

The mounting of the opera was shabby. The lighting and the general stage management in the first act were clumsy and ineffective, and the setting of the third act with the final scenic business was unworthy of a manager of Mr. Damrosch's pretensions.

PHILIP HALE.

N. E. CONSERVATORY CONCERT.

The first subscription concert by advance students of the N. E. Conservatory was given in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. The program included Mendelssohn's Capriccio brillante (Arthur Shepherd); songs by Thomas, Mozart and Lotti (Miss Edwards); Minuettoe finale from Haydn's string quartet in D (Willie Traupe, Miss Smith, Miss Goldsmith, George Benton); piano pieces by Rubinstein and Heller (Miss Glen); Hauser's Hungarian Rhapsody for violin (Miss Smith); duo from "Semiramide" (Miss White, Miss Woltman); first movement of Mendelssohn's piano trio in D minor (W. D. Strong, Clifford Sprunt, assisted by Prof. Leo Schulz).

There was a good sized and applausive audience. Mr. Faelten lent assistance in the Capriccio of Mendelssohn, and this assistance in one or two passages was of great assistance to the composer as well as the pianist. The latter, however, played for the most part with taste, and he displayed considerable fluency. Miss Edwards is a singer of more than ordinary promise. She has a sympathetic, well trained voice, and she also has an indisputable musical temperament. But what possessed her to take Cherubino's song at such a rapid pace? The whole character of the air was destroyed. This was an error in judgment. On the whole she gave greater pleasure than certain professionals who have sung in Steinert Hall this season; and her pure tone production and well grounded technique reflected most favorably on her teacher. Much that is pleasant might be said of the other pupils who appeared. The second concert will be given March 2.

Tick-tick, tick-tick!—not a sound save Time's,
And the wind gust as it drives the rain
Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain!
Sleep!—no more the dupe of hopes or schemes;
Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
Curious anticlimax to thy dreams
Twenty golden years ago!

It is reported that Nansen may visit the United States. A well-known Bostonian crossed the Atlantic some weeks ago with the purpose of persuading the adventurous man to appear on the platform. If Nansen comes, let us hope he will not leave at home his working model of the North Pole.

"A clock, which is said to have belonged to Izaak Walton, has been offered for sale to the Piscatorial Society. It bears the date 1641." Yes, this clock is interesting, but, if we were rich, we should prefer the parrot-clock for sale in this city. 'Tis an ingenius contrivance which should be within reach of the humblest. You can set this clock at any hour. Thus Thudicum said yesterday, he should call on you Thursday night. You lost your presence of mind, and answered, "That's right, old man," and after he had turned the corner, you cudgeled yourself, for Thudicum is a monologuist of brazen lungs and bronchial voice. Now, if you owned this clock you would set it Thursday at 10 P. M. At the striking of the hour the huge parrot, in whose breast the clock is inserted, would roll frantically his eyes and shriek in grating tones, "Good night." If Thudicum did not take the hint, the parrot would cry at 10.30, "I thought you were gone." And at 11 the friendly bird would whir and groan and chuckle, "But you really must go. This is disgraceful. Have you no manners?"

Will the new tavern, La Touraine—what a foolish name for a Boston tavern!—secure a license? The worst whisky we ever drank was sold at a temperance inn, and the barkeeper wore a blue ribbon.

"Excelsior" has written a second letter to the Journal. "Your comments on my letter of Jan. 29 were good, and had my full approval. You did not hit the sky-scraper any too hard. In my opinion, it is an abomination of architecture, an atrocity of American civilization. It had its origin in a sordid and greedy utilitarianism, and the only justification for it is the mercenary argument. House lots in the air are cheap, costing, if you only go high enough, but a few cents per foot, instead of many dollars as on the ground. Therefore, not from any heavenward aspiration, but simply as a matter of economy, we like to have our apartments and business rooms—especially if we are building them to let—away up in the sky, notwithstanding they are a violation of all principles of architectural proportion, hygiene, stability and safety, and constitute an outrage on the interests of our fellow-beings, who prefer to dwell, in Christian fashion, nearer the surface of the earth. Your allusion to the Tower of Babel was felicitous; but those old Bablyonish builders had an advantage in certain respects over ours, and could give some points to Chicago and New York. Their style of masonry, we know, was of the most solid and ordinary sort. Their tower, though built of brick, was probably a pyramid in form, and was vastly more substantial, so far as they carried it, than if they had gone to work with an iron frame, and a thin stone veneering, supposing that thus they could conceal the architectural falsehood from the world."

The Bible tells us of these Babylonish builders. "And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar." The Warka and Mugheir Temples, which were built at least as far back as B. C. 2230, give us an idea of the materials used in the Tower of Babel. The Warka is composed of sundried bricks; the cement is mud; and reeds are largely used. The slime mentioned in the Bible was probably bitumen; and the lower basement of the Mugheir shows the combination of burnt bricks and bitumen. Herodotus, describing the walls of Babylon, says that the clay dug out of the ditch was made into bricks as soon as it was carried up, and burnt in kilns. The bricks were cemented with hot bitumen, and at every 30th row crates of reeds were stuffed in. The Babylonian bricks are usually from 12 to 13 inches square and 3½ inches thick.

Unfortunately we grope in the darkness of ignorance concerning more vital questions. And yet it is natural to suppose that the contractors took advantage of the proprietors. There was probably no sanitary plumbing in the tower. Were the proprietors successful in getting a liquor license?

Feb 4. '97

When Calistratus, the Soph, liv'd here, 'twas a hard matter to dine at any place besides his house; for he was so extremely courteous and obliging, that no man whom he invited to Dinner could have the face to say him nay: One of his best humors was, to pick up all the pleasant fellows he could meet with, and put them in the same Room.

A doubtful experiment on the part of Calistratus—this putting pleasant fellows into the same room. Even the pleasantest man may not be able to shed pleasure at stated time and place.

Take your own case. Mr. Barks. Remember the little dinner you gave your friend Judge Bungstarter of Keokuk. You, of course, were desirous of impressing him with your own worth, of acquainting him with the enviable position held by you in Boston, of averting his shrewd suspicions concerning your real mediocrity. Dinners are given for such reasons. You picked out four or six of the most brilliant citizens, parochial flash lights of wit. You provided generously for the table. The champagne was extra dry. And yet how stupid the conversation! The flash lights flickered, guttered, went out. Even Sparkle, who sets the club in a roar, could not extract a smile from the Judge, and you caught yourself wondering why you invited him. You heard him tell jokes that he sold to comic papers when you were together in college, and you remembered that they were also published in one of his own books. The Judge did not smile. It was with difficulty that he refrained from cross-examining guests and host.

No. You may say to yourself and others, "Come, now, we will all be jolly together at 7 P. M. next Wednesday," and you may be sincere in the belief and the expression. But it's ten to one that you will all be bored at the appointed time. The greatest pleasures are surprises, as when Jones pays you the despaired-of loan, or your salary is raised in appreciation of faithful service.

When you invite three or five or ten men to dine with you, invite at least one that is notoriously dull. He will goad the others to lively conversation. When all are "brilliant talkers" look out for flags.

The Philistine of February published this joke: "There recently appeared in the Revue des Modes an article with the rather startling headline: 'Shall Women Hunt in Pants?' Padmarx says we do now, otherwise we would have a small change." We quote it, not because we laughed wildly when we read it, for we did nothing of the kind. We quote it because it throws doubt on the doctrine of the survival of the fittest.

And in the same Philistine we find the praise of Philistia.

"If there is any sweeter sound
Than bobolinks or thrushes,
It is the frou-frou of their silks—
The roll of their barouches.

"They never puzzle me with Greek,
Nor drive me mad with Ibsen;
Yet over forms as fair as Eve's
They wear the gowns of Gibson."

And do you ask the name of this poet of Philistia? 'Tis Bliss Carman, who is plunging madly this winter into the whirlpool of gaiety at Scituate.

Feb. 4, 1882, was a large day in Paris. Bourget told this story of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. He was pursuing the calling of mannequin in a madhouse. Yes, de l'Isle-Adam was the false crazy man, of whom the doctor said: "He is not wholly cured, but he improves rapidly each day." And Forain then described the Cros family: "Ah, yes, as an original lot. One evening, just as dinner was over, one of the sons announced his intention of inventing a plan to bring the dead to life. His father objected strenuously, on the ground that the invention would disturb all those who had inherited property. And then the three sons left the table and the house, hurling this contemptuous speech at their sire: 'You are a saturnine!'" Feb. 4—that same day there was a financial panic in Paris. An unfortunate, fleeced, was selling of his ruin, and finally said: "Now I must go in search of 200 francs." To which his friend replied: "Here they are. But I must go in search of 2,000,000 francs."

The servants of the gas company are certainly responsible for the suggestion they convey that the institution is an official one. Not only are such absurdly tyrannical regulations enforced as that which refuses gas to a new tenant because a former one has been delinquent in his payments, but the methods of enforcement are arbitrary and severe. The statements of the corporation's meters are held to be final and without appeal, its bookkeeping must be respected as sacred as that of the Medes and Persians, though gas has not been burned and duplicate bills are evidence, and it is impossible to visit the anterooms where the poor consumer waits upon the rich stockholders' representatives behind the counters without feeling that an awful power controls the situation. Humble requests for the acceptance of arrears, entreaties for the renewal of the supply, subservient payment of deposits, and all for a poison is, dear, and insufficient convenience! —Time and the Hour.

CALVE NOT THERE.

She Did Not Sing in "Carmen" Last Night.

Patrons of the Boston Theatre Sadly Disappointed.

Miss Seygard the Substitute for the Great Singer.

Bizet's "Carmen" was given last evening by the Damrosch Opera Company. Mr. Damrosch conducted. The cast was as follows:

Carmen.....Camille Seygard
(Of the Paris Opera.)
Don José.....Mr. Salignac
Escamillo.....Maurice De Vries
(By special arrangement with Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Co., Ltd.)
Dancairo.....Gerhard Stehmann
Remendado.....Paul Lange
Zuniga.....Heinrich Hobbing
Morales.....Fritz Derschuch
Frasquita.....Augusta Vollmar
Mercedes.....Marie Mattfeld
Michaela.....Johanna Gadski

I quote this paragraph of contemporaneous interest from the New York Herald of Wednesday, Feb. 3: "Mme. Calvé canceled her engagement to sing with the Damrosch Opera Company in Boston tonight by advice of her physician. She expects to be well enough to sing in 'Mephistofele' here on Friday."

* * *

The fact that Calvé would not sing last night in Boston was known in New York Tuesday night. It is only reasonable to suppose that Mr. Damrosch also knew this fact Tuesday night, for we no longer depend on the stage coach or a pony express for communication between New York and Boston.

And yet no announcement concerning the failure of Calvé to appear was inserted in any Boston newspaper Wednesday morning. No public announcement was made until the appearance of the afternoon newspapers. Tickets were sold at a high premium even Wednesday noon by speculators, who, undoubtedly, acted in good faith, for they knew nothing of the proposed substitution in the cast.

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Is Calvé really sick? She sang Jan. 29 in "Faust." She sang Feb. 1 in "Carmen." She is advertised to sing Feb. 5 in "Mefistofele" at the Metropolitan. A physician's affidavit is easily secured, as certain throat doctors in this city might testify. For the throat is a sensitive organ, and even the suspicion of possible hoarseness secures easily a certificate of disability.

The question of Calvé's sickness is one that must be settled between her and Mr. Damrosch. The first meeting in New York will be an admirable subject for the Historical Painter.

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But if the management knew Tuesday night that Calvé would not sing Wednesday—and they knew this Tuesday night in New York—the duty of the management was clear. Public and frank announcement should have been made Wednesday morning, with the proposition to refund money paid for tickets. Then public sympathy would have been with the management.

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The sale of seats was very great. Oh ironical fact! The eventful evening of the fortnight of German opera, which is now in this country another phrase for Wagnerian opera, was "Carmen" by a Frenchman, sung by the principals in French, and with three of the four leading parts sung by French singers. They who at a distance proposed to attend simply for the sake of hearing Calvé had no means of knowing that she would not sing until they arrived in Boston Wednesday afternoon. There were men and women who went to the theatre last night fully expecting to hear Calvé.

The case of these unfortunates is more pitiable even than that of the subscribers, who were induced to take season tickets by various promises, one of which was that Melba should sing Marguerite and Calvé should sing Carmen. Subscribers always take risks, as do those who buy of speculators. The management could not have foreseen the sudden break-down of Melba. But the management might easily have given public announcement Wednesday morning of the failure of Calvé to keep her engagement.

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That there should have been indignation last evening was natural; but the Boston public is easy-going, good-natured, and even thankful for small favors. There were many empty seats in orchestra and in galleries, but they who wished to hear Carmen without Calvé were in applausive mood.

Miss Camille Seygard, who is described vaguely as "of the Paris Opéra," made her first appearance in New York at a Philharmonic concert Nov. 7, 1891. Since then she has sung in other cities in concert.

She is a young woman of considerable beauty. Her features are expressive and mobile; her figure is supple and alluring; she carries herself well, and in many ways she shows careful training in routine work. She is, however, without any marked individuality. I do not know what her stage experience has been. I doubt if she ever appeared in any leading part at the Paris Opéra. She certainly gave an amiable impersonation of Carmen, who was anything but amiable. I am not now comparing her with Calvé; I am speaking of her performance without any thought of comparison, and I realize the difficulty of her task and the courage shown by her in undertaking it under such despiriting circumstanecs. In the first act she was simply piquant and pretty. There was no suggestion of the infernal coquetry of the cigarette girl. She might have been a faithful cashier in any respectable shop or restaurant of Paris. She made no appeal to the vanity or passion of Zuniga or Don José, although they were polite enough to feign amorousness. She was simply a charming sight to the eyes, and at the same time not an offence to the ears. All this may be said of her playing in the second act. In the card scene she showed an unexpected and genuine dramatic force. In the fourth act she was again pretty and conventional.

It is true that far worse Carmens have been seen in Boston. She indulged in no cheap vulgarity; she never gave way to awkward or absurd exaggeration. She was Miss Seygard, a pretty woman, who played for the most part as though she were a young lady in genteel comedy.

There is not much to be said about her singing. The voice does not seem to be properly placed, although the tones are for the most part naturally pleasing. It is not a strong voice, and in stormy passages it did not pierce through the orchestra. Her singing never gave pain; it was in keeping with her acting. There were moments when she colored her tones adroitly. Only in the card scene did she by her voice show any deep emotion, although in the last act there were plausible passages of fear and defiance.

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Mr. Salignac acted with intelligence and spirit. His voice is not unlike that of Mr. Lubert, who was here last season, but he is not as experienced a singer. Mr. de Vries, as Escamillo, was very bad. His voice wobbled as though he were a German in disguise; he exploded his tones; and he evidently has a personal grudge against the legato. Mrs. Gadski sang the aria in the third act delightfully, with true feeling, with unaffected simplicity. Her Michaela was a sympathetic performance throughout. Morales was frightened, and Zuniga was an honest, sturdy German, who had acquired the pronunciation of French without a master.

The choruses were sung with vigor and with very little attention to dynamics. The quintet—one of the most beautiful and dramatic pieces of music in modern opera—was given in ragged and unbalanced fashion, and the card trio, as well, showed a lack of proper rehearsal. Mr. Damrosch through the first act was inclined to hurry everything, and the music suffered thereby. He recovered himself in the second act, and thereafter there was much to praise in his reading and the performance of the orchestra. The stage setting of the first and second acts was abruptly at variance with the librettist's directions.

PHILIP HALE.

Feb 5. '97

Second Concert of the Twenty-First Season of the Cecilia—First Performance in Boston of Mrs. Beach's "Rose of Avon-Town."

The Cecilia gave its second concert of this season in Music Hall last night. The club sang Bach's "Magnificat anima mea Dominum," Osgood's "Christmas Carol," Mendelssohn's "Farewell to the Forest," Roger's "River floweth strong, my Love," and Barnby's "There is sprung up a Light." The feature of the evening, however, was the performance of Mrs. Beach's "Rose of Avon-town," a ballad for female voices, with soprano solo (Miss Helen B. Wright), and piano accompaniment (Mrs. Beach). I believe this was the first performance of the ballad in Boston. It has been given in other towns, as in New York, the 21st ult, when it was sung by the Rubinstein Club. This composition is indeed a pleasing one, written with skill that is not ostentatious. The emotion is gentle and becomingly womanly, for passion in this sentimental bride who on her wedding day could moralize genteelly over the fate of a rose would [illegible] incongruous. The performance was all that could be desired, so far as the chorus was concerned, and I know of no female chorus that for parity and beauty of tone, courage and intelligence under a difficult task, and general musical sense can equal the women of the Cecilia. Miss Wright sang with considerable taste, but her voice is colorless and her tones are not yet firm in sustained passages.

The extract from Bach's Magnificat was ineffective, and not even the careful singing of the Club could make Rogers's part song a pleasurable thing. Mr. Osgood's Carol is always delightful and it was sung well last night.

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Mrs. Julie L. Wyman sang "Amour! Viens aider," by Saint-Saëns, Chaminade's "Sur la Plage," and three pretty little songs by Jessie L. Gaylor. She was evidently suffering from a severe cold—witness, a grave-yard cough—and was in no condition to do justice to herself or the composers, yet she pleased by a display of technical proficiency and musical feeling. She was recalled after the songs.

Mrs. Beach played Beethoven's Variations, op. 34, and Mazurka op. 50, No. 1, prelude in A flat, valse in E minor by Chopin. She appeared to her best advantage in the waltz. In the Chopin prelude and in the variations by Beethoven there was little or no tonal color, and there was frequently metallic attack, as well as rigidity in phrasing.

PHILIP HALE.

The rich Man repines at him that is gentilely bred: He that hath a bright Reputation envies the Misers Guinnies; and the Pettifogger thinks he is out-done in talking by the Sophister: Nay, by Heaven, he that is born free, sottishly admires the Servile Attendance of him who is of the Household to a King; and the Man that hath Patrician Blood in his Veins, calls the Commoedian happy, who acts his part gracefully and with humour; and applauds even the Mimick who pleaseth with Farse and Scaramouchy-Gestures; thus by a false Estimate of Happiness, they disturb and perplex themselves.

Good Americans should not complain because Ambassador Bayard asked the Prince of Wales to dinner. The Prince is accustomed to the usages of good society, and his table manners are said to be irreprochable. Unlike the majority of Germans he understands the use of the knife, and he does not comb his moustache between the courses.

Patriotism was maintained. There were red, white and blue flowers. There were several American dishes. What were they? Hog and hominy? Creamed codfish? Dare we think that a nappy of pork and beans was set before His Royal Nibs?

"The Prince was exceedingly affable, paying especial attention to Cardinal Vaughan." Did he tell the Cardinal of his first meeting the Honorable John L. Sullivan of Boston? Or did he give his personal reminiscences of Hortense Schneider in "La belle Hélène"? Possibly he explained the mystery of the baccarat scandal.

Mr. Huneker remembers that Mascagni once said of Melba, "In Melba's heart are many apartments." "Fie, Pietro! How ungallant! Perhaps your wings have also been singed!" adds Mr. Huneker.

The Pall Mall Gazette gave lately illustrations of what novels should be. This is the way the Novel of Adventure should go: "He drew his rapier and lowered the visor of his cap de maintenance, while the haughty lady hid her face in the broidered folds of her sarcenet. 'Fear naught, sweet wench,' he cried, as he blew the tinder of his culverin into a glow. 'Twas a simple action, but it minded him of his joyous youth, when in the flow of his youthful wit he was wont to say in jest that it was not his wont to do things by halves, so no deml-culverin for him. A merry conceit, God wot. 'Fear naught, fair demoiselle,' he cried. 'Swounds! but by my halidom I'll pink yon yclept caitiff through the weasand and blow his palsied knaves unshriven through the chapel wall.' The boom of an exploding portcullis rang along the rafted roof. 'Have on't!' he cried."

And here is the approved style of the Romance of Social Conditions: "'Yes,' said the Duchess, leaning back in her chair and observing with a quick flicker of her eyelids the limpid magnolia in Lord Eustace's buttonhole, 'I have often noticed that the subfuse is the stepmother of atheism.' 'Possibly,' replied the young peer, with a slight curl of his nostril, 'but moss cumulates round the rolling stone.' 'What rot!' interrupted Daisy, as she crossed her feet on the mantelpiece. 'A black sheep always makes the gamiest mutton, and you don't want jelly.'"

Nansen says he will not try to climb the North Pole. He evidently thinks it is greased.

Someone in the Bookman says: "If we had to describe Marie Corelli in terms of literary geography, we should say that she is bounded on the north by

Ouida, on the south by Laura Jean Libbey, on the east by Florence Warden, and on the west by Archibald Clavering Gunter."

A prominent ex-official of this city has achieved the following charade:

"My first is happiness unalloyed;
To carry my third, my second's employed;
My whole is a poet who towers o'er the throng,
And whose name, in two tongues, means rapture and song!"

The Abyssinians seem to be more civilized in war than Spaniards or Turks. The Italian prisoners who returned lately to Italy say they did not fare badly in captivity, although they suffered from want of what Europeans regard as necessities. And this story is still told of the administration of justice by the Negus. "A young Shoan, who was for some time in Italy, and at the beginning of the campaign took service under the Italian flag, was made prisoner, but when the Negus learned that he was of noble family his life was spared. He at once became the bitterest enemy of the Italians, and one day was found striking a prisoner. Emperor Menelek immediately ordered him to be bound, and gave instructions that the Italian who was struck should decree his punishment. The Italian did so, but the Italians are a generous nation."

"A foolish old maid of Glengarry,
Was convinced she wrote better than Barrie.
She invented a part labeled 'Strums,' as a start,
But her pathos induced hari-kari."

And once more:

"There was once an old man with a skewer,
Who hunted a hostile reviewer.
'I'll teach him,' he cried, 'as I puncture his hide,
To call my last novel impure!'"

Feb 6 - 97

"Lohengrin" as Given by the Damrosch Opera Company—Debut in Boston of Miss Susan Strong as Elsa.

"Lohengrin" was given last night by the Damrosch Opera Company. Mr. Damrosch conducted. The cast was as follows:

Lohengrin	Ernst Kraus
Elsa	Susan Strong
King Henry	Emil Fischer
Telramund	Carl Somer
Herald	Wilhelm Mertens
Ortrud	Riza Eibenschuetz

Miss Susan Strong, who made her début in Boston last night, is a Brooklyn girl, a pupil of Francis Korbay, once of New York and now of London. She made her début in an English opera company at Covent Garden as Sieglinde, Oct. 16, 1895. Soon after this she sang at the San Carlo, Naples—I believe as Sieglinde—but she was not successful, and in this connection it is interesting to note the following opinion expressed by her in a recent interview: "I own that my experience in Italy did not raise much admiration in me for the Italian form of opera. It most certainly is neither a dignifying nor an uplifting form of opera."

In the same breath Miss Strong regards the stories of Wagner's opera, especially in the Trilogy as "atrocious." "Fancy," she says, "what would be done to an Englishman or American who dared originate such a tale as that." And yet Miss Strong, who thinks so poorly of Italian opera, and does not believe that Italians can sing Wagner, made her début as Sieglinde, the young woman who knowingly committed adulterine incest.

Miss Strong made her American début at New York, Nov. 9, 1896, as Marguerite. She was then a member of the Mapleson Opera Company. She has sung since then Elsa, at the Metropolitan Opera House, and Elsa, Sieglinde a[illegible] Elisabeth under Mr. Damrosch's management.

Miss Strong seems to me to be a plucky, resolute American girl who has made up her mind to be an operatic singer. But in music the intention is not necessarily praiseworthy, although it may be honorable. I do not believe that she has any divine right to be an opera singer. I hope, for her sake, that I am mistaken in this opinion.

The quality of her voice is neither sensuous nor noble. The tones, even in moments of passion, are lukewarm. Has singers by art or dramatic talent have made an audience forget the comparative or absolute poverty of the vocal medium. Miss Strong has not been well taught, or she has been an indifferent pupil. The former of these statements is the one more probable. Her tones are not well brought out. They are breathy, and she has little or no idea of coloring them to suit the proper emotion. These tones are often [illegible]ned, and there is at times an unpleasant twang to them. Her intonation is by no means faultless.

As an actress she is first of all uninteresting. Her face and figure may with careful study and experience lend themselves to the stage, for she is not uncomely; but at present her features are fixed and expressionless. Her carriage, her gestures are not distracting; she is not guilty of exaggeration in gesticulation, but she makes no effect by a pose or a motion. She creates an atmosphere, it is true, but this atmosphere is one of deadly respectability. Even Elsa must have had her moments of intense feeling, when she really did not care what the neighbors thought or said; but the Elsa of Miss Strong was constantly under the protecting wing of Mrs. Grundy.

I admit that Miss Strong is young and comparatively inexperienced. If she only displayed too great exuberance; if she only tore passion to tatters, there would be a fairer prospect of a brilliant future. If her callousness and her frigidity are inherent, I see little hope of a career as a dramatic singer. For Elsa was no milk-and-water creature, even if it is not necessary to hint with Jules Laforgue at a past in her young life.

It would be a pleasure to be patriotic, to sound the bugle and let the eagle scream for an American soprano; but to praise Miss Strong for her performance last night would be to say the thing which is not. It is not given to every girl—even when she is an American—to be a dramatic soprano.

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Mr. Kraus, who made his début here Thursday night as Tannhäuser, displayed last evening an assortment of voices. In declamatory passages of strength, he was at times effective by the emission of a tone, unexpectedly full and sonorous. In cantabile his tones were uncertain, and inasmuch as Mr. Kraus has not learned to produce his tones properly, it follows that when he shouts—at times acceptably—in fortissimo, it would be exceedingly strange if he could charm in gentler and sustained moments. The natural voice must have been a fine one. Perhaps now it is not too late for him to reform. I do beseech you, Mr. Kraus, ponder seriously your vocal ways. The end of your present purpose is destruction.

As Lohengrin he was a manly fellow without a suggestion of the mystical or the supernatural. When he entered in the boat drawn by the swan, he was chewing vigorously. As Germans are not supposed to be addicted to gum or tobacco in this form, it is only fair to suppose that he brought with him cough lozenges prepared by the royal apothecary at the Court of Parsifal.

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Mr. Somer, the dry-voiced, unimaginative Mr. Somer, was the Telramund, and he shouted in song athletically, with a collar-and-elbow method. Miss Eibenschütz was a tame Ortrud who would not have harmed Elsa for the world, and Mr. Fischer was cast as another of the huge bores in the great Wagner collection.

Mr. Mertens was an admirable Herald. Indeed, in this small but difficult part he bore off the honors of the evening.

The performance dragged. The recitatives were taken for the most part boresomely slow, and Mr. Damrosch was inclined to dawdle with his stick. The choruses were sung with little attention to dynamic gradations. The scenery was familiar, and the lighting of the stage was very bad. In fact, the stage management this week has been unworthy of a company of high pretensions.

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It is now pertinent to say that Mr. Damrosch's company is not nearly as strong as the one under his control last season. Mrs. Lehmann's voice is without vitality, if it is fair to judge her from her one performance. Mr. Kalisch is not as picturesque as Mr. Alvary or, as capable as Mr. Grüning. The leading contralto seldom sings in tune. Mr. Somer is a baritone whose voice is dry, whose art is little, and who is utterly unimaginative. Mrs. Gadski was the one bright, redeeming feature, so far as this week has been concerned, and Mr. Mertens has again shown skill and intelligence. The scenery has been shabby; the stage management, as I have already said, has been wretched. Nor has constant reading of the scores brought to Mr. Damrosch full knowledge of the beauty and the strength of the music contained within them.

PHILIP HALE.

After the same Sarcastical way of jesting, did Domitius ask Crassus: Whether he did not weep for the death of the Lamprey that was bred in his Fish-pond: To which Crassus makes this present reply, did not you also cry grievously when you carried out three Wives to their Burial?

We are delighted to learn that Mme. Restori is in town. She is indeed a remarkable woman. To quote from her hand bill—

"She makes skeptics known from age to youth,
Whenever she speaks she tells the truth.
She will convince the fair and brave,
That God to her great powers gave."

Perhaps you do not read the dodgers that are thrust into your mail box as into a waste basket by the distributor who falls, like the rain, upon the just and the unjust. If you scorn them, you miss one of the joys of life. 'Twas only yesterday we discovered by reading an anti-vivisection tract that physicians of this city are eyeing greedily fellow-citizens and awaiting anxiously the day when they can experiment upon them alive. Yea, there was a hint that mysterious disappearances are not really mysterious to local vivisectionists. When the time comes for such experiments, we shall be happy to furnish a list of desirable subjects to any operator of good standing who will send us his address.

And Mr. Moody lifted up his voice and said, "If you have what they call a punch bowl, smash it when you go home today." How opposite to the opinion of the good and consoling Ordinary of Newgate when Mr. Jonathan Wild said: "Let us take a bottle of wine to cheer our spirits"! The Ordinary replied: "Why wine? Let me tell you, Mr. Wild, there is nothing so deceitful as the spirits given us by wine. If you must drink, let us have a bowl of punch—a liquor I the rather refer, as it is nowhere spoken against in Scripture, and as it is more wholesome for the gravel, a distemper with which I am grievously afflicted."

Mr. John A. Porter, secretary to the President-elect, was a student at Yale 20 years ago, and he then indulged himself in amateur journalism.

On the 6th of February, 1883, our old friend, the late lamented Edmond de Goncourt, heard a liquor seller say: "Oh, yes, it's brandy—but not the kind of brandy that warms you under the nails."

And it was on Feb. 6, 1889, that the said de Goncourt commented on the pose of the Parisian decadent: "After the generation of simple, unaffected people, my generation, came the generation of the romantics, who were rather theatrical in a cheap way, strolling playactors in private life; and now there are the decadents, a generation of searchers after effect, poseurs, men who live to astonish the bourgeois."

"Diabolus" sends the Journal the following communication: "This is the way it went 60 years ago:

'Did you ever see the devil
With his iron wooden shovel
A scratching up the gravel
With his hind toe-nail?'

"And here is a description of His Majesty:

'Pray how was the Devil dressed,
He was in his Sunday's best,
His coat was black, his pants were blue,
With a hole in the seat for his tail to come through.'"

No, no, dear sir. This last verse is a corruption of famous lines by Coleridge. And these are the lines:

"And how then was the Devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through."

G. W. N. sends this version:

"Did you ever see the devil,
With his wood and iron shovel
Digging taters in the garden
With his night-cap on.

"The taters were so big
That the devil couldn't dig
So he ran around the garden
With his tail cocked up."

And with this we must refuse to publish further variations on the charming poem which appeared in the Journal Jan. 27.

To C. K. K.: You ask the author of these lines:

"I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here.'"

See "Ballad Stanzas" by Thomas Moore.

The standard of height for the English Foot Guards has been reduced from 5 feet 9 inches to 5 feet 8½ inches. This reduction is probably a result of the announcement that additional battalions of guards are to be raised.

Feb 7. 1897 -

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Fourteenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall—Novelties by Dvorak and Strauss—Concert by Miss Zella Cole.

The program of the Symphony concert last night, Emil Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Othello," op. 93	Dvorak
(First time in Boston.)	
Ballet music from "Feramors"	Rubinstein
II. Candle-dance of the Brides of Kashmire.	
I. Dance of Bayaderes.	
Tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," op. 24	Strauss
(First time in Boston.)	
Scene in the Tavern ("Mephisto Waltz") from Lenau's "Faust"	Liszt
Symphony No. 4, in D minor, op. 120	Schumann

This "Othello" overture of Dvorák was first played in the United States at the inaugural concert of the composer in New York, Oct. 21, 1892. It then, with "In der Natur" (played here by the Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 7, 1895), and the "Carneval" overture (played here by the Symphony Orchestra Jan. 5, 1895), was called "Triple Overture."

But where is Othello in this overture? In Bohemia, apparently; not the Bohemia of Shakspeare, with its seaport, but the Bohemia of Dvorák, the home of negro melodies and negro jigs. Had Dvorák been reading the theory of Coleridge—that Othello was not influenced by jealousy—when he wrote the overture? Or had he in his portfolio an overture, without a name, and did he choose Othello because it had an agreeable sound, as Mesopotamia pleased the godly old woman?

Yes, Othello is in Bohemia; but not the romantic country known to the Dvorák of earlier years; rather the dry, sterile, flat, unwooded land where he now manufactures music. Frankly—this overture is not worth discussion. It reminds one of the tragedy only by the name, and as absolute music it is barren of ideas and dull in treatment.

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"Death and Transfiguration," by Richard Strauss, is one of the most remarkable works that Mr. Paur has produced here. It was played in 1890 at the Musicians' Congress at Eisenach. Since then it has excited hot admiration and hot ridicule. They do him wrong who say that Strauss is a mere imitator of Wagner. He has his own voice, a gigantic one, and he has his own vocabulary. There are passages of surpassing grandeur in this symphonic poem. The long and mighty crescendo after the first stroke of the gong is marvelously effective; but it is a question whether the ear is not too fatigued by the preceding irrepressible conflict of dissonances to grasp and appreciate it thoroughly. There are orchestral effects that were not known before Strauss imagined them. I confess I dislike the scheme of the work. For a man to take poetical ideas rather than musical ideas as the main material seems to be essentially unmusical; program music becomes panoramic, and the composer is in evidence, in swallow-tail coat, and with a stick. Now this symphonic poem of Strauss needs no Baedeker; the title is enough. Why should the hearers be invited to take note of the "necessitous little room," the "soft ticking of the clock" and "one candle-end"? To prepare a mood? But is not the one word—the awful, terrifying, consoling word "Death"—enough to guide the hearer?

I confess I should like to hear the work again. It is not to be comprehended as a whole in one hearing or in two hearings. This I know:—that there are noble musical thoughts, daring harmonic treatment, peculiar and penetrating melody, an astounding knowledge of the orchestra, and high imagination shown in the invention of orchestration.

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The other selections do not call for extended comment. It was a great pleasure to hear again the beautiful ballet music of Rubinstein. The "Scene in the Tavern" by Liszt is of specious brilliancy, but it is corrupt and corrupting music. The D minor symphony is a rare delight from beginning to end, in which respect it stands apart from Schumann's other symphonies. Mr. Paur's reading was robust rather than romantic. In the introduction he anticipated his climax, and throughout the first movement there were few dynamic contrasts. And in the exquisite trio of the scherzo there should have been more languorous melancholy, a tenderer feeling, larger freedom of motion. The piece by Strauss was played with amazing force and general virtuosoship.

PHILIP HALE.

MISS ZELLA COLE'S RECITAL.

Miss Zella Cole of Aspen, Col., gave a pianoforte recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. Miss Cole is evidently a young lady at least several years within her teens. Her program included two intricate sonatas, one by Scarlatti and the other by Grieg, also five other pianoforte pieces by Paderewski, Gernsheim, Reinhold and Chopin (the B flat minor scherzo), and for a final number she played the G minor concerto by Mendelssohn. She memorized her program from first to last; she played with artistic taste, and perhaps with a too careful avoidance of anything that would convey the impression of pounding. Her performances of the Grieg and Scarlatti sonatas were quite remarkable for a pianist of her years. She was not so successful with the well known Scherzo in B flat minor by Chopin; possibly because she knew it not wisely, but too well. After having played the sonatas and other standard classics, both old and new, and having played these works with exceptional evidences of her possessing fine talent, not only as a pianist, but a musician, it was surprising to hear from her a simply admirable performance of the G minor concerto by Mendelssohn, this whole program, bear in mind, without notes. Miss Cole's technique is delightful, and it is one unmistakably that has had thorough and conscientious guidance. She interprets intelligently and as though the foundation of her good work was with the most approved pianoforte classics. Often her playing is not simply creditable in that it rises to the height of an absolute worth all its own. In brief, Miss Cole is a pianist who is justified in appearing before a fastidious and well-informed public, not simply because she is precocious, though all of that, but because she is not abnormally so, and really plays well from the composer's manifest intent of the music she performs. Her future appearances in public will be awaited with both confidence and

[illegible] exceptionally creditable and [illegible] achievement of yesterday afternoon.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Many Singers Heard Here in "Elijah."

Music Suggested by the Tragedy of "Othello."

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players, Pieces.

"Elijah" will be given this evening [illegible] the Handel and Haydn, for the [illegible]leth time, as the circular states. It [illegible] not therefore impertinent to trace [illegible] history in connection with the Han[illegible] and Haydn. For the facts here [illegible]ed I am indebted largely to the [illegible]istory of the Handel and Haydn [illegible]iety" by Perkins and Dwight.

[illegible]he first performance, after only six [illegible]hearsals, was given Feb. 13, 1848, with [illegible] chorus and orchestra of nearly 200. [illegible]e cast was as follows:

[illegible]h .....Thomas Ball
[illegible]ah.. .....— Jones
[illegible] .....E. Taylor
Queen.....Miss Stone
Widow.....Miss —
Angel.....Miss Emmons

[illegible]pplause was "hardly restrainable," [illegible]ough it was not customary Sun[illegible] night. Mr. Charles E. Horn was [illegible] conductor. His salary that season [illegible]s $300. Mr. Hayter was the organist. [illegible]eritic of the period wrote that Mr. [illegible]ll sang with feeling, power, and dig[illegible]y; "but in 'Is Not His Word' he [illegible]nted fire; in a word, his musical [illegible]ots were a little tight.'"

[illegible]he success of "Elijah" was due in [illegible]er performances "in so great meas[illegible] to Mr. Ball that the society moved [illegible]o give him a solid proof of their ap[illegible]ciation of his services." This solid [illegible] of consisted of a purse containing [illegible] in gold and a watch inscribed "A [illegible]ute to the vocal merits of Thomas [illegible]l, from the Handel and Haydn So[illegible]y, Boston, April, 1851." "With best [illegible]hes for your health and prosperity, [illegible] our hopes that your purse, like [illegible] widow's cruse of oil, may fall not [illegible] Time in his course around the dial [illegible] your watch shall find you, like the [illegible]ah of old, ready to die. We re[illegible]in," etc

* * *

[illegible]he first performance of "Elijah" [illegible]der Mr. Zerrahn was Dec. 3, 1854, [illegible]ith Mr. Aiken as the Prophet. Mr. [illegible]rthurson, an Englishman, was the [illegible]nor, and the female soloists were [illegible]iss Hazeltine, Miss Hill and Miss [illegible]wichell.

It was performed for Mr. Zerrahn's [illegible]enefit, his 25th anniversary, May 2, [illegible]879. Mr. Zerrahn netted $2433 50. There [illegible] as a chorus of 450. The solo singers [illegible] volunteered: Mrs. West, Miss Wi[illegible]ant, Mr. Fessenden, Mr. J. F. Wineh [illegible]lijah) and many others.

It was performed at his 40th anni[illegible]ersary, April 18, 1894. The solo sing[illegible]s were Miss Juch, Miss Edmands, [illegible] J. Parker and Max Heinrich (Eli[illegible]h).

* * *

And what singers have taken the [illegible] part of the Prophet? I have mentioned [illegible]ers. Ball, Aiken and Heinrich. [illegible]ere are the names of the others: [illegible]ammette, 1857; Carl Formes, 1858; Ru[illegible]olphsen, 1863, '64, '65, '67, '68, '71; Her[illegible]oanns (a few numbers), 1865; Camp[illegible]ell, 1865; M. W. Whitney, 1870, '71, '73, [illegible]77, '83; Santley, 1871, '72; J. F. Winch, 1874, '75, '77, '79, '80; A. E. Stoddard, 1886; Ludwig, 1890.

The solo tenors were: Simpson, 1857, [illegible]68; C. R. Adams, 1858, '77, '80, '83; Castle, 1863, '65; Wheeler, '64; Farley, '65; J. Whitney, '67, '68; W. J. Winch, '70, '75, [illegible]77; Cummings, '71, '72; Varley, '73, '74; G. L. Osgood, '74; Fessenden, '77, '79; Candidus, '86; Lloyd, '90.

The chief sopranos were Mrs. Long, [illegible]57; Caradori, '58; Guerrabella (Genevieve Ward), '63; Miss Houston, '64, '65, '67, '68, '70, '74; Master Coker, '65; Parepa, '65, '67, '68; Edith Wynne, '71, '72; Rudersdorff, '73; Tietjens, '75; Clara Louise Kellogg, '77; Pappenheim, '77; Fanny Kellogg, '80; Albani, '83; Miss Kebew, '86; Lilli Lehmann, '90.

The chief altos were Adelaide Phillipps, '57, '64, '65, '67, '77; Mrs. Cary, '65; Eliza Lumley, '68; Patey, '71, '72; Alice Fairman, '73; Mrs. Sawyer, '74; Drasdil, '75; Annie Louise Carey, '77; Antonia Henne, '77; Emily Winant, '79; '80; Mrs. Henderson, '83; Mary How, '83; Helen D. Campbell, '86; Clara Poole, '90.

I do not vouch for the absolute accuracy of these names and dates. I have tried, however, to verify them all.

* * *

Dvorák was not the first to write music suggested by "Othello," but this play of Shakespeare has not inspired many composers of orchestra or the operatic stage. Here is a list that is not necessarily complete.

Overture to "Othello" by Karl August Freiherr von Klein. Composed at Mayence, 1829. Performed for the first time March 5, 1830, at a concert of the Court Orchestra at Mannheim. Published in 1831. Used for many years as a prelude to the performance of the tragedy in the Berlin Royal Theatre.

Overture to "Othello" by Wilhelm Taubert. Unpublished. First performed in 1831 at a concert of the Court orchestra in Berlin. Afterward performed at Leipsic.

Overture to "Othello" by Karl Müller, op. 2, E major. Orchestral parts published by Simrock. Performed for the first time in 1843 at the 18th Gewandhaus concert, Leipsic.

Overture to "Othello," by Joachim Raff. The score was found in 1882 among the manuscripts left by Raff at Frankfort.

"Othello," symphonic poem by Zdenek Fibisch. Unpublished. First performed Dec. 7, 1873, at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, Prague.

Symphonic Prologue to "Othello," by Arnold Krug, op. 27. Published October, 1884, by Forberg of Leipsic. Played at a Boston Symphony concert Jan. 15, 1887.

"Otello," opera in three acts, libretto by Marchese Berio, music by Rossini. First performance at the Theatre del Fondo, Naples, Dec. 4 (?), 1816.

Desdemona.....Isabella Colbrand
Otello.....Nozzari
Rodrigue.....Davide
Jago.....Cicimarra
Elmiro.....Benedetti
Rodrigo.....David Gio

Such is the cast as given by Azevedo; but in the adition of "Otello" published by Ricordi, Garcia is put down as the original Jago, and Ciccimarro (sic) as the Gondolier.

"Otello," opera in four acts, libretto by Boito, music by Verdi, first performed at La Scala, Milan, Feb. 5, 1887.

Otello.....Tamagno
Iago.....Maurel
Desdemona.....Pantaleont
Emilia.....Petrovich

First performance in Boston, April 30, 1888, at the Grand Opera House:

Otello.....Campanini
Iago.....Galassi
Desdemona.....Tetrazzini
Emilia.....Scalchi

"Otbellerl," parodie, Ad, Müller, the elder, Vienna about 1828.

"Un Othello," one-act operetta, by I. E. Legouix, Paris 1863 is merely a jealousy scene à la Othello.

"Othello tamburo" operetta in three acts, libretto by Bertosi and Deperis, Cormono, May, 1892.

Songs from "Othello" have been set in German by Jos: Klein (Berlin, Schlesinger), F. v. Boyneburgk, op. 16 (Offenbach, André), Löwe, op. 9 (Leipsic, Hofmeister).

These are the English settings of "And let me the cannakin clinke, clinke" Act II, Scene III. Pelham Humphrey 1673, song, solo soprano, in Musica Antiqua II, 171, 1812. Name unknown; Caulfield's collection. W. Linley, 1816. Round for three male voices. In Linley's Dramatic songs of Shakespeare."

Iago's "King Stephen," etc., is an old English ballad which has its own tune.

* * *

The "Song of 'Willough':

"The poore Soule sat singing, by a sicamour tree.
Sing all a greene Willough!"

has been set by many. The music of the old tune is older than 1600. It is found in Thomas Dallis's "Ms. Lutebook," with the title, "All a Greane Willow." This book is dated 1583.

There is the ancient version for solo contralto. See Chappell's "Music of the Olden Time," vol. 1, p. 207.

Giordani, 1783. Solo.

Anonymous. "Willow! a Glee for four voices." London, 1800 (?).

J. Morehead. Glee for three voices, arranged from Giordani.

James Hook, 1800. Solo, mezzo-soprano. Sung by Mrs. Jordan. "Shakespeare Vocal Album," 1864.

Dr. I. Kemp, 1807. Song, soprano. "Vocal Magazine of Canzonets."

W. Linley, 1816. Solo.

Sir Henry Bishop, 1819. Solo. Sung in "Comedy of Errors" by Miss Stevens.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1865. Solo, contralto. Metzler.

W. Shield set the introduction to this song, but he did not go on with it so as to include "Willow, Willow."

W. Michael Watson. Part song.

* * *

And while I am discussing music suggested by Shakespeare, the revival of "Cymbeline" in New York reminds me that this play has not fired many composers.

There was stage music written for this play by Albert Dietrich in 1880, and 1882. It was first played—that is the stage music—at the theatre in Bremen Dec. 27, 1880. The overture and entr'actes were added in '82, and with the stage music were first played at the theatre in Oldenburg, April, 1883. There are 14 numbers. The score was published by Kistner in 1883. And in 1896 this music was published for performance in concert with a version of the text by Heinrich Bulthaupt, whose stage version was used in Bremen and Oldenburg at the dates above mentioned.

There is an overture to "Cymbeline" by Albert Schaefer, composed for full orchestra in 1885 at Lubeck.

"Cymbeline," an opera in four acts, text by Meilhac, music by Antony Choudens, was composed in 1879 at Paris. Was it ever performed?

"Cimbelino," an opera by Van Westerhout, was produced in Rome, in the spring of 1892.

The song 'Hark, hark the Lark" has been set to music by many; by Chilcot, solo, about 1750; Aylward, solo, 1770; Cooke, glee for S., A., T., B., 1792; Curschman, solo, 1851; Schubert, solo, 1826; Van Boyneburgk, solo, 1825; Jos. Klein, solo, 1828; Küchen, part song, S., A., T., B.; Mochring, solo, 1865; Leslie, an arrangement for female voices of Cooke's glee, 1867; G. A. Macfarren, part song, S., A., T., B., 1869; Emmerich, solo, 1874; Thorne, part song, S., S., C.

"Feare no more the He[illegible]" has been set by Arne, solo, about 174[illegible]; unknown, solo, 1746; Boyce, solo or glee, 1758; Nares, trio; Linley, trio, 1816, G. A. Macfarren, S., A., T., B., 1864; Hayes, 1881; Greenhill, S., C., T., B., 1884.

PHILIP HALE.

DAMROSCH IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia Inquirer comments editorially on the recent Damrosch season of opera in its city as follows:

"Mr. Damrosch agreed to come here and give a certain number of weeks of grand opera, provided a stipulated amount of money was guaranteed by subscriptions for the season. It is evident that this arrangement was carried out to his satisfaction, for he started on his undertaking, giving the assurance that the season would be justly entitled to be called one of grand opera, and conceding to the subscribers the privilege which they asked for, an occasional opera of the French and Italian school, the argument being that an entire season of German opera would be wearisome. Whether the venture has been a financial success or a failure need not be asked. That is a matter which simply concerns Mr. Damrosch, and with which the public has nothing to do. But what cannot be too strongly emphasized is the fact that from an artistic standpoint the season has been a disappointment.

"So far as the production of the Wagnerian music-dramas is concerned, it is cheerfully conceded that it had individual points of merit. * * * But around this oasis there was much that was barren and unfruitful. The ensemble work was not artistic, and there were no surroundings to create an atmosphere such as that which must belong to a complete presentation of Wagner's works. The illusion was wanting; the purely mechanical and the commonplace dominated everything.

"When stars who shine in the firmament of Italian opera were brought here they were surrounded by farthing rush-lights, and when operas other than those of Wagner were given by the regular company the manner of their presentation showed that the singers knew nothing else than German opera, and that Mr. Damrosch cared for nothing else."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

They still listen in London to solos on the double-bass.

Giula Ravogli has been singing in the North of England.

Sir Arthur Sullivan will journey from the Riviera about the last week in February to superintend the rehearsals of the new ballet for the Alhambra, and after its production, at which it is hoped he will preside, he will again return to the south.

The Pall Mall Gazette, Jan. 20, speaks thus of Miss Alice Esty, well-known here, who sang in a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" in London the 19th ult.: "Miss Esty, if not exactly a Melba, was so admirable a Juliet that she deservedly commanded the sincerest enthusiasm of her audience. Her powerful voice at times may have lacked delicacy, but it was finely true and quite splendid in quality."

It is yet somewhat early to announce a summer attraction, but it is no longer a secret that arrangements have been made for the usual summer season of light opera at the Tremont Theatre, immediately following the return engagement of Mr. E. S. Willard. This year the librettist is Charles E. Cook, dramatic editor of the Boston Budget, and the composer is Lucius Hosmer, whose name has been frequently on the programs of the "Pop" concerts. In this new work, which is called "The Walking Delegate," Mr. Cook is said to have developed a story which will prove unique in the line of comic opera.

Mrs. Francis Dunton Wood of Boston sang the solo soprano part in Willard Patten's oratorio, "Isaiah," which was produced for the first time Jan. 27, 1897, at the Metropolitan Theatre, Minneapolis. The Minneapolis Journal spoke of her as follows: "A very handsome woman and a fine singer. Her voice is of bright dramatic quality, clear and sweet, and very effective." The Minneapolis Tribune said: "Mrs. Wood proved herself a charming singer, possessed of a beautiful voice, clear and true, equal to any demands upon register or compass." Mr. Arthur Beresford sang the solo bass part and was also praised.

Mr. Schulz-Curtius has issued the programs for the five concerts at the Queen's Hall, which begin on March 16, under the direction of Herr Felix Mottl. The first concert will trace the development of the overture, and no less than 10 examples of that form of composition will be given. At the third concert there will be a performance of Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," in which a select portion of the Leeds choir will be heard. At the fourth concert there will be given the second part of act II. of "Parsifal," and at the last concert the whole of the third act will be given, when the choral parts will be rendered by students from the Royal College of Music, and among the soloists will be Heinrich Vogl.

The Pall Mall Gazette speaks thus of Moszkowski's six characteristic piano pieces, entitled "From Foreign Parts," played at Queen's Hall, Jan. 23: "They are not extraordinarily attractive, and Moszkowski himself rather meanly avoids criticism by the title which he gives to his work. If you very naturally dub the Italian section as trivial, he practically tells you that this is the nature of Italian music and that he is therefore justified in his triviality; and from this point of view his 'pieces' are certainly 'characteristic' enough. They rather remind one of Miss Ida Heath's prepossessing little dances with her breathless announcements, 'I will now give you a Spanish dance,' and the rest. The German melody, a sort of belated national anthem, was by far the best."

A singer who was a great favorite with concert-goers from [illegible] to 10 years ago, Mme. Lilith Wynne (Mrs. Agabeg), died Jan. 23 at West Kensington, at the age of 54. The last occasion on which she sang in public was at Aberystwith in the summer of 1896, though she had practically retired from the concert platform since 1888. She married in 1875 Mr. A. Agabeg, barrister-at-law, now practising at Rangoon, and she leaves one daughter. She was born at Holywell, March 11, 1842. She was a pupil of Pinsuti, Romani and Vannuccini. She made her début in London July 4, 1862. She sang occasionally in English opera during 1869-'71. She was in this country with the Pateys, Cummings, and Santley in 1871-'72, and she sang in Elijah for the Handel and Haydn Nov. 26, 1871. She also sang for them in "Judas Maccabaeus" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

Ernest Ford's "Scène des Bacchanales," written for the ballet "Faust" at the Empire Theatre, London, was played with great success at Queen's Hall Jan. 17. The Sporting and Dramatic News of the 23d ult. says: "Mr. Ernest Ford is best known by his comic opera 'Jane Annie,' produced at the Savoy, and more recently he composed a great deal of the music to the 'Faust' ballet, which not long ago was delighting the habitués of the Empire Theatre. But apart from these two works all the rest is silence for the past four years, so far as we can remember, which either shows a lack of energy on the part of Mr. Ford, or a deplorable want of appreciation on the part of musical publishers and entrepreneurs. The piece from his pen on Saturday night was a concert room arrangement of the Bacchanale scene from the 'Faust' ballet, and its melodic grace and charm fairly captivated the audience, who made a strenuous endeavor to secure its repetition. The warmest of greetings saluted the composer."

Here is a reasonable explanation of the great popularity of Tschalkowsky's Pathetic Symphony: "Music minus melody never touches the heart, and you may have monumental works from Brahms and his like, which will only appeal to musical scientists. But the lamented Russian composer in this symphony has a series of themes as noble and as enchanting as those we find in some of Beethoven's, and his treatment is almost as masterly. The least expert of musical enthusiasts have no difficulty in recognizing in it a thing of beauty, hence its immediate popularity. Mr. Henschel is an ardent worker, and his consientiousness deserves all respect, but he lacks that indefinable gift which goes to make the great conductor. We have firmly fixed in our mind the poetic treatment to which Richter subjects this work, and that wonderful suggestion of the mysterious he manages to convey in the first movement, so intense, that at times it almost approaches the unearthly, was entirely missed by Mr. Henschel. This one example must suffice, but we could give others."

Here is news of interest from Buffalo concerning Mr. Louis Adolphe Coerne, formerly of Boston—which city turned the cold and ignorant shoulder on him as it did on Busoni—and now conductor of the Buffalo Liedertafel. At a concert of the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra Jan. 21, an Interlude from "The Woman of Marblehead," a grand opera, text by Atherton Brownell, music by L. A. Coerne, was performed under Mr. Lund's direction. The Buffalo Express (Jan. 22) says of it: "'Here is something new' must have been the thought of every discerning listener. The piece, though somewhat Wagnerian in the management of orchestral forces, is full of strong individuality. It is evident that Mr. Coerne has something of his own to say in the language of music. The leading melody is attractive and this theme is worked in a highly-praiseworthy manner. If there is any fault to find, it is the one which most besets young composers—a tendency to over-elaborateness in the use of the orchestral resources. His tone painting is somewhat too luxurious. Strength might be gained with more simplicity. Still, Mr. Coerne has given the world something well worth listening to. The audience received the composition with the marked favor it deserved." Another Buffalo newspaper states that this music had been played before at one of the Liedertafel concerts, but not by a full orchestra.

Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all. There was an amusing scene by the Pont Neuf in Paris a day or two ago, when a wandering minstrel, unwashed and uncombed, selected a quiet spot from which to practise his harmless art on the passer-by. Here he displayed his whole capital, which consisted of himself, a plate for the pence, an old violin and the usual inscription about the poor blind man. He was giving his selections from "Norma" and "Faust," when a gamin of the streets quietly crept up to his side, came, saw, and pilfered. When at last the minstrel heard the rattle of the vanishing pence he woke up from his artistic reverie and implored the bystanders to catch the thief and lynch him on the spot. The crowd was sympathetic, and the offender was quickly caught, cuffed, and hauled back to disgorge his ill-gotten gains. But the many-headed had grown violent, and the boy was being roughly handled, when he shot out the winged words, "Tiens, cet aveugle qui voit clair!" He had drawn his bow at a venture, but he hit the mark, and the old man also drew his bow—a violin bow—at a venture and broke it over the head of the too veracious youth. Then he opened his sightless eyes and fled straight down the street, followed by the derision of the spectators and the gamin, who kept the fiddle-stick as a trophy. There is a vacancy for another blind man by the Pont Neuf.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Feb 8. '97

"Elijah" Given by the Handel and Haydn in Music Hall Last Evening—Ffrangcon Davies as the Tishbite.

The Handel and Haydn sang "Elijah" last evening. There was a very large audience. Mr. Lang conducted and H. W. Parker was the organist. The solo singers were Mrs. Walker, Miss Damian, Miss H. B. Wright, Mrs. Brooks, Master Donlan, Evan Williams, Ffrangcon Davies, Bruce W. Hobbs, Thomas Daniel and I. W. Risdon. The orchestra was made up of Symphony men, with Mr. Schnitzler as concert master.

"Elijah" is a work that might well be cut for performance in these days. The whole scene between the widow and Elijah, which is musically uninteresting and absurdly undramatic, and several of the chorus might be removed with positive advantage to the work, and I see no reason why a singer should be compelled any longer to brace himself for "Is not his word like a fire," which is a dreary imitation of Handel's dreariest style.

But why discuss the merits and the faults of the oratorio at this late day? It contains delightful and impressive music as well as considerable that is mere pinch-beck sentimentalism. It would be an interesting task to discuss the genuineness of its dramatic spirit—about which there has been much extravagant talk. It is more pertinent, however, in the case of an oratorio that is so familiar, to say a few words about the performance.

The choruses were for the most part sung in a very creditable manner. There was a brave endeavor to observe dynamic gradations, and this endeavor was often successful. There was occasional timidity in the attack of the sopranos and altos, and in "The Fire Descends" the walk of the inner parts was not clearly defined. It is hard work for the chorus to maintain a piano for several measures, but this is one of the necessary evils of all bulky choruses. It is only just to say that the performance of the chorus as a whole deserves hearty praise. "Elijah" is a work well known, and evidently dear to the Society.

The accompaniments of the soloists were often ragged; the one to "If with all your hearts" was positively disgraceful. Mr. Williams, it is true, took certain liberties with the tempo, but they were musical, they were not without reason, and a skilled conductor of natural musical nature could easily have accommodated himself to the singer.

* * *

Mr. Davies is a most accomplished singer. His voice is a delight; his art is indisputable. His bearing is frank and manly. His interpretation of the part abounded in exhibitions of finesse. He made many points, and they told. It seems to me that he emphasized unduly the sentimental side of Elijah, that he was unduly Mendelssohnized. For Elijah, the Tishbite of the inhabitants of Gilead, was a rough and shaggy man, a revolutionary, a fierce worshipper of his God, the only true God. He would gladly have put the worshippers—men, women and children—of other Gods to utter destruction. But Mendelssohn clothed him in modern garments, and combed his hair, and told him to assume a more pleasant expression. The true Elijah is seen in the overthrow of the priests of Baal, and in the text rather than in the music. When Mr. Ludwig was here in 18— he painted in broad strokes Elijah, the fanatic, and his rage and irony and contempt were memorable. Unfortunately the singing of Mr. Ludwig was generally mere jugulation, and his cantilena was often bronchial.

... remember, in spite of his frequently abominable singing, the noble, ... pathos of his "It is enough." It was the despair, the resignation of a ... who finally realizes that his zeal ... in vain. Now, Mr. Davies sang ... most beautifully, but his resignation was not unlike the gentle and ... of a rector who is obliged to leave a favorite parish. It remains ... said that if you grant the soundness of Mr. Davies's premise, you admire ... and admire the logical beauty of ... conclusions, and you pay glad tribute to the charm of his rhetoric.

Mr. Williams was suffering slightly from a cold, and his voice was not in as good condition as when he made a legitimate sensation at the last Worcester Festival. Nevertheless he gave much pleasure by the splendor of his voice and the honesty of his art. He sang with delightful frankness of expression, and he did not draw out his recitatives, after the fashion of so many American and German-American ... singers.

Mrs. Walker sang with her usual intelligence and with even greater breadth of style than is her wont. But "Hear ye Israel" can stand a still greater breadth in movement than that given by Mrs. Walker. It is a trying aria, and even when it is sung by the mightiest soprano, the question arises, "Is the music worth the effort?" The aria might well be added to the other numbers to be blue-pencilled.

Miss Damian took "Woe Unto Them" at so slow a pace that the music was more than ordinarily ineffective. I regret that I cannot praise her singing, although she was applauded warmly after "Oh, rest in the Lord," the tune that Mendelssohn took from "Auld Robin Gray."

The concerted pieces were sung unusually well.

PHILIP HALE.

It's of a tradesman and his wife, I heard the other day,
Who did kick up a glorious row; they live across the way;
The husband proved himself a fool, when his money all was spent,
He asked his wife, upon her life, to say which way it went.

CHORUS.

So she reckoned up, and told him, and showed him quite complete,
How five and twenty shillings were expended in a week.

S. R. asks the Journal the following question of local and lively interest: "Have the marketmen of Boston formed a trust? I have a large family, and roast beef is a necessity; but I cannot afford to pay the prices asked in the Boston markets. And this is what I do. I send to a town in Maine for my beef. It is Chicago beef, and of a better quality than I can find here. This beef has traveled from Chicago to Maine, and of course I have to pay for its journey from E—— back to Boston. Yet with this extra charge for transportation my beef thus obtained costs much less than if I bought of Boston marketmen. How do you explain this?"

We cannot explain it. We do not doubt S. R.'s word. We know that the cost of provisions in Boston is absurdly high, and that there is little variety in the markets. The irony of the matter is that in no city of the same size are there such inferior restaurants, so little tavern life, and so little appreciation of good cookery in public and private. We are not throwing opinions about, as a madman scatters firebrands. We are stating facts, historical facts, as though we should give the date of the battle of Marathon; or the list of English sovereigns.

S. R. also says: "I tried to find bathroom slippers the other day. I went from shop to shop. The majority of the clerks stared in amazement. When I went out they probably looked at each other in the shops, tapped their foreheads significantly, or said, 'I guess the old "gent" is dotty.' Finally, in one shop I found a clerk who said, 'Oh, yes, we have a pair or two; but they are seldom called for.' The price was ridiculous, prohibitive. 'Seldom called for.' That is what he said. The horrid question arises, 'Is it possible that Bostonians do not ————?' No, no. Perish the thought! But do they go barefoot to the bath?"

The Pall Mall Gazette says of Emily Soldene's Memoirs: "Critics cannot say that the book is not amusing. For very amusing it is, partly from its unshrinking revelations of a life unlike any other, partly from what some people would call a surprising absence of female delicacy here and there. Yes, but so surprising that we can hardly think it that. It must be something else; and that something else must be some form of innocence, because there is no other explanation of it."

'Twas a brother of Eugene Field who wrote these paragraphs for the Chicago Post:

"An indignant Wagnerian takes us to task for a bungle made in imputing to our venerated and most saintly Wagner the dying declaration, 'Seidl pleases me greatly.' He reminds us that the famous apothegm, verbatim et literatim, is 'Seidl delights me greatly.' We are sorry that we are unable to recall the Teutonic equivalent, but we can readily apprehend the distinction. It is pleasant for us to know that the great master passed away in a condition of delight rather than in an ordinary state of pleasure, and it is the simplest justice to Herr Seidl that we should give him full credit as the cause of these transports. As for our venerated Wagner, he has passed to that kingdom where he will still be chief among the great musicians. In the stirring words of Herr Finck, the greatest living Wagnerian poet:

There is a land of pure delight,
Where soulful song holds sway,
Where "Siegfried" is performed all night,
And "Lohengrin" all day.
And kindred spirits all in white
On heavenly trombones play.

We commend the following anecdote to those infatuated with the dialect of Messrs. Barrie & Co., and never read a novel in these days unless it begins with "Hoot mon!" Perhaps they will appreciate its "delicious humor" and "profound knowledge of human nature":

"Some months ago the present writer was in the neighborhood fishing, and had the luck to form acquaintance with a gray, sexagenarian Scot who was equally proud of being 'an elder in the kirk' and the most consummate hand with the leister. To have been in gaol for killing trout appeared no detriment to his religious status. And these, if not the exact words, convey, at any rate, the exact sense in which he inveighed against his thoughtless contemporaries. 'The silly bodies!' he exclaimed, 'they hav'na the sense o' nowt. Look at the grand fish they kill, and oftentime sell at tuppence, and whiles at a penny the pund. I ca' it runnin' in the face o' Providence, a slaisterly wastefu' proceedin'. Would it no' be better than that to let the fish soom back to the sea? And the money only drucken after a'—the eediots,' and he looked so virtuous one might have thought he had turned tail on poaching; but he concluded, 'What for can they no kipper them me?'"

Feb 9. '97

The newspapers!—Sir, they are the most villanous—licentious—abominable—infernal—Not that I ever read them. No, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

The Passionate Press Agent has at last achieved his masterpiece, and all for the glory of Mr. Walter Damrosch and his company. The P. P. A. uses the N. Y. Times as the trumpet for his earpiercing, truth defying blasts. Hear brass through brass! "In Philadelphia and Boston, where the company has been heard, it has been the unanimous opinion of the most exacting critics that at no time in the history of German opera in America have the representations been given in such an elaborate manner." Oh, hastily borrowed scenery! Oh, shabby mountains! Oh, stage managed at random! And the echo of the blast is ironical, inextinguishable laughter.

That sermon of Dr. Abbott's may yet be a Jonah to his adversaries.

"Miss Florence Marryat is considered by her friends to possess unusual literary discrimination." Why then does she persist in writing novels?

Now unto Mr. H. H. Martin of Albany, N. Y., were born four sons: Bradley, Henry, Frederick and Howard. Bradley never hyphenated his name. Society editors in New York who are at their ease from the Battery to Harlem do not hyphenate it.

The description of some of the costumes to be worn at the ball reminds us of the account of the dress of Lady Snobky, the wife of Sir Snobby Snobky, when she was presented at Court:

LADY SNOBKY.

"Costume de Cour, composed of a train of the most superb Pekin bandannas, elegantly trimmed with spangles, tinfoil and red tape. Bodice and under dress of sky blue velveteen, trimmed with bouffants and noeuds of bell-pulls. Stomacher, a muffin. Head dress, a bird's nest, with a bird of paradise, over a rich brass knocker en ferronière. This splendid costume by Madame Crinoline, of Regent Street, was the object of universal admiration."

We are quoting from that invaluable compendium "The Book of Snobs." A story told by the ingenious Mr. Thackeray is on the same page, and it reminds us of comments by Mrs. Hess on life in New York. "I asked a little friend of mine," said Mrs. Hess, "a boy of 8, what he was going to do during the holidays, and he answered that he was to be very busy; his engagement book was full for every day." And here is the story of Miss Snobky, who as a child used to meet young Lord Claude Lollipop in St. James's Park. "In the very height of the season, from some unexplained cause, the Snobky suddenly determined upon leaving town. Miss Snobky spoke to her female friend and confidante. 'What will poor Claude Lollipop say when he hears of my absence?' asked the tender-hearted child. 'Oh, perhaps he won't hear of it,' answers the confidante. 'My dear, he will read it in the papers,' replied the dear little fashionable rogue of 7 years old."

And then Thackeray adds these biting words, that may be applied this day to certain newspaper readers in New York and Boston. "She knew already her importance, and how all the world of England, how all the would-be-genteel people, how all the silver-fork worshippers, how all the tattle-mongers, how all the grocers' ladies, the tailors' ladies, the attorneys' and merchants' ladies, and the people living at Clapham and Brunswick Square—who have no more chance of consorting with a Snobky than my beloved reader has of dining with the Emperor of China—watched her movements with the Snobkys with interest, and were glad to know when they came to London and left it."

Carrots and kerosene are good for brittle hair.

Mr. Harry Furniss says "Waiters in American hotels have insulted me without apologizing." He is not yet acclimated. The native born American is long-suffering and slow to anger. He likes to be imposed upon.

Mr. Furniss "inquired particularly concerning the codfish at the State House." Sound an alarm! Caricature Dr. Parkhurst, oh English guest; caricature the rising young infidel, Mr. Bob Ingersoll; caricature Mr. G. F. Williams, our Common Councilmen, the public statues—that is, if you can caricature caricatures—but spare the sacred codfish.

Mr. Furniss said "when Mr. Kipling wrote his criticisms of New York there was a great deal of indignation at them, but it was felt now that he had told the truth." The New Yorkers felt toward Rudyard as Mr. Chevalier toward his special dear old Pal:

"It ain't exactly wot 'e sez,
It's the nasty way 'e sez it!"

Here are specimen answers made by applicants at the police civil service examination in New York to the question, "Why were July 4 and Feb. 22 made legal holidays?" One answer read, "The day of George Washington's landing and crossing the Delaware"; another, "On them days the country was freed"; another, "The President takes his seat," and yet another, "Julu Forth was the end of the ware."

Mr. Roosevelt also gives these singular answers. "One question we asked was to name five of the States that seceded from the Union in 1861. One answer was, 'New York, Albany, Pennsylvania, Philadelphia and Delaware.' Another question was, 'Name five of the New England States.' One answer to this question was, 'England, Ireland, Scotland, Whales and Cork.' Another question was, 'Upon what written instrument is the Government of the United States founded?' The conclusion one bright competitor reached was expressed in the brief word, 'Paper.' Yet another question was, 'Into what three branches is the Government of the United States divided?' Rather a common answer to this during the heat of the last campaign was, 'Democrats, Republicans and Populists.' Another question on this line recently asked was, 'What is the highest branch of the Judiciary Department of the United States?' This drew out a fine crop of replies, which included 'Fiar Department,' 'Sir Pream Coart,' 'Senitar,' 'Exzegitive,' 'General Secession,' 'The Postmaster,' and 'The Juryman.'"

CADETS

"Simple Simon," a Mother Goose extravaganza by R. A. Barnet, music by A. B. Sloane and George Lowell Tracy, was produced last night at the Tremont Theatre, for the first time on any stage, by members of the First Corps of Cadets. Mr. Tracy led the orchestra. The cast was as follows:

SIMPLE SIMON....................NORMAN H. WHITE
LEW CID, slave of Aladdin's Lamp........T. E. STUTSON
TOM TUCKER....................W. S. HAWKINS
TOMMY TROT....................W. B. C. FOX
LITTLE JACK HORNER....................DAVID HANSEN
TOMMY SNOOKS....................P. B. CHASE
CURLY LOCKS....................A. K. LANE

LUCY LOCKET....................M. D. BARROWS
RAINBOW....................T. L. DREW
WITCH O'WHITHER-SO-HIGH....................C. W. COLE
BESSY BROOKS....................H. B. PERKINS
POLLY FLINDERS....................E. C. FOSS

"Simple Simon"

Minor parts were taken by Mesdames Ware, Green, Joy, Alley, Hoyt, Young, Whitcomb, Osborne and Ackley.

* * *

It is the custom of certain friends of the Cadets to say before the annual performance, "Remember, my dear Sir, these comedians are amateurs; they give up much of their time, they work hard and faithfully for a most worthy cause—the raising of money for the Armory Fund."

I do not think that these comedians need any such apology. There is a freshness in their performances that gives greater pleasure than the precision of professionals in the same extravaganzas. Surely no one who remembered the performance of "Excelsior, Jr.," by the Cadets found the late performance here of the same piece by professionals tolerable or to be endured. You might search far and wide before you found on the burlesque stage a prettier woman that the Curly Locks of last evening; you do not often see more exhilarating dancing than that of the agile young men at Bartholomew Fair; and there is an eccentricty in the individuality of Mr. Stutson that tickles the mind as well as the ribs of the hearer; there is a finish in his art that may well excite the envy of celebrated professional burlesquers.

* * *

Mr. Barnet has followed the example of Humperdinck and Massenet. They, with "Hänsel und Gretal" and "Cinderella," have turned their backs on tales of lust and blood and have gone to the simple stories that delight all healthy, normal children, young or old. And so we found last night our old friends and companions: Simple Simon; the Slave of the Lamp; Tommy Trot, a man of law, who sold his bed and lay upon straw, and even sold the straw, all for the love of a vain woman; Tommy Tucker, not the only one who sings for his supper; Little Jack Horner, whose self-appreciation was at least honest; Tommy Snooks, who may be seen in the full glory of his conversational powers at afternoon teas; Curly Locks, to whom even now dazzled men kneel in adoration; Lucy Locket, that young woman whose liberal views and breezy deportment excited attention even in the wild town when Charles II. was King; she too is an eternal type. Perhaps Mr. Barnet is a symbolist.

In "Simple Simon" Mr. Barnet has shown wisdom in choosing the form of two acts instead of three. There are few extravaganzas, there are few operettas in which the third act is of any value or interest. Gilbert and Sullivan realized this fact, and Mr. Barnet does well to follow their example. His introduction of our old friends human and fairy, is extremely happy. They are sketched with freedom, but they are unmistakable, they are identified quickly. His knowledge of stage effects and his ingenuity of invention are recognized throughout, and it seems to me that he has firmer control of his subject than in his former pieces. There is method even in his madness of fancy. The lamp is not thrown in by mere chance; it is used with skill; the transformation, the theft, the final disposition are all plausible, and the second act is not merely a pretext for specialties, before an Amazon march and final tableau. "Simple Simon" is to me the best of Mr. Barnet's pieces.

* * *

The music is not too original to perplex the hearer who has dined well. There are pleasing tunes, as the first song of Curly Locks, the duet between Trot and Lucy, the song of the Slave of the Lamp. I did not care for Tom Tucker's song before the cottage; I found it dull. The Chinese music in the second act is very catching, and the chorus of the girls will stick to the memory. There is excellent descriptive music in the witch's long scene. Mr. Tracy's entr'acte "Nymphia" is a graceful number, and I may here say that the orchestration is often dainty and effective. Nor should the lyrics be passed by without a word of praise.

* * *

The performance gave much pleasure, even to those who had "no friend, no brother" on the stage. I have already spoken of the dry humor and the incessant good spirits of Mr. Stutson. Mr. White showed no mean ability in low comedy as Simple Simon. Mr. Fox played with spirit, intelligence and originality. Mr. Hawkins does not have as fat a part as he had a year ago, but he was generally excellent so far as action was concerned. He would have been more effective in song if he had not occasionally over-exerted himself. Mr. Barrows italicized with understanding the mercenary nature and the emancipated views of Miss Locket, and Mr. Drew as the Fairy Queen woke much laughter. It may be said with truth that all upon the stage contributed heartily to the success of the

* * *

To tell the numbers that were applauded loudly would be to give a thematic index of the extravaganza. Martial song and chorus, as well as lover's duet, met with great favor. The dancing—especially the pas seul of Mr. Drew—the Chinese impersonation of Mr. Brennan—the calesthenic drill of Stubb's Female Seminary—these and other features were imperiously redemanded.

There were few exhibitions of nervousness, and the first performance was indeed unexpectedly smooth.

As a spectacle alone "Simple Simon" is well worth seeing. The "Intermezzo Comico" is skillfully contrived; the piece is mounted with much taste; the quick change from Bartholomew Fair to China is surprisingly well done.

* * *

There was an audience that crowded the theatre. There was hardly any standing room after the rise of the curtain. Public approval was hearty and continuous. Messrs. Barnet, Sloan, Tracey were called before the curtain, and Mr. Barnet made a speech. Nor was Mr. William Seymour, to whom much of the success of the performance was due, forgotten.

I have seldom seen an extravaganza in which there were so many pretty girls.

Feb 10

PHILIP HALE.

I see rich Bagdad once again,
With its turrets of Moorish mould,
And the Khalif's twice five hundred men
Whose binishes flamed with gold;
I call up many a gorgeous show
Which the Pall of Oblivion hides—
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the time of the Barmecides;
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the time of the Barmecides!

We do not believe that Mr. R. A. Barnet would have written "Jack and the Beanstalk" or "Simple Simon" if he had been a bachelor. He would have put together problem plays, with a doubtful solution at the box office; or he would have achieved society dramas, with a hero "who had looked at the Pyramids without awe, at the Alps without reverence," with a foreign villain like the Prince de Borodino in "Lords and Liveries;" "'Elle n'est pas mal, ma fol!' said the Prince, with a scowl on his darkling brows. 'Mon Dieu, que ces cigarres sont mauvais!' he added, as he too cast away his Cuba."

We should not be surprised if Mr. Barnet's children turned out to be his collaborateurs. The most experienced playwright would not dream of Simple Simon and the Slave of the Lamp as boon companions. Mr. Barnet probably said at the breakfast table, "Well, children, I shall take Simple Simon for my next hero." And then a voice piped, "Why don't you take Aladdin, too?" Aladdin was not so suggestive of business as the lamp. And no doubt in the same way Sinbad found himself acquainted with Jack.

"Cadet" asks anxiously, "Was there ever such a woman as Lucy Locket? I should like to have known her." Oh, yes, inquiring youth, Lucy and her friend Kitty Fisher were very popular young women during the reign of Charles II.

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
But the devil a penny was there in it,
Except the binding round it.

Yes, so runs the legend; for unfortunately it is a legend. Halliwell and Rimbault are wrong, it seems, in their diagnosis of the case of Lucy and Kitty. Mr. W. B. Squire says so. The real name of Kitty was Fischer. She was the daughter of a German; she was a reigning toast in the 18th century, and in 1766 she was married to a lucky Mr. Norris. Mr. Squire claims that the name of Lucy Locket is borrowed unmistakably from the Beggar's Opera. The nursery rhyme, by the way, has been sung as far back as the memories of men now living to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

In Derbyshire the cuckoo-flower—King Lear added it to his fantastic crown—is called "Lucy Locket," and when children gather it, they sing

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket
In a shower of rain.
Milner fun' it, Milner grun' it,
In a peck of meal (? grain)."

The ingenious John Bellenden Ker regarded nursery rhymes as "unmeaning metrical farragos." He adds "That such compositions should have acquired the wide spread they have among us, with the form they now appear in, is repugnant to the nature of language and the feelings of common sense. * * * To me they seem popular Pasquinades, elicited by the soreness felt by the population at the intrusion of a foreign and onerous church-sway." He reinstated them in what he was pleased to call the original Dutch. Thus "Little Jack Horner" appears as

"Lij t'el Jacke Hoornaë,
Sat in de koren er," etc.

And the rhyme should be translated, "The public's bane, Justice All proper, crammed full of law there, extorts by judicial chicanery, along with his bread, every man's curse. He draws profit from the terror he spreads all round him; and while he grows fat by the traffic, he exclaims, 'Oh! what an excellent milch-cow the clodhopper is! (what good squeezing there is in this sponge!)'" We fear Mr. Ker had little sense of humor; or is, after all, his book a long-winded, prodigious guy?

There are amenities in the cadet's life. That species of female theatregoer known as the matinée chippie delights in the cadet show, and, we are told, there are perfumed notes as well as nosegays sent to the comedians. It is a singular fact, one that should be brought to the attention of Krafft-Ebing, that the comedians most favored are the ones in female dress. It may here be said that these same cadets furnish annotation to the theory of Schopenhauer that man is really the "fair sex." Even the feet and ankles of many on the stage in "Simple Simon" may well excite the envy of women in the audience. Yes, there is no doubt about it: man is a very superior animal.

The mine of nursery rhymes is well nigh inexhaustible, and Mr. Barnet will do well to work steadily the vein that he has found so profitable. There's Nancy Dawson, for instance, who was so fine, she wouldn't get up to serve the swine, and like a sensible girl, staid in bed till eight or nine; there's the one-eyed tailor of Bisiter. See the long procession: Crippie Dick, Sandy on a Sow, Billy Pod, who played upon an old razor, the little man with a little gun, Robin the Bobbin, wooden-legged Peg, Bryan O'Lin, Taffy the Welchman, the lady that lov'd a swine (Alas! her name is Legion), Jack Dandy-prat, the Old Man clothed in leather. They are all very human; they are as real as the men and women of Ibsen. We pity the filmed eyes that do not recognize them. They all lived in the time of the Barmecides; but they are immortal. It is only the materialist who does not see them. And Sister Anne still watches from the tower. And Zobeide still entertains the three royal calenders.

We envy Mr. Barnet his close familiarity with all these delightful people. It is generous of him to give public receptions where we may meet them for a moment. And the man to whom they tell their confidences, and whom they greet as host must himself have kindly, tender qualities, a most companionable nature.

MUSIC.

"Fidelio" as Sung by the Damrosch Opera Company—First Piano Recital of Miss Adele Aus der Ohe.

"Fidelio" was given last night by the Damrosch Opera Company. Mr. Damrosch was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Leonore.....Lilli Lehmann
Florestan.....Paul Kalisch
Rocco.....Emil Fischer
Pizarro.....Wilhelm Mertens
Fernando..... Gerhard Stehmann
Jaquino.....Paul Lange
Marcellina.....Augusta Vollmar
First Prisoner.....A. Lellmann
Second Prisoner.....Fritz Derschuch

The performance of Beethoven's noble opera was at the best only respectable.

Mrs. Lehmann has been an illustrious singer, not as great a singer as her hysterical admirers claim, but a woman who as singer and actress won deservedly in her prime high praise. It is needless to say that she is still an artist—to use a term that by misuse is now almost cheap and vile. Alas, the fleeting and inexorable years! The voice is no longer warm, throbbing, vital. Strive as the singer may, tones are at times refractory, they will not obey the honorable demand. Even in the zenith of her glory, Lilli Lehmann wandered at times from the true pitch. Now when her star is setting, her intonation is frequently impure. Last night when there should have been breadth and sonorousness, the tones were too often weak, dry, hollow. Never had I before heard the famous cry "First kill his wife!" given with so little effect. In the great aria of the first act, the singer's loss of power was very evident. In the trying duet at the end of the prison scene, there was a brave endeavor, but any emotion aroused in this thrilling scene was awakened by the actress and not the singer.

Mrs. Lehmann's impersonation of Leonore is known here, and it has not changed materially since she was seen here in the spring of '90. It is not a supreme performance, but it is honest, intelligent, discreet, and at its height eminently womanly.

Mr. Kalisch acted with remarkable strength for a gentleman who had been kept on a low diet for days and nights. The Marquis in "La Perichole," who had not tasted food or clothes for 12 long years, is more realistic. His voice does not give the lie to his assertion. The Florestan of Mr. Kalisch had undoubtedly greater physical strength and endurance. Mr. Kalisch not only shouted; he also phrased in spasms, and threw accents as though from a culverin.

Mr. Fischer was an estimable Rocco, and Mr. Mertens was a sufficiently bloodthirsty Pizarro. Miss Vollmar as Marcellina sang acceptably, but the scenes between Jaquino and Marcellina are no longer of lively interest.

The Prisoner's chorus was sung without much attention to dynamic gradations, and there was straying from the true pitch.

* * *

Miss Adele aus der Ohe gave the first of two piano recitals yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

Toccata and Fugue, D minor....Bach-Tausig
Suite Anglaise, G minor.....Bach
Sonata, F minor, Op. 57.....Beethoven
Die heiligen drei Brunnen bei Trafoi....
Franz Kullak
Prelude and Fugue, D minor, Op. 15....Foote
Three Etudes, Op. 25, Nos. 1, 2 and 3..Chopin
Valse, A-flat, Op. 42.....Chopin
Andante and Polonaise.....Chopin
Barcarole, F minor.....Rubinstein
Etude.....Aus der Ohe
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12.....Liszt

Miss aus der Ohe is a heroic player and yesterday she was in Erciles's vein. She did not apparently understand or appreciate the acoustic properties of Steinert Hall. The murmur or the lisp of a piano is heard in this admirable chamber as distinctly as though you were close to the pianist and she were telling secrets to you alone, but Miss aus der Ohe, probably from frequent performances in large rooms or with an orchestra, did not take these acoustic properties into consideration, and as a result, she appeared often to her disadvantage. Thus, in her rejoicing in her strength, she forced tone, until sound degenerated into noise. This error of judgment was especially noticeable in her performance of the first three selections, the first of the etudes and the andante and polonaise by Chopin. In Tausig's arrangement of the organ fugue she at times achieved an organ tone, and indeed her performance was extremely brilliant; but there was little or no enjoyment from her playing of the G minor suite. In this suite she pounded without possible excuse, and such music of Bach, written for a tinkling instrument, is ruined when thundered forth from a modern concert grand. Only in the Musette, and occasionally in the Sarabande was there a revelation of the Bach of his period. The gique was not well rhythmed; indeed, there was scrambling. It may be said right here that throughout the concert there were occasional exhibitions of the slovenliness that comes from undue speed and much giving of concerts.

Her playing of the Beethoven Sonata did not move me. Perhaps this was the fault of the music itself, for the passion of the work lies in the title rather than in the notes. Franz Kullak is an esteemed pedagogue, and his essay on the trill is a masterpiece in its way; but he is a laborious composer, and a careful analysis of the water of his three springs would show little that is musically exhilarating or strengthening. The second of the études by Chopin was played delightfully. Brilliancy that was too brilliant characterized her performance of the other numbers by Chopin. Her coloring was glaring. Her own étude is admirably written and extremely effective, and she played it superbly. As regards the Rhapsodie, it may be said that for some years Miss aus der Ohe has been in the very front rank of players of Liszt.

Truly a remarkable pianist, one who has all the qualities of a heroic pianist. Her individuality is pronounced; it is Amazonian. The true aus der Ohe is not revealed in sensuous music. She is not sentimentally inclined; her playing is generally without morbidezza. Not that she is rigid. Not that her coldness is the result of contempt for emotion. Her emotion has not been developed. I doubt if it has been awakened. As she is today, she is unique; very interesting, at times exasperating. For she sometimes abuses her giant strength. I know of no woman who is today her rival, unless it be Theresa Carreno.

PHILIP HALE.

went to Chicago Feb 10.

Feb 8 Meistersinger
9 Fidelio
10 | 13 The Ring.

PIANOFORTE RECITAL.

Mrs. Lillian Lord Wood in Steinert Hall Last Evening.

The pianoforte recital given by Mrs. Lillian Lord Wood in Steinert Hall last evening had much to commend it to critical attention. Mrs. Wood performed an elaborate yet well varied program. It included the concert-stück, op. 79 Weber, three etudes from op. 25, Chopin; the impromptu op. 36, and an lante spianato and polonaise, Chopin, a group of pianoforte pieces by Godowsky, Schutt, Henselt and Sgambati. It had for its final number the "Rigoletto Fantasie," by Liszt.

Mrs. Wood came prepared for this recital with an abundance of mechanism, with nimble fingers and flexible wrists possessing unusual strength and versatility of technique. She is endowed with a musical nature which gave but the slightest hint of its real value when she played the Weber concert stück. Here the playing had such obscurity and insecurity in attendance upon it as later on proved to be unjust to her ability, for Mrs. Wood shows not only a well developed mastery of rare technical difficulties, but she has higher right than this to appear in public.

Her interpretation of the Chopin impromptu, op. 36, was of itself sufficient that she is possessed of poetic feeling. Now and then this degenerates into sentimentality, and at an expense of an adequately objective and straightforward style. The fault was by no means a characteristic feature of her recital, and it is one that the gifted pianist can easily overcome by cleaving none the less to Chopin, but to Bach and Handel more.

She appears to be excessively in love with her art, and this affection at times is more assertive than it should be. It expressed itself in an undue use of the tempo rulato when she played the Chopin polonaise.

Her memory is of a masterly type. A most interesting pianist she surely is. She is original in her ways and means of expressing the composer's intent; but she seems invariably sincere in her relation to that intent. All in all considered, and with such faults and excellences as have been frankly pointed out justly weighed in the balance, Mrs. Wood is an unusually artistic pianist and of fine natural and acquired endowments. Her recital was given under the direction of Mr. J. D. Buckingham, whose pupil she is.

C. L. CAPEN.

Chicago Tribune Feb 13. 97

SCHUBERT'S BIRTHDAY IS CELEBRATED

Twentieth Century Club Hears Philip Hale, Ffrangcon Davies, Carl Wolfsohn, and Eugen Boegner.

The birthday of Franz Schubert was celebrated in song and story by the Twentieth Century club at the residence of Samuel W. Allerton, No. 1936 Prairie avenue, last night. Philip Hale, the musical critic of Boston, delivered the chief address. Ffrangcon Davies, who is filling an engagement at the Auditorium, sang several of Schubert's songs, and Carl Wolfsohn and Eugen Boegner rendered a fantasia for piano and violin.

Mr. Hale said first of all Schubert essentially was a singer. In opera, cantata, symphony, and quartet it was the lyrical quality that distinguished and dominated. He was a born melodist. Like Mozart and Rubinstein, the operatic stage possessed a fascination for him, but he had no calling for the stage. His operas had been found hopelessly old-fashioned in manner and dull in speech. Nor would Schubert's church music have preserved his name, Mr. Hale said, to future generations.

Even now there was a dispute concerning Schubert's true rank in the domain of music. Some critics objected to his songs, saying they were piano compositions with a voice part, while others replied that they were too lyrical, not sufficiently intellectual, and placed them below the labored songs of Brahms.

The striking characteristics of Schubert's songs, Mr. Hale said, were their spontaneous, haunting melody—a natural birthright—mastery over modulation, a singular good fortune in finding the one inevitable phrase for the prevailing sentiment of the poem. Then there was his spontaneous simplicity, and then the ineffable melancholy that was the dominating note.

"In considering his instrumental music," Mr. Hale said, "judgment is not sure of itself. In his largest instrumental works he is often irresistible and authoritative as in his songs. Diffusenesa is the curse of his instrumental music. He repeats over and over again a theme or harmonic progression which pleased him. He wrote at headlong speed. He wrote music because it was his way form of expression. He created a new form, the emotional song."

Symphony Concert
Boston Journal Feb

Occasion of Rare Interest—~~First Hearing Here~~ of Tschaikowsky's Second Symphony—Franz Kneisel's Success With the Violin Concerto by Brahms.

Conductor Paur is not always so fortunate in his choice of a program as he was for the 15th Symphony concert given last evening, as usual, in Music Hall. For variety and breadth of artistic outline, and a strictly non-partisan choice, the program may be said to have surpassed any similar set of orchestral selections that has been heard here for several seasons. The last two of the three great Bs—also Bizet and Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky were the composers.

The soloist for the violin concerto by Brahms, op. 77, was Concertmeister Kneisel. An episode of no inconsiderable charm interspersing the performance was a cadenza to its first movement by C. M. Loeffler.

A renewed experience with this concerto could not have failed to enhance the generally favorable impression it created among musicians when it was first produced here.

In fact, the statement of its first theme by the violas, 'celli, bassoons and horns and its development seems nearer what Beethoven would have written than anything that has appeared from the pen of Brahms. The adagio has a certain noble simplicity, and delicately refined sentiment, no less uncharacteristic of Brahms than it is gratifying. In the final movement an unspontaneous and labored attempt at humor has its reconciliation in its virtuosal embroidery for the solo instrument. Such are few of the leading impressions that a second hearing of the work created. It need not be told that the concerto has a higher artistic value than even a classic show piece for violin and orchestra could be required to contain. It seems musically quiet as much as in the strictly concerto sense of the term, a work of rare perennity.

The refined, logical and masterly cadenza, composed for the work by Loeffler, seems quite as it should be.

This is not the fitful and hysterical interpolation that such cadenzas often are, but a perfectly natural and appropriate tribute without words from a gifted and scholarly tone-artist to a more experienced contemporary, it unmistakably is.

Mr. Franz Kneisel performed the work in that masterly fashion, perfect taste, and loyal artistry that are too thoroughly well-known of him to require extended comment.

It is difficult to subdue enthusiasm, or to write in discriminating and critical terms of the second symphony by Tschaikowski. It was heard here last evening for the first time. A record of impressions is all that one has a right to demand after an initial hearing of any symphonic production.

While the symphony in question is not such an incomparable creation as the composer's famous sixth; while it has not been evolved with such lavish and exciting display of genius as is the characteristic of Tschaikowski's chef-d'oeuvre, it is nevertheless an art wonder in the best sense. Where in any work by Brahms does any one find any such charming and unforced contrpuntal writing as Tschaikowski has revealed in the magnificent allegro vivo?

The andante marziale is not without its borrowed thought of the march from the Leonora symphony by Raff, but it is not a plagiarized piece of music. It is more in the nature of a homage that rises superior to any such merit as the "Leonora" march contains.

The finale of the work is a slightly exaggerated and noisy illustration of the grotesque in music, but it is a superbly unique and scholarly movement for all that.

Of other noteworthy features of the concert, the orchestral accompaniment to the solo part of the concerto was often coarse, and quite invariably unsympathetic and over loud.

The entr'actes and ballet music from Bizet's "Carmen" were deliciously interpreted, and the performances of the overture and symphony were characteristic of the orchestra's best work. At the 16th concert, a week from next Saturday, the Academic overture by Brahms, fourth concerto by Rubinstein, Beethoven's symphony No. 1 and the sixth Hungarian rhapsody, by Liszt will be played. The soloist will be Mme. Teresa Carreno.

C. L. Capen

Feb 14-97

ABOUT MUSIC.

Mr. W. J. Henderson on That "German Spirit."

Narrow-mindedness of German Singers and Admirers.

Literary Indiscretions of Our Old Friend Miss Soldene.

The following article on "that rare German spirit" by Mr. William J. Henderson of the New York Times is so sane and pertinent that we do not hesitate in quoting it in full. It should be read by every one who cares for opera—Italian, French, German or even English:

It is said that in the first season of Italian and French opera under the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau management Lilli Lehmann sat in a box and witnessed the performance of "L'Africaine," and that when a gentleman expressed his admiration for the three great men—Jean and Edourd de Reszke and Lassalle—she said: "If they would go into German opera for two or three years they would become artists." This comment of the greatest living dramatic soprano was an admirable specimen of a peculiar form of narrow-mindedness which afflicts our German brethren. It is about time that a few short, sharp words were said about their strange state of mind, and this is the place where the truth is always spoken without hesitation. When a German talks about "German opera" he means opera of any nationality given in what he calls the "German spirit." But in plain fact, when he says "German spirit" he is using a vague phrase, which he himself cannot explain. You can hear a great deal about the absence or presence of the true German spirit in a performance, but you will not meet many persons who can tell you what "German spirit" is.

Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" has been given here in German, and there was something very German—whether "spirit" or not I cannot say—about the performances. "Carmen" and "Faust" were given here in German and in the German manner, and I fervently pray that it may not be my misfortune to be present at such performances again. Worst of all, however, "Don Giovanni," the masterpiece of a great German genius, was given in German by Germans in the German style, and the whole thing was so utterly dead that the very bones of it rattled.

Lilli Lehmann showed a unique misconception of the possibilities of her own art when she made the remark above quoted. Did she expect Jean de Reszke to interpret Vasco di Gama in the Wagnerian manner? Did she believe it possible for him to make of that superficial, insincere and inconsistent operatic figurehead a dramatic study like Lohengrin? If she had made her comment on M. de Reszke's performance of Lohengrin in the season of 1891-2, she would have said something significant, and her criticism, viewed in the light of the Tristan and Siegfried of the same artist, would have sounded prophetic. But Mme. Lehmann missed that "German spirit" about which so much is said and so little known. She demanded its presence in an essentially French work. Or she thought she did. Can it be that even the great Lilli Lehmann thought that the language made a difference?

At this very day, when so many of us are reveling in the spiritual exaltation of the Metropolitan Opera House performances of "Tristan und Isolde" and "Siegfried," there are people who sneer at them and declare that the "German spirit" is absent from them. If these people are right, then this "German spirit" is something which, like the answer to Dundreary's famous question, "No fellah can find out." It is a mysterious and impalpable something which is to be found only in performances by Germans. If you pin a German right down to details, he will finally tell you that the De Reszkes give you Wagner and water, that they have robbed the master's work of its barbaric roughness and rugged strength, that they have polished the declamation till it almost glows with smooth melody. Now, these are not matters of spirit, but of form. These assertions mean simply that these men have at a blow demolished the silly theory that the Wagnerian declamation is unsingable and that, therefore, it ought not to be sung even by those who can sing it.

Wagner's recitative is not unsingable. Lehmann herself helped to prove that. So did Fischer. They are doing it yet. Furthermore, Wagner never intended it to be unsingable. He would have wept with joy if he could have had it properly sung in his day. But singers who were sufficiently masters of their art to sing his music were all at that time wedded to other styles and to theories of operatic performance which made them useless for Wagner's purposea. Therefore he had to train a new school of performers, and most of them were not finished singers. Their vocalization was rude, unpolished, gutteral, explosive, and the public, hearing a new style of music, voiced in this rude, barbarian manner, naturally thought the roughness an essential part of the music. Wagner was blamed for the faults of his singers. If there had been De Reszkes and Bisphams and Nordicas to sing "Tristan und Isolde" in 1865, two-thirds of the opposition to Wagner's music would have died upon the spot, and the production of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" in 1876 would have been awaited as an event certain to take its place in musical history beside the production of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" and of Beethoven's fifth symphony.

We have to thank Mr. Max Alvary for a good deal of the American misconception of the "German spirit." He exhibited that spirit in its highest and most beautiful form; but he sang and declaimed abominably. The great mass does not discriminate, and it cannot dissociate the soul from the body. Because Max Alvary performed Siegfried with that utter abnegation of self, that complete prostration of identity and vanity before the altars of holy art which is the true "German spirit," people thought that his destructive voice-production, his explosive declamation, and his rude abolition of fluent cantilena from the republic of song were essentials. But they were the dark shadows of a performance which was emotionally and intellectually all sunlight. M. Jean de Reszke gives ua a Siegfried which is quite as faithful to the poetic content of Wagner's drama as Mr. Alvary's, and he teaches us furthermore that every page of the score is redolent with the perfume of melody and of song, and for that, forsooth, some of us must tell him that he lacks the true "German spirit." If the "German spirit" demands guttural growlings, vocal eruptions, and strained shoutinga, then away with it to outer darkness, where there are weeping and wailing and gnashing of trombones.

Let us get at the truth of this matter. We have mistaken species for genus. In the elder days of operatic art, before the glory of Wagner had conquered the singers of the French and Italian schools, the Italian stage was notable for its utter insincerity. The opera was not treated as a drama in music, but as a costumed concert, and the vanity of the artist overrode the body of art. In those days the Germans alone clung to the truth. They persisted in treating the opera as a form of drama and in devoting all their energies to the interpretation of the dramatic content of each work. Of course, when the work was truly dramatic, the results were splendid, and because the most dramatic of all works, those of Wagner, were almost exclusively performed by Germans, some of us came to think that no operatic performers had the true dramatic spirit but the Germans; and so we called it the "German spirit." And when we did that we fastened upon the spirit every blemish in its embodiment and thought that they were essential to a correct manifestation of the spirit. And that, gentle reader, is an example of the marvelously logical and discriminative method of thought of a large proportion of those who take the trouble to think about music at all.

The German spirit is beautifully present in the individual Wagner performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. It is willful blindness to refuse to perceive it. M. Jean de Reszke's Tristan is notable for its sincerity, its self-absorption, its devotion to the dramatic content of Wagner's book. The man is always in the character and always in the picture. He never for an instant steps out of either. In "Siegfried" he follows the same methods, and in both dramas his brother faithfully accompanies him. Mr. Bispham is as good a Wagnerite as one can find. Mme. Litvinne's Isolde and Brünnhilde must stand almost wholly on their sincerity, for they have not much else to commend them. Yet they certainly are honest, and they are far better vocally than some that the Germans gave us. Who can forget the spasmodic Moran-Olden?

There is altogether too much loose and careless comment on musical performances. A popular saying is: "Every man has a right to his opinion." In a certain sense, of course, that is true. Every one has a right to entertain an oninion, but no one who has not thought it out carefully, weighed the artistic evidence on both sides, and measured the value of words has any right to make his opinion public, even in conversation. Every person in an audience is a self-constituted critic, and it is on his criticism that the manager relies, for upon it is dependent his prosperity. But it does not follow that such criticism is correct. If it is, then Mr. Charles Hoyt is a greater playwright than William Shakspeare, because his plays draw more money.

If this loose talk about the "German spirit" continues, I shall expect finally to be told that Mr. Seidl has lost it because he does not permit the orchestra to be noisy—and all ignorant persons know beyond doubt that Wagner must be noisy.

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The following review of Emily Soldene's memoirs appeared in the Pal Mall Gazette of Jan. 18. Miss Soldene is not forgotten in this city, and the irony of the review will appeal to many of our now most respected and respectable citizens:

Once upon a time, and for a long time, memoirs were all about courts and camps—the intrigues and loves and wars and wickednesses of great gentlemen and fine ladies alone. An actor's wife or an orange-wench might occasionally figure in them, but not a orange wench or actor's wife. Persons of quality suplied the most infamous as well as the most charming amours and there was no thought of interesting the world in any hero less titled than a brigadier or any rogue under an abbé. But even before the not-much-lamented Greville left us the last book of the quality there had been great innovations on the most entertaining of all forms of literature; and now a thoroughly enfranchised taste finds delight in memoir-writing which "the Gruncher" could not have called by the name without choking.

In these spacious times all sorts of celebrities, sadly remote from the Gruncher sphere, write stories of other celebrities smaller still, and do so with a success which, though refinement may affect to deplore it, is undeniably legitimate. For in our day there is a vast reading public no less entitled than any other to follow its own choice in gossip and to be satisfied with its own taste in scandal; a public which, from a variety of circumstances entirely guiltless acknowledges no difference of interest between the lives of lion comiques and those of other exalted personages. The itch of curiosity is the same, the "human interest" (which is everything, according to the best opinion) is the same; and whether it be of princes or "pros" the reading is equally innocent or otherwise.

We say this because there are some critics who will deny to Miss Soldene's book a place in literature on the ground that she is not a Mme. Catalani, but only a contentedly successful singer of opera bouffe; and that as far as the Freddies and Johnnies and Annies and Pollies of her recollections, most of them are, or were, persons of no distinction either in art or society. And that certainly is the case as to many of them; but there is a world, and a wide world, to whom they are well known, even when they are not Henry or Boucicaults or Sir Augustus Harris. And, at any rate, these critics cannot say that the book is not amusing. For very amusing it is, partly from a Mark Twainish, Artemus Ward trick of phrase, partly from its unshrinking revelations of a life unlike any other, partly from what some people would call a surprising absence of female delicacy here and there. Yet but so surprising that we can hardly think it that. It must be something else; and that something else must be some form of innocence, because there is no other explanation of it.

This would be seen at once if we could quote the most striking examples of what we are referring to; but

...ul ... ... nt the gray columns of a family journal, whose lightsome touches of an exuberant and ... spirit would run additional risk of misconstruction. It may be said, however, that even in the minor poesy of the time we have never encountered such delight in physical charm, such worship of it, or so generous an apportionment of worship. Nor is it bestowed on female loveliness alone, though here our authoress is lavish to a degree. She boldly recognizes our loveliness also, frequently testifying, with a naïveté which cannot be assumed, to the crushing effect of masculine beauty upon female beholders. It is probably quite true, and has partly been suspected all along; but Miss Soldene must not be surprised if avowals which would be all innocence in a Palace of Truth get her into trouble in the courts of criticism.

And it is perfectly certain that she does not know how inconvenient some of her recollections must be, as printed for the circulating libraries in 1897. A good-natured woman (that is quite clear), she might have reflected that when Lord Johns go to the expense and trouble of taking a box for the ...ful purpose of "criticizing the girls' ...ts—an inch wrong this way or t..., gathers not properly distributed —not correctly graduated"—they do ... expect the public to hear of it when they become middle-aged fathers of families. And what tale-telling is ... of Lord Alfred, who could not go to tea with the ladies of a certain theatre after a rehearsal, bearing a ...ndly basket of dried haddocks under his arm, without all the world knowing it years and years afterward? Recollections like these—and there is a considerable variety of them here—were never meant to be recollected in print; and their publication must have the effect which Miss Soldene could ... possibly have contemplated. Other ... Alfreds will think twice before ... banquet poor ladies of the ballet ... dried haddocks and brown sherry.

However, the book is not all indiscretion, though there is a great deal of matter in it which is much more amusing for most people than it ... be for some, and yet of no harm to anybody. Miss Soldene saw the rise of the music hall from conditions that ... it be called pothouse to the splendors of the Empire and the Alhambra; ... therewith she also witnessed the promotion of many clever singers, dancers, actresses, from poor pay and obscurity to fortune and fame. Miss Soldene was herself one of these. Taking her first regular salary at the Oxford Music Hall, she presently made a great success in the "Grand Duchess" elsewhere and afterward in "Chilpéric," "Geneviève de Brabant" and "La Fille de Madame Angot."

She was born for opera bouffe, opera bouffe for her; and perfectly contented they were with each other. In eager pursuit of her career she was a great deal in the provinces, a great deal in the United States, and, as she herself would ... fear to say, all over the shop in Australasia. So she saw some strange scenes, and came into communication with a great variety of managers, authors, and actors; and here she touches them off in a way which, though it lacks the repose of Vere de Vere, abounds in true artistic merit. Opera bouffe artistry, no doubt, but very telling and amusing at that. Jealousy of each other as "pros" is said to be the great vice of the votaries of the stage, ... as kindness to each other as human creatures is their distinguishing virtue.

Not a spark of jealousy smolders in Miss Soldene's pages: and, to be just, ... ever speaks of her malice should ... it in French. Sometimes, indeed, ... pays off an old score, but never without warning of her intention, and sufficiently handsome acknowledgment of its un-Christian character. (See ... revenge, on behalf of self and fellow countrywomen, upon a generation of bosomless American females who considered her, and them, "beefy;" little knowing how proud they would be of their own flowing contours when ...re, relenting, bestowed that grace ... themselves.)

One of her stories illustrates once more the well-known fact that the most experienced managers often go wrong in the prediction of failure or success. ... was a very experienced manager ..., much against his will, brought out "Geneviève de Brabant" in London ... doubt of its success became certainty when from a seat in the stalls, ... witnessed a final full-dress rehearsal of the piece. "At the end of the first act he pats his tidy little necktie several times, and says, 'There's nothing in it, simply nothing in it; utter failure.'" Immediately afterward the manager and the adapter of the piece "had a few words, and next night "Geneviève de Brabant" proved one of the most tremendous successes of the time.

Feb. 9, '97

...th Concert of the Kneisel Quartet — First Performance of Mr. Loeffler's Octet.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet concert given last evening in Association Hall, was as follows:

Quartet in E-flat major	Dittersdorf
Octet for two violins, viola, violoncello, two clarinets, harp and double-bass (Allegro moderato. Adagio molto. Andante—Allegro alla Zingara) (M.S. First time.)	C. M. Loeffler
Quartet in C-sharp minor, op. 131	Beethoven

It was a pleasure to hear again the ...le quartet of Dittersdorf. There is ... development of the themes, and ...aneity is more in evidence than ...; yet there is an honest, direct ap... a melodic frankness that is irre... ...) In the finale there is a modern ... as though Dittersdorf had in his ... listened to strolling gypsies and ... the relish of audiences of the ...l of the 18th century for the appearance of strains that are wild and free in most orthodox and conventional movements.

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The Kneisel Club was assisted in the performance of Mr. Loeffler's new octet by Messrs. Pourtau, Metzger, Schüeker and Golde. It is not an easy task to speak of the work itself after one hearing. I confess that on the whole I was somewhat disappointed in it.

Mr. Loeffler is a violinist of the very first rank. His playing at a Symphony concert this season might well have excited the praise and even the envy of the greatest violinists. His merits as a composer have been frequently discussed and his characteristics analyzed in the Journal. In preceding compositions he has appeared as a refined, polished, imaginative revolutionary. In his octet he is nihilistic.

When a composer denies all accepted theories concerning tonality and breaks defiantly the rules agreed to by thoughtful men, he may offer as a reasonable excuse, "Yes, all that you say is true; but did I not gain an effect by each violation?" Mr. Loeffler did occasionally gain surprising or delightful effects. Whatever monotony is in his octet is due, however, to repeated strivings after effect rather than any adherence to that which is conventional.

Now the disappointment mentioned above grew from the consciousness of a certain monotony in harmonic as well as melodic treatment. The first movement opens in delightful, characteristically Loefflerian manner, and then the ingenuity displayed in dealing with intrinsically simple material soon becomes perplexing; the vocabulary is crammed with exotic words; colors are shades that are often hardly distinguishable. There is a diffuseness in the ingenuity, there is a verbosity of effect. The hearer would fain hear a few measures that tell simply a simple story. And in this movement there seems to be a comparative lack of true, genuine, coherent musical thought. The second movement is often very beautiful. There are combinations of tonal colors known only to the composer. There is virility in his melancholy. There is a warmth that is not always found in his musical work. In spite of a considerable display of curious melodic wealth, in spite of poignant appeals to the heart, in spite of sumptuous rhetoric, the finale is not authoritative.

Perhaps my disappointment in the work as a whole is because Mr. Loeffler has already done much and aroused still greater expectations. I regard him as one of the most thoroughly original composers of this period. I value highly his imagination and his fastidiousness in expression.

I go still farther. I now commit blasphemy in the sight of the people. For I find a higher flight of pure imagination in Mr. Loeffler's octet than in the C sharp minor quartet of Beethoven. And when Mr Loeffler is dull in his octet I prefer his dullness to the dullness of Beethoven in the said quartet. And the dullness of Beethoven in the quartet is to the dullness of Mr. Loeffler in the octet as 10 to 1.

That Mr. Loeffler, influenced on one side by Russian musical thought and on the other by French fastidiousness in expression, should turn his back on that which has been accepted should not prejudice anyone against him. The composer would be false to himself and his art if he did not follow his bent. Music today is in a strange, unsettled condition. No one can tell the next swing of the pendulum. Perhaps out and out nihilism in music would be just now of mighty advantage. And therefore I am not disappointed in Mr. Loeffler's octet because he does not follow with bowed head and cringing knees some most respectable predecessor. I am disappointed because in this peculiar, original work Mr. Loeffler has not—at least I think he has not—out-loeffiered Loeffler.

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There was a large audience, which appreciated fully the admirable playing of the musicians, and called for Mr. Loeffler after the performance of his piece.

The next concert will be Monday evening, March 8

PHILIP HALE.

Feb 17. 97

Second Piano Recital of Miss Adele aus der Ohe—Miss Olive Mead's Concert.

Miss aus der Ohe gave her second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a good sized and very applausive audience. The program was as follows:

Sonate, C major, Op. 53	Beethoven
Variations Serieuses, two songs without words: No. 1, F major; No. 2, Spinning Song, Presto, Op. 7	Mendelssohn
Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue (Bulow Edition.)	Bach
Berceuse	Chopin
Valse Caprice	Tausig
Suite, Op. 2 (Bouree. Sarabande. Menuet. Gavotte.)	Adele aus der Ohe
Nocturne, No. 1, Tarantelle from Venezia e Napoli	Liszt

This concert gave great pleasure, in spite of its unnecessary length; unnecessary because the ... was too generous, and the empty nocturne of Liszt and the fantasy before the fugue of Bach might well have been omitted. The insatiable audience did not regard the program as too long, and it was greedy and merciless enough to insist on an encore at the very end.

It is difficult to speak in cool terms concerning the performance of Miss aus der Ohe yesterday afternoon. She gave a remarkable exhibition of that which is noblest and also most brilliant in piano playing. I do not know whether she did or did not play the Waldstein sonata in the "true spirit" of Beethoven, for I have never been able to find out what the "true spirit" exactly is. Neither Beethoven nor any one of his contemporaries, nor any one of his pupils has given us definite information. If a pianist should play this sonata as though it were a piece by Chopin, he would surely be open to censure, for the styles of the two men are radically different; and so when Paderewski plays music by Beethoven it seldom gives pleasure to the thoughtful, for his peculiar romanticism does not exhibit Beethoven in his peculiar strength and beauty.

Beethoven, of all composers, laughs at a poseur. Now, Miss aus der Ohe played the Waldstein with eminent nobility of thought, with a care that was not too apparent, with a simplicity that was not severe or affectedly naive, with a pulse that while it never flagged was, on the other hand, never feverish. Admirable was the performance of Mendelssohn's variations, and thoroughly charming was that of the Spinning Song and the presto. It would be a great relief if pianists would have the courage to omit the fantasy and play only the fugue, whether they use Bach's original version or prefer Bülow's tinkering. The fantasy is hopelessly old-fashioned and dull; the fugue is a marvel of beauty, especially when it is played with such perfect tone and serene intelligence as delighted yesterday. Tausig's valse was given with superb dash and incredible aplomb. Seldom has such a performance of bravura been heard in Boston. The same may be said of Miss aus der Ohe's playing of Liszt's Tarantelle. Her own suite in the old style—more or less—pleased chiefly by the gavotte. The menuet is decidedly weak.

Miss aus der Ohe yesterday was at her very best, and her very best is not easily excelled. She gauged the hall more successfully than at her first recital, and her use of the damper pedal was far more discreet. In supreme moments yesterday she swept everything before her, and there was no thought of comparison with other pianists, there was no thought of other pianists. In certain ways she is inimitable. And, remember, that her great and noble qualities make you forget the absence of purely sensuous charm in tone. After all, sensuousness is not the final word in music.

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Miss Olive Mead, violinist, assisted by Miss Lena Little, contralto, and Miss Downer and Mr. Zach, accompanists, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

Fantasia appassionate, op. 35	Vieuxtemps
Songs:	
Vieni che poi sereno	Gluck
Lucia	Luzzi
Dites-moi	Nevin
Printemps nouveau	Vidal
Chaconne	Bach
Aria from orchestral suite in D	Bach-Wilhelmj
Hungarian dances	Brahms-Joachim
Songs:	
Where the Bee Sucks	
Oh! Willow, Willow, Willow	
Who is Sylvia?	Schubert
Rhapsodie hongroise, op. 43	Hauser

Miss Mead has evidently been most carefully and intelligently taught. Her technique has been developed equally and sanely. Her bowing is free; her tone is large and firm; her intonation is generally pure and without suspicion. She plays with conscience and zeal. Furthermore, she is undoubtedly musical in mind. But last night she failed to show in any marked degree an emotional nature. Perhaps emotion has been suppressed; perhaps it has not yet been awakened; perhaps she is not emotional. It may be said of her at the present stage that she gives genuine promise. That her playing was for the most part monotonous in the fullness and breadth of tone does not necessarily discredit her. One word of advice: Of all musical machines, the violin is the most exasperating to him who realizes that the violin may be the most emotional of instruments.

Miss Little did not sing well. Her tones were mushy, her breathing was too audible, her phrasing was ineffective, her emotions were not plausible.

PHILIP HALE.

It is true that there is about the so-called domestic cat, a noble independence and autonomy which should remove it from the dominion of man, and bring it under the category of wild animals, which are not property.

The Earnest Student of Sociology called on us yesterday. He had just returned from a town where he had spent pleasant years in the pursuit of his study when he was younger and ... "The ..." he said, "for certain ... no more. The streets there seem pinched and deserted. The people, though friendly, appear to be anxious about little things. Their amusements are petty. One of the leading business men told me a story an hour long about his slipping on the ice when he was playing hocky. He hurt his shoulder, and he was rubbed by a man for two hours each day. He told me what the man said and he described his personal appearance. I had not seen my friend for ten years, and all he could talk about was a trifling injury to his shoulder. The state of my shoulder, right or left, did not interest him.

"I know," continued the Earnest Student of Sociology, "this is an unphilosophical outburst on my part—but I suppose the hocky gossip was the last straw. I was in the town only a day, but I tried to see my old friends. It was dreary work; I wish I had stayed here. For instance, I met Pickett. He and I were room-mates. I met him on the street. We shook hands effusively. We simultaneously cried, 'Why, you haven't changed a bit. Not a day older.' Now what are the facts? Pickett has lost all the hair on the top of his head. His side hair is badger gray. His moustache is frosty. His eyes are oysterish, and crows have walked about them. I noticed his hand trembled much of the time. Pickett has seen at least 50 summers, and probably more hard winters. I asked him what he was doing. 'I'm a landscape-gardener', was his reply. I found out afterward that he is Superintendent of the leading cemetery.

"I know perfectly well that in his eyes I am an old man, perhaps not exactly old, but along—along—and somewhat battered. He was too courteous to mention my condition to me, but I am sure that when he went home he said, 'Maria, do you remember Smithers, who lived here when we were engaged? Well, I saw him today. You wouldn't have known him. He's a sight. He looks as if he were 60 years old. Poor fellow! I guess he's had a hard time of it. Why, I felt like a boy when I looked at his face. I wonder if he drinks too much.'

"And then I saw some of the women whom I thought beautiful in earlier days. They are now interested singularly in their husbands and children; they apparently cannot talk about anything else. It was a relief to find one that had been divorced and remarried since I last saw her; for she mentioned neither one of her husbands.

"Such a visit is a shock to your self-esteem. Your old friends are not sure that you live in Boston. One says, 'I knew you were somewhere in New England. Any luck?' Another asks, 'Making a living?' and he looks you over, surprised to find your boots soled and your linen clean. They know nothing about the paper read by you before the Anthropological Society of East Brookfield, or your annotations to Dr. Watts' Divine and Moral Songs. They would not believe you if you were immodest enough to tell them your real position in the community; how you are pointed out in the street to visiting villagers; how you were invited to sign a remonstrance of the Anti-Posters and Tights Society. I am, to my old friends, Bill Smithers, and no honors, medals, decorations, not even possible pompous funeral eulogy will raise me in their eyes from the low plane on which I met them years ago. Why, when I told them of my rooms in Cherry Street they did not know the street; they had heard of Beacon, Commonwealth, and even Brimmer. 'Cherry?' They shook their heads in doubt. Of course I shall attend the great fight in Nevada, but the freedom of A—— and a gold snuff box would not tempt me to break the journey."

A. W. F. writes to the Journal: "Is it true that Mr. H. L. Higginson wrote a letter to Mr. Paur after the Symphony Concert in which Strauss's 'Tod und Verklärung' was produced, protesting vigorously against such 'höllenmusik,' as he saw fit to call it?" We do not know. We advise A. W. F. to address himself personally to Mr. Higginson, who is never so genial and openhearted as when invited by an outsider to discuss the affairs of the Symphony Orchestra.

This is indeed depressing news: "The carabidae of Linue, Kaual, are now lost forever."

Sir Spencer Wells, the distinguished surgeon, who was zealous in the abatement of the smoke nuisance, was cremated.

For those two Hogsheads, my friend, which Homer says lie in Heaven full, the one of the good, the other of the ill Fates of Men; it is not Jupiter that sits to draw out and transmit to some a moderate share of evils mixed with good, but to others only unqualified streams of evil, but it is we ourselves do it; those of us that are wise drawing out of the good to temper with our evils, make our lives pleasant and potable; but the greater part (which are fools) are like Sieves, which let the best pass through, but the worst and the very dregs of misfortune, stick to them and remain behind.

Felix Adler based his statement "marriage gives an incomparable opportunity for the correction of faults" on elemental facts. The opportunity for pointing out faults is improved nobly by husbands and wives. This is why marriage is so popular.

Reading an article on the curious ailments of trades, we observed that "boilermakers get deaf from the continual loud noise." Yet neither players nor singers in Wagnerian opera lose their hearing.

"From our point of view, Vegetarianism ranks with Teetotalism and Jaegerdressism, and that sort of thing, the forms of dissipation naturally resorted to by people whose early training forbids incursions into vice properly so called. It pleases them and doesn't hurt us. But fancy living on lentils and parsnips with the snow inches deep on the ground! Gammon and spinach, especially spinach."

Adding spring water to whisky is carrying coals to Newcastle.

Commend us to "Pop" Goodell, the sumptuary legislator of Michigan. He proposes to introduce a bill prohibiting the use of any other language than English in hotel and restaurant bills of fare. "When I take a pig to market and get $3 50 for it," says "Pop" in his simple, unaffected way, "I want to be able to go to a hotel and buy what victuals I want—not make a guess at it. When Molster and I were in Chicago we sat down to table and I see three kinds of potatoes in French, and I thought, of course, the dearest was the best. I ordered, and when my meal came in I found I had two kinds of potatoes and only one kind of meat." Alas for the consistency of man! "Pop" in his bill prefers "menu" to "bill of fare" and "hotel" to "inn" or "tavern."

Gulson at the Porphyry has been depressed for some days. Last night he confessed the cause. "My life insurance is due in March and I don't see how I can pay it without borrowing from somebody. Somebody who lends is now a rare bird. It seems to me that the practical advantage of life insurance to the insured is this: he worries himself to death in the effort to pay the annual premium; his wife then receives the reward for the lawful suicide."

X. writes to the Journal: "In every village is there not some important person, who, thinking himself to be well educated, exults in the use of long words, which he hurls at gaping neighbors? There is one in L——. He talks glibly of procuring an 'abili,' calls one of his associate politicians an 'embeezler,' another a 'damned old hypodrome,' and to cap the climax, in speaking of the progress made by his sisters during their attendance at the 'deestrick' school, says they went through 'partial parentage,' a fact, all things considered, some of us are inclined to believe."

X. adds, "There is a word they use here when they speak of the ditch dug to relieve the roadway of surplus water; the word is 'cassy.'" Can anyone give the origin?

Because an elephant in England lately killed a man who once had wronged him, the newspapers have been filled with articles on the intelligence of the beast. But this intelligence is no recent discovery. Ludovicus Vertommanus nearly four centuries ago spoke most respectfully of elephants whom he met near the city of Bisinager: "The Elephant, of all foure footed beastes, and next vnto man, is most witty and docible, and not farre from humane sence, and surmounteth all other beasts in strength. * * * Some are sold there for fyve hundred peeces of golde, and some (as they say) for two thousande; which peradventure, is not for their greatnesses of bodie, but rather for certayne properties, wyt, and docilitie, wherein some farre exceede other, even as among men. And I dare well say that I haue seene some men much inferior to Elephants in wyt and sense."

The 18th of February, 1889, Mr. Edmond de Goncourt, who was evidently not feeling real well—only from fair to middling, ranging toward middling—entered this beautiful thought in his diary: "Ah the stomach! Ah, the entrails! Ah, the eyes! Ah, the poor interior envelope, the wretched mucous!"

Nor was our dear and lamented friend in higher spirits Feb. 18, 1878. "History is the greatest breviary of discouragement. You find in it only rascals or honest fools."

The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on the verdict of justifiable homicide given by the coroner's jury in the case of the convict shot in trying to escape from Dartmoor Prison, disapproves of the verdict, and gives this advice; advice that is sinister when you remember the present outrageous treatment of prisoners at Dartmoor: "It may, perhaps, be suggested that the prison authorities would do well to improve their machinery for recapturing their fugitives, and to abandon the use of firearms, except in cases of actual attacks on their officials or any outbreak of mutiny. They can make their internal discipline a sufficient deterrent against prison-breaking."

Feb 2 . 97

Miss L. C. May's Piano Recital in Steinert Hall Yesterday Afternoon.

The program of Miss May's concert was as follows:

Sonata Tragica, op. 45	MacDowell
Aufschwung	Schumann
L'Alouette	Glinka-Balakirew
At the Spring	Scholtz
Two Polish Songs	Chopin-Liszt
Nocturne	Grieg
Etincelles	Moszkowski
Prelude	Rubinstein
Fugue	Rubinstein
Paysage	Liszt
Danse des Elfes	Sapellnikoff
Etude de Concert	Brassin

Miss May has a very pretty knack at smooth runs and even arpeggios. It is not too much to say that she has a well developed technique. She also has a good memory.

Her qualities of technique were displayed to her best advantage in the pieces by Scholtz, Moszkowski and Sapellnikoff; indeed, the Danse des Elfes by the last-named was repeated at the urgent request of the audience.

Qualities higher than the purely mechanical were not displayed in her performance yesterday. Her tone was often hard, so that you felt the presence of metal strings, as though she played through the piano. She seemed to have little or no appreciation of rhythm, or accentuation—witness her gelatinous reading of Schumann's "Aufschwung." Her drawing—if a term of one art may be applied to another art—was faulty. She gave no large idea of proportion or form. Her playing was monochromatic, and the one color was gray. Her playing was monotonous, ineffective, and—in the full sense of the word—unmusical.

And yet the mechanism of her art commands respect. What is, then, the trouble?

It is not that she has been badly taught, for she has had unusual advantages. The best teachers can go only to a certain point with certain pupils. It is more likely that of late years Miss May has thought solely of technique, has sacrificed everything to technical proficiency. There are young pianists who are thus absorbed; they cultivate themselves only in this narrow line; they do not stimulate their mind by reading, by the study of nature, or by association with men and women. They pursue the shadow; the substance escapes them. For of what avail is mechanical proficiency when the emotions are unknown qualities, when the mind has not been improved broadly and sanely?

Miss May showed, in MacDowell's sonata—one of the most important contributions of the last fifty years to the repertory of the pianist—that she did not understand clearly the structure of a sonata, the meaning of the word "tragic" or the musical contents of the noble work. The choice was unfortunate; for few pianists are equal to this particular task. But in lesser pieces Miss May showed the same essential ignorance of the real and necessary equipment of a pianist. Even in the pieces in which her technique was best displayed, the hearer felt the absence of wit, intellectuality, soul.

'Tis a pity, 'tis a pity. Miss May has too good fingers to be allowed to go on in her present way without a word of protest. A teacher can impart a certain amount of information; the pupil must supply the rest. Miss May should at once ponder the subject of emotion. She should also mark the fact that rhythm is at the foundation of music. To play quickly and smoothly a large number of notes is a proof of a student's industry; it does not necessarily give pleasure to the hearer; it is not necessarily a kindness to the composer.

PHILIP HALE.

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs?

Now that Mr. Carl Faelten has resigned his position as Director of the New England Conservatory of Music the President and the Trustees of the institution have discovered that he was an admirable officer. Thus Mr. Dana "spoke highly of the improvements made under Mr. Faelten's administration." Thus Dr. Moxom came all the way from Springfield to introduce a resolution in which the Trustees expressed "their high appreciation of Mr. Faelten's ability as a teacher of music, and of his endeavors to improve the methods and elevate the ideals of musical education in America;" in which they tendered to him "their hearty thanks for his fidelity and devotion to the Conservatory." May they not yet succeed in persuading Mr. Faelten to withdraw his resignation? Can they spare the services of such a valuable man?

How pleased Mr. Faelten must be by such appreciation—posthumous appreciation, but appreciation.

And here is Mr. Chadwick, who really had no idea of what was going on. The nomination fell like a roasted lark from the sky. There is only one little rift within the lute, that by and by may make the music mute. "Mr. Dana said that Mr. Chadwick would continue the methods now in use." These "methods now in use" led to the resignation of Mr. Faelten and posthumous appreciation on the part of the Trustees. Does Mr. Chadwick wish at some future time to set to music for solo voice—adagio—dolente, ma con passione—these touching lines of the playwright:

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs?"

We trust, however, that the suspicion is unfounded. The choice of Mr. Chadwick—if Mr. Faelten cannot be induced to change his mind—seems an admirable one. He is a man of natural Yankee shrewdness as well as musical instincts and education. No doubt his temper will be often tried; but he knows how to be elastic as well as firm.

"Mr. W. W. Astor owns 4000 houses in New York city." This is probably the reason why he does not live there; the embarrassment of choice of dwelling house would be too much for his nerves.

When Mr. Dyer of Plymouth heard that the shortage in the Town Treasury was about $10,000, he said, "I did not think it was so much." Truly a modest saying, worthy of Plutarch's men. Here is no boisterous exultation, no leaping into the air and cracking together of the heels.

We regret to say that accounts of prize fights are no longer picturesque. They are stiff with prosaic detail; they are not pictorially descriptive or highly imaginative. There is a display of a meagre vocabulary. Thus "jab" as verb and noun is used with tiresome reiteration. The good old terms and phrases have disappeared. Nor are we consoled for the loss by the statement that "the spectators yelled like demons." Oh for the days of Thomas Moore, when there was glory to be won even in the description of a fight.

"With roving aim, but aim that rarely miss'd
Round lugs and ogles flew the frequent fist:
While showers of facers told so deadly well,
That the crush'd jaw-bones crackled as they fell!"

We should look the truth in the face without blinking. The glorious days of pugilism are over, and all the legislators in Nevada cannot revive them. Not even the Hon. John L. Sullivan, who, it appears, is now "hog-fat," was, at the zenith of his fame, the equal of Gentleman Jackson, the dear friend of Byron; Jackson, "a man of character and integrity—polite, agreeable, reputable, a capital talker, a person of tact, energy and charm." His rooms were "the most attractive lounge in the West End;" he instituted the practice of making a purse for the beaten man: "his manners," said Byron, "are infinitely superior to those of the fellows of my college whom I meet at the high table;" and a great monument—a couchant lion and a naked athlete (weeping)—subscribed by his pupils, marks his place in Brompton Cemetery.

What modern fight has been witnessed by a modern poet of high renown? John Keats, the high priest of beauty, saw the mill between Randall and Turner, and tapped his fingers on the window pane to give Cowden Clarke an idea of the rapidity of the Nonpareil's hits. This was in 1818. Tom Moore tells the story. "The fight lasted two hours and twenty minutes. Turner's face was a good deal dehumanized, but Randall, the conqueror, had hardly a scratch. * * * A beautiful sunshine broke out, * * * and had there been a proportionate mixture of women in the immense ring formed by the crowd, it would have been a very brilliant spectacle."

William Hazlitt's story of the mill between Bill Neate and Hickman is one of the masterpieces of English prose.

Read the tributes paid Robert Gregson, who died in 1824. "In his first fight with Gully, as in his battle with Cribb, he had his men beaten to a standstill, so that it was feared that Gully would die, while Cribb fell down and did not recover for some minutes." This excellent gentleman sat to Lawrence and was lectured upon by Carlisle, Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy. He was a lover of tunes and verses, a person of manners and sentiments. Ah, those were the glorious days of pugilism. As Mr. Henley well says, "Pugilism was a part of the nation's life and a moving factor in the nation's art and politics * * * a dreadful age, no doubt; for all its solid foundations, of faith and dogma in the Church and of virtue and solvency in the State, a fierce, drunken, gambling, 'keeping', adulterous, high-living, hard-drinking, hard-hitting, brutal age * * * and 'Don Juan' and 'The Giaour' are as naturally its outcomes as 'In Memoriam' a product of Victorian England."

Feb 20 . 97

But for vanity the race would have died out long ago. There are some men whose lives seem to us as undesirable as the lives of toads or serpents; yet these men breathe in tolerable content and satisfaction. If a man could hear all that his fellows say of him—that he is stupid, that he is henpecked, that his brain is softening, that he has said all his best things—and if he could believe that these pleasant things are true, he would be in his grave before the month was out. Happily no man does hear these things; and if he did, they would only provoke inextinguishable wrath or inextinguishable laughter. A man receives the shocks of life on the buffer of his vanity.

They say that Mr. Richard Mansfield is writing a book entitled "How I fell in love with Myself."

This report moves to smiles all those who regard life as merely beer and skittles. It vexes the vain who have never done anything. They chafe, they cry out against such preposterous vanity.

And yet what an interesting and valuable book this projected novel, or autobiography, or satire by Mr. Mansfield might be! As Alexander Smith said in his essay "On the Importance of a Man to Himself"—you will find it in "Dreamthorp," that most delightful book which Robert Louis Stevenson knew very well and from which he occasionally lifted a thought or expression—"Each man is to himself the most important thing in the world."

A man in love with himself is invariably faithful to the object of his affection. Even Mr. Mansfield, a man of whims, a fantastical, has never swerved in his passion for himself. We do not single him out. He is only one of thousands. This species of lover finds daily new riches in the beloved one. He discovers fresh physical and mental charms. There is a steady growth of worthiness. There is no divorce court; for there can be no possible rival, no incompatibility of temper. There can here be no horror of drunkenness, no charge of cruelty.

How beautiful is the dawn of this love! The man becomes aware of his own perfections. Constant intercourse confirms his suspicions. He should be, must be loved. There is here a return to the old fancy of Aristophanes, Plato et al. Man originally was twofold. The story that the ideal woman whom he seeks is his severed half is only a legend. For does he not fall in love with himself? Does he not feel sure—like unto the cockroach—of possessing all admirable male and female qualities? When he exclaims, "Death and Death alone can separate me from my love," he is guilty of no amorous extravagance. This, this is true love, passing the love of women.

The February Lotus is without a surprise. Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte continues to abuse Mr. Elbert Hubbard.

"Querist" writes thus to the Journal: "After quoting the observation that 'boilermakers get deaf from continual noise,' you write, 'Yet neither players nor singers in Wagnerian opera lose their hearing.' I differ with you. You err. To what other source would you attribute the flatting, the sharping, the inartistic and promiscuous cavorting of most of the singers of Wagnerian opera whom we have heard in Boston? They were once—years ago—good singers, with true voices. If not the orchestral din of the Bayreuth show-pieces, what other affliction has beset them? No other, assuredly, than that din—huge, resonant, destructive, overwhelming. The singers of the music of Wagner are sacrifices to art; or, rather, to a product of art which, like a cataract, is made up of rainbows and noise. Furthermore—pardon the excursion—is it not likely that Wagner, who was not a charlatan, suffered from periodic deafness?"

No, "Querist." These men and women to whom you refer were not good

...years ago, ... her ... true. A German who sings true to the pitch is a much rarer bird than a black swan. We heard one once—the same day we saw a unicorn.

It was on Feb. 20, 1884, that somebody told Mr. de Goncourt—Edmond not Jules—about a son whose father was in second childhood. To make the father eat, the son was obliged to crack a coach whip, and threaten him with a flogging; and the son said he longed for his father's death, so horrible was his daily punishment.

Calvé is not the only singer who has been dogged persistently by an adoring man. Nordica and Marie Millard have been followed from town to town by infatuated Bostonians.

Zola talked about death Feb. 20, 1883. He said that the death of his mother had made a hole in the nihilism of his religious convictions; for it was frightful to think of an eternal separation. And he said this haunting thought of death, as well as the evolution of his philosophical ideas, superinduced by the death of a dear one, would make excellent copy for a new novel, to which he would give the title "La Douleur."

2-21.97

ABOUT MUSIC.

How Teresa Carreno Made Her Debut in '63.

Glimpses of Some Romantic Episodes in Her Life.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

The Symphony Program Book of Feb. 13 said that Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 2, in C minor, was played that night for the "first time." As the same book said that Bizet's Entr'actes and Ballet Music from "Carmen" were "played for the "first time at these concerts," the natural inference is that the Tschaikowsky symphony was first played in Boston Feb. 13, 1897. As a matter of fact, it was played here for the first time Dec. 9, 1891, at a concert given in Music Hall by the New York Symphony Orchestra, led by Mr. Walter Damrosch.

* * *

In a review of the Symphony concert of Feb. 6, I stated that Dvorák's "Othello" overture—a part of the triple overture—was first played in the United States at the inaugural concert of the composer in New York, Oct. 21, 1892.

But this performance was not the first production. Mr. G. H. Wilson, now of Pittsburg, has sent me a program of the performance at Prague, where they were first played—from manuscript—May 8, 1892. The concert was devoted exclusively to works of Dvorák—Antonina Dvoráka, as the program spells his name. Dvorák conducted an orchestra of 60 players. An account of the concert was published in the Boston Musical Herald of July, 1892.

* * *

Thirty-four years ago Teresa Carreno made her début in Boston. Her first appearance was in Music Hall Jan. 1863.

Born at Caracas, Venezuela, in 1853, the daughter of a Government official of high standing, she showed her musical instinct at an early age. A revolution exiled her family. New York was her dwelling place.

At the age of 9 she appeared in a benefit concert in the old Academy of Music, New York. (She had been trained chiefly by her father, but her first teacher of widespread fame was Gottschalk.) I am told that the manager decamped with the box office receipts.

She made her first appearance here in Music Hall. Mathilde Phillipps assisted her. The child-pianist played Döhler's notturno, a piece by Gottschalk, Thalberg's "Norma" fantasie, etc.

She next played in Chickering Hall Jan. 15, 1863. Her program was as follows:

Barcarole	Thalberg
Fantasia on "Trovatore"	Goria
Andante and Rondo	Mendelssohn
Nocturne	Chopin
Fantasia on "Puritani"	Herz
Nocturne	Doehler

She was then described by a local critic as "a child of nine years with fine head and face full of intelligence, Spanish looking." She had "a funny deal of difficulty in getting herself upon the seat before the grand piano." Her playing "would charm even if she was not a child."

Now listen to the solemn warnings of Mr. J. S. Dwight in 1863: "The child's face beams with intelligence and genius; these speak too in her touch, in a certain untaught life that there is in her playing. It is a precious gift. O treat it reverently and tenderly, educate it, save it, and not let the temptation of dazzling success or gain exhaust it ere its prime." And again: "There can be no doubt of real talent here; may it only have wise training, and not be early wasted before publics! It is too precious for continual exposure. Such gifts are of God, and ought not to be prostituted for mere gain."

Then there was the triumphal career of an infant phenomenon. She traveled. Her first appearance in Paris was May 14, 1866, at a concert given by Vivier, the extraordinary horn-player and jester. She played Thalberg's "Moses" fantasia, and Gottschalk's arrangement of the Miserere from "Il Trovatore." She was called a double phenomenon of talent and beauty. Paul Smith wrote: "Beautiful as a Galatea just leaving the chisel of a new Pygmalion." Her hands and arms were thought to be of ultra-feminine vigor.

Here are a few dates in her early career. She gave concerts in Paris in June and July, '66; she went to Spain, returned to Paris in '67, visited London in 1868 and played there; went to Holland in '69 with Minnie Hauck and Sivori; '69-'70 she went with a company under Strakosch to Germany (Strakosch was then busy in producing Rossini's Mass); she was in a company with Vieuxtemps and Bottesini. In 1872 she was again in Paris. In the English provinces she sang the Queen of Navarre in "The Huguenots" for Mapleson.

* * *

Her first appearance in Boston after these adventures was in a concert company the last of September, 1872, with Mario, Carlotta Patti, Cary, Ronconi, Sauret. Mr. Dwight described her then as "a tall and beautiful young lady," who had too much "Spanish fire" to please him in the "interpretation of the classics."

* * *

She married Sauret in London, in June or July of 1873. Here is Mr. W. S. B. Mathews's version of the romance: "The New World was not ripe for him (Sauret). He presently grew tired of the country. They were in poverty almost, and Sauret was homesick. Perhaps differences grew between them. Carreno was expecting a baby very soon. In this crisis Sauret left her, with little money, among strangers, for her father was dead. She told him that if he left her then she would never live with him another day in the world. He departed, and in due time her daughter was born. Later the child was taken by Sauret's sister, most of his family thinking that the young wife had been hardly dealt with. The conditions under which Carreno allowed her child to leave her were that the child should be taught that her mother was dead. When she should be 19 years old it was the mother's intention to see her daughter and set all the case before her, leaving her free to go with either parent. When she told me this I said: 'Mme. Carreno, you have done very wrong. When your daughter grows up without knowing her mother, and you come to see her, you will be simply a stranger. You are unjust to the child, and the experiment cannot possibly turn out well.' So one of the reasons why she wanted to live in Europe was to see again this long-lost daughter, and perhaps receive her again to herself. So she wrote to the aunt in charge of the daughter, but discovered that the aunt was very fond of the girl and in mortal dread lest when she should see her mother her heart should go out to her and the aunt be left in her old age alone, for she is unmarried. The feeling was very natural, but rather hard upon the mother's heart. Carreno begged and plead; she was willing to promise not to make herself known to her daughter, if only she could see her and talk with her. And with a half concession of this kind she came to Wiesbaden, where the aunt lives. The very day that Carreno was coming in from one side the aunt and the daughter went out upon the other, and when I saw Mme. Carreno in London (1890) she had not yet seen her daughter."

* * *

Since 1873 she has lived the life of a wandering virtuoso. She has appeared in concert companies and alone. Thus in 1874 she was with de Murska, Braga, Habelmann, Ferranti. In '78 she was with Wilhelmj, Lazzarini, Tagliapietra. In '80 she gave concerts with the 'cellist Adolph Fischer.

And she has been heard in Boston—as in other cities—as an opera singer. In March, 1876, she was seen here as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni." Titiens, Beaumont, Orlandini, Barili and Brignoli were the other chief singers.

* * *

After Sauret and Teresa had separated, the pianist married Tagliapietra, the baritone, who is well known here. By him she had three children, and for several years ... there was happiness. "Later the husband developed habits which a wife could not be expected to tolerate and one reason of her going to Europe was to make a technical desertion without making scandal against Mr Tagliapietra."

* * *

This as a prelude to the queer episode in her operatic life told by Mr. Mathews:

"Some years ago Venezuela celebrated the centennial of Bolivar and liberty. About a year before, they sent over a national hymn to Carreno, asking her to compose the music for it, which she did. Then they asked her and her husband, Tagliapietra, the baritone, to come as guests of the State. So they were met at every railway station with bands, military, the Mayor with the freedom of the city in a gold box, and all that sort of thing. Ceremonies, functions, and social enjoyments intervened between the concerts—tickets for the latter being sold out at advance rates weeks ahead. They desired opera the next year. So a subvention of twenty thousand dollars was voted and 'Tag' went off to Italy to engage a company. The time came and the opera opened brilliantly. But a revolution was impending. One night the police exhumed some barrels of gunpowder from under the Opera House, intended to blow the President and all the audience into 'thin air,' as Virgil says, when it should be quite sure that the President had appeared. Revolution was in the air. Everybody quarreled with everybody else. The first soprano quarreled with the first conductor, and as conductors could be spared better than the dramatic soprano, he went. Two days later the soprano quarreled with the second conductor, and insulted him so grossly that he also left. Here was a box. There was not another conductor competent for the place within some thousands of miles. To stop—ruin. But how to go on? It was a fiddler who solved it. He said: 'Mme. Carreno, why do you not direct the orchestra yourself?' She answered that she could not direct. 'Nonsense,' said the musician. 'You have stage experience; you are an artist and know exactly how the music ought to be done, and you are a singer and know how an artist ought to be accompanied. You are the very person, and the only person.' So, since it was sink or swim, Mme. Carreno undertook the direction and conducted the remaining three weeks of the opera with perfect success. She said that the musicians were very polite to her and did exactly as she desired them. She always spoke to them politely and gently, and when things needed to be practised they simply went over them again and again until the effect was realized. But the work of beating! 'You cannot imagine how arduous I found it. I had to have my arm rubbed for hours every night after performance before I could sleep at all; and toward the last I feared that I would be paralyzed permanently.' "

* * *

Mrs. Carreno's first appearance at a Symphony concert was Oct. 29, 1887, when she played Chopin's E minor concerto. This was her sole appearance before last night.

* * *

She made her reappearance in Europe as a pianist in 1889, and since that time her career has been one of steadily increasing fame.

In 1892 she made an error of judgment. She married Eugen d'Albert. She is no longer his wife, and as soon as the divorce was granted he married an opera singer, Hermine Finck. Sauret has been married happily for some years. Tagliapietra was here not long ago in Lillian Russell's company.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Lecocq is setting six fables of La Fontaine to music.

Paisiello's clavecin was sold lately at auction in Milan for $210.

Rosa Sucher sang at an Ysaye concert in Brussels, Jan. 31.

Berlioz's "Te Deum" was heard in Berlin for the first time Jan. 18.

"Potemkin an der Donau," music by Ugo Afferni, was produced at Annaberg.

Arthur Bird's third orchestral suite was played for the first time at Montreux.

They did not care in Berlin last month for Miss Charlotte Thudicum, an English singer.

Georg Henschel and his wife will give concerts in the United States, the season of '97-'98.

Only Italian artists will be allowed to compete in the design for the Donizetti centenary medal.

Hans Richter will conduct the 5th Swabian Music Festival at Stuttgart, May 15, 16 and 17.

Gerhard Schjelderup's opera, "Der Liebe Macht," will be produced for the first time at Cologne.

They are just beginning to find out in Germany that Mrs. Joachim's voice has lost its freshness.

The Royal Orchestra, Berlin, under Weingartner, will give two concerts in Leipsic this season.

A new requiem for three 'cellos with piano accompaniment by Popper was played in Berlin Jan. 23.

Charles Harris, stage manager, brother of Sir Augustus Harris, died at London, aged 43, Feb. 5.

Alexander Kopyloff's string quartet op. 15 was given at an Ysaye chamber concert Jan. 28 at Brussels.

The review of the Symphony concert and local announcements are in the news section of the Journal.

Mozart's "Entführing aus dem Serail" will be revived with great attention to detail at Munich.

"Die Meistersinger" has been produced for the first time at Copenhagen under Svendsen's direction.

Sigrid Arnoldson has been decorated by the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Duke of Sachsen-Altenburg.

'Archanges de combat,' 'Eaux dormantes,' 'Cygnes de rêve,' etc., took the place of allegro, adagio, etc."

Alexandre Georges's "Ax..." did not please the critic Houtard at a recent Lamoureux concert in Paris.

Brema has been singing at the Monnaie, Brussels. Le Guide Musical thinks her action might be "condensed."

Schillings's "Ingewelde" will not be given at Berlin this season in spite of announcements to the contrary.

"Konigskinder," by Humperdinck, has at last been produced for the first time at Munich, with enormous success.

Auber's "Domino Noir," revived at the Monnaie, Brussels, seemed a bore to those delighted with it 20 years ago.

Schubert's great C major symphony was produced for the first time in Paris, Jan. 17, at a Conservatory concert.

Otto Floresheim regards Edouard Risler of Paris as "one of the finest, most musical and most artistic of all pianists alive."

The Henschel concerts, formerly known as the London Symphony concerts, will be discontinued after this season.

The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, under Motti, Nikisch and Weingartner, will give three concerts in Vienna, April 5, 7, 9.

They say Mascagni has sold the right of producing for the first time his new Japanese opera, "Iride," to Covent Garden for $10,000.

Bessie Macdonald of Chicago has sung in the Carl Rosa Opera Company, the parts of Marguerite, Juliet, Michaela and Nedda.

Ingres, the French painter, anticipated Bayreuth at Florence, 1821. He desired that "one should not see the orchestra in a requiem mass, so that there should be no distraction in a subject so terrible and solemn."

A waltz by Massenet, "Salutations Parisiennes," was played for the first time at the annual ball of the Polytechnic School, Vienna.

For the first performance of Manzotti's new ballet "Sport" at la Scala, the best seats sold for $12, and numbered seats in the gallery for $2.

At the Schubert Centenary Festival in Vienna Schubert's "Der Vierjährige Posten" and "Der Häusliche Krieg" were sung at the opera house.

Betz, baritone of the Berlin Opera, has retired at the age of 62. It was high time. He began his career in Berlin in 1859. As an actor he was a stick.

Irma Sèthe played in Brussels a new violin concerto by Emile Mathieu—"delicate, poetic, a little vague; titles which indicate its fantastic character.

Is "Mme. Salaville" of the Paris Opéra-Comique, who is suing for divorce, the charming Frances Saville, who was with the Metropolitan Opera Company a season ago?

Il Mondo artistico says Lorenzo da Ponte was a Jew, and his real name Emanuele Conegliano. He took the name of da Ponte from the Bishop of the diocese of Céneda, his birthplace, who converted him at the age of 14.

Rubinstein's "Solemn Overture" for orchestra, organ and chorus was performed at the inauguration of the new Conservatory Building at St. Petersburg. It was written by him some time before his death for the occasion.

Anton Arensky's orchestral suite "Silhouettes" was played at a promenade concert in London Jan. 30. "The new suite is in five movements, and the taking quality of the music and the clever instrumentation at once made the work popular."

The Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung of Feb. 5 pronounces Georg Liebling a dead man so far as Berlin is concerned. Liebling, who was accused of introducing "American bumbum" into art, slapped a critic's face in a restaurant, and sent 50 marks to the Börsenzeitung.

Russitano, a tenor known in Boston, has left Madrid. His salary was cut down, "although he had sung with great success in 'The Huguenots,' 'The Prophet' and 'Trovatore.' Pasqua also left, disgusted with the "incompetence and capriciousness" of the management.

A scenic cantata, "Venus and Adonis," by Xavier Leroux, performed at the third concert of the Opera, Paris, was reviewed severely by Arthur Pougin. Leroux is said to display in his cantata aggressive musical ideas, contempt of tonal feeling, and orgies of strident sonorities.

George W. Stewart has engaged these musicians for the 9th annual tour of the Boston Festival Orchestra: Emil Mollenhauer, conductor; Calvé, Mrs. Blauvelt, Miss Stewart, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Ella Russell, Mrs. Bloodgood, Miss Spencer, Barron Berthald, J. H. McKinley, Campanari, Heinrich Meyn, Mr. Sieveking and Miss Minnie Little.

Glazounoff's B flat symphony (written in 1895) was played in England for the first time at a Queen's Hall concert Jan. 30, Mr. Wood, conductor. "One has a natural hesitation to judge hastily of a work heard for the first time, but, unless there are profundities in it not apparent upon a first hearing, there seemed to the careful listener no depths worth the plumbing. There is plenty of sound, and even of unexpected surprise, but the surprise is never accompanied by simultaneous pleasure, and the sound too often is the twin sister of the fury 'signifying nothing.' "

"Mascagni's new opera is progressing. Its scene is placed in Tokio. The second act represents a theatre in Tokio. The scene is a flood of light and color. You hear distant music, whilst singing and dancing go on in front. You also see the public arriving, and amongst these are the heroine and her father, between whom there is a dramatic scene, ending in a curse—and the heroine dies. Mascagni is so much in love with the libretto that he has scarcely any rest. He often jumps up from bed to write down the melodies as they come to him. 'If the public likes my music only half as much as I like the libretto,' he says, 'this opera will be my greatest success.' "

"The Oak of Geismar," a cantata, was performed for the first time by the Highbury Philharmonic Society Jan. 26. A London exchange speaks of it as follows. "A cantata by Mr. Erskine Allon, an earnest musician,

who has striven hard to obtain a reputation as a high-class composer, but has not yet gained it to any great extent, owing, perhaps, to the fact that his music has hitherto proved somewhat wanting in geniality. This cannot be said of 'The Oak of Geismar.' This is the musical illustration of a story by Harry Van Dyke of New York, dealing with the conflict between Paganism and Christianity, in which, of course, the Norse God Thor comes off second best. I thought much of 'The Oak of Geismar' as being bright and genial, especially the Christmas carol which brings the work to a conclusion."

Miss Alice Esty, formerly of Boston, sang Marguerite in a performance at London by the Carl Rosa Company Jan. 30. The Pall Mall Gazette says: "Miss Esty's Margaret, though careful and conscientious, was never aroused to any moment of real inspiration. We rather imagine that she, in concert with her other companions, has been spoiled by their very noble work in the cause of 'The Meistersingers.' After Wagner, Gounod must have seemed so easy that the slightest endeavor would appear to be sufficient for such an occasion. * * * It need scarcely be said that these ideas, whether concerned with Gounod or another, are not to be supported by serious criticism. Gounod may not be a Wagner, but it is worth while, at all events, to interpret him with every strife after excellence, for, after all, Gounod was a musician, and, at any rate, he deserves the respect of all intelligent singers."

Sir Arthur Sullivan is following in the wake of the Duchess of Devonshire and Sir Henry Irving. As the Chairman of the musical section of the Victorian Era Exhibition, he is appealing for the loan of curios and other exhibits which shall illustrate the progress made in the art during the period. Not only is Sir Arthur right in his statement that during the reign the English people have encouraged the art to an extent unprecedented in the history of the United Kingdom, but the exhibition itself should form a powerful stimulus. Moreover, the fact that competitions are to be arranged, which are certain to draw a large attendance of musical people, makes it especially desirable that this department should be well filled. The committee who are advancing the movement are thoroughly representative, and may be relied upon to take ample precautions for the protection of the goods.—Daily Messenger (Paris).

The most gigantic harp ever constructed, as far as the record goes, was that made by Veritan, the provost of Burkli, near Basel, Switzerland, in 1787. That was a long while ago, but the fame of M. Veritan's gigantic harp was such that it is still occasionally mentioned by writers on the rare and wonderful, just as the sea serpent, bloody rain, live mastodons, etc., are. M. Veritan's colossal musical instrument was 320 feet in length, and on that account was constructed in an open lot instead of in a harp factory. It was most simple in construction, consisting of 13 wires strung tightly between two poles. These wires were of different sizes, the largest being one-sixth of an inch in diameter, and the smallest one-twelfth of an inch. They were stretched north and south, and inclined in such a manner as to form an angle of from 20 to 30 degrees with the horizon. This queer instrument was not intended as an exaggerated toy, but was constructed for the express purpose of foretelling changes in the weather, which were calculated by Prof. Veritan according to the different tones the instrument made when the wind was blowing through it. —Musical Courier.

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News (London) of Feb. 6 speaks these pertinent words concerning English opera: "Why are operas sung in English? A very obvious answer is because their meaning shall be grasped by an English audience. Therefore, we may conclude, that when a German opera is to be given in the vernacular, the performance will be intelligible to those who have foregathered to witness it. This is so in theory only, if we take the Carl Rosa performance of the Valkyrie on Wednesday night at the Garrick Theatre as a criterion. Any person unacquainted with the plot would not have had his darkness made light by the vocal utterances of those who were set down on the program to make its meaning clear. Line followed line, and only by a happy chance did the listener realize that the singers were holding forth in the language made familiar to him from his infancy upwards. This is most deplorable and also inexcusable. And the whole fault is due to the fact that English vocalists have no regard for consonants, and rarely take the trouble to make distinct the unaccented syllables. To witness such wholesale slaughtering of so noble a medium as the English tongue is most deplorable, and we do hope that in future the members of the Carl Rosa Company will make some effort to mend their ways."

Reappearance of Mrs. Teresa Carreno, the Celebrated Pianist—Superb Performance of Rubinstein's Concerto in D Minor.

The program of the sixteenth Symphony concert given in Music Hall last night Emil Paur conductor, was as follows:

Academic Festival Overture ..... Brahms
Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 4, in D minor ..... Rubinstein
Symphony No. 1 in C major ..... Beethoven
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6, "The Carnival in Pesth" ..... Liszt

The chief interest was in the reappearance of Mrs. Carreno, who, since her début here in 1863, has, like Ulysses, seen many cities and men. I tell in another column of the Journal this morning of her first appearance here as an infant phenomenon, and her first concert tour in Europe.

The reports that have crossed the Atlantic may no longer be reckoned extravagant. Mrs. Carreno is a great pianist, a very great pianist. She has gained immeasurably in breadth, dignity and deep musical intelligence. She was always a passionate creature, and she was at times daemoniacal in her performance; but in earlier years she often seemed to miss the composer's real purpose; she did not always think behind the printed page.

However unpleasant her association with d'Albert may have been—and it seems incredible that such a stately, superbly sensuous woman should have thrown her handkerchief to the gnome-like d'Albert—she undoubtedly learned much from him of the higher art of piano playing. She might well have taught him passion; he, on the other hand, knew a dignity and a serenity in performance that she did well to study.

Her choice of the concerto last night was wise; for this work of Rubinstein is not only one of his greatest achievements—in that the high level is steadily maintained—but it is one of the greatest of concertos. There is little or nothing that you would have changed. The themes are expressive, often beautiful; the development is generally masterly; the orchestration is effective without extravagance—notice, for instance, the skillful use of the solo trumpet, the manner in which the solo horn and solo clarinet are employed, and the concerto as a whole has an invigorating and noble atmosphere. In this work an accomplished pianist can move, thrill, suggest, startle.

Too much cannot be said of Mrs. Carreno's performance. It was heroic, with haunting episodes of tenderness. From the standpoint of him who merely watches technique with a powerful field glass it was amazing in its perfection; to him who is not dazzled by mere technical display it was soul-satisfying. The woman was a part of the concerto, the concerto was her voice. There was then an apparition of glorified sex, splendid in beauty caressing in appeal, irresistible in passion, still more dangerous in languor. There was a realization of the woman in the Oriental rhapsody: "She that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

No wonder that the spontaneity, the strength, the grandeur of the performance excited most hearty and long continued applause.

* * *

The dry Overture of Brahms was dryly read, and it was played in perfunctory yet none too precise fashion. The symphony—would that Mr. Paur had omitted the first and third movements—was played delightfully, with marked finish. So too the accompaniment to the concerto was played con amore.

* * *

It seems hardly possible that the Rhapsody by Liszt was heard in Boston last night for the first time. The program-book is not always to be trusted in these matters, and this music of Liszt is so inherently vulgar and bombastic that it must have appealed to some wandering, visiting conductor. Neither the body of this music nor its orchestral dress is worthy of serious attention.

PHILIP HALE.

Feb 22. 97

There are some men who have no individuality, just as there are some men who have no face. These are to be described by generals, not by particulars. They are important solely on account of their numbers. For them the census enumerator labors; they form majorities; they crowd voting booths; they make the money; they do the ordinary work of the world. They are valuable when well officered. They are plastic matter to be shaped by a workman's hand; and are built with as bricks are built with. In the aggregate, they form public opinion; but then, in every age, public opinion is the desseminated thoughts of some half a dozen men, who are in all probability sleeping quietly in their graves.

When Artemus Ward said of General Washington that he "never slopt over," he hit the one fortunate phrase.

And yet even Artemus Ward in a later tribute fell into common error concerning Washington, when, in a letter to Punch, he described him as "a countryman of mine who didn't get his living by makin' mistakes, and whose mem'ry is dear to civilised peple all over the world, because he was gentle and good as well as trooly great. We read in Histry of any number of great individooals, but how few of 'em, alars! should we want to take home to supper with us!"

Was Washington gentle? He had a violent temper which was, as a rule, kept under control. Would you be comfortable at supper with him? Would he not intimidate, awe, as a marble statue? He was neither plastic matter, nor a brick in the hand of the builder. The Washington of history is well known, and reverenced. We really know little about Washington, the man. His life has not been written.

Washington has been exalted above humanity. The picture of Stuart, where the hero appears in the full majesty of his imposing figure and with the calm, impassive face of a demigod, has had much to do in working this result, although Dr. Holmes called attention to the teeth ready to fall, like a portcullis.

In his period the Father of His Country was lampooned brutally. He was dubbed "aristocrat," he was accused of dishonesty, he was charged with flagrant immorality. Even to this day there is in Virginia a tradition that his death was caused by exposure in keeping an unworthy appointment.

Such was then, as is now, the bitter recklessness of party feeling. There is no substantial evidence against the purity of Washington's military and political life. He was by no means the priggish saint invented by certain biographers. He was a man of blood and passion. He was at times profane, but at these times righteously profane. He was a man of prejudices; nor, if tradition is not an arrant liar, was he unsusceptible to the charms of woman.

Thackeray has been censured severely for his pen-portrait of Washington in "The Virginians," but the portrait is not without many realistic touches. It is worthy to be in the Esmond gallery that displays the marvelous portraits of John Churchill, Webb, Addison, Swift and Steel.

What would the young nation have done without his force of character, unflinching courage, iron determination? As President, his words and deeds shame politicians that play at statesmanship to serve their pockets. The great Virginian can never be dethroned from his proud eminence. The day of his birth should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Nor should it be celebrated with vainglorious speech and noisy carousing, but in quiet, in contemplation, as one enters into some solemn, religious ceremony.

Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable State?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but One.

It was on the 22d of February, 1893, that Mr. de Goncourt had a singular conversation with an American woman. He spoke of "Elsie Venner." The American told him she knew Dr. Holmes, who had imagined the plot, and she said that Dr. Holmes had received from two towns in the United States letters demanding of him how he could have penetrated two family secrets which had been so carefully concealed from the world.

"Ovation," the noun, is an absurdly misused word. And what is to be said of the verb "ovation"—as in the sentences, "they ovationed him," "he was ovationed"? Yet we read in a French newspaper of good standing that a certain musician at Brussels was "ovationné."

Feb 23. '97

Every man's road in life is marked by the graves of his personal likings. Intimacy is frequently the road to indifference, and marriage, a parricide. From these accidents to the affections, and from the efforts to repair them, life has in many a patched and tinkered look.

London Reporter: "Isn't the social position of the Harvard men rather higher than at some other of the American universities?" Mr. Lehmann: "Yes. The men at Harvard belong to the same social class as the men at Oxford or Cambridge. They are chiefly the sons of wealthy parents."

And now, men and brethren, what do you say to such a marvelous exhibition of combined ignorance and snobbishness? Or are we mistaken? Are the Harvard students all "perfect gentlemen" and all other students muckers? And are "the sons of wealthy parents" necessarily and inevitably of high social position? And what is "high social position" in America? But, stay: perhaps, Mr. Lehmann is a humorist, or a master of the sad old irony displayed by Sir Thomas More on the scaffold.

W. W. D. writes to the Journal: "Your remarks in 'Talk of the Day' the 19th lead me to call your attention to Gerald Massey's description of the fight between Sayers and Heenan, in which occur the lines,

"'Twas good to see you dash on, Tom,
And with your one arm lash on, Tom,
In the good old English fashion
Which never will die out.
'The only fashion that would do
At Inkerman and Waterloo,
And many a bloody bout.'"

But there were English poets who sang the praise of Heenan. There was the author of "The Bold Irish Yankey Benicia Boy"—Sayers, by the way, was of Irish extraction. This ballad of nine verses has a chorus to be sung cheerfully, yea defiantly:

"He is young, bold and powerful, no care does him annoy,
He can boldly stand 'gainst any man, and fib away with joy;
And he'll beat the English champion, will the bold Benicia boy."

Two verses will show the poet's sense of fairness:

"They two hours and six minutes fought—each proved himself a man,
And neither of them would give in while he'd a leg to stand,
But the fight was all in favor of the brave Benicia boy,
When the bobbies bolted in the ring and did his hopes destroy.

"When Heenan came to England, far from a distant land,
They said he was a fool to come, to face an Englishman,
But they were all mistaken when they saw the glorious battle,
Heenan cooked the champion's bacon, and made his daylights rattle."

Mr. Julian telegraphs the cheering news that he has prepared for "emergencies" at Carson by sending for a "push" of his own. "You will find the toughest lot of citizens from New Orleans and Texas near Fitzsimmons's corner that ever landed in the State." But Mr. Stuart declares that "nobody with a gun will be allowed in the building." Meanwhile we like to think of Fitz "enveloped in a gray bearskin coat given him by the Governor of the State," busily engaged in writing letters, or eating two-pound beefsteaks with ease and grace. We like to think of Corbett weeping with joy at the receipt of a letter from his wife.

This is the way Mrs. Fanner Bloomfield-Zeisler, the pianist, fired the rhetoric of a Syracuse music-critic: "When this attenuated brunette, with burning eyes and long sinewy arms, glided onto the stage of the Bastable last evening one thought of shadows from Plutonian shores in spite of the flowers that bloomed in her brocaded robe."

Old Plantagenet—you know him—the man who "saw Macready"—is amazed at the rashness of certain young play actresses. "Don't they know that between 'starring' and 'starving' there is only one letter, and that is 'a 'V'? And do they often net a V a week?"

The latest bicycle craze in Paris is racing among youths. A team of these known as "Les Quatre Gosse," which if we accept the translation given to the title of the play "Les Deux Gosses" would make them the four little vagabonds, ran an exciting 50-mile race at the Vélodrôme d'Hiver. A youngster named Champion, who is trained by the re-licensed Choppy Warburton, won the race in the fine time of 1 hour 3 minutes 11 3-5 seconds; Lartigue being second and Taylor third. The second and third times were 1 hour 4 minutes 39 1-5 seconds, and 1 hour 7 minutes. —Daily Messenger.

J. P. A. writes to the Journal: "X. inquires in your issue of the 18th as to the origin of the word 'cassy' used in the country districts. I heard it frequently in my boyhood. It was often necessary to fill a marshy space sufficiently wide to make a roadway, and a ditch was dug each side of the roadway to prevent the gravel from being washed away. The word refers to the roadway rather than to the ditch, and is simply a modification of the word 'causeway' or 'causey.'" J. P. A. is undoubtedly right, as is "ex-Bostonian," who also writes about the term. Indeed, "causey" is sometimes spelled "casey." But the word is misapplied, for "causey" means a mound to retain the water of a river or pond, a raised way formed across low, wet ground, a row of stepping stones, a highway, a paved way, a street, a piece of cobble pavement, etc, but never a ditch.

Feb 24. 97

ALL IN YOUR EYE.

The sickness of Melba, and then of Emma Eames, the dramatic death of Castlemary—but is not death always dramatic?—many a hitch and snarl and accident have led the superstitious in the Metropolitan Opera House to believe in the baleful presence of a jettatore, singer, orchestra player, or even stage hand or conductor. The jettatore is the man with the evil eye, a man feared for centuries and in nearly every coun-

...ry of which ... or present knowledge. Mr. Campanari, the distinguished baritone, shook his head when questioned concerning the prevailing hoodoo, and made instinctively protecting horns with his fingers; yet he is not a Neapolitan by birth, and he has lived busy years in material American cities.

Did you ever notice how much attention is paid the evil eye in the Bible? The Oriental belief squints at you from many pages. There are allusions in Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Isaiah, Lamentations, Ezekiel, Matthew, Mark and Luke. There are the foolish, bewitched Galatians. Saul was believed to have the evil eye, and he "eyed David from that day and forward." "Eat thou not the bread of him that hath an evil eye" is a maxim as much respected today in Italy as it was in the old times. There is a strange verse in Deuteronomy: "The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil toward the husband of her bosom, and toward her son, and toward her daughter."

Nor does the possession of an evil eye reflect necessarily upon the character of the possessed. Pope Pio Nono was supposed to be a jettatore, and the most devout Catholics used to point two fingers at him when he blessed them; and so current was the belief that the workmen at the column in the Piazza di Spagna refused to work in raising it unless the Pope stayed away. The late Baron Hirsch, the philanthropist, was, according to report, a jettatore. There is a long and surprising list. One of the most famous names is that of Offenbach. Men sometimes refused to play under him as leader; comedians foresaw accident, and managers were not unprepared for financial disaster; yet Offenbach and nearly all about him prospered during the gaudy splendor of the Second Empire.

Who, pray, is the jettatore at the Metropolitan? Is it Bevignani? Impossible, for his eyes are seldom open when he conducts. Is it Plançon? No; his eyes watch the effect of voice and figure and shine with rapturous light. Ancona? Absurd; he sings fatuously to the women in the boxes.

We have reason to believe that the jettatore is in the audience. He is either a critic, who is tired of countless repetitions of "Faust" or "Romeo and Juliet"; who would fain keep at reasonable hours; who dislikes the vulgar parade of flesh and jewelry in the stockholders' boxes. Or he is an ultra-Wagnerite who shivers at the thought of Gounod, Meyerbeer, Bizet or Mascagni; who regards them all as no better than the abomination of desolation and would gladly queer the temple dedicated to false gods, with all the priests and worshipers therein. The eye of Calvé is melting, but is it therefore evil? The eye of Eames is as cold and hard as a boiled egg; but it is respectable, fashionable, not evil.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty:
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

Mrs. Terwilliger Thudicum called on us yesterday. She is still young and beautiful, and when she told us that her daughter was a "bud" this season, we protested from incredulity rather than gallantry.

"Bud," by the way, is a hideous term in the present application, and we remarked to the charming woman, "'Bud,' dear Madam, may be said of children or young persons as a term of endearment, or of a weaned calf in its first year." At that moment the exchange editor sent up the following clipping, which was published lately, we believe, in the Charleston Enterprise:

...ng, unmarried girl, in sport,
...d a bud of promise.

She ... ms ... at ...
The weather when it warm is.
And in the Fall a score of them
Whose hearts till now have harm missed,
Compare sad notes, and find out then
To each the bud is promised.

"Never mind the word," answered Mrs. Thudicum, "I came to tell you about Violet, who is known as a 'bud'. Last year there were very few young girls who were launched into the social sea; this year there are many. They are pretty, sweet, unaffected—that is, the most of them. They are eager for a jolly time. Would you believe it, Violet and her companions are wretched. The reason for their misery is the cubbishness of the boys at parties. These boys hang about the doors, or stand against the walls with patronizing air; they will not dance; they will not make themselves agreeable to the girls; they are not always civil to the hostess; they rush for the supper and there think only of themselves. There were two legged pigs when we were young, Horatio. You remember Mr. Gouger, who is now an eminent lawyer, and Mr. Lurum, who is head over heels in politics, and Willy Soke, who married poor Fanny Blighter; but it is the exception now to find one thoughtful gentlemanly boy in Violet's list of acquaintances.

"Don't think Violet has been slighted. She is a great favorite, and she dances more than other girls. I hear the same complaint from all the mothers and the girls themselves. Why do you smile? I mean the complaint against rudeness, of course; not because Violet is asked to dance when others are wall flowers. But the little cubs are not decent when they do exert themselves to dance. Last week young Spoops honored Violet. After he had been with her fifteen minutes he said, 'Do you know, Miss Thudicum, I'm awfully glad to meet you? I always thought you were a pill. But you are not, are you?'

"And whose fault is it? Have the mothers neglected their boys? Or is it a sign of the time? Will not the newspapers do something?"

To Mrs. Thudicum, whose only rival is the peerless Miss Eustacia, we answered: "It seems to us that women old and young are at fault. They pay such absurd attention to the claims of the male that he is inclined to prescribe to himself too preposterously. Would it not be a good thing for the 'buds' to snub the offensive little cubs? Might not the hostess address them in ironical speech? At the same time, when their mothers and fathers delight in disturbing honest people at the theatre by their late and pretentious entrance, or disregard the rules of common courtesy on the sidewalk or in street cars, what can you expect of their sons? It's a wonder that their daughters have any manners." Mrs. Thudicum was silent. Finally she said, "Is it really true? Are Bostonians as rude in the common dealings of life as strangers say?"

Politeness is a matter of geography and chronology. The courtesies offered by the Tchuktchi to strangers would be regarded as deadly insults in the Back Bay. The conduct of dwellers in the Back Bay toward strangers would appall the Tchuktchi.

The landlord of a new and extremely "high-toned" hotel in Boston was showing acquaintances the splendor of the rooms. They entered a small chamber that is connected with the dining room. "Now," said the host, "if any gentleman not in evening dress should be so unfortunate to come for dinner, we could allow him to dine in this room without exciting attention."

Chauncey Johnson, who died at the age of 74, had spent more than 30 years in prison. And why? Because he had not the courage to go into operations in gas or railroads.

"For a formal appearance at luncheon, coat tails become an absolute sine qua non." Barkeepers will see that this rule is rigidly observed.

The "correct straw hat" this year will have a narrow brim. It will therefore be incorrect.

Feb 25. 97

First of the Boston Vocal Chamber Concerts—Portions of "L'Allegro" and "Il Pensieroso" Given in Steinert Hall.

The first six "vocal chamber concerts," under the direction of Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich and Miss Terry, was given last night in Steinert Hall. The program consisted of extracts from Handel's "L'Allegro" and "Il Pensieroso." The singers were Miss Rose Stewart, Miss Torrey, Miss Becker, Mr. W. Heinrich and Mr. Townsend. Mr. Mac Waters read portions of Milton's poems, Mr. North played the flute obbligato to "Sweet Bird!" and Dr. Kelterborn was the pianist.

Mr. Heinrich has, before this, experimented with Handel's work, presenting "L'Allegro" and "Il Pensieroso" each in connected form, instead of opposing numbers as in the original. Thus in Mr. Heinrich's version, "Haste thee Nymph" follows "Come, come, thou goddess," while Handel has interpolated between these airs "Come rather, goddess, sage and holy." Extracts were thus sung in the old Steinert Hall, Feb. 2, 1892, by Miss Franklin, Miss Rollwagen, Messrs. Heinrich and Lamson, and Mr. Ticknor was the reader.

It is true that Handel wrote these airs at a time when singing was an art as well as a trade, and they demand singers of the very first rank for the full expression of their beauty. While it would be absurd to say that the performance as a whole was ideal or even always satisfactory, it may with truth be stated that there were pleasant moments.

The freshness of much of this music is surprising. The cantata was written in haste—in 22 days. "Israel" preceded it, and "The Messiah" followed; and yet there is no thought of either in this lovely work. May we not hope that since a complete performance of Handel's so-called minor oratorios is apparently impossible in Boston, Mr. Heinrich may choose airs from one of them for the benefit of a public which should not be censured for believing that Handel wrote only "The Messiah," "The Harmonious Blacksmith," a largo and the "Dead March in Saul?"

The feature of the concert was the singing of "Sweet Bird" by Miss Stewart, who is heard too seldom in this city. I remember in Paris the day when she was chosen for the creation in Italy of the chief female part in Bizet's "Pearl Fishers." Emma Eames and Melba was then her fellow students. Alas, she fell sick, was nigh unto death; and for many months she was unable to display the brilliancy of her art. Last night she sang with the security and ease and effect that are the results of well-grounded technique, faithful work and native intelligence. Her performance was artistic from the beginning to the end. A woman who sings so delightfully should be celebrated at home as well as in cities that she visits. There are many singers here who have natural gifts and little art. There are a few who have these gifts and art. There are few, very few in this country who sing with the skill and the authority of Miss Stewart.

The second of these concerts, March 3, will be devoted to settings of poems by Longfellow. Mrs. Bradbury, Miss Lunde, Mr. E. Hubbard and Mr. Beresford will take part.

PHILIP HALE.

That man must be a fool,
Who will strive his wife to rule,
Or drive her, like an elephant, about,
You will find 'ere you begin,
You may knock nine devils in,
But never can you knock one devil out.
We nothing ought to hear,
But "my darling" and "my dear,"
And to please his wife a man should miles run,
Her all indulgence give,
Then happy will he live,
For a woman never knows when her day's work's done.

The list of "Ten American Women" arranged by a New York newspaper is singularly inadequate. Priscilla Alden's only claim is that she jilted Miles Standish. Has Margaret Fuller, or Mary Lyon no title to recognition? And there is a woman whose fame is spread from the Golden Gate to Calais, Maine; from the mines of the Lake Superior region to where the Greaser steals and stabs across the border. Her face is familiar to all who have eyes and see. Her cheering motto is graven on the hearts of the old; it springs from the lips of the young. It has crossed the Atlantic and Pacific, echoed in the defiles of the Balkan and been sung by Geisha girls to homesick missionaries. Patagonia is full of her glory, and the story of her life has shortened nights in Spitzbergen. Her name—sound, ye drums and trumpets, and oh, ye bugles blow!—her name is Lydia Pinkham.

"Lilli Lehmann has refused to have her photograph taken since her return to this country." No wonder.

"O, flub-dub! great is thy name. Boston is probably a good deal wickeder than Chelsea, but it is also probably less wicked proportionately than Chicago and numerous other places. A tale of Bacchanalian revel of Satan in Boston is about as probable as would be an account of the Boston statues meeting in the Public Garden and going to make a call of condolence on the forlorn Bacchante. Has somebody got a drink in Boston? Then he probably regrets it."—New York Sun.

And Mr. Bludyer remarked, "No, sir, you will never make me believe that Sandy McCollop MacIntyre has style or individuality; he is nothing, sir; nothing but a literary hack." To which young Blivens replied, "Bludyer, you flatter him. He's only a literary heredic."

To S. T. D., No. ... Chicago ... sick. He is in Carson, where he now has heavy interests at stake.

We hope that he is not backing "Bob." Any man who puts a frozen jack hammer on his tongue and pulls off "a piece of skin as big as a postage stamp" cannot be a man of large resources in an emergency.

And so the women of Nevada—bless them—will see the fight. This is as it should be. We are again reminded of the mill between Bill Neat and Tom Spring:

"Grumbling Radical, pickpocket Whig, and gentleman Tory,
Down from ducal rank to the rascally ... of fogies,
Poured from London town to see the wonderful action.
Thirty thousand, at least, were there; and ladies in numbers
Rained from their beautiful eyes sweet influence over the buffers."

Mr. Julian is ungallant. When he was asked "What he thought of ladies' tickets being issued by Stuart for the fight," all he had to remark was "Their money is as good as any other." Does their odorous, bewitching presence count for nought? Will not each champion nerve himself for more glorious deeds, as the gladiators before the holy Vestals? Mr. Julian's speech is said to be concise and direct; but the answer of Vespasian to Titus, on which it is plainly modeled, is more epigrammatic.

F. E. A. writes to the Journal as follows: "I have just read an article published in Saturday's issue of the Traveler, regarding 'Opium Dives', in which is the remark, 'The reporter saw the "cook" prepare one pipe and pass it from one of the rooms to a Chinaman stretched out on a bunk.' To anyone inexperienced this may sound correct, but to anyone knowing anything about the habit it proves conclusively that the reporter is only guessing a good deal. The reporter is evidently under the impression that opium is smoked in pipes like tobacco. Now, I am not upholding opium smoking, but when a newspaper undertakes the task of exposing evil practices, the reporter should be thoroughly posted to save himself from such breaks in the eyes of an old opium smoker." The reporter and F. E. A. must settle this matter between them. We never have hit the pipe. We are saving the practice with golf and "Trilby" for an honorable old age. When we take laudanum, we drink it out of a large coffee cup.

Feb 26. 97

The ass lifeth his head; then by a strong blast the thorns moveth and shaketh, and of the great noyse the birdes be affeard full sore and falleth out of the nest.

We observe with regret that a clergyman in a sister State is regarded as unorthodox because he refuses a man's voice to the ass of Balaam. It is true that Saint Augustine is of the opinion that God did not give this animal a reasonable soul, but permitted it to pronounce certain words to reprove the prophet's covetousness. On the other hand, no less an authority than Saint Gregory of Nyssa thinks that the ass did not utter words, but that "having brayed as usual or a little more than usual, the diviner, practiced in drawing presages from the voices of beasts and birds, easily comprehended the meaning of the ass by its noise; and that Moses, designing to ridicule this superstitious art of augury, relates the matter as if the ass really spoke articulately."

Maimonides asserts the whole dialogue to be but a kind of fiction or allegory. Philo in his life of Moses suppresses the whole story. Le Clerc says Balaam believed in the transmigration of souls, and therefore was not surprised at the ass's complaint, but conversed with the beast as if it were rational. Leibnitz wrote the "History of Balaam," in which he endeavers to prove that what is related of that prophet did not happen really, but in a dream. By the way, Leibnitz's sole heir was a Mr. Loeflerus, "whose wife died suddenly with joy at the sight of so much money left them by their uncle."

Now the ass of Balaam, in spite of his remarkable accomplishments, is not admitted into the Mohammedan Paradise, although the dog of the Seven Sleepers, and Ezra's ass, which was raised to life, will receive, they say, this peculiar favor.

Naturally the strange story of Balaam has suggested popular and slang terms. Thus, "Balaam's-smite" is the mark or cross on an ass's back; the devil's bit, or wild Scabious; a medicine, in the form of pills, given a person who is ailing. "Balaam-Sunday" is the third Sunday after Easter, when the story is read in the first lesson. "Balaam," in journalistic slang, is a term applied

to all kinds of miscellaneous matter, used as padding in periodical publications, or as Lockhart's "Scott" has it, 'Balaam is the cant name for asinine paragraphs about monstrous productions of nature and the like, kept standing in type to be used whenever the real news of the day leave an awkward space that must be filled up somehow." The destination of rejected contributors is called in England the "Balaam-basket" or the "Balaam-box." Is this slang used today in any American newspaper offices?

Among the names suggested by our correspondents for the "Ten American Women" are Adah Isaacs Menken, Lillian Russell, Mary Anderson, the Princess de Chimay and the Sutherland Sisters. Come, come, no levity. This is a serious matter. If the Sutherland Sisters are admitted, they should be allowed to count only as one.

Some think that there is persecution of Armenians in New York and Boston.

"'Not true, my boy! Not true!' said Mr. Depew. 'I never decline anything that isn't offered to me.'" But the vital question is this: "Does Mr. Depew ever decline anything that is offered to him?"

E. C. C. sends this note to the Journal: "The word 'cassy' is in common use in Tamworth, N. H. There it always denotes a small, underground drain, as, for instance, one built to convey water under a roadway. I supposed it a French-Canadian exotic, a corruption of caché, hidden; conduit caché, a covered drain." As we said the other day, "cassy" is undoubtedly a corruption of "causey," which, according to the New English Dictionary, comes from Middle English "cauce," adopted from old Norman French "caucie"—modern "chaussée."

W. S. H. says: "I think 'cassy' is in somewhat common use among old people in New Hampshire. I think I have heard it applied, as 'X' says, to a 'ditch dug to relieve the roadway of surplus water,' and also to a raised road or pathway over a swamp or low ground. The latter is the proper application of the word, if, as I suppose, 'cassy' is simply a corruption or mispronunciation of 'causey' or 'causeway.' It is not difficult to see how its proper meaning might have been extended until in some cases it was used to designate the ditch at the side of the raised road rather than the roadway itself; or, perhaps there was a misconception of its intended meaning. 'Cassy-way' is another form of the word, perhaps as often used as 'cassy.'"

A local contemporary rolls up the whites of its eyes and observes "Mere scandal does not draw on the American stage or platform." H—m! Wait till the Princess de Chimay comes here.

Feb 27. 1897

Through and through the inspired leaves
Ye maggots make your windings;
But oh respect His Lordship's taste
And spare the golden bindings.

We have no idea, Mr. Carker, that the above quotation is literally correct. It will be very easy for you and a hundred others whose only apparent trade, profession, calling, occupation, handicraft, business is writing letters to newspapers to send the original and true version, written in a fine Spencerian hand on paper faintly perfumed. We quote from a shaky memory, and the only accessible copy of Burns is expurgated. Of what earthly or spiritual use is an expurgated Burns? No, no; expurgate "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Lamplighter," "Queechy," or even the works of Dr. Channing—but spare us Burns, Fielding, Aristophanes, The Arabian Nights, and Thomas Hardy.

You envy certain men those beautifully bound volumes exhibited at the Art Club; but would you like to don gloves for the enjoyment of your favorites? A book that you read constantly with tenacious thumbs should be bound simply. Leigh Hunt was right: "The books I like to have about me most are Spenser, Chaucer, the minor poems of Milton, the Arabian Nights, Theocritus, Ariosto, and such old good-natured speculations as Plutarch's Morals. For most of these I like a plain good old binding, never mind how old, provided it wears well." You may protest against Hunt's choice of books (thus you may prefer Casanova's Memoirs to Plutarch's Morals, and you may choose to spell Spenser with a "c"), but you must admit his soundness in the view concerning binding.

We knew a wretched man who had an encyclopaedia in many volumes and a set of political almanacs dressed in full vellum. The same man delighted in histories arrayed in half-calf. Do you remember the half-calf passion in New England? It was a part, a symptom perhaps of the black walnut disease more deadly than the bubonic plague. It followed immediately the hair-jewelry mania when your aunt wore Grandfather Isaiah's hair in a brooch, and you yourself were presented with a watch chain woven with assorted hairs—which they could ill spare—from relatives whom you secretly disliked.

Some day, when we have the courage, we shall tell the ghastly story of the French fancier of Erotica and Facetiae and his curious taste in bindings. We have threatened for three years to tell this story. Some day, some day, it will surely escape us. The issue of the Journal will be sold at an extravagant price, and we shall leave town, shod with sneakers, between trains.

Books too modern and too finely bound are an eyesore. You feel no more like reading them than taking Valcarenghius "De Aortae Aneurismate" for a street car companion. Larry Donovan's "Barkeeper's Complete Guide" might have claret sides, just as the singular treatise "On the Rabbits of Wales" read before the Dummerston Zoological Society by Augustus Blazer, Esq., might be bound appropriately in cheese.

A library should exhibit the tastes, whims, convictions of the owner. It must be a solace for a jeered-at author to see his despised little volume bound in the skin of a reviewer.

Dr. Johnson once boasted that he himself was able to bind a book. Would you have trusted his taste? Ten to one the outcome would have been sombre, forbidding.

Charles Gregorowitsch is a violinist of more than ordinary reputation. The first of this month he was heard by some at a private concert at a hotel in Boston. He will make his first public appearance here this evening in Steinert Hall. He was born at Saint Petersburg Oct. 25, 1867. He studied at first under Besekirskij of Moscow, then under Wieniawski, at Vienna under Dont, at Berlin under Joachim. He has given concerts with success in Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Lisbon, Dresden. His first appearance in the United States was at New York, Nov. 24. 1896, at a concert of the American Symphony Orchestra, when he played Wieniawski's second concerto. They say he played before Alexander III. when he was 6 years old. The Tsar asked him in what way he could favor him. "Excuse me from military duty," said the boy. "The Sultan gave him the highest order in Turkey and 5000 francs." He has a Guarnerius fiddle valued at $5000. We do not know whether he rides a bicycle, what he eats at dinner or what he thinks of this country.

It was five years ago tomorrow night that Alfred Stevens told of the foolish drinking habits of Courbet, the painter; how he would put down 30 glasses of beer a night, beside absinthes galore, into which he would pour white wine instead of water.

Feb 28. 1897

THE BYRON REVIVAL.

It is almost impossible for us to understand the feverish excitement in England when the poems of Byron first appeared. The noisy adulation, the fierce protests, the worship, the young men imitating the Byron sneer and curl—are all as incomprehensible to this generation as the essay of Macaulay with its famous epigram concerning the "system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, a system in which the two great commandments were to hate your neighbor and to love your neighbor's wife."

Much that appalled the public of Byron's period now seems to us dull, melodramatic, even grotesque. Lara is a figure for burlesque, and who cares for the Corsair or the Giaour? The man Childe Harold is perhaps an object of sentimental interest to Cook's tourists, but the lines from the poem that now excite admiration are not those which are bitter with callow misanthropy. "Don Juan" no longer has an unholy fascination for the young; indeed, in view of the fiction and poetry of the later Victorian period, it seems tame. Its inhumanity is more sinful than its "immorality." "Beppo" is still a delight, and there are short poems that seem destined for immortality.

Matthew Arnold made a brave attempt to rekindle admiration for Byron. Emerson spoke of Byron's rare talent as "conspicuously partial;" and he praised his rhythm, which Mr. Swinburne condemns. In rhythm, the latter is the safer guide. It is doubtful whether the praise of either Arnold or Emerson turned many to consideration of the work of the leading poet of the "Satanic school."

And yet there are now two new editions of Byron's poetry and prose a-publishing. One is edited by that prince of editors, Mr. W. E. Henley. The other is to be published by Murray, and already there is talk of a quarrel between two rival houses. It is a singular comment that the chief attention paid the first volume edited by Mr. Henley is to the notes of the editor rather than the text of the letters. Mr. Henley has given his purpose in annotation. Speaking of Byron's generation, he describes it as "dandified and truculent, bigoted yet dissolute, magnificent but vulgar, artistic, very sumptuous, and yet capable of astonishing effort and superb self-sacrifice. * * * It is practically not less remote from ours than the England of Spenser and Raleigh. Rightly or wrongly, then, I have written on the theory that to know something of Byron one should know something of the aims and lives and personalities of contemporary men and women, with something of the social and political conditions which made him and his triumph possible."

Mr. Henley has therefore pictured the men and women mentioned in the Letters of Byron with their warts as well as with their lace. Some of the portraits are etched in vitriol; witness the merciless description of Leigh Hunt. These notes, fearless, incredibly frank—see the description of the Fourth Earl of Mornington, pp. 391-395—are far more interesting than the text which they elucidate. The reader closes the book and thinks of Henley rather than Byron. And yet it is Henley who speaks of Byron as "the sole English poet—(for Sir Walter conquered in prose)—bred since Milton to live a master-influence in the world at large."

There is no denying this influence. It is felt today in the literature of England, in the whole literature of Europe. But if Byron were writing today, would his influence assume such mastery?

ABOUT MUSIC.

Two Very Young Players: Manen and Schendel.

A Queer Statement by Mr. W. F. Apthorp.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

Juanito Manen, the young Spanish violinist who will make his first appearance in Boston tomorrow evening in Steinert Hall, was born in Barcelona in 1884. He began to take lessons of his father at a very early age. When he was nine years old he appeared at a public concert in Valencia, and in 1895 he visited Madrid, Lisbon, Buenos Ayres, Genoa. He has studied under Sarasate. Such is the tale as told to me.

His first appearance in this country was at "a reception and invitation concert" in the Mendelssohn Glee Club rooms, New York, Nov. 15, 1894. His first appearance in New York in public concert was at the Mesurgia, Nov. 27, 1894, when he replaced at short notice Miss Currie Duke and played Sarasate's Gypsy dances and an arrangement of Chopin's E flat nocturne. He was then described as "a young artist of superior intelligence and much true feeling, who handles his violin with an astonishing skill for his years and with much more of grave purpose and future promise than a present theatric or exotic effect."

Master Manen played again in New York Dec. 3, 1896, when he chose an andante and finale of Bruch, the Chopin-Sarasate nocturne, and a Spanish Jota of his own. According to one critic, his tone was then larger and his technique much developed. "He has no tawdry ideals or morbid conceptions, but plays with honest musical intelligence, and in addition to sincere feeling has also plenty of fire and dash."

* * *

Young Julius Schendel, who played the piano here in private last week, may give a concert in Steinert Hall Thursday night. He was born in New York April 25, 1885. He inherited his indisputable musical talent from his mother, a singer. His teacher has been Sigmund Herzog, and Joseffy, who, they say, is interested in the boy, will probably give him lessons. Julius made his first appearance at a concert in Steinway Hall, New York, Dec. 4, 1896, when he played the piano part of Hummel's trio op. 12, pieces by Liszt, and Mendelssohn's G minor concerto. I heard him play in Steinert Hall last Friday afternoon. At present he owes much more to nature than art, but there is no doubt of his natural virtuoso qualities. His sense of rhythm is strongly marked for one so young, and he more than once showed in evidently self-taught phrasing the soul of the true musician and the manner of a great pianist.

* * *

In his interesting entr'acte in the Symphony Program Book of Feb 20, Mr. Apthorp speaks as follows:

"When we come to opera, the moderns have it almost to themselves. Mozart's 'Don Giovanni,' less frequently his 'Zauberflöte,' are still given; Beethoven's 'Fidelio' holds its own; Verdi's 'Trovatore,' 'Traviata,' and 'Rigoletto' have not quite vanished. One may even have hopes of an occasional performance of Gluck's 'Orfeo.' Gounod's 'Faust'—already a classic—and his 'Roméo et Juliette' thrive. But where is Weber's 'Freischütz?' a fortiori, where his 'Oberon' and 'Euryanthe?' We have Meyerbeer's 'Huguenots,' but how long is it since we had his 'Robert?' But then, of all known forms of composition, the opera is admittedly the most perishable, the most influenced by fashion. I am speaking of our current musical repertory here in Boston, but I imagine it must be pretty much the same all over the world. We have a smaller operatic repertory than they have in France and Germany, a smaller oratorio repertory than in England or Germany."

Why does not Mr. Apthorp mention Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro"? Gounod's "Philemon and Baucis" has been given of late years in New York, and so has Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine;" Weber's "Freischütz" was given in Boston last year. "Verdi's 'Trovatore,' 'Traviata' and 'Rigoletto' have not quite vanished." "Not quite" is good, very good. They have been given repeatedly in different languages in this country within the last two years.

Mr. Apthorp says "We have a smaller operatic repertory than they have in France and Germany." This is a safe statement. The present repertory of the Paris Opéra is notoriously and ridiculously small; but that of the Opéra-comique is a generous one. As for Germany—the repertory of the opera house of any important town is large and catholic.

The latest list of opera statistics in Germany is for the year 1894. Let us look at the performances of the "Classics."

Mozart: "Bastien and Bastienne," 46 in 19 cities: "Die Gärtnerin," 2 in 2 cities; "Die Entführung Aus Dem Serail," 21 in 11 cities; "Der Schauspieldirektor," 11 in 4 cities; "Marriage of Figaro," 122 in 55 cities; "Don Giovanni," 116 in 59 cities; "Cosi fan tutte," 8 in 4 cities; "The Magic Flute," 123 in 52.

Weber: "Abu Hassan," 1; "Drei Pintos," 3; "Preciosa," 75; "Der Freischütz," 275; "Euryanthe," 9; "Oberon," 17.

Verdi: "Un ballo Mascara" 52; "Rigoletto" 80; "Ernani" 14; "Il Trovatore" 206; "La Traviata" 53, "Sicilian Vespers" 1; "Aida" 66; "Otello" 10; "Falstaff" 90. "Not quite vanished from the stage."

Gluck: "Orfeo" 17; "Armida" 7; "Iphigenie in Aulis" 3; "Iphigenie auf Tauris" 4; "Der betrogene Kadi" 5.

Gounod: "Faust" 204; "Philemon and Baucis" 15; "Romeo and Juliet" 9.

Meyerbeer: "Robert the Devil" 23; "Huguenot" 96; "The Prophet" 48; "L'Africain" 71; "Dinorah" 8.

No, Mr. Apthorp, it is not pretty much the same all over the world.

Take, for instance, operas by other composers who may in operatic language be regarded as classic. Let us look at the statistics in Germany for '94:

Adam: "Postillon of Lonjumeau" 72; "Nuremberg Doll" 62.

Auber: "Masaniello" 28; "Fra Diavolo" 76; "Black Domino" 7; "Macon" 16; "Part du Diable" 19; "Gustav" 3.

Bellini: "Norma" 36; "Sonnambula" 3

Boieldieu: "John of Paris" 8; "Dame Blanche" 44.

Cheruhini: "Wasserträger" 9.

Dalayrac: "Deux Petits Savoyards" 5.

Dittersdorf: "Doctor and Apothecary" 2.

Donizetti: "Lucia" 33; "Daughter o Regiment" 103; "Bellsario" 6; "La Favorita" 1; "Linda" 1; "L'Elisir d'Amore" 6; "Lucrezia Borgia" 3 "Don Pasquale" 1.

Glinka: "Life for the Tsar" 3.

Grétry: "Les deux Avares" 3.

Halevy: "La Juive" 87.

Herold: "Zampa" 13.

Kreutzer: "Nachtlager von Grena" 95.

... Wagner ...

...: "Dr... ... Verl..."

Marschner: "Templer und Jüdin"; "Der Vampyr" 7; "Hans Helling" 57.

Mehul: "Joseph" 27; "Uthal" 2.

Nicolai: "Lustigen Weiber" 123.

Pergolesi: "Serva Padrona" 2.

Rossini: "Barber of Seville" 112; "Tell" 52.

Schumann: "Genoveva" 3.

Spohr: "Jessonda" 6.

Thomas: "Hamlet," 10; "Mignon," 107.

And in 1894 there were 52 new operas produced in Germany.

Or look at the operas for a week in certain theatres on the Continent this season. I quote from Le Guide Musical, Feb. 7:

Berlin, Jan. 31-Feb. 7: "Undine," "...," "Benvenuto Cellini," "Rienzi," "Pagliacci."

... Jan. 31-Feb. 6. "Black Domino," "Maître de Chapelle," "La Vivandière," "Samson et Dalila," "Don César de Bazan," "Orphée," "Faust."

... Jan. 21-31: "Return of Ulysses" (Bungert); "Faust"; "Mignon"; "Armide"; "Der Freischütz; two ..."

Paris: Opéra Comique: Feb. 1-6: "...ons de Villars;" "Maître de Chapelle;" "Don Giovanni;" "Mireille;" "... de Jeanette;" "Mignon;" "Carmen."

...: Feb. 1-8: "Lohengrin;" "Hänsel und Gretel;" "Verkaufte Braut," Nessler's "Trompeter;" "Tristan," two operas by Franz Schubert; "The Evangelist."

* * *

Opera in the United States is a fashionable amusement. The fashionable audience cares only for personal display ... one or two singers. It is willing to hear only a few operas, familiar, yea ... It does not wish to be disconcerted or distressed by less familiar or unknown works. So far as opera is concerned, the public of New York or Boston is a set of extravagantly dressed barbarians. The public of New Orleans is more civilized.

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette published lately ...s entertaining review of the Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt:

"In reading the Wagner-Liszt correspondence one has to set out with a ... definite and unprejudiced opinion ... to the position, the character, and ... genius of the two correspondents. ...ad either been less great in achievement or less sincere in work, it is certain that the world would have passed ... highly unfavorable judgment upon ...e greater o' the two friends. It must be remembered, therefore, that Wagner had the most passionate belief ... himself; he valued his work at certainly no less a price than the greater part of the world values it at now. He describes his own 'Lohengrin,' for example, in these letters as 'subtly and intellectually beautiful;' in the throes of 'Tristan' he tells Liszt, 'it will be very beautiful,' and so forth. On the other hand, Liszt's belief in Wagner was no less ardent than Wagner's own, and he proposed to himself as a sacred duty to further Wagner's work by his personal endeavor, and with all the forces of his being. Reciprocally, again, Wagner understood all the height and depth of this devotion. It is these facts which, as we suggest, must be borne in mind before it is possible to read this correspondence aright, or, let us say, with ordinary tolerance. For, in the ordinary way, human feelings are so constituted that the cold perusal of begging-letters by readers to whom the poverty of the writer has no significance is, as Mr. Labouchere has demonstrated to the world so often, a ...m what disagreeable and even ...us ... experience; and one very ...ch regrets to add that it is difficult to get away entirely from that impression in reading so many of Wagner's persistent appeals to his friend. 'I once more return to the question,' he writes, for example, 'can you let me have the 1000 francs as a gift, and would it be possible for you to guarantee me the same annual sum for the next two years?' It takes a deliberate reference to 'Tristan' and the 'Ring' to wipe away the curious shrinking one experiences in reading sentences of this nature; and the effect is scarcely lessened when you read Liszt's reply that though he could forward 1000 francs ... one year, he could not burthen himself thus for three.

"Apart from this point, to which one cannot willfully blindfold one's eyes, ... letters are memorably interesting. Liszt's attitude and position toward Wagner came to be so completely justified by later history that the character of this unique friend, as Wagner loved to call him, is enhanced a hundredfold ... this correspondence. For here you ... him espousing the cause of a persecuted and friendless artist with a ...titude, a belief, and an unshakable enthusiasm that proved to be both the planting and the watering to Wagner's ...t. That great man could write at a ...er date with deliberation, 'Had it ... been for Liszt, my music-dramas would never have been;' and however exaggerated the sentiment, the phrase has in it something of historical truth. We cannot, moreover, discuss the might-have-beens. On the other hand, Liszt's human character is seen through the medium of these letters in a singularly beautiful light, and if Wagner's human character shows here some of those secret places which most men like to conceal from the world—shall we say the words, selfishness and lack of worldly independence?—his artistic character is here justified most triumphantly. That is the only coherent point of view worth regarding in any criticism of this collection—Liszt's character as a man and Wagner's as an artist. 'He who charges me with insincerity,' Wagner writes, 'will have to answer to heaven; he who charges me with arrogance is silly.' Again: '... ye creatures of God, do ... think that this making is artistic ...ating. About the "Dutchman," "Tannhauser," and "Lohengrin" I

... ... not only for the reason that I know that, on account of imperfect representations, they have never been perfectly understood. If they had had their due anywhere, I should care devilishly little about things that I had outlived. Good people, do something new, new, and once more new.' His shining sincerity will even allow him to make the confession to Liszt, 'You beautifully spotted the lie when I tried to make myself believe that I had written an "Overture to Faust."' Whensoever Wagner the artist speaks of himself you feel the words of an absolute consistency and truthfulness that are as unswerving as the sun itself. It is true that in his criticisms of other men's art he may sometimes go astray, prejudice may sometimes blind him; but his personal truth about art never forsakes him. 'If I have expectations of any one,' he writes, 'it is of Berlioz, but not in the direction in which he has arrived at the absurdities of his Faust."' That is a wrong criticism, but wrong with perfect belief. 'Believe me, I love Berlioz, although he keeps apart from me in his distrust and obstinacy; he does not know me, but I know him.' You will not find him once wavering from what cannot be called an objective ideal, but from his own artistic nature."

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

D'Albert is giving concerts in Russia.

Mrs. Beach's symphony was played in Buffalo Feb. 4.

Emil Sauret has bought a Guarnerius fiddle for $4000.

Foli, the bass singer, will appear in Tacoma May 7.

Joseph Hofmann has been playing the piano in Russia.

Klughardt's opera "Gudnun" was produced at Mayence Jan. 31.

Carl Reinecke, 72 years old, is still busy as pianist and composer.

Paladilhe and Joncières have been made officers of the Legion of Honor.

Nikisch will lead his Berlin orchestra in Brussels, Antwerp and Paris in May.

Humperdinck will conduct a new orchestral work at the Leeds Festival of '98.

The review of the concert last evening is in the news section of the Journal.

Ada Adiny has been singing at Bucharest in opera and before Carmen Sylva.

Sibyl Sanderson and Van Dyck have been singing in "Nanon" at Saint Petersburg.

A new opera, "Die Braut von Cypern," by G. Kulen Kampff, was produced at Schwerin Jan. 31.

When they gave "Andrea Chenier" at Budapest there was a row about shaving off moustaches.

Miss Marie Barnard, formerly of Boston, has sung Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust" with success at Bologna.

Evangeline Florence and George Holmes sang in Brahms's Requiem at the Henschel concert, London, Feb. 4.

Xaver Scharwenka's "Mataswintha" produced at Weimar, Oct. 3, 1896, will be sung by the Damrosch Company in New York March 23. Januschowsky, Gadski, Kraus and Fischer will be in the cast.

A blind man, Joseph Labor, appeared as organist, pianist and composer at the Singakademie, Berlin, early in February.

The singers in the elaborate revival of Mozart's "Entführung aus dem Serail" at Munich were hardly up to the mark.

Marguerite Hall has left the South Church, New York, and will sing the coming year at the Marble Collegiate Church.

Susan Strong will not sing in opera under Mr. Damrosch in New York. She will sing at Covent Garden this spring, under Mr. Grau.

The Kneisel Quartet will give a concert in New York, March 2, at which Joseffy will assist in Brahms's piano quintet in F minor.

Ella Russell will probably sing the Countess in "Nozzi di Figaro" and Elsa in "Lohengrin" in the Metropolitan opera company.

"Drae," the opera by the Hillemacher brothers, which was brought out at Carlsruhe in November, will be produced at the Opéra Comique, Paris.

Moritz Wirth has written a book of 220 pages entitled "Die Entdeckung des Rheingolds aus seinen wahren Dekorationen." It is published in Leipsic.

"Andrea Chénier" was given for the first time in German at Breslau Jan. 28, with great success. Since then it has been sung at Budapest and Hamburg.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company finished its short season at the Garrick Feb. 6. The Garrick was ill-suited to its requirements from every point of view.

"L'Hôte," lyric piece in three acts, taken by Carré from a pantomime of Carré and Hugounet, music by Missa, was produced for the first time at Lyons Jan. 31.

Miss Lockwood, the harper and only female member of the Carl Rosa Company Orchestra, died lately and suddenly. She was engaged originally by Carl Rosa himself.

They say Weingartner will not conduct next winter the Hamburg subscription concerts of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, but that Nikisch will lead in his stead.

Arthur Pougin is the author of an anecdotic history of the theatre at Paris for 300 years, entitled, "Acteurs et Actrices d'Autrefois." It is published by F. Juven, Paris.

A concert was given early this month in Berlin in which excerpts from forgotten operas by Kaiser, Hasse, Dittersdorf, Reichardt, Cherubini, Carafa, Monsigny, Auber, Cimarosa and Mazzinghi were sung.

Gianfré wrote an opera entitled, "The True Cavalleria Rusticana." It was brought out at Trieste. It contained whole pages ... "Il Trovatore," "Lohengrin," "Mephistopheles" and other operas. His ... and great scandal.

Two symphonic pieces, "After Scenes from Tennyson's 'Idyls of the King,'" "Elaine's Dream and Death, Death Journey," and "Geraint's Journey," by Cornélie van Oosterzee, were played in Berlin at the eighth philharmonic concert under Nikisch Feb. 8.

Marguerite MacIntyre has met with extraordinary success at the Imperial Opera House in St. Petersburg. Her popularity has led the management of the Opera House at Moscow to arrange for her to sign a month's engagement, beginning in the middle of March. According to present arrangements Miss MacIntyre will not return to London until the end of April.

Here is gossip from a London paper: "At the Opéra Comique, Paris, things do not look flourishing. Massenet's opera, 'Cendrillon,' was to have been produced in the month of March, with Mdlle. Van Zandt in the principal role. Now we are informed that the première has been postponed for the opening of the new Opéra Comique in the Rue Favart. In other words, the opera will only be brought out in a couple of years. Why disguise the truth? Mdlle. Van Zandt and the Paris public are not on the best of terms. The American prima donna, I hasten to add, is not to blame. I am merely stating a fact; and Mdlle. Van Zandt acted wisely in refusing to appear in 'Cendrillon.'"

Henry Holt & Co. have just published "A Diplomat in London," being a translation from the French of Charles Gavard of letters and notes written by him while in the French legation in London from 1871-1877. The following extract is a French view of two well-known Americans, under date of April 26, 1875: "We talked of this scandalous mission of the two revivalists, Moody and Sankey, two genuine Yankees. The one sings and sells organs and music; the other converts sinners, male and female! After the meeting, they hold consultations without music. * * * Sometimes it is Moody, sometimes Sankey, who gets up, illuminated, and announces that he sees the Lord. After each meeting Sankey telegraphs to his manager in New York: So many organs sold, so many souls saved!"

The subscription for the ensuing season at Covent Garden will be the biggest for many years past. Already there are more applications than boxes, and there is a heavy demand for stalls. The season's program has been drawn up, and it is possible that two novelties will be produced, "Andrea Chénier" and "Evangeliman," a work by a new composer recently played with success in Vienna. A revival of "Ernani," is also contemplated. Calvé will be seen as Marguerite in "Faust," and "Mefistofele," as well as in the parts already associated with her name. The stage management will be in the hands of H. T. Friend, of the Carl Rosa Company; for the German operas Carl Pohlig, of Bayreuth, has been engaged on the recommendation of Cosima Wagner. The question of a gala night in honor of the Queen has not yet been decided on, but in all probability there will be a special performance.

There is a Macedonian cry from the music section of the Victorian Era Exhibition to be held in Earl's-court in May: "We therefore appeal for the loan of all articles which will help to illustrate this portion of the exhibition, and the committee will gladly receive such exhibits as portraits of famous composers, singers, impresarios, musical conductors and others connected with this noble art; also autograph letters, photographs, original MSS., scores and libretti, musical instruments of early and late manufacture, as well as models of scenes of operas, operettas, etc., produced during the period of Her Majesty's reign, and any other objects which may help to make this section complete in every possible way. The colossal 'Empress Theatre' will be largely devoted to special musical festivals, competitions of choral and orchestral societies, military and wind bands, vocal and instrumental concerted music, soloists, etc., for important prizes, and we cordially invite the co-operation of the various societies throughout the kingdom who have not been communicated with already."

This sketch of the libretto of Mascagni's new Japanese opera, "Iris," is taken from the Musical Courier: Iris is a young, innocent Japanese girl, who lives with her blind father in seclusion, knowing nothing of the wickedness of the world. Her whole life is a dream of happiness and song. She sings to the sun, to her dolls; and in his happiness at possessing such a child the father forgets his own misfortune. A young Japanese Prince, who is an enthusiast about everything that is beautiful, sees the young girl and hears her songs. He falls in love with her and he succeeds in abducting her while her father is absent. This scene is exceedingly dramatic. It ends with the return of the father, who finds the house empty and deserted, and calls despairingly for his child. The second act is full of life and color. The scene is laid in one of the gayest parts of Tokio. The interior of the theatre is richly decorated and illuminated; the sounds of the sarnise and koto are heard; beautiful spirits sing and dance; guests arrive in their jinrickshaws. To this spot has Iris been brought by the Prince. She is still innocent as a child, and believes that she has suddenly been transferred to the glories of paradise. And as her belief has taught her that in paradise one is capable of doing anything, she tries to paint. Alas, she can only make a colored daub, and not a picture. She tries to play an accompaniment to her songs on the sarnise; but it is only a shrill cacophony. She flies into childish rage and dashes colors, pictures and instruments to the ground. At this moment her blind father enters. He has been searching high and low for her. He hears her words and imagines that his child has fallen, and curses her. In the third act Iris, who could not live with her father's curse upon her, is found dead. The dream of happiness is at an end.

George W. Chadwick.

The newly chosen Director of the New England Conservatory, although he is still a comparatively young man (he was born at Lowell in 1854) has already an established career as composer and teacher. His natural musical instincts were not allowed to run riot or go to seed. He was not paraded as an infant phenomenon, but he was guided slowly and discreetly. He laid solid foundations at Leipsic and Munich; but study in Germany has not made him intolerant, and his best compositions show that he has a thorough appreciation of that which is worthiest in the works of the modern French school. Some of his own works have more than a local or even national reputation. Overtures by him have been played in London and in German towns.

Soon after his return from Europe he was engaged as teacher of harmony and composition at the New England Conservatory, and he has filled this position without interruption. He has essayed many forms of composition, from operetta to symphony, from song to cantata, from piano piece to chamber music. He has written much that might put him in the first rank of American composers, but his leading works, the "Melpomene" overture and "Phoenix Expirans," may well excite the hearty admiration of any composer, foreign or domestic. As a chorus leader he has been eminently successful in raising the Hampden County Musical Association Chorus to a high standard of excellence. As a teacher he can point with pride to such pupils as Horatio W. Parker and Arthur Whiting.

Mr. Chadwick is a man of force and determination; at the same time he is willing to consider the advice of others. He is a man of considerable shrewdness, and this quality is indispensable to the Director of such a school. He is a stanch American, and will undoubtedly do all in his power to culti-

...te, directly and indirectly, musical ...ng and knowledge throughout the

First Appearance Here of Charles Gregorowitsch, the Russian Violinist—A Virtuoso of High Rank and Remarkable Elegance.

Mr. Charles Gregorowitsch, violinist, made his first appearance in Boston in a public concert last evening at Steinert Hall. He was assisted by Mr. Xaver Scharwenka, pianist, and Mr. Eward Fazer, accompanist. The program was as follows:

Sonata for piano and violin............ X. Scharwenka
Messrs. Gregorowitsch and Scharwenka.
Air.. Bach
Albumblatt.................. Wagner-Wilhelmj
L'Abeille.......................... Fr. Schubert
Piano solos:
a. Prairie Flowers, No. 1, Op. 53.... X. Scharwenka
b. Spanish Serenade, Op. 61.......... X. Scharwenka
c. Theme and Variations, Op. 48...... X. Scharwenka
Airs Russes.............................. Wieniawski
Reverie.................................. Vieuxtemps
Zigeunerweisen............................ Sarasate

I understand that Mr. Gregorowitsch played in Boston the first of the month at one of those solemn functions at the Hotel Tuileries that are veiled from the rude and public eye. Last night may be reckoned justly his first public appearance.

Mr. Gregorowitsch was born at Saint Petersburg Oct. 25, 1867. He studied at first under Besekirskij of Moscow, then under Wieniawski, at Vienna under Dont, at Berlin under Joachim. He has given concerts with success in Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Lisbon, Dresden. His first appearance in the United States was at New York, Nov. 24, 1896, at a concert of the American Symphony Orchestra, when he played Wieniawski's second concerto. I am told that he now holds the position of concertmeister at Helsingfors.

This talented Russian is one of the most delightful violinists I have heard of late years. His technique is highly developed, so that he could gain applause easily by vainglorious display; but he employs this technique so modestly that it is never aggressive, it never appalls. His bowing is remarkably good, and seldom have I heard such uniform evenness and purity of tone, such wholly admirable sustained cantabile. His playing of the familiar air of Bach was a striking example of perfection of tone, and this one performance was sufficient to establish his rank among masters of bowing.

Mr. Gregorowitsch plays with a warmth that is not exaggerated, but makes its way swiftly to the heart. His command of harmonics and the general brilliancy of his technique were revealed fully in the pieces by Wieniawski and Sarasate. And in all that he did there was a refinement which was never finical, an elegance which was never cold, a musical feeling which was genuine, guided, controlled artistically. He played like a gentleman; a

[illegible] man of skill, intelligence and heart.

It is a pity that the audience was not larger. Mr Gregorowitsch came here without any flourish of trumpets; without any preposterous claims advanced by passionate press agents. He very likely had been told that Boston is "a musical centre." Nor does he appear to be the kind of man who would like fulsome puffery. He is a violinist of marked renown in Europe. His reputation is now acknowledged gladly, as deserved, by those who had the good fortune to hear him last night. He was applauded enthusiastically, and he gave as encores an arrangement of Chopin's E flat major nocturne, and a mazurka by Zarcyki. If I am not mistaken.

* * *

It is now six years since Mr. Scharwenka made his first appearance in Boston. To those who were in the habit of hearing him 15 or 20 years ago, his performance last night was a sad disappointment. In the sonata he forced tone and seemed to consider himself a soloist. In the group of his own pieces there were few evidences of the brilliant and at the same time thoroughly artistic playing that in former years gave pleasure. And why in the world did he put on the program the "Prairie Flower" and "Spanish Serenade"? Is it possible that he really admires them? Or perhaps he says with Touchstone, "An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own."

PHILIP HALE.

mch 1. '97

'Tis best not to be born at all,
But when life is on us pressed,
Then to die ere life can pall
That is much the second best.
For when youth has come and gone,
With its lightness and its folly,
Who would choose to struggle on
In a world so melancholy?
Cares and floutings, and derisions,
Battles, jealousies and fears,
These come crowding in divisions,
As the lot of length of years.
And at last to end the play,
Comes old age and loss of friends,
Strength and manhood pass away,
And this is how the drama ends.

There are signs of spring, although we hear as yet no belling of her hounds. Acute observers tell us they have seen —especially in Cohasset—little boys a-playing at marbles.

We hope to see with the return of spring the re-establishment—say rather the establishment of the Bacchante and the introduction and the cultivation of the Bacchic religion. We hear your angry shouts, oh sons and daughters and uncles and aunts of Prohibition, and smile; for it is not our wish to inaugurate a millennium of rum. Only the ignorant and charlatans associate Bacchus-worship with the drunkenness that comes from undue applications of alcohol to the interior.

Now this, the ancients tell us, was the mysterious secret of the Bacchic religion, which no religious mind can afford to ignore: "That the highest type of existence is the Androgyn, because it is the emblem of the nature of the Universe, which is a Dualism eternally united and inseparable, and of this was Bacchus himself the emblem, and particularly in his form of Adonis, who was the androgyn of Bacchus and Venus."

Think of the advantages of this religion in Boston, where there are so many intellectual women who might be easily mistaken for men naturally fitted and mentally equipped for doing the world's stern, rough work; where there are so many men who are feminine in shrinking from an unpleasant duty, and are pleased to call a weak backbone "conservatism." Philosophers, anthropologists, and the Earnest Student of Sociology all agree in this: the finest specimens of the Androgyn are to be found in Boston. Hence the propriety of the cultivation of the Bacchic religion.

And again. "For this reason were men dressed in women's clothes in the mysteries and the processions, to pourtray this mysterious doctrine. These were the Ithyphalli." Consider for a moment the ease with which these processions could be arranged and perfected in Boston. The First Corps of Cadets has shown how gracefully women's clothes may be worn by men, and surely the members would volunteer gladly for such parade and ceremony in Copley Square. And as great high priest, who could perform the pontifical offices with more grace and dignity than Mr. Richard Harlow?

And my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May

Poor Mr. de Goncourt was very sick March 1 1896. He called in Dr. Barié, who spoke knowingly of rheumatism sneaking about the stomach and liver. And Barié said: "No fat foods, no de foie gras, no butter, no game, no fish, not even eggs." To him de Goncourt exclaimed, "You forbid everything that is good to eat!" "Yes," answered the doctor with an ironical smile, "everything that is good." Oh, wretched race of mortals! We know a man of large literary reputation, an essayist who has written nobly of the soul, that wept when his physician forbade him mincepie. There is much philosophy in the story published some time ago in the Fliegende Blätter. A physician sitting by the patient's bedside, says, "Well, Joseph, you must give up wine, woman and song." And the sick man replies, "Doctor, you are right. I'll give up song."

"Mr. Lindsay of Kentucky made a few sarcastic observations as to Aguirre's name." Yes, it is so easy to be funny over a man's name. Mr. Bull, Mr. Swett, Mr. Green, Mr. Graves—there are hundreds who are bored daily by the pest known as a "wag." There is Major Handy, for instance. Is there a day that some thrice-sodden ass does not say to him with a hideous guffaw, "Major, you always were a handy man. Haw-haw."

An out-of-town correspondent sends to the Journal a copy of a paper which was left lately with great ceremony at his house:

"Trustee on J.— J.— wages
Whome Works for you.

"To Mr. ——: Please to stop from your man $3.95 Which he owes to Mr. —— —— Cor of Green and King st. —— he has Promised to Pay it several times but Will Not Do it he has be served with a writ from me and Promised to pay last Monday Night but failed to do so So that I had to trustee is Pay Yours Respectfully —— —— Justice of the Peace."

mch 2. '97

Miss Marguerite Hall's Concert—First Appearance of Juanito Manen, the Thirteen-Year-Old Spanish Violinist.

Miss Marguerite Hall, assisted by Mr. Juanito Manen, violinist, and Mrs. S. B. Field and Mr. Manen, Sr., accompanists, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall.

Miss Hall sang songs by Bach, Lotti, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Hollman (with violin obbligato), Harris, Chaminade, and Thomé. She also sang the old French song "Ma douce Annette," and the old English song, "Pretty Polly Oliver." Miss Hall has many admirable qualities as a singer. Her voice is a fit organ for the interpretation of songs of agreeable sadness and pleasing melancholy; there are rich tones that are fraught with such suggestion, and, perhaps, the natural wish to display these tones led the singer last night to choose a program that was not effectively diversified. Yet her ability to sing in light and tripping measure was shown in the Bolero of Thomé. To me she was most effective in the charming and old-fashioned "Ma douce Annette," Harris's "Music when soft Voices die," and the group of songs by Chaminade and Thomé. Miss Hall does not always sustain her tones; the compass of her emotions is limited; and she is inclined to unduly accentuate the final note of a phrase, when neither text nor music demands any such accent; but she sings, as a rule, with marked intelligence, and her individuality, which is most clearly revealed in songs of subdued feeling, is genuine. She was most heartily applauded by a good-sized audience.

* * *

Mr. Manen was born at Barcelona, I am told, in 1884. He is said to have studied under his father and Sarasate; to have made his first appearance in concerts at Valencia when he was 9 years old; to have played at Madrid, Lisbon, Genoa, and in cities of South America. His first appearances in the United States were at New York, Nov. 15 and 27, 1891.

He played last night the andante from Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole, his own étude, Monasterio's "Adios a la Alhambra," Sarasate's "Chant du Rossignol," Bazzini's Prayer, and Wieniawski's Sielanka. The name of the composer of "Adios a la Alhambra" does not often appear on programs of visiting or local violinists, and yet Jesus Monasterio (born March 21, 1836, at Potes) is a fiddler of long and established reputation. He is a pupil of de Bériot; in the early sixties he played with great success in France and Germany; he was—perhaps he is still teacher at the Madrid Conservatory, and solo violinist of the Royal Orchestra. The piece by him which was played last night is conventionally Spanish, and without any particular distinction.

Young Mr. Manen, we have all been told by no less a critic than Queen Maria Christina of Spain, is "a gift of God to the world." The old saw concerning the gift-horse is immediately brought to mind; but Mr. Manen can bear tolerably close inspection. His technique, though it is often surprisingly good for a youth of his age, is not so well-rounded or amazing as that of other infant phenomena that have visited us. But he is indisputably more musical in matters of rhythm, expression, phrasing. He plays with greater taste, with less extravagance than is the case with some of his rivals. Undoubtedly with years he will gain in tone and emotion. He played soberly, without antics, without the intolerable bravado that characterizes so many boy fiddlers, boy pianists, and boy sopranos. He is a healthy, modest youth, whose actual performance commands respect and whose future is not merely a wild guess. He, too, was warmly applauded.

PHILIP HALE.

One day as Pylades was dancing the Tragedy of Hercules Furens, some People found fault with his Steps, he pull d off his Mask, and told the Laughers: "O ye Fools, don't you see that I act a Fool?"

That a United States Senator met his cook at a Cabinet reception is deemed worthy of public notice. The chief question is not one of etiquette, however. If he owed her wages, his situation was certainly embarrassing.

Late events—especially the breakdown of Steinitz—recall old Burton's censure of chess: "It is a game too troublesome for some men's brains, too full of anxiety, all out as bad as study."

All chess players are not as prudent as Philidor, of whom Madame d'Arblay told this story: He was at one of her parties in London, and when she asked him to play at chess, he replied, "Madame, I am not prepared to." "How so? I thought, Monsieur Philidor, you were always ready to play at chess." "Pardon, Madame; when I play at chess, I do not dine until I have done playing, and today I have already dined." And for blindfold playing, he often prepared himself by observing a careful regimen for several days. He lived to the age of 69, and his teacher, M. de Kermuy, Sire de Légal, was nearly 90 when he died.

Mrs. Lumsden, President of the Health Culture Club, Brooklyn, exclaimed Saturday in a passionate burst, "We can wear any kind of clothes we want to wear, and if it does us good what do we care for the men?" Thus did she defy the wisdom of centuries. For woman in all periods and countries has pondered seriously her dress for two reasons: to delight the eye of man and to wring the withers of her female neighbor.

Today is Shrove Tuesday, the day that people applied and still apply to the priest to shrive them before entering on the great fast of Lent, the following day. And on this solemn day a cruel custom was observed in Christian England: "A hen is hung at a fellow's back, who also has some horse-bells about him; the rest of the fellows are blinded, and have boughs in their hands, with which they chase this fellow and his hen about some large court or small enclosure. The fellow with his hen and bells shifting as well as he can, they follow the sound, and sometimes hit him and his hen; other times, if he can get behind one of them, they thresh one another well-favoredly; but the jest is, the maids are to blind the fellows, which they do with their aprons, and the cunning baggages will endear their sweethearts with a peeping-hole, whilst the others look out as sharp to hinder it. After this the hen is boiled with bacon, and store of pancakes and fritters are made."

Collop Monday, Pancake Tuesday,
Ash Wednesday, Bludee Thursday,
Friday's lang, but will be dune,
And hey for Saturday afternune.

G. M. asks the Journal why in certain antiques the god Mercury is drawn by two cocks. The Revcrend Mr. Spence says in his "Polymetis": "These birds seem to have been assigned Mercury because they were looked upon of old as the mark of vigilance and alertness."

Do you know, Mr. Smith, why you eat eggs at breakfast, when you can get them fresh? You say, "Because I like them." No, foolish man. Because it is an excellent augury to begin the day with an egg. The golden egg brings forth "the luminous, laborious, and beneficent day. The sun is an egg at the beginning of day; he becomes an apple tree in the evening, in the western garden of the Hesperides. The Latins were, therefore, accustomed to begin their dinners with hard-boiled eggs and to end them with apples; and we understand that this custom is still preserved among numerous Italian families. Oh brave digestions!

Melba hinted to a Pall Mall Gazette reporter in Paris that her enforced vacation would cost her close upon $125,000.

The Journal has received the following note from "Philanthropist:"

"While a massive silver "loving cup" was travelling from guest to guest, President Carter rapped for order and the speech-making began. "Brethren, sons of Harvard," he said.'

"I infer from the above statement which I read in the Journal that the loving cup contained some beverage which was sipped by each man. I am surprised that the men named in the report should dare to take part in a ceremony that is condemned by scientists and many church members on account of the imminent danger of contagion."

mch. 3. '97

Second Subscription Concert of the Advanced Pupils of the New England Conservatory of Music.

The second Subscription concert of the Advanced Pupils of the New England Conservatory of Music, was given yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a large audience. The program was as follows:

Theme and Variations for Pianoforte.. Nawratil
Delbert Webster, Boston.
Allegro from String Quartet in C minor. Beethoven
Clifford Sprunt, Melrose; Harry W. Barry, South Boston; David W. Fudge, Cambridge; George Benton, Reading, Penn.
Nocturne, F sharp major; Variations on a Theme by Halevy, Op. 12, pianoforte ..... Chopin
Mary Patterson, St. Albans, Vt.
Concerto for Violin (first movement).... Moszkowski
Albert E. Wier, Roxbury.
"Wanderer" Fantasie, pianoforte..... Schubert-Liszt
Anna Stovall, Shubuta, Miss.
Stabat Mater for solo voices and female chorus ..... Pergolesi
Solo Voices—Delana White, Jackson, Tenn.; Pauline Woltmann, Rock Island, Ill.; Effie Woods, Augusta, Ga.; Mabel Stanaway, Reno, Nev.

Now what is to be said of such a concert? Surely the officers of the Conservatory do not wish gush and honey-daubing, which would not benefit the school, and might injure seriously the pupils. On the other hand, is it fair to criticise with care and discrimination the performance of a pupil who is simply a pupil, who is in rigorous training, whose hours for concert preparation are taken from those which are devoted to general routine work? Then add the comparative inexperience of the performer, his inevitable nervousness. Even the most kindly but discriminating criticism might seem unjust to player, singer, teacher.

The place for such concerts is in the Conservatory itself. There they would form part of the regular exercises. Appearances at such concerts would be regarded honors. The criticism should be from the teachers, from the fellow pupils, not from outsiders. There is time for outside criticism in the future, when fiddler, pianist or singer enters upon a professional career. The praise or blame of indifferent outsiders is not pertinent in the case of a pupil. And it may also be said that such appearances in public are as likely to injure as well as benefit a pupil, especially if foolish fulsome praise be awarded in a spirit of reckless good nature.

Nevertheless, I think it only fair to say in the present instance that the young men and women who took part yesterday showed a well grounded claim for a respectful hearing as well as sound training in many ways. There was an honesty, there was an enthusiasm in the performance of the movement from Beethoven's string quartet that was refreshing. Mr. Webster played with a thoughtfulness that is not always found in mature pianists, and Miss Patterson and Miss Stovall showed real proficiency. May I venture to suggest to these three pianists the necessity of toiling after beauty of tone as some toil after virtue? In the study of mechanism, a pupil is too likely to give undue importance to the acquisition of speed, and to forget that the piano may be after all something more than an unsympathetic percussion instrument. Mr. Weir played the first movement from Moszowski's difficult violin concerto, which was introduced here, if I am not mistaken, by Mr. Adamowski in 1889. He has considerable technique, an even, firm tone (if it was not yesterday always spotlessly pure) and undoubted talent for the violin. If his instrument had been better, the impression, favorable as it was, would have been still greater.

It is a singular reflection on our choral societies that Pergolesi's beautiful work has been sung since 1883 only by Conservatory pupils under Mr. Rotoli—as yesterday—in '87 and '90, possibly a third time. It would be a great pleasure to hear it sung by the unequaled female choir of the Cecilia. The solos—

but they are by no means easy were sung, as a rule, yesterday with courage and success, and the chorus showed frequently the results of conscientious training. It was not always possible to say "Amen" to the pace taken, and the accompaniments were not always sympathetic or correct. Piano and organ are at the best an inadequate substitute for the original accompaniment.

The third of these concerts will be given in Steinert Hall Tuesday evening, April 6.

PHILIP HALE.

Now that Lent and the Spring do make their approach, in my opinion Fasting would conduce much to the advantage of Soul and Body, though our Second Institution of observing Lent aim'd at Civil Respects, as to preserve the Breed of Cattle and advance the Profession of Fishermen, yet it concurs with the first Institution viz.: a pure spiritual end, which was to subdue the Flesh, and that being brought under, our other two spiritual Enemies, the World and the Devil, are the sooner overcome. The Naturalists observe that Morning Spittle kills Dragons; so Fasting helps to destroy the Devil, provided it be accompanied with other Acts of Devotion to fast for one day only, from about Nine in the Morning to four in the Afternoon is but a Mock-fast. The Turks do more than so in their Ramirams and Beiramas, and the Jew, also, for he fasts from the dawn in the morning till the Stars be up in the Night.

Never was there such need of fasting in Boston as today. Gird you with sackcloth, lament and howl, ye people of the Back Bay and sundry Ends, Charlestown, Roxbury and Somerville. Let tears run down like a river day and night; give yourselves no rest; cry out in the night; cast dust upon your heads; let the virgins hang down their heads to the ground; let not the apples of your eyes cease; let them that did feed delicately be desolate in the streets; let the elders cease from the gate, the young men from their music. The joy of our heart is ceased; our dance is turned into mourning; the crown of our head is fallen. And why? Because the Providence Journal says, "You cannot hurt the feelings of a Bostonian more wantonly than by denying that he has a thoroughly cosmopolitan spirit." The Providence Journal, a Minos in the matter of neckties, a very Rhadamanthus concerning plug-hats and Prince Albert coats, has pronounced this solemn judgment, the judgment of the court of last resort.

And yet fasting might be dangerous to the moral tone of the community. Hearken ye unto the words of Richard F. Burton, that belated Elizabethan pagan: "Like the Italian, the Anglo-Catholic, and the Greek fasts, the chief effect of the 'blessed month' upon True Believers is to darken their tempers into positive gloom. Their voices, never of the softest, acquire, especially after noon, a terribly harsh and creaking tone. The men curse one another and beat the women. The women slap and abuse the children, and these in their turn cruelly entreat and use bad language to the dogs and cats. * * * The 'Karakûn,' or station houses, are filled with lords who have administered an undue dose of chastisement to their ladies, and with ladies who have scratched, bitten and otherwise injured the bodies of their lords. The Mosques are crowded with a sulky, grumbling population, making themselves offensive to one another on earth while working their way to heaven."

"Fitzsimmons took a run today down to the State penitentiary." May the omen be propitious!

While virtuous citizens in this town are protesting noisily against the proposition of debased persons in Nevada to present a be-diamonded belt at the expense of the State to the winner of the mill, it is well to remember that there are men still living who saw public and civic honors paid in Music Hall to the distinguished journalist, the Honorable John L. Sullivan, D. C. L. (Learned in the Laws of the Cestus).

And, by the way, how do these virtuous citizens know that there is such a proposition, unless they read assiduously the "brutal and loathsome sporting columns?"

"At the production of 'The Serenade' by the Bostonians in Chicago double encores were frequent." So the eager and anticipatory Mr. Studley is still conductor.

This is an excellent time to remember that it is the President of the United States who should take off his hat to citizens; not they to him.

Now that Nordica has a chance to sing in opera, she should assume a pleasanter expression.

John Hare's understudy should be a wig.

"The Huguenots" is now billed in Chicago, out of deference to the modern spirit, as "The Huguenits."

A man in Maine, advertises himself as "Dealer in Coffins, Caskets and Burial Robes, Undertaker, Agent for — Bicycles."

The New York Sun says "The child's habit of complaining to his abler rival that the latter's superiority 'isn't fair' occurs in the following question from Mr. John T. Wheelwright of Boston:

"'Do you consider it fair that an aggregation of capital which is so large as to be able to crush out competition should be protected by a high tariff rate?'

"All that can be replied to this is that the protective system rests on its own bottom, irrespective of special systems of industry. Mr. Wheelwright displays a half-baked philosophy again, etc." Come, come, oh brilliant contemporary, take a man of your size!

"An Englishman's idea of 'good, wholesome food' is a more or less raw joint—in many cases the gravy being somewhat too realistically red—and a badly-prepared vegetable."

Mch 4, 97

We must have the azaleas out tomorrow and thoroughly cleansed, they are devoured by insects; the tame rook has flown away; mother lost her prayer book coming from church, she thinks it was stolen.

Major Ulysses called on us yesterday. He is known as Major to distinguish him from Ulysses minor, Homer's man

That wandered wondrous far, when he the town
Of sacred Troy had sack'd and shivered down.

This reminds us of a story told by Jugend—if you do not read this Munich weekly, you lose much—of the Professor and his class. The Professor: "As is well known, Ulysses was ten years in getting home." Student (to his neighbor): "Say—what a frightful jag he must have had!"

We have always doubted the tales told by the wily, much-enduring Ulysses. They were good enough for Penelope and Telemachus, just as Penelope's yarn about weaving was good enough for Ulysses. There are old writers who tell strange stories about the waiting wife.

But our friend Maj. Ulysses has seen man from the joss-house of Canton to the Falernian field in Campania. The experiences of the old Greek and those of our esteemed friend are no more to be compared "than the scintillated Chalybeat particle, ignited by the momentous percussion of flint and steel, is to the arctic exhalation of an aurora borealis."

The Major proposes to establish in Boston a Society for the Repudiation of Facts. He proposes to elect such a man as Mr. Hearst of San Francisco and New York as Honorary President. Any prominent lawyer or inspector of gas meters would make a good, ordinary, working President. No one is to be eligible for membership—not even a historian—unless he can prove beyond doubt and peradventure that he has compassed the death of at least one statistician. A mosaic portrait of Mr. Gradgrind will be inserted in the hall floor, where it may be trampled upon daily, as the Signs of the Zodiac in the Public Library are trod upon by guffins or tickled by girlish feet.

Education is still regarded by many as a storing away of facts. The date of the battle of Marathon, the inventor of the cotton-gin, who first drank a gin cocktail, how the apteryx of New Zealand (the interesting bird called by the natives kiwi) uses his respectable bill—knowledge of all these and other sundry matters is known as education. "Education, I tremble before thy dreaded name. The cruelties of Nero, of Caligula, what were they?—a few crunched limbs in the amphitheatre; but thine, O Education, are the yearnings of souls sick of life, of maddening discontent, or all the fearsome and fathomless sufferings of the mind."

"Pith and Peanuts the Potential of Peace and Plenty" is the title of a lecture by Edward Atkinson, Esq. We know that peanuts are filling; they no doubt would sustain life for years, and years, and years; but what is to be done with the pith; should it be smoked or chewed?

The speaker remarked that when he heard such discussions of petty questions he, like Mr. Virgil, felt like turning his chair round to the fire and ejaculating at intervals "Fudge!"—Boston Herald.

Did Mr. Virgil feel like this in the Bucolics, Georgics of the Aeneid? We were under the impression that it was our old friend Mr. Burchell in the Vicar of Wakefield, who was guilty of such impolite behavior.

"Aut Caesar, aut Nihil" is translated in Germany "Either Kaiser or Nihilist."

The two millers at Canton are now "fighting in their sleep." They have fought in talk for many months.

President McKinley is, indeed, a good American. "His courtesy shone out in his attentions to the trainmen from Canton to Washington." The trained rulers of this country are the railroad porter, the hotel-clerk and the janitor. What to them is a President-elect, or a real President?

Here are some gems of thought from geography papers handed in at a Cambridge (England) local examination. The examined were exceptionally crudite, says a correspondent of the Daily Messenger, in the matter of monsoons. "Monsoons," writes one, "are the natives of Australia. They have no calves." "Monsoons," writes another, "are a mountain range. They are inhabited by the funniest people in the world, who have about six heads and no eyes. They are cannobals, and feed on their fathers and brothers, and spend a dreary life, doing absolutely nothing." Asked to describe the position of Armenia, a small boy writes: "Armenia is between the Ufrates and the Tigress." "Armenia belongs to Russia," writes another authority, "and the massacres of Christians are now being carried on there."

C. H. W. writes to the Journal: "I have been interested to know if any of your many readers will remember a game similar to what I once played as a boy (or rather that was crooned to me as a wee boy) that has a rhyme like this:

'Hippeny, pippeny,
Watermy chickeny,
Crancy crow;
Down to the gutter
To get the hogs' supper,
Home again, home again,
What time i'st, old buzzard?'

"After repeating this much someone would say, in answer to the question, 'Oh, it's one, going on two.' Then after another repetition the answer would be, 'Two, going on three,' etc. It has been so long since I thought of it I have forgotten the point of the game. Will any of your readers remember it?"

Perhaps "C. H. W." will find the verse in "Counting-out Rhymes of Children" by H. Carrington.

Mar

First Public Appearance in Boston of Master Julius Schendel, Pianist.

Master Julius Schendel gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. Assisted by Mr. Van Raalte and Miss Georgie Pray he played Hummel's trio, op. 12. His solo numbers were the first movement of a Sonata by Schumann, a Caprice by Mendelssohn, Waltz Lente by Dolmetsch, Henselt's "Bird" study, and Liszt's 14th Hungarian Rhapsody. Mrs. Titus sang songs by del Acqua, Godard, Thomé, in a pleasing manner. Miss Pray played Servais's arrangement of a Chopin nocturne.

Master Schendel was born in New York, April 25, 1885. He made an appearance in Steinway Hall, New York, Dec. 4, 1896. I understand that it is not his father's intention to parade the boy as an infant phenomenon; he wishes opinions concerning the wisdom of a professional career.

The boy has indisputable talent. He has a keener sense of rhythm than is commonly found in boys of his age; he plays often with a thoughtfulness that seems original and not servilely mimetic; he has surprising moments. There is no doubt that he has a natural bent for the piano.

But haste should be made slowly. The boy's education should be physical as well as mental; nor should undue attention be given for a time to the piano. The broader, the more general the education, the greater will be the pianist in this instance. There need be little fear of retrogression in technique. Such fingers are not stiffened easily. A reasonable amount of practice will suffice till the boy gains bodily strength, and this is what he now seems most to need. He already has a marked keyboard proficiency; and what is still better, he suggests at times a great pianist in embryo. Of course his playing as piano playing, pure and simple, is not now to be criticised.

There was a good sized and deeply interested audience.

PHILIP HALE.

Now the Foundation of this Virtue of a Modest Assurance (if I may so term it), may be laid in Dancing; than which, nothing, as Mr. Lock observes, appears to give Children so much becoming Confidence, and so to raise them to the Conversation of those above their Age: And this being fix'd by Learning this Art young, seldom leaves them when grown up. And by dancing in Company, or singly before many Spectators, Children wear off that Diffidence, Fear, and Aukwardness, which might be a perpetual Remora to their Fortunes.

This at least is the opinion of John Weaver, Esq., the ingenious author of "An Essay towards an History of Dancing," published in London in 1712. But, as you remember, Mrs. Terwilliger Thudicum, who freed her mind to us last week, believes that this assurance is no longer modest or a virtue.

The Providence Journal, commenting on Mrs. Thudicum's complaint, suggests this remedy:

"If the matrons of society only have the disposition and the courage, however, they can soon teach our young cubs manners in a very practical fashion. Even the pursuit of a husband for a marriageable daughter should not stand in the way of so wholesome a reform; indeed, they would perhaps get better husbands by pursuing such a course. When inelvility to the hostess, rudeness to the guests and indifference to everyone's comfort but your own means sending to social Coventry, then the cub will begin to ask himself if he is quite the important member of society he thought he was, and with a chastened mind will abate his pretensions to be absolved from the ordinary rules of courtesy."

Complaints are not solely against the "cub" and his boorishness. Mrs. Sparrowhawk has written to the Journal, and we quote from her letter: "I admit that Mrs. Thudicum—with whom I have a bowing acquaintance—is justly vexed, and her daughter Violet is, indeed, a sweet girl; but all young girls of high-toned parents do not carry their good breeding with them; they sometimes leave it on the mantelpiece or the piano. I am not the only one who finds these 'buds' thoughtless, yes, rude in the treatment of their elders. If the youth is a 'cub' toward girls and hostesses, the 'bud' is often snippy toward married women and elderly maidens who have chosen, or been forced to abstain from marriage. Their thoughtlessness is shown in many ways: By not showing proper respect in conventional greetings; by never offering elders a chair or paying little courtesies that are the perquisites of middle age; by inattention to questions or counsel, and this inattention is often something worse: impertinent stare, or flippant, crude contradiction. Master Cub and Miss Pert are admirably paired. There is truth in the saying that women are what men make them; is there not equal truth in the converse of this proposition?"

John Russell Young, in commenting on Treasury Secretaries who were not financiers, says: "Mr. Manning had been a newspaper reporter in Albany." Yes, but Mr. Manning, in connection with a leading bank in Albany, had long and practical experience in financial matters before he was made Secretary of the Treasury.

This four-leaf shamrock which now appears in Carson is an old prize-fight property. It reminds one of the prima donna laurel wreath.

The New York Tribune tells this story: "One of Congressman Sulloway's New Hampshire constituents wrote to him the other day about a pension bill. Mr. Sulloway replied: 'Only two obstacles stand in the way of passing your bill—Jehovah and Tom Reed. I think I can manage Jehovah if you look after Reed.'"

Here is a thought for Lent. It is suggested by a story in that fascinating book, "Thibetan Buddhist Birth Stories," by W. W. Rockhill. King Shutolag-gar-ni killed himself to become a monster fish, on which his people fed in time of famine. To what better use could the crowned father of his people put himself in Lent?

Mr. Evacustes A. Philpson of Birmingham, Eng., contributes an extremely interesting article entitled "British v. American English" to Part IX. of "Dialect Notes." "Many of your most concise and handy expressions the English obstinately refuse to adopt, such as 'freight train,' which in England men call 'goods' and women 'luggage train;' * * * though in this respect we are no more stupid than Americans, who, in spite of the efforts of John Stephenson & Co. and others to introduce it, persist in rejecting the excellent word 'tramway,' and adhering to the awkward 'street railway,' although the former has been transferred bodily into the language of nearly every European country. It is surprising that, when such a simple and telling expression is at hand, by which a distinction may at once be made between the two kinds of railway, Americans should be unwilling to use it." We are sure the West End Company would be delighted to introduce this reform in New England, for it eagerly courts suggestions of every kind from an affectionate public.

Among the papers left by Rubinstein is found this note: "I once intended to write a composition entitled 'Love: Theme and Variations.' But I gave it up, because when I was young I might

have found the theme, but had not experience enough for the variations; now I might write the variations, but cannot find a theme.

mch 6

He that will still be living or,
When the noon of life is past,
Shall, when all is said and done,
Still be proved a fool at last.
Length of days can only bring
Griefs and sorrows in their train,
Joy is then a banished thing,
Pleasures never come again.
Still they love their little life,
Clinging fretfully unto it,
Till the king with terrors rife,
Hades comes that will undo it.
That is Death, the spectre dire,
Death, the foe of dance and song,
Where no love is, and no lyre,
These delights to life belong.

Such are the pallid, sombre words put into the mouth of the Chorus compassionating blind, old Oedipus and thinking of the sorrows endured by him. Now listen to a couplet by a great Englishman:

Strange cozenage! None would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain.

Shift and wriggle, turn and twist, talk glibly of politics and pugilism, art and sewerage, plume ourselves as we may on our rare intelligence and the fact that we are only a little lower than the angels, all of a sudden we run slap into the presence of Death. The Greek, as well as the coffee house haunting Englishman, knew that Death was round the corner; that Death would not hurry or be tardy. Each looked over the past years in his own way; the Englishman was more hopeful of the future; but each saw as from a tower the end of all.

And so when there is any sudden, awful accident the thought of Death comes home to even the accustomed undertaker. First, there is the conventionally selfish thought, "I might have been drowned; I might have been blown to pieces. I was lucky. But when will my turn come? Will there be a slight cold—inattention—deathbed scene? Or shall I be crushed beneath a car, or shot accidentally by some drunken roisterer?"

"From battle and murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us," says the Prayer Book. Is not sudden death one of the sweetest gifts of the Ruler? Why this prayer? Was it because sudden death meant the hasty departure of a soul uncomforted, unprepared by ghostly consolation and ministration? If your house is not in order, establish it at once. See that you do not leave your home in the morning with hellish thoughts in your heart and with raging hatred in the room just left. A sudden death is terrible only to those who are allowed to remain here a little longer. You are not shocked beyond measure when a telegram calls you to Chicago. Why should you shudder at the thought of a summons to a more interesting and more thickly peopled city?

You are an astronomer. Then are you not tempted by the thought of a closer view of Saturn's belt, which no Nevada Legislature could equal? You are an athlete. Have you no curiosity to find out whether Hercules or Samson was the equal of Sandow? We ourselves look forward to a happier condition in which Burton's edition of the Arabian Nights will not be at a prohibitive price.

Here is Mr. John G. Brooks asking "What is poverty?" To many—alas, that such live in this city—absolute, grinding poverty is an income of $3000 a year; and genteel poverty is $10,000 a year. Would it not be a recompense for a hasty exit, as by a trap-door, to dwell in some land where the ostentatious rich had no citizenship? The universe is vast. There is surely such a country, even if it be way beyond Orion, so that its lights have not yet reached this purblind ball.

Let us pinch ourselves to bravery of thought. Do you feel like saying with Dr. Johnson when Boswell asked whether the fear of death is not natural to man, "So much so, Sir, that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it"? Accustom yourself daily to the thought.

After the conventional and selfish exhilation that you were not the one who suffered by some dire accident, comes the feeling, the impotent expression of rage against destructive forces of civilization. Gas, steam, electricity; are we really the masters of them? The carelessness of a clerk or workman; the indifference of an official; the greed of a corporation; these are often cruelei toward manzind than blear-eyed Sultan or Spanish soldiery. Yet you would gladly own the stock of such a corporation; you would be honored by a Directorship; you would soon learn to patter, "Distressing but unavoidable accident. How much do we lose by it?"

For we are all callous except in the heel of intimate affection. Let us again consult one of the great books of the world. Boswell: "Suppose now, Sir, that one of your intimate friends were apprehended for an offence for which he might be hanged." Johnson: "I should do what I could to bail him, and give him any other assistance; but if he were once fairly hanged, I should not suffer." Boswell: "Would you eat your dinner that day, Sir?" Johnson: "Yes, Sir; and eat it as if he were eating it with me. Why, there's Baretti, who is to be tried for his life tomorrow, friends have risen up for him on every side; yet if he should be hanged, none of them will eat a slice of plum pudding the less. Sir, that sympathetic feeling goes a very little way in depressing the mind." And so Macaulay wrote, "We dine; unless the blow comes very near, very near the heart indeed." And so it is not incredible that gentle divines preached the doctrine of peaceful joy of saved Christians contemplating the sufferings of the damned.

mch 7

Arthur Whiting's Fantasia for Piano and Orchestra Played for the First Time in Boston—Concert Announcements.

The program of the 17th Symphony Concert last night in Music Hall, Emil Paur conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Sakuntala".....Goldmark
Fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, in B-flat minor, Op. 11.....Arthur Whiting
(First time in Boston.)
I. Moderato maestoso.
Allegro appassionato.
II. Pastorale.
III. Finale: Allegro scherzando.
Symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch"..Mendelssohn
Overture to "Rosamunde".....Schubert

Mr. Whiting's fantasia was first played in public at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge, March 12, 1896. Mr. Whiting was then the pianist. I believe it was played a little before that at a quasi-private concert in Newton, when the Festival orchestra was conducted by Mr. Mollenhauer.

The program-book says that the score bears no dedication. Mr. Apthorp is mistaken. The Fantasia is dedicated to Mr. George W. Chadwick.

This Fantasia is an interesting, pleasing work. The composer has been accused in times past, and not without justice, of a certain peculiar dryness in thought and expression. His fastidiousness led him to reject any appearance of musical sensuousness; for sensuousness seemed to him of close kin to vulgarity. The temperament of Mr. Whiting leads him to place a perhaps undue importance on that which is purely intellectual in music. I hasten to add that in this Fantasia there is sentiment, there is humanity as well as mere intellectual display. This composer may yet surprise us in a year or two by a burst of sensuousness, or at least warm emotion. The Fantasia is indeed a fantasia, but it is not merely a succession of sleep-chasings, unregulated, uncontrolled, incoherent. On the contrary, I do not remember any work by Mr. Whiting in which his discrimination and technical skill appear to such musical advantage. Pastorale is delightful in its simplicity and freshness, in its use and not abuse of wood—wind instruments. There are suggestions here that a man less adroit would have expanded and discussed at length to the consternation of an audience. The finale is effective in its original brilliancy. I have spoken of the portions of the work that are bound to be the most popular.

The first movement is of genuine interest to the musician, who must needs admire the skill with which Mr. Whiting has handled his thematic material, material that in itself is not very striking. The composer played the piano part as it should be played in this instance: as one of the instruments of the orchestra. His tone was crisp, but not metallic, his technical performance was unobtrusively distinct and brilliant, and, more than this, there was a decided personal flavor. He did not remind one of this pianist or that pianist; he played the thoughts of Mr. Whiting in Mr. Whiting's way. Thus by piece and performance did he win a legitimate success.

* * *

The other selections do not call for extended comment. It was a pleasure to hear again the sultry, swooning music of Goldmark, the Oriental; and it was not a pleasure to hear the hopelessly bourgeois overture of Schubert. The introduction of the "Rosamunde" will pass, but the allegro is music for a beer garden. Schubert's memory is not honored by such revivals. In the Symphony Mr. Paur might have taken the introduction at a little faster pace, but as a whole the work was well read. It is idle to protest against his trick of reading the first theme of the allegro in nearly every first movement of a symphony in a coquettish manner, and afterward settling down to the proper speed. The music suffers thereby, nine cases out of ten, but frankness in delivery of a theme is not esteemed by those who misunderstand and think they follow certain principles laid down by Wagner in his Art of Conducting. In the finale there are noble marches of the double-basses and 'cellos that might have been more strongly brought out. And may I suggest respectfully to Mr. Paur that a little sharper precision in the attack of chords by the wind instruments would not be amiss?

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Operatic Rumors and Resulting Thoughts.

First Performances of Beethoven's Mass in D.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

Will the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Opera Company visit Boston next month?

There are all sorts of disquieting rumors. Nevertheless, I shall believe in the appearance of the singers in Mechanics' Building April 5, until I am informed to the contrary by the managers.

It is true that the managers have been sorely tried. The sickness of Melba and Eames has been an indisputable calamity. The fact that there are strong singers in the company—that Calvé, the de Reszkes, Plancon, Mantelli, Campanari and others of lesser fame but well-founded pretensions are still in full possession of their operatic faculties—this fact does not, according to reports, appeal to the audiences of Western towns. These audiences, like unto the audiences of New York and Boston, are induced to part with their money only by the thought of hearing some particular singer.

Now the box office draught of Melba is well established. Calvé and Jean de Reszke have also well established draughts. Why should there be, then, this talk of poor business?

There is no public that is so fickle as the operatic public. The idol of one year is not noticed the next season. The soprano that was the fashion in '94 or '95 may not be able to draw 100 people for her own sake to the opera house in '97. On the other hand there is singular fidelity to a singer who has long past the prime of power. This is no new tale, it was told in the 18th century, no doubt in the 17th century. The impresario is necessarily a gambler; there is no absolute reckoning with a public.

There is a political side in the opera question of today which I do not care to discuss at length. There is the Nordica-de Reszke row which has received an undue amount of attention. It is not unlikely that Mrs. Nordica, elated with her success as Isolde, demanded for the following season a price that was regarded as exorbitant by the cool and intelligent Mr. Grau. Nordica had a right to make the demand. Mr. Grau had an equal right to refuse. The washing of dirty linen in public is always to be regretted. Of the two—Nordica and de Reszke—the latter certainly has behaved in the more dignified manner.

But how far should all this be from the opera house in which music should be something more than the sport of fashion! There is no civilized—or supposedly civilized country in the world where opera is in such a ridiculous position as in the United States and this is chiefly the fault of the public, not the singers, not the managers. So long as men and women will rush to see a star without thought of the opera in which the star shines; so long as they turn the cold shoulder on new works that the intelligent people of other lands are eagerly discussing; so long as they clamor for "ideal casts" in "Faust" and "The Huguenots," purr with pleasure at the performance of a mutilated "Lucia," or care for Calvé only in "Carmen," opera will remain here in its low estate.

There is no doubt that the salaries paid leading singers are absurd. But again, who is at fault? Singers will ask for as much as they can get; de Reszke, Nordica, Melba, Eames—they are all alike in this respect. If the public will not be satisfied without these singers, if it is willing to pay the necessarily high prices demanded by the managers to at least make ends meet, why blame managers for yielding or singers for demanding?

Remember, too, people that are not flush with money. Opera is a luxury, not a necessity. When there is need of economy, the opera-house suffers.

The time will yet come when the work itself will count for more than the singers who appear in it; when a respectable ensemble in several operas will be more welcome than an "ideal cast" in one stale work; when an opera company without a repertory will be acknowledged as a vain and absurd thing.

Nor is it too much to say that the Castle Square Theatre has done more toward encouraging a healthy appreciation of opera in this town than all the famous opera companies that have visited this city the last half dozen years.

It is an excellent thing to hear great singers in opera; but for the bulk of the people the hearing is an extravagance. The time must come when great singers in this country will have to be content with more reasonable salaries. It remains with the public to work this reformation.

* * *

Miss Leonora Jackson, known favorably in this town, gave the second of her concerts with orchestra in Berlin Feb. 13, and her teacher, Joachim, conducted the orchestra. She played Mendelssohn's concerto, Ernst's F sharp minor Concerto, a Recitative and Adagio by Spohr, and Bach's Prelude and Fugue in G minor.

Otto Lessmann criticised her as follows: "She again showed her uncommon natural gifts and her careful artistic training, but she should not appear so frequently in public, at least until her individuality is settled and confirmed. The mere imitation of her teacher Joachim makes little for her own future."

This last sentence might well be pondered by students right here in Boston. Loyalty to a teacher, belief in a teacher—these are admirable qualities, if the teacher is competent.

But here is a pupil of an eminent pianist, and the highest praise given her is, "She reminds me so much of her teacher." This praise is in reality severe condemnation. Has the girl herself no individual thought or emotion?

Mr. Roarer tries to sing in Mr. Max Heinrich's manner. Truly a compliment to Mr. Heinrich. Now Mr. Heinrich is eminently individual. Why should not Mr. Roarer show his own individuality? We all know Mr. Heinrich. Mr. Roarer's servile imitation does not interest us. And when a young singer imitates his superior and elder, he is very apt to copy mannerisms that do not enter into the real artistic equipment of the one imitated.

* * *

Paderewski played at a Gewandhaus concert early in February. He was criticised severely as pianist and composer. A writer in the Musikalische Wochenblatt, speaking of Paderewski's first appearance in Leipsic about two years ago, says: "He then impressed us only by an unusual facility in nuancirung, in gradations of tone; this time his specialty was not revealed in clear light." According to him Paderewski's performance of Schumann's A minor concerto was destitute of style, energy and power; "it was often merely 'tone murmuring.'"

He speaks thus of Paderewski's Polish Fantaisie as a conglomeration of Polish original themes and personal addition. "We must say, that seldom has anything so crude and forced in form and contents been served in the Gewandhaus by a virtuoso as this musically sick and therefore doubly endless product. We pity the orchestra which was obliged to take part in it, still more than the audience, which only had to hear it."

* * *

It does not seem possible that the performance by the Cecilia this week of Beethoven's Mass in D will be the first in Boston, and yet such, I understand, is the case.

This gigantic work was written for the installation of the Archduke Rudolph as Archbishop of Olmutz. It was begun toward the end of the fall of 1818. Rudolph took his seat in 1819, March 9. The mass was not ready; was not finished before the summer of 1822. It was not published until 1827. Dedicated to Rudolph, it was offered in subscription copies to amateurs, sovereigns and princes of Europe. The price of each was fixed at 50 ducats (about $120). There were seven subscribers in all: The Tsar, the King of Prussia, the King of France, the King of Saxony, the Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, Prince Anthony Radziwill, and the Cecilia Society of Frankfort-on-Main. The Emperor of Austria nothing. Of all these Louis XVI treated the composer in the most courteous fashion. The King of Prussia asked if Beethoven would prefer ducats or a decoration, to which Beethoven shouted to the go-between, ducats. Mr. Chancellor, 50 ducats. Goethe did not deign to reply. The

[illegible] received Beethoven's letter.

The first performance was only a partial one, May 7, 1824. The censure did not allow the word "mass" to appear on a theatre program, and the word "hymn" was substituted. The program was as follows:

Overture op. 124.
3 grand hymns with solo voices and chorus.
Ninth Symphony.

The soloists were Sontag, Unger, Haitzinger and Seipelt. The mass was conducted by Umlauf.

The numbers chosen for the performance were the Kyrie, Credo, Agnus Dei and Dona nobis.

The concert was financially a failure. The net result to Beethoven was under $[illegible].

The mass was first performed as a whole in church at Warnsdorf, Bohemia, Peter and Paul's Day, 1830, when it was led by a school teacher, Johann Vincenz Richter. In 1832 it was conducted by Moscheles in London. It was sung in concert at Strassburg 1837, Cologne 1844, Vienna 1845, Paris (Kyrie and Gloria in 1832) as a whole 1888.

The first performance in the United States was at the fourth musical festival at Cincinnati, May 19, 1880. Theodore Thomas was the conductor. There were two quartets of soloists: Amy Sherwin, Annie Louise Cary, Campanini and M. W. Whitney—Annie B. Norton, Emma Cranch, Harvey and Rudolphsen.

The first performance in New York was May 3, 1882. Theodore Thomas, conductor. The two quartets were Materna, Winant, Campanini, Galassi and Whitney—Mrs Allen (of Boston), Wiegant, Candidus and Henschel.

Philip Hale

"MESSIDOR."

"Messidor," a lyric drama by Zola and Bruneau, was produced at the Paris Opéra Feb. 19. The Pall Mall Gazette speaks of it as follows:

Though MM. Zola and Bruneau call their work a lyric drama, the physiognomy of their theme, whether considered in its entirety or in detail, seems more to claim the appellation of "morality"—a form of spectacle from which the play undoubtedly proceeds. But, lyric drama or morality, "Messidor" is nothing short of a masterpiece. Seldom, if ever, were all the component elements of an operatic production in such perfect harmony, creative genius and interpreting talent at par, stagecraft and scenography surpassing in fertility of invention all that had been witnessed yet, and a purely human interest kept up at a uniform pitch of excitement throughout the stretch of the performance. The joint collaboration of MM. Zola and Bruneau — so we were informed some years back—is to be circumscribed within the limits of the strictly national and exclusively modern element; the first step of the authors was toward the perennial theme of love ("Le Rêve"), and the atmosphere of mysticism pervading the score made of it a work for all times. The idea of war and patriotism found faithful expression in "L'Attaque du Moulin," and now in "Messidor" we see the apotheosis of labor in contradistinction to otiose pursuit after wealth pure and simple. That the antithesis be better felt and the contrast stronger, M. Zola places his scene of action amongst peasants living along the course of a gold-carrying river, L'Ariège, in the valley of Bethmale; for centuries the villagers have lived on the proceeds of this precious if accidental harvest, and when one of their number, greedier than the rest, went up the river to build machinery there, and thus intercepted the gold-bearing torrent, starvation and poverty became the fate of those in the valley. A miracle and an avalanche destroy the factory, draining at the same time the waters of their unique properties. The people of Bethmale then turn to the long-neglected soil, reaping a rich harvest—hence the symbolic title of "Messidor" — and breathing freely are no more oppressed by the idea of the facile conquest of gold for gold's sake. "La Terre et l'Or"—there is the contrast. That the local color be preserved, the delightful Ariège legend of "L'Enfant Jésus" is made the pivot of the play, with all its superstitious paraphernalia and miraculous issues. Véronique, the type of the impoverished generation, exposes the legend and tells how: "Là-bas, parmi les grands rocs écroulés, au bout d'un long couloir que nul ne connait, il est une salle immense, une cathédrale d'or." There the Divine Babe plays on the sand and drops it in handfuls into the cool waters of a spring; and the sand changes into gold dust and is carried along by the stream across the valley of Bethmale. But should ever human eye behold the wonderful cathedral the miracle would cease, all would disappear and founder in the depths of the earth. Véronique finds the grotto, and the destruction of Gaspard's factory by hurricane is made to coincide with the epilogue of the legend. The music M. Bruneau has written for M. Zola's remarkable book is the best harmonious commentary one could imagine. There is an abundant melodic vein in situations admitting of so-called "set pieces," the dialogues are treated in the manner now familiar, and are exquisitely personal of the composer, while single phrases stand out powerfully, thanks to the happy knack of catching the right accents and the best appropriate inflexions of the singing and speaking voices. The structure of the score is symphonic, the material being furnished by a [illegible] of [illegible] themes [illegible] titled, however, not with characters, but with situations and sentiments—as many labels to various états d'âme. The combinations of these themes alone would stamp the score as a masterly one, but there are yet details as numerous as they are admirable in the orchestral fabric, and so many treasures of melody that "Messidor" must be placed on the livre d'or of French lyric art.

MM. Bertrand and Gailhard have mounted the work with rare munificence, giving for interpreters their finest artists, and M. Gailhard himself has taken all the cares of the mise-en-scène, with such splendid results that M. Zola declares it to be not stage managing, but collaboration. The hit of the evening was made by M. Delmas as Mathias, a village loafer and instinctive criminal, a creation which is the nearest approach to genius one has seen yet on the operatic stage. So terribly realistic was the sinister type that even the claque dared hardly applaud at the right places. Mlle. Deschamps-Jéhin (Véronique), Mlle. Berthet (Hélène), MM. Alvarez (Guillaume), Noté (Gaspard) and Renaud (Le Berger), as also the orchestra under M. Taffanel, must be included in the same expression of unlimited praise.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The announcements of concerts are in the news section.

Max Pauer has been chosen professor of piano at Stuttgart.

Mira Heller has been singing in quasi private concerts in Paris.

The review of the Symphony concert is in the news section of the Journal.

Philipp Rüfer's opera "Ingo" will be sung this month in Flemish at Antwerp.

Felix Weingartner has lectured in Berlin on the symphony since Beethoven.

Dr. Muck of Berlin led orchestra concerts lately in Madrid with great applause.

G. Stehele's Biblical opera "Absolam" met with only "discreet success" at Ratisbon.

"Dopo l'Ave Maria," by Alfredo Donizetti, the nephew of his uncle, failed at Sassari.

In Madrid as well as in Barcelona, Saint-Saënas's "Samson and Delilah" made its way successfully.

Kaschmann, the opera baritone, has been singing at Warsaw. Frances Saville was in the same company.

A memorial bust of von Bülow was unveiled in the Hamburg Stadtheater Feb. 12, the anniversary of his death.

Vilhar's opera, "Smiliana," the subject of which is taken from Croatian folk life, has been produced at Wagram.

Mrs. Frances Wood and Stephen Townsend will sing at the Festival of the New Bedford Choral Association in April.

Karl Pottgiesser's Elegaic Symphony in G minor was produced for the first time with great success at Wesel Jan. 20.

Feb 12 in Berlin was a concert, the program of which was devoted exclusively to works by ———— Philipp Scharwenka!

Miss Gertrude Miller will be the soprano at Mr. de Normandie's church, the First Religious Society in Roxbury, beginning April 1.

Three sonatas da Camera, by Handel, originally for violin solo and figured bass, have been arranged by Emil Krause as piano trios.

The 19th convention of the Music Teachers' National Association will be held in New York, June 21-28, at the Grand Central Palace.

Albert Peschard is the author of "Etudes sur l'orgue électrique," published by Larousse, Paris. The book is praised by Arthur Pougin.

They are raising money in Venice for the performance of "Tello l'Africano" and "Aldino da Cittadella," by Luigi Coccolo, a workman at the arsenal.

The father of the late Castlemary was a physician at Toulouse, where Castlemary was born Aug. 16, 1834. The singer's only creation at the opera was Diego in "L'Africaine."

An Italian, Laurent Parodi, proposes to write a book on female composers. Biographical sketch, catalogue of works and photograph should be sent to him, Piazza Serriglio 1, Genoa.

A string-quartet by E. Jaques-Dalcrozo of Geneva seems to have pleased lately at Paris, at a concert given by the pianist-composer. Excerpts from his operas "Janie" and "Sancho" were also produced.

Beginning next season the Khedive's theatre at Cairo will give operas only in Italian. Four years ago the majority in favor of French troupes was 90. This year Italian was preferred by the subscribers by one vote.

The fifth symphony concert in Munich this season was devoted to the works of the late Alexander Ritter: Overture to "Der faule Hans," the unpublished Funeral Symphonic Music "Kaiser Rudolfs Ritt zum Grabe," and songs.

Even the Germans are admitting that Malten's voice has been gnawed by "the wicked tooth of time." We heard her often in Dresden when she was at the zenith of her fame and thought her greatly overrated as singer and actress.

Mr. John J. Turner, who has established himself at 601 Boylston Street, Boston, as a teacher of voice culture, comes with the indorsement of metropolitan critics for his work in this direction, as well as the commendation of teachers in London and Florence.

Saint-Yves Bax, an excellent singing teacher in Paris, died there Feb. 9, age 68. He was chosen professor at the Conservatory in 1867. His best known pupils were Vergnet, Talazac, Sellier, Montariol, Isnardon, Imbart de la Tour, Miss Simonnet, Miss Auguez, Miss Chevalier.

An unpublished string quartet, No. II, in C minor, by Stenhammar, was produced in Berlin by the [illegible] Quartet, Feb. 13. The work [illegible] is distinguished by masterly treatment rather than by pronounced and striking melody. However great the demands laid upon the compass of the instruments, the composer does not abandon true quartet style.

But now I'm safe returned
From the d'ggings, O!
Never more I mean to roam
To the diggings, O!
It some people's fortune mends,
Much on the man depends—
I'd sooner be here with my friends,
Than at the diggings, O!

The best traveler is he that sits snugly at home and reads books of travel and adventure. If he read concerning arctic explorations, he can put himself in fitting mood by looking at his ice-bill (they are distributing ice bills this month) or taking embottled beer from the refrigerator. He that has traversed Boston in an electric car can the better sympathize with Stanley in Africa or Burton on the pilgrimage to Mecca. No one can fully appreciate "The Naulgation and Vyages of Lewis Wertomannus, Gentelman of the Citie of Rome," until he is able to lead a sedentary life.

Yet there was a time when you, yourself, Mr. Settle, who boast that you have not been farther from Boston than Beverly for eight years, haunted the wharves, longing to go in the ships, strange countries for to see. The mingled odors of gums and spices, drugs and tar, leather and molasses, fired your fancy. Although you were only a boy, the aroma of rum was even then indescribably refreshing. No rum that you now drink in the security of your club tastes half so good as that rum smelled. Hot perfumes of the South, languid perfumes of the East—you care not for them now, or rather you say, "The wharves were different when I was a boy." Are you sure that it is not your nostrils that have changed?

The pleasure it is to sit by the fire and glance at McCulloch's "Dictionary of Commerce." Any old edition will do. Open at random. The pages are 944 and 945 (edition of 1850). First there is an account of the wine shipped from Oporto during the eight years ending with 1841. There is a short account of the orange trade with this sentence: "The policy of charging duty on oranges seems questionable; they are very apt to spoil." Then read of orchilla weed, with the rich purple tincture, "fugitive, indeed, but extremely beautiful"; the orpiment of Bohemia, Turkey, China, Ava; the orsedew of Mannheim, which reminds you of that curious German expression of wonder, "Herr Gott aus Mannheim"; ostrich feathers, and owners of ships. Here are only two pages, and there are 1499 remaining. Who would travel, when such books are sold at auction for a quarter, or even 10 cents?

We have received the prospectus of a new system of underclothing, designed especially for Bostonians, and called "The Thermometrical Suiting." The suit is a combination of flannel and silk, which are treated with certain chemicals unknown to us. When the mercury sinks the garments expand and thicken; when it rises they shrink. Washing does not injure the chemicals for a time; indeed, they lose their power only after six months.

When you speak of "the savages of Benin," remember, please, that their kingdom is a long established one. There was a King of Benin, likewise a city of Benin, as far back as 1484. In 1602 a Dutchman was deeply impressed by the width and straightness of the streets of the city. "As you enter you see a broad, open street, eight times broader than any in Holland. * * * Some say it is over a league in length." There were numerous open markets, where "live dogs, roasted baboons and monkeys, bats and large rats" were sold. The people were "sincere, inoffensive, very anxious to avoid injuring foreigners." The fierce hostility to white men is of recent growth. Have not these "savages" been made savage by the avarice and cruelty of Christian whites?

John Keats described Leigh Hunt as "vain, egotistical, and disgusting in taste and morals"; nevertheless here is the formula for Hunt's tea: "One ounce of tea finely ground, moistened with cold water and allowed to stand for 20 minutes. A scant pint of boiling water is then poured on and the mixture brewed one minute. Sugar and a very little cream are served with this tea."

There is a cry in Paris, "Paris for the Parisians," just as there is a cry, "America for Americans." A Parisian uses this cry as a peg for newspaper [illegible]. We fear he is a mocker. "Who is the leading Lothario of the present season? A Tsigane. And why? Because he executed a fugue with an American. Who is the most run-after orchestral conductor? Mottl, a German. The most talked-of dramatist? A Norwegian. The deputy who most enthuses? A Mussulman. The novelist most read? Annunzio. Turning to another class, what were the two latest patients of M. Delbier? Were they Parisians? They were not even Frenchmen. One was a Belgian, the other a Brazilian. Where does the self-respecting Parisian get his clothes from? Paris? No, England. When a Parisian cries 'Vive!' something, it is always 'Vive la Russie!' When he lends anybody money, the borrower is a Spaniard or a Turk, when he doesn't happen to be a subject of the Tsar. The Paris shop means the Teuton shopman. And if Paris gets the Plague, it will get even that from India." All this might be applied easily to America. A pleasing game may be played by each one making out his own list.

THE PROPER SEASON.

The statistics of the Paris Morgue for 1896 are not without genuine interest. There was less business last year than for any like period during the last quarter of a century. There were only 846 bodies exhibited, 44 less than in '95. There were 541 males and 305 females.

Now, in what month is suicide most common? You would answer, naturally, in November or March—the former a gloomy month in England and France, the latter the bitter laughter of Nature at man for living in New England. Over a century ago Bishop Warburton wrote his friend Hurd, "I am now got hither to spend the month of November: the dreadful month of November! when the little wretches hang and drown themselves, and the great ones sell themselves to the court and the devil." Leigh Hunt spoke of November as the month "in which we are said by the Frenchman to hang and drown ourselves." It is true that Dr. Drake called November the Season of Philosophic Enthusiasm, but this enthusiasm at its height leads to the madhouse or the cross-roads and a stake. Or is March in New England a month that induces desire of life?

As a matter of fact, the summer mouths saw the most business at the Morgue, and this cannot be an exception. Consult "Suicide, ancien et moderne," by Legoyt, Paris, 1881. This accomplished statistician shows that in France, 1872-78, the maximum was in June, 10.99, to 5.92 in December and 6.52 in November. The crescendo and decrescendo of this cry of extreme despair are graduated with mathematical precision. Nor does the method of suicide change the facts, nor is it a question of hot or cold water. Drowning, June, 11.73; December, 5.42. Strangulation, June, 11.32; December, 5.81. Firearms, June, 9.68; December, 6.53. Poison, July, 11.11; December, 6.32. Nor is this ratio confined to France. Statistics compiled in Germany, Belgium, Spain, Russia, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Brazil, all conform with the rule exemplified last year at the Morgue, "the favorite and attractive promenade."

No one, so far as we can discover, has given any satisfactory reason for this choice of season for a dramatic exit, although the bibliography of suicide is very large. De Quincey once endeavored to explain the reason why death, other conditions remaining the same, is more profoundly affecting in summer than in other parts of the year—so far, at least, is as liable to any modification at all from accidents of scenery or reason. This reason, he suggests, is "the antagonism between the tropical redundancy of life in summer and the frozen sterilities of the grave. The summer we see, the grave we haunt with our thoughts; the glory is around us, the darkness is within us; and the two coming into collision, each exalts the other into stronger relief."

May it not be that the very loose-

ness and exhilaration of life in summer months excite desire to become a more intimate part of the universe? In winter, in spring, the spirit is as canned, hermetically sealed. There is a shrinking against contact with the cold, damp, muddy, material world. The sky is a leaden cover. In summer, when one is more susceptible to spiritual impressions, when the pores are open, when all nature cracks apart and expands, when the horizon is more remote and the sky huger, and clouds invite you like cotton bales to rest and dreams, what wonder if a tired man or woman finds it easy to kick away the body and visit the chambers of the thaw-winds or know at last the secrets of the forest and the ocean?

Mch 9

Seventh Concert of the Kneisel Quartet—First Appearance of Mrs. Melanie de Wienzkowska.

The Kneisel Quartet gave its seventh concert of the season last night in Association Hall. Mrs. Melanie de Wienzkowska was the pianist (her first appearance in Boston). Mr. Max Heinrich was the singer. Mr. Proctor was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Trio for piano, violin and 'cello, in F major, Op. 80 .....Schumann
Songs: "Jung Werner" .....Bruckler
Quartet in G minor, Op. 27.....Grieg

Mrs. de Wienzkowska, I am told, has been known in Vienna as an assistant teacher of the Leschetitzki School. She played at a Kneisel concert in New York early this season. Last night she appeared here only as an ensemble player. Her performance was fluent, and there was due respect shown by her for balance of tone; but her own tone seemed metallic, and she herself a stranger to emotion. I should prefer to speak of her more positively after she has had a better opportunity to show her abilities as a pianist. The second movement is the highest point reached by Schumann in this trio, and it is, indeed, noble music, with a depth that is found only in Beethoven. The third movement is not without charm, but it is inferior to that which precedes, and the other movements are by Schumann the analyst, the experimenter, the self-torturer.

Hanslick once said of Grieg that he found a childish pleasure in insisting on that which is intrinsically ugly, and that ugliness is none the less ugly because it happens to be Norwegian. I think he said this in speaking of this very quartet. But Hanslick is inclined to shy at exotic music, and Scandinavian as well as Russian composers incite him to prancing and pawing of the air. Much of this quartet is singularly beautiful, and the ugliness to which Hanslick refers is not without a fascination. Nor is the charge that the music is not genuine quartet music fatal to Grieg's claim. It is occasionally a pleasure to hear a quartet that is not orthodox. Unexpected rhythms, startling contrasts, strange positions, these do not inevitably give delight or excite admiration; but in this instance they seem the appropriate expression of Grieg's fantastic moods.

The Kneisels played with their accustomed skill, intelligence and refinement in tone. Only in the final phrases of the second movement of the Trio was there an absence of precision in attack.

* * *

Hugo Bruckler (1815-1871) was a Dresdener of whom much was expected. He was a pupil, as a choir boy, of Johann Schneider; he afterward studied at the Dresden Conservatory. His works are few in number; a dozen or so songs, of which the text is taken from Scheffel's "Trompeter von Säckingen;" these were published while he was alive. After his death seven songs were edited by Jensen, and a ballad, "Der Vogt von Tenneberg," was edited by Reinhold Becker.

Mr. Heinrich sang the "Jung Werner" songs with a spirit that was enthusiastic, that excited the enthusiasm of the large audience, which also showed warm approval of the performance of the Trio and Quartet. The first of these songs, "Lind duftig hält die Maiennacht," is indeed unusual in its spontaneity, poetic feeling, melodic charm, and harmonic thought. The others are more labored, more deliberate in pursuit of effect. In spite of Mr. Heinrich's authoritative declamation and genuine interest, the songs themselves, with the exception noted, seemed to me too carefully contrived, too full of assorted musical intelligence, too anxiously elaborated.

* * *

The eighth and last concert of the 12th season will be Monday evening, April 5.

PHILIP HALE.

When you want to make money by Pegasus, farewell poetry and aerial flights: Pegasus only rises now like Mr. Green's balloon, at periods advertised before-hand, and when the spectators' money has been paid. Pegasus trots in harness, over the stony pavement, and pulls a cart or a cab behind him. Often Pegasus does his work with panting sides, and trembling knees, and not seldom gets a cut of the whip from his driver.

Here is an excellent specimen of the artificial, painfully constructed jest, in which the point is the foundation, in which the architect, who studied at Lagado, plans downward from the roof. Three girls were standing on the corner waiting for a car. The New York girl said, "Here it comes." The Chicago girl said, "Here she comes." The Boston girl said, "Here he comes." Who was the most correct in speech? The Boston girl, of course. The car was a mail car.

This story was shouted in our ear by a fellow townsman of integrity and high commercial rating. We did not laugh heartily, and we thereby lost a friend. And now we await with tranquillity sheets of paper with the above paragraph pasted neatly in the centre, and under it this one word: "Chestnut!" As you remember, a chestnut is the story you were about to tell when the other fellow anticipated you.

That two men awaiting execution for murder are now sick with the grip looks like a grim joke of Nature.

The man that tries to educate his public generally loses his job.

And here comes Mr. Russell Sage with a quotation from Novalis: "Character is a perfectly educated will"!

The New York Mycological Club has been established for the identification and classification of edible mushrooms and toadstools, and "those poisonous kinds which may be mistaken for them." Members who fall by the wayside through uneducated zeal, scientific curiosity and the unreflecting voracity of the cassowary will no doubt be buried at the expense of the society.

Mr. Augustine Birrell has been lecturing in London on "The Art of Book-Reviewing." In tracing the various phases reviewing had gone through, Mr. Birrell mentioned that the first criticism passed upon Gray's Elegy pronounced it to be "Homely, but meritorious, and likely to give much pleasure." With a little reservation, he would regard that as good, sound, and honest. The verdict passed on "In Memoriam," on its first and anonymous appearance, was that "these touching lines were evidently written out of the full heart of the widow of a military man." This indicated, at least, a stupid but sincere attempt to grasp its inner meaning. The real danger which, he thought, book reviewing had to fear was extreme haste, due largely to the system of sending out advance copies and expecting long notices in the papers on the day of publication.

We wonder if Mr. Birrell referred to our old friend Mr. Bludyer, who "after looking through the volumes would sell them at his accustomed book stall, and having drunken and dined upon the produce of the sale in a tavern box, would call for ink and paper, and proceed to 'smash' the author of his dinner and the novel."

It was on March 9, 1893, that Mr. Edmond de Goncourt heard of a little girl of 12 years, who, in her despair of being a girl, made a novena to become a boy.

"Even foolish women are often truly witty when they speak ill of their husbands." Miss Eustacia, do not frown; it was one of your own adorable sex that thus opened thin, scarlet lips.

A correspondent in Nantucket writes as follows: "There was a man, Cephas Coffin, who used to say when the sun didn't shine, 'This is sort of weather.' Hence the expression 'Cephas sort of weather.' I was ignorant that two kinds of pint pails are made. I suppose they are beer and wine measure. This was what the man had, when, 80 years ago, he cried through the streets, 'Quart mugs of all sizes, sixpence apiece and all prices.' Then there was a cry, 'Here is gingerbread quite of the best, buy all I have, and I'll give you the rest.' A woman gave her son four pence h'apenny, telling him he could go to election, buy what he wanted, treat the girls, and bring her the change. A sea captain known as Pop Wood was expected home; the house took fire and burned to the ground; his wife begged the neighbors not to tell Pop of it, he would be so mad."

Miss Caroline Chapman of New Jersey spoke last week at the Rainy Day Club meeting. "She expressed a belief that a teacher wearing a dress of unrelieved red would find her pupils naughty and mischievous." For the same reason male teachers should avoid flaring red neckties.

Miss Chapman, a truly entertaining person, said furthermore, "a hostess gowned in yellow, giving a yellow luncheon, would find her guests discussing unhealthful problems of the day." Then, too, there would be the awful possibility of meeting the Yellow Kid as the "guest of honor."

Mch 10-97

When a sick man takes to his bed, nearly all of his friends have a secret desire to see him die; some to prove that his health was not so strong as their health; others in the disinterested hope of studying death-pangs.

We hear you exclaim "False, but atrocious! You should be ashamed of repeating the sentence. The man who coined it was a fiend." Stop a bit. Your outburst is creditable to your fine feelings, and you betray the hysteria of the self-convicted. Do not take the meaning too literally, for it admits of wide application.

Suppose, for instance, that the premium of your life insurance falls due next week. You were insured comparatively late in life for $10,000 for the benefit of your wife, who knows your action and is tolerably patient in awaiting realization. Your income is about $2800, and for this you work by night and by day, seven days in the week; you know no such word as holiday except for two weeks in the year. For certain reasons your expenses are heavier than they should be, and you are unable to save as much as you should. There were unexpected bills last year. You must pay about $350 to the insurance company next week, and you have $39 in the bank.

What are you going to do? You have friends—friends of the glass, bottle-friends—friends with whom you talk nobly on art and Plato and immortality. They have larger incomes than you. Some of them have no family. Some of them inherited their income. Surely they would be glad to help you; for they know that you are industrious and honest.

And you apply to them. Oh foolish man! Friends are lost in two ways; by lending money or by borrowing. Jones is sympathetic, but he has notes to meet. Smith suggests that you borrow of Jones. Brown would be delighted to help you next June, "say about the 15th, but the estate is not yet settled." Robinson is just about to extend his business. "Have a drink old man; awfully sorry." Each one has his reasonable answer.

The next day your friends are at the club. Jones says, "Smithers must be in hard luck. He wanted to borrow of me to pay his life insurance. I couldn't give him anything. If a man goes into life insurance, he ought to provide for it. I lay aside a certain amount each month." Smith says, "Yes, he tried to borrow of me. He's not a bad fellow, but I guess he is extravagant. He spends a good deal here." Brown adds, "I wonder if he can raise it. He works hard, but he has no business head." Robinson puts in: "I don't think anybody has a right to ask such a favor. It is so disagreeable to refuse. Of course, I could let him have the money, but I doubt if he would pay it back. His intentions are good enough, but I don't believe he gets much for his stuff, and a man is worth what he'll bring in the market. Charles, please take the orders."

Thus do they plume themselves on their superior pecuniary health. Thus do they drink at the thought of your death-pangs. If you are a sensible fellow, and are really in the said predicament, you will not experiment with friendship, you will save illusions, you will make a business transaction with the insurance company and pay interest at 6 per cent. for an extension. Thus will you keep your friends and be a welcome companion.

We find the ever admirable Mr. Edmond de Goncourt writing March 10, 1884: "This continuance of silly satisfaction at seeing your articles in a newspaper is curious in the case of an old man of letters. This morning, before 7 o'clock, I went down two or three times, with nothing on but my shirt, to see if the Gil Blas was in my box, and whether my new novel 'Chérie' was the feuilleton." Musicians, playactors, and all those whose "attention has been called" to an attack upon them, tell you firmly that they never read the newspapers. Don't you believe them. They call for the papers as soon as they open their eyes, even if they do not rival de Goncourt in absurdity of costume.

We find in the posthumous works of Baudelaire this reasonable explanation of the 1896 conduct of Mr. G. F. Williams, which seemed so extraordinary to many: "I understand that a man deserts a cause to find out what he may experience in serving another."

"A student at Phillips Exeter Academy has received $24,000 from the Government, and has left school." Now of all times is the need of staying at school.

G. H. W. writes to the Journal: "Today (March 7) on coming from school I saw three bluebirds on the south side of Prospect Hill, Waltham." This reminds us that the Public Garden is still without a bulbul, in spite of the loud and imperative demand for this bird of mellifluous song. Why are the officials so remiss? They should cable this very day, and that there may be no mistake, they should order the Pycnonotus haemorrhous.

A bulbul near the entrance to the Subway would be of inestimable sanitary value; for Tennyson took note of the fact that

"The living airs of middle night,
Died round the bulbul as he sung."

Mch 11-97

Trade is essentially satanic. Trade is tit-for-tat; it is loaning with the understanding: Give me more than I gave you. The least infamous of business men is he who says, "Let us be virtuous to gain much more money than is gained by the fools that are vicious." Honesty itself is to the business man a speculation in lucre. Trade is satanic because it is one of the forms of egoism, the lowest and the vilest.

As you know, Mr. Samuel Kelly of the United States and Mr. William Plimmer of England bashed, tunked and lambasted each other at Birmingham the 9th. The Sportsman, a severe but discriminating critic, remarks: "Kelly's desperate effort in the last round, when it was still thought Plimmer would win, was not exactly artistic, but it was full of vigor and determination." In other words, it is probable that there are Irlcisms in Mr. Kelly's style, but, as it was with the famous Sir Daniel Donnelly, "the native vigor of the man prevailed over the imperfect institutions of his country—and with all the disadvantages of an irregular, imperfect, and unfinished education," Mr. Kelly sustained the honor of Ireland in a country perhaps too much disposed to disparage her.

A contemporary, speaking of the United States Senate, says: "There was never a time when places in its membership were so much sought or valued so highly." To expand the comparison, let us add that this club at Washington bears a closer resemblance to the Algonquin than the St. Botolph or the Somerset, and the waiting list stretches from San Francisco to Eastport.

A well-known historian, living in Boston, told us the other day that he never read the memoirs of anyone. "Such reading is a waste of time." Is history, then, a mere compilation of dates of battles, treaties, bills introduced into Legislatures, tyrannous acts in kingdoms or republics? By the way, a republic can be the maddest of tyrants.

We admit the existence of quasi-memoirs, which are sometimes classed under the head of "Ana," and are almost always a deadly bore. Here is a fair example of the matter found in them: "Cardinal de Richelieu was sick. M. de Bautru was in his ante-chamber while a babbler—Monsieur the Commander de Jars of the house of Rochechouart—was also there making an infernal noise. M. de Bautru asked him to keep still, because he was disturbing the Cardinal. 'Why shouldn't I talk?' said the chatterbox; 'It is true I talk a great deal, but I talk well.' 'I halve your opinion,' replied M. de Bautru." And there are four volumes of this stuff. We do not wonder that the historian turns up his nose at such collections. On the other hand, is not a historian who delights in French subjects and yet ignores Tallemant des Reaux and Brantome in parlous state?

There are certain men who should be compelled by law to write their memoirs. What would not we give—especially just now—for the frank, unvarnished reminiscences of the late John Stetson?

Emily Soldene by her artless prattle has provoked the laughter of a nation, and the laughter is with her, not at her. Why should not Lillian Russell publish "The True Story of My Life"? It would be a valuable document to the future historian of comic-opera in America as well as The Earnest Student of Sociology.

A literary fellow told us the following strange tale of vanity. "You know Burlap, who is always making pleasant speeches, presenting testimonials, as it were. Last week we were sitting together, when he said, 'Old man, that article of yours in the last number of the Bluejay was worthy of Lamb. There was the gentleness—the sly, hesitating allusion—the sweet humor—the felicitous choice of a word.' And Burlap went on and on till I knew how a

ckwheat cake feels when it is ready leave the breakfast plate. Well, I ent home, and before I went to bed I oked over Ella's Essays. Do you ow, I think Lamb is the most overted man in the business. I doubt if would find a publisher today. Now nat did Burlap mean? Why should guy me? I have always treated him ecently."

Mr. Charles E. Loomis gives this illstration of logic.

How passing sweet the odors of the woods and fields!
What an entrancing perfume the wild locust yields!"
With zest he sniffed the fragrant morning air and yet,
While thus he spoke, he calmly lit a cigarette!

The American paragrapher is after all not such an infamous character. He has said nothing about Greece melting.

mch 12. 97

Mr. Louis C. Elson's First Lecture in Steinert Hall—"Shakspeare in Music" the Entertaining Subject.

Mr. Louis C. Elson gave the first of a series of five lectures last evening in Steinert Hall. There was an appreciative audience.

The subject treated was "Shakspeare in Music." There was no discussion of the manner in which plays or poems of the great Elizabethan have been handled by composers, although such discussion might be of value as well as interest. Mr. Elson talked of the allusions to music, vocal and instrumental, in plays and poems, as, for instance, the famous passage in "King Lear" that has been a stumbling block to many commentators, and the familiar scene in "Taming of the Shrew." He described the character of the instruments of the time, the virginal (with comment on Shakspeare's misunderstanding of the jacks), the recorder, the lute, the cornet. He gave illustrations of the songs, ballads and dances of the era of the poet, as used in his plays during his lifetime. Who, for instance, does not remember the delicious scene between Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek and Sir Toby Belch, with the references to the galliard, the coranto, the jig, the "sink-a-pace"? The quaint old tunes were explained, and some of the songs heard in Shakspeare's time were sung by Mr. Elson, who also played some of the airs on the piano.

Mr. Elson spoke of Shakspeare as having more than an ordinary knowledge of music. He also spoke of the dramatist's receptivity: how an Italian musician who had crossed the Channel suggested a character in a play; how the introduction of huge organ pipes—huge for those times—inspired a passage in "The Tempest." Shakspeare and Browning, he added, are the two English poets who apparently loved music the most and showed their love and knowledge in their works.

The lecture was interesting to those who are not Shakspearian students, as well as to those who are. Much information was given in agreeable and compact form. The speech of the lecturer was clear, familiar, and never over the head of the audience. Diversified as the lecture was by song and piano piece, the time passed rapidly. Such entertainments are a genuine pleasure to those who have not time to make their own researches.

The next lecture will be Thursday evening, the 18th, when the subject will be "Old Scottish History and Song." The old Gaelic songs and border ballads will be introduced, leading up to the songs of the Jacobite uprisings in 1715 and 1745 for the restoration of the Stuarts.

To a man living much in the world, or surrounded by his family, there is nothing so good as this solitude from time to time—there is nothing like communing with your own heart, and giving a calm and deliberate judgment upon the great question—the truly vital question, I may say—before you. What is the use of having your children, who live on roast mutton in the nursery, and think treacle-pudding the summit of cookery, to sit down and take the best three-fourths of a perdreau truffé with you? What is the use of helping your wife, who doesn't know the difference between sherry and madeira to a glass of priceless Romanée sweetly odoriferous Château Lafitte of '42? Poor dear soul! She would be as happy with a slice of the children's joint, and a cup of tea in the evening. She takes them when you are away.

This sentiment had appealed to Mr. Hector Dove, and at night, when all was quiet, he would read the words again and again, and wonder if the day when he could dine alone would ever come. We saw Dove yesterday at the club at 8 o'clock, an unusual hour for him to be there. And he told this short and pathetic tale: "My wife went away last week and took little Augusta with her to visit her mother. She tried to make everything comfortable for me; she wrote out a bill of fare for each day and gave full directions to the cook. I bribed the cook to silence and then thought I should revel in gastronomic joy. I have fed at three hotels and two restaurants, and tonight in despair I ate here. You observe I do not use the word 'dine.' And what do you suppose I was driven to order here? Ham and eggs, boiled potatoes, and beer. I shall be mighty glad when Mrs. Dove gets back. This solitary dining may be delightful in New York or Paris, where cookery is a fine art, but in Boston it is a morose and dyspeptic operation."

Please observe citizens and citizenesses, that gas is still leaking in Boston; that manhole covers are blown off with force enough to wreck fire alarm boxes; that these explosions occur in streets that are liable to be crowded; that "considerable excitement" attends these entertainments. And now the old, familiar question arises, "What are you going to do about it?"

The Yale News declares that the Juniors who sent a letter of cheer and a Yale flag to Mr. James J. Corbett do not represent the sentiment of the university. We suppose from this that Yale is for Fitzsimmons.

We are glad to see the Governor throwing the protection of the Commonwealth over coots. Does this protection cover silly or drunken coots, as well as the fulica altra Americana; and are buffle-heads and cabbage-heads included?

There is news of another defalcation by a bookkeeper. The defaulter is, of course, "extremely popular," "a very genial fellow," and his friends are "very loyal." No wonder that the cashier of the bank is sorry that any notice has been taken of "the unfortunate affair." The shortage is only $7500—and really the sum is so ridiculously small that there should be no talk about it. The bookkeeper has been stealing for 13 years. No wonder that the Directors think he should have a little vacation.

On the other hand, please note this fact. When the bookkeeper began to steal his salary was $700. When he was detected—after 13 years of service—his salary was $1300. Are not such salaries a premium on dishonesty?

And did you ever reflect on the outrageously inadequate salaries paid many by those who are well-to-do and greedy? Read, after you have dined well, or seen in the newspaper a fawning paragraph in which you are described as an enterprising merchant and public-spirited citizen—read John Davidson's "Thirty bob a week."

"I didn't mean your pocket, Mr., no:
I mean that having children and a wife,
With thirty bob on which to come and go,
Isn't dancing to the tabor and the fife:
When it doesn't make you drink, by
Heaven! it makes you think,
And notice curious items about life.

* * * *

"It's a naked child against a hungry wolf:
It's playing bowls upon a splitting wreck;
It's walking on a string across a gulf
With millstones fore-and-aft about your neck;
But the thing is daily done by many and many a one;
And we fall, face forward, fighting, on the deck."

If the new hotel were named Bourgogne or Champagne instead of Touraine the shock of refusal would be still crueller.

An organist spoke to us the other day of trying choir sopranos as though he were trying lard.

Anatole France claims that the Empress Eugénie was rescued from the Tuileries (Paris, not Boston), Sept. 4, 1870, by de Lesseps. We had always supposed that Dr. Evans, the American dentist, put his hand in the mouth of danger on that occasion.

mch 13. 97

CECILIA.

Beethoven's Impossible Missa Solemnis.

First Performance Here of the Difficult Work.

A Brave Endeavor to Go Beyond Vocal Limits.

Beethoven's Missa Solemnis was performed last night for the first time in Boston by the Cecilia in Music Hall. Mr. Lang was the conductor. Mr. Foote was the organist. The solo singers were Miss Helen B. Wright, Miss Little, Mr. Frederick Smith, Mr. Beresford. The orchestra was made up of Symphony players. The violin solo in the Benedictus was played by Mr. Kneisel. There was a large audience.

I have heard this Mass sung in Berlin, after long and tedious rehearsal. I heard it last night. In each instance there was an honest and brave attempt to perform the impossible. It is not improbable that at the concerts of the Paris Conservatory a more plausible performance has been heard; for the conditions are more favorable there in the selection of solo singers for the comparatively small chorus and in the rehearsal together of orchestra and singers.

In this country the first performance was at Cincinnati, May 19, 1880. Theodore Thomas was the conductor. There were two quartets: Amy Sherwin, Annie Louise Cary, Campanini, M. W. Whitney—Annie B. Norton, Emma Cranch, Harvey, Rudolphsen.

And at the first performance in New York, May 3, 1882, there were two quartets: Materna, Emily Winant, Campanini, Galassi relieved by M. W. Whitney—Mrs. Allen (of Boston), Emily Winant, Candidus and Henschel.

Last night there was only one quartet for the extremely difficult task. Remember, too, that this quartet had gone through the same trying ordeal the night before at the Wage Earners' concert. To criticise at length the performance of the quartet last night would be futile and eminently unjust. It is enough to say that the voices did not blend, there was no proper balance of parts, and in the more difficult passages the singers were inadequate. The endeavor was brave, but bravery in undertaking a task beyond one's ability is not inevitably a vocal virtue.

The chorus, too, was brave, and its performance was often surprisingly good; yet in the terrible fugues in the Gloria and Credo the singers were so tired, especially the sopranos, that the result was unmusical in that there was no clear walk of the parts, no pronounced attack of the subject. I know of no chorus in this country that would have made a more courageous attempt or accomplished as much.

* * *

The question now arises, "Is such an extraordinarily difficult work worth the attempt; is there any reward for the cruel strain upon the singers?"

Some one may say, "But the Mass had to be given. It would be disgraceful to go longer without a performance of this immortal composition."

* * *

It is not unlikely that the Missa Solemnis is eulogized so extravagantly because it is seldom given. Whenever it is given there is always the same cry, "A masterpiece; what a pity it is that an ideal performance of it or even an excellent performance is impossible."

How can that which cannot be performed be regarded justly as a masterpiece?

* * *

We all agree in this: the Mass is not suited to the service of the Holy Catholic Church. The length of certain movements, the treatment of the text, as when "O!" is interpolated in the "Qui tollis," and the general feeling of the Agnus Dei and Dona nobis forbid it, even on festival occasions.

But we are told, Beethoven here wrote the Mass of the world, with the Kyrie as a fierce, almost imperative appeal; with the Credo as a defiant Pantheistic declaration of faith. Fine words. Does the music bear them out?

To me much of this music is intolerably boresome. Some of it is without dramatic feeling, let alone any devotional spirit. There are overwhelming moments, as the "Crucifixus" and the exultant burst, beginning "Et Ascendit." The Benedictus is very charming with its pastoral suggestion and its violin solo. But even if the famous fugues were possible, and were sung heroically by abnormal men and women, would they be fine or effective examples of the fugue in sacred music? The fugue was the natural speech of Bach, just as Palestrina thought in counterpoint. The opera-maker and impresario Handel had a pretty knack at fugue writing. But Beethoven sweated great drops when he wrote in a language that was neither natural nor ever perfectly acquired. And his gigantic efforts are too apparent.

It is true that Beethoven began this Mass for a church service, the installation of the Archduke Rudolph as Archbishop of Olmutz. But the Mass was not ready for the occasion, and it was not finished until two years after Rudolph was seated. Beethoven took his time, and wrote his Mass for himself. I am aware that notes in his sketches speak of inward peace found in composing one movement, and a feeling of devotion that inspired certain other pages. But to me, at least, there is more sustained religious feeling in some of his instrumental works than in this whole Mass, and, mark you, these instrumental pieces can be played, while the Mass cannot be sung. It is true that each man of extraordinary individuality has his own method of expression. Do you find, however, in many pages of this music, something indefinable that awakens in you profound contemplation of the first Composer, that compels you to think deeply of spiritual things? I find here little that is comparable to the pure mysticism of Palestrina, or the tender faith and heart-rooted repentance of Josquin Deprès; and hackneyed as are certain choruses of "The Messiah," the simplicity of "Behold, the Lamb of God" strikes more irresistibly than all Beethoven's pomp of woe. And, again, mark you, these works can be sung and are sung admirably.

* * *

For the sake of the record, let us then rejoice that the Missa Solemnis has been attempted in Boston. I do not believe that repeated hearings or even incredible performances would turn the vocal score into a marvel of strength and beauty, or convert the dry, thick, at times brutal orchestration into a glory for all time.

PHILIP HALE.

The prudence of the mere wealth and respectability of the most esteemed life appears too faint for the eye to observe at all when little and large alike drop quietly aside at the thought of the prudence suitable for immortality. * * * Not a move can a man or woman make that affects him or her in a day or a month or any part of the direct lifetime or the hour of death but the same affects him or her onward afterward through the indirect lifetime.

S. O. P. writes to the Journal from Paris: "I have worked hard here as a painter. My master and associates say I have talent. I had a picture in the Salon last year. Do you advise me to settle in Boston?"

Boston is a delightful summer resort, but in spring, fall and winter, we are told, artists suffer in consequence of the severity of the climate. If you really have talent, if you are honest and high-minded in your art, if your circumstances compel you to live in the United States, go at once to New York. You will meet there many ex-Bostonians, who while they were here nearly starved because they would not cringe or intrigue; who now earn a decent income and are respected —— even in Boston.

If you do not paint well, if you are ambitious, if you wish to realize your dream of expectation riding through the vast Plains of Time to the Palace of Opportunity (to use the language of Baltasar Gratian), you might try Boston.

But bring letters to at least one patroness and one society editor; the terms are practically synonymous in this city. A patroness, as you know, is a female that defends, countenances, or supports, and these same functions are performed by the society editor. Like unto George II., they give enlightened patronage to bad oysters.

You must, as a matter of form, give an exhibition. This is an easy matter. For there are clubs here with art committees. These committees are good natured, and ductile as to their legs. A wink from the patroness will be enough. You will be able to exhibit without cost; indeed, an agreeable rule will allow you to sell your own ware, or any lifted sketch of your master. Even if you should paint with a poker, following lines drawn by others, you would feather your pocket. After the exhibition you will of course become a member of the club. You owe that act of courtesy.

Don't worry about the character of your exhibition. Any old thing will do. Throw your paint-pot in the face of the public. The public will applaud your insolence. Read every day the memoirs of that eminent American, Phineas Taylor Barnum.

Perhaps you studied landscape in Paris. Here you must paint a portrait or two. Orders will be dictated to the rich by your patroness. Put your victims in a queer light. Give him a green looking-glass effect. Give her a morgue complexion and purple hair. Or make an impression of a nose, salient, bulging. The trumpet of adulation will be blown in parlor and newspaper. The worse the portrait is, the more the friends of the victim will be pleased. They will say, "Have you seen Mr. Brio's portrait of Mrs. Golightly? How he has caught her character. How like Whistler in treatment. And he is such a delightful man!"

Cringe boldly. Be arrogant in leg-pulling. Advance the most outrageous paradoxes and argue gravely. Be insolent to your elders, lawyers, or simple men of business. They will be impressed; because they have been told you are an artist, and they are prepared for anything. "Do you know young Brio? Man of extraordinary force. He has promised to paint my daughter's portrait; but he has so many orders. She must wait till next winter."

We admit that all this may be hard work for you, harder than if you painted well, and only with noble thoughts of art. The labor, however, will put money in your purse. Have you a wife? Let her begin at once the study of the Art of Flattery. If she is ill-favored, your path will be the easier. Your patroness will be the more devoted.

The most disagreeable feature of spitting in street cars is the sight of the word "sputum."

Mr. Story of Somerville wants Roman punch "suppressed." Say rather, put down.

The Earnest Student of Sociology is preparing a thorough report on the influence of the Brunswick on the Institute of Technology. The report, limited to 50 copies, will be dedicated to Mr. Whipple.

The death of Berthold Tours is an-

nounced. He was born Dec. 17, 1838, at Rotterdam. He studied under Verhulst, and at the conservatories of Brussels and Leipsic. In 1861 he went to London, where he remained until his death. As a composer he is known chiefly by his pieces for church service. These pieces, which show for the most part the influence of Gounod, are very popular in England and the United States on account of fluent and plausible melody and agreeable harmonic progressions. There are few churches in which his Easter anthem, "God hath appointed a day," has not been sung, and his service in F has been a favorite of Episcopalian choir-masters. Tours was a brother-in-law of Woldemar Bargiel, now of Berlin, who once lived in Rotterdam.

Mch 14. 1897

ABOUT MUSIC.

How Good Men Differ in Reviewing Opera.

A Beautiful Example of Roasting by Pougin.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

What are we to believe of operas produced across the water? Are the reviews sent from Paris to London no more worthy of consideration than the cablegrams of hot praise which cause the great wire in the Atlantic to sizzle?

Last Sunday the Journal quoted the eulogistic article on "Messidor," published in the Pall Mall Gazette. "'Messidor' is nothing short of a masterpiece. Seldom, if ever, were all the component elements of an operatic production in such perfect harmony. * * * 'Messidor' must be placed on the livre d'or of French lyric art."

Now listen to this laconic dispatch to the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung, Feb. 26: "'Messidor,' by Bruneau-Zola, was a complete fiasco at the Grand Opera House, Paris."

The same dispatch appears in the Musikalisches Wochenblatt, Feb. 25.

Is this a false report to please German jingoism?

Mr. Arthur Pougin contributes a review of nearly two pages to the Ménestrel, Paris, of Feb. 24. The review is very carefully written, and very destructive. He first considers the libretto by Zola. He begins as follows: "Now what I chiefly admire is that this piece is described as a 'lyric drama'; for in this piece lyricism shines by its complete absence; and a libretto written in the most vulgar, harsh, antimusical prose you can imagine is entitled a 'poem.' It is necessary to go back to the saying of Beaumarchais: 'That which is not worth saying, is sung' because this lyric-drama offered us by the 'Académie Nationale de Musique et de Danse,' is in all respects the most wretched melodrama that might have been produced at the late Beaumarchais Theatre. Do not think me guilty of exaggeration, or that I strike severely in trying to strike justly. This poem is indescribable, and if Zola had produced it at the Ambigu or the Chatelet you would certainly have seen the benches unhook themselves to make on the stage. Scribe was, truly, not a model of style; but he was a Corneille by the side of this Zola of Auvergne. Compare the libretto of 'Messidor' with that of 'The Jewess' or 'The Huguenots' and you will see for yourself."

After this pleasant opening Mr. Pougin attacks the unhappy libretto in detail. He finishes Zola with these words:

"I have tried to give an idea of the development of this truly extraordinary piece, of the astonishing style that distinguishes it, of the poetry with which it is filled. It seems to me useless to insist further; the piece is simply ridiculous. It does not lessen Zola; it only shows that he does not understand the theatre and that he has absolutely no idea of what an opera libretto should be."

And now see Mr. Pougin pound Mr. Bruneau, his colleague, the music critic of the Figaro.

"Mr. Bruneau is often severe toward this poor world, and as critic he takes a lofty position toward composers, also his colleagues, who are exposed to his judgment. They should now have a fine time in giving him today like treatment. For there are few scores so frightfully empty, colorless as that of 'Messidor.' No one will say this time that here is 'advanced music' which searches new roads and shuns the beaten paths; there is scarcely any music. In the four acts there is not a fresh or seizable idea, not the shadow of a melodic design, not eight measures that enter the ear. There is nothingness, there is the absence of everything. It seems to me that when one wishes to dictate to others, he should be able to please in his own case, and I find here a meagre effort. Is there not at least one compensation for complete absence of ideas, utter poverty of inspiration? None. The harmony is weak or tortured, the orchestration is without individuality, of a mediocre sonorousness, without an interesting or piquant detail. When one wishes to borrow the form and methods of Wagner; when one wishes to spare himself the trouble of constructing pieces and giving them a plan; when one pretends to make only declamation, it is necessary to try also to acquire the qualities of the master. But if, as in the present instance, your declamation is flabby and without consistence, if your modulations want contrast and flavor, if your orchestration has neither sinew, nor brilliancy, nor necessary color, and if in addition inspiration fails you, what is there left? Mr. Bruneau had at least one good opportunity to show his qualities as melodist and writer for orchestra; I speak of the grand ballet which fills an entire scene. This ballet is a failure from beginning to end, it is lamentable, and one even asks how it is possible to dance to a music which is so lacking in color, rhythm, and movement.

"Mr. Bruneau, who is by nature very scornful, will not care a straw for my criticism, and will without doubt reckon me his enemy, because I treat him roughly. I am not the enemy of any man, and I have no cause to be disagreeable to him. But because certain criticism has wished so to raise him, exalt him, make him the chief of a school, it has made me more exacting in his case. The failure that he has made, for it is a failure, proves nothing against his real worth; every artist may deceive himself; every artist deceives himself; but this failure may serve to make him reflect seriously, teach him indulgence for another, prove to him that he must still work hard to reach the goal for which he should be eager. Among the strong, a failure raises courage. It is for him to prove that he may be reckoned among the strong."

Now which of the reviews is nearer the truth? I know that Mr. Pougin is an excellent musician, careful as well as fearless in pronouncing judgment. Unfortunately "Messidor" will not be produced here; for new operas are a vexation to the fashionable public; and we shall have no opportunity of deciding for ourselves. From what I know of Messrs. Bruneau and Pougin, I have no hesitation in accepting the latter's opinion of the former's work.

"Why then," I hear some one ask, "Do you wish to hear 'Messidor' "?

Because there is a pleasure in hearing a new work, even when it turns out a failure.

And because it is a disgrace to our vaunted musical culture that we are all so ignorant of what men of our generation are doing, striving after, succeeding or failing in the endeavor. Perhaps, dear madam, you still prefer "Lucia," with the admired Melba in the admired mad scene; or "Faust," with your old friend Jean as the irreproachable seducer. I confess I should be glad to hear Bruneau's "Attaque du Moulin," which is now nearly four years old, or even "Messidor," which the able correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette says is a masterpiece. Remember that the judgment of Paris is not infallible. It is pretty sure to give the prize to Venus. "Carmen" was at first a fiasco.

* * *

Louis Charles Bonaventure Alfred Bruneau was born at Paris March 3, 1857. He studied at the Conservatory; took the first 'cello prize in 1874, the first second Grand Prix de Rome in 1881. His operas are "Kerim," 1887; "Le Reve," 1891; "L'Attaque du Moulin," 1893; "Messidor," Feb. 19, 1897. His chief concert pieces are Heroic Overture, "Léila," "Penthisilée." He is chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and for his "Attaque du Moulin" he received the Monbinne prize.

* * *

There is more than one way of roasting a composer. Commend us to the method employed by the Pall Mall Gazette of Feb. 22. The victim is Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the composer of the music of the new Savoy opera, "His Majesty," produced Feb. 19. The libretto, in close imitation of Gilbert, is by Mr. Burnand.

"Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and composer of the music to the new opera, is a man whom the critic must always delight to praise. He is an admirable musician, a careful conductor and a thoughtful artist. Renowned in academic walks he has, like Prof. Stanford, now condescended to the comic Muse. He has explained his reasons for this condescension to the public; and those reasons may be taken as being not quite the motives which inspired Mozart in his traffic with the comic Muse when he wrote, let us say, 'Le Nozze di Figaro.' So extraordinary, however, has Sir Alexander's condescension been that he (like Mr. Burnand) has also chosen his model from among contemporary writers of music; and that model is none other than Sir Arthur Sullivan. Although there is much good and even fascinating work in the music of 'His Majesty,' the net result is, by a curious freak, a distinct addition to the glories won by the better-known composer. In his absence from the Savoy he is shown, not without humor, to be the true creator of this kind of work, the artist who first discovered the vitality that lay in it and who, we very much fear, has left little to be extracted now from his mine by any other explorer. Fifteen years ago Sir Alexander Mackenzie might have dug therein to better advantage; but when a careless world will turn coldly even from the real article—and when was it more real than in 'The Grand Duke?'—how shall it cherish even this admirable disciplesship? Sir Alexander, in the first place, lacks Sullivan's curious quality which we have before described as resembling, in an odd analogy, the sparkle of champagne. There is the attempt at effervescence, and effervescence of a kind there certainly is; but as you listen, you cry 'Sherbet,' and halt. This is not intoxicating; it is merely an agreeable titillation of the nerves. In the second place, it is natural that Mackenzie should lack the splendid experience of Sullivan, who by degrees has learned never to miss an effect; and thirdly, Sullivan, through that same experience, has gained so exact a knowledge of what an orchestra of just this power is able to do that he shows the newer musician who follows in his footsteps to be not infrequently somewhat clumsy. This is not to say that Mackenzie's music for the present opera has not much in it that is really beautiful and engrossing. Many of the songs are not only passingly attractive, but have the more enduring loveliness of a greater than ordinary merit. The duet in canon 'Who goes home?' is at once simple and memorable. We see it suggested that so tender and sorrowful a melody has no place in comic opera; nevertheless, surely it has as great a right of place there as the 'Dove Sono' in 'Figaro,' and as all the well-known sentimental passages in good comic opera, down to so late an example as the 'He loves; if in the bygone days,' from 'Iolanthe.' The faint fragrance of Bach in Max's song, 'Fair Chloris,' is very touching and sweet, the nigger song has humor, while the polyglot song of the second act bursts with sincere and real laughter. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, had he invented an entirely new method, might have scored an immense success. Nor do we blame him for his constant reminiscences of well-known work, since that is clearly part of a sincere and personal theory of comic opera, not unknown to Humperdinck. But he has created a comparison which in justice cannot be avoided; and if, with the allowances here given to his own sense of the fine in music, an exchange of names might be made, a not unfair judgment of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's music to 'His Majesty' might be summed up in the nine words, 'Sir Arthur Sullivan was not quite at his best.'"

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Nordica will sing "Elsa" at the Paris Opéra April 12.

In Vienna they say Emil Sauer's only rival is d'Albert.

Bertha Pierson left the Berlin Royal Opera Company, Feb. 1.

The single act of Chabrier's "Brisés" will be sung at the Paris Opéra.

They propose to demolish the Moscow Imperial Theatre and build anew.

Mrs. Beach's sonata for piano and violin was played at Buffalo, Feb. 25.

Do you remember Mr. Archie Crawford? He has been singing in Buffalo.

Waldemar Lütschg, pianist, made an uncommonly good impression in Berlin.

The review of the concerts of yesterday is in the news section of the Journal.

Schubert did not own a piano until late in life. It is now in the Vienna Museum.

Rosenthal will sail for Europe in April. He will return to this country in September.

A nephew of Schubert, born in 1827, died lately in Vienna. He was a landscape painter.

César Thomson played early last month in towns of Poland and Hungary with great success.

They hope at Bayreuth to see the monument to Wagner, erected by the city, inaugurated in 1901.

The production of Paladilhe's "Dalila" at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, has been put off till next winter.

George Devoll, well known here, sang at the "inauguration of the Mapleson artist headquarters" in Paris.

D'Albert was very successful in Russia. The house was sold out at Moscow, and he netted about $2250.

Grieg, assisted by Miss Brema and others, gave a concert of his own compositions at Amsterdam, Feb. 13.

The Dresden Court Church Choir during 1896 gave 75 masses, 65 vespers, 6 requiems, and many smaller pieces.

Luigi Mazzone, singing teacher, composer, critic, died lately at Naples. He was born at Manfredonia Dec. 19, 1820.

Marenco's ballet, "Sport," of which so much was said in advance, met with only a half success when it was produced at Milan.

Richard Strauss's "Wanderer's Sturmlied," for chorus, was produced for the first time at the ninth concert of the Frankfort Museumsgesellschaft.

The Royal Academy of Saint Cecilia at Rome is preparing for the Spring a series of choral religious concerts devoted to works of the classic Flemish school.

The King of Saxony has given his private musical library to the Royal and Public Library of Dresden. It is now in the Japanese Palace, accessible to the public.

The Paris Conservatory Library now has the autograph score of Gluck's "L'Arbre Enchanté." This comic opera was first performed at Viena, 1762. It was revived in Paris in 1867.

"Haschiesch," a one-act opera, by Siegfried Berger, whose real name is von Chelius, met with a friendly reception at Dresden. It is called by rude critics "'Tristan' translated into Turkish."

There will be festival performances at Wiesbaden in May. At the request of the Emperor, "Aida," "Rheingold," "Tristan," and Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" will be then performed.

Materna will open in Vienna a school for dramatic singers. She will receive as pupils only those who are prepared sufficiently to be initiated in the last secrets of the trade, and especially in the traditions of Wagner.

Marie Cornélie Falcon died in Paris Feb. 25, at the age of 85. She made her début July 20, 1832, as Alice. She created the parts of Valentine and Rachel. In 1838 she lost her voice. In French, "a Falcon" is a certain kind of dramatic soprano.

Antonio Bazzini, celebrated violinist, composer and teacher died at Milan Feb. 10. He was born at Brescia March 11, 1818. In his youth he was celebrated as a virtuoso throughout Europe. In '56 he took part at the famous concert given in London by Piatti, Ardit', and Bottesini. He is best known as a composer here by a charming string quartet played by the Adamowskis, and a violin piece, "Danza de'Gnomi." He was director of the Milan Conservatory. By the way, who was the "Bassini," violinist, who visited this country in 1852?

Otto Lessmann did not care for Saint-Saëns's fifth piano concert when it was played in Berlin at a Philharmonic concert Feb. 22 by Diémer: "The first movement rivals the poorest concerto by Rubinstein in its stuff, its meaningless contents. In the second movement he tries to succeed with still slighter thematic material, for he confines himself to a tone picture without solid construction, and he tries to color certain Oriental melismata with uncommon effects of orchestration. The third movement gives tolerable promise at first, but it quickly flattens out, and its best quality is its shortness."

Mrs. Burrrell of London now owns the manuscript of an operatic septet, a fragment "Die Hochzeit," by Wagner, which was sold at auction lately at Wurzburg. There are 36 folio pages, and the date is March 1, 1833. Wagner set three numbers to music, and then destroyed the libretto. The text was written at Prague in 1832. An insane lover climbs through the window into the bedroom of his friend's betrothed, who is awaiting her bridegroom; the bride struggles with the crazy man, and throws him down into the courtyard, where he dies. At the funeral the bride gives a loud cry and falls dead on the corpse. In 1879 the owner of one of the numbers offered it for sale. Wagner brought suit to prevent this sale; the courts twice decided against him, to the tune of $150 costs.

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette makes this protest against bell ringing: "My protest is based upon a serious point. A very serious point. I suggest to the trio of clergymen, and to all spiritual men who hold benefices by the grace of patrons and Bishops, that the ringing of bells is a ludicrous anachronism. So far as I can gather, the custom originated in the East, in honor of strange gods, whom the benighted savage thought would be frightened by the tintinabulation; which to me proves that the savage was a shrewd and enlightened person. However, Christianity took to bells, because they were more efficient than the sending round of runners to call congregations to the conventicle. That, of course, was in the time when there were no clocks or watches. I am far from denying a certain usefulness in the ringing of bells. Thus it is recorded that when, in 610, Clothair besieged Lens, Lupus, Bishop of Orleans, ordered the bells of St. Stephen to be rung. It was a most successful experiment, for 'the sound so frightened Clothair that he gave up the siege.' Speaking from personal experience, I applaud Bishop Lupus as a man who knew the capabilities of campanology. In all seriousness, there are thousands of us who go home at night for rest and peacefulness, or, perhaps, to work in the calm of home, away from the ceaseless roar of the metropolis. That rest, that peacefulness, are made utterly impossible by the horrid jangling of church bells, at the business end of which are perspiring persons trying to break records in the matter of 'ringing the changes.' Well, I deny that there is any music, any art, any skill, any attraction to the parishioner in this unintelligible and anachronistic mystery of bell ringing. Even with a full peal of eight, it is but the formulae of two and two make four and four and four make eight, subtract one and you get seven, and so on through the weary arithmetical round. There is, I grant, some sort of pleasing pensiveness in the sound of church bells coming across the downs, from far away. It makes one think of talking sentiment to the girl who is with you, or writing poetry, or weeping over the grave of one's mother-in-law. And, therefore, I suggest that as it is only distance which can lend charms to bell ringing, there should be a short statute which should make it a penal offence to ring a peal of bells within one mile of any settlement of nervy human beings, oppressed with the cares and worries of life."

TWO CONCERTS.

The Eighteenth in the Symphony Series, Mr. Adamowski Violinist—First of Teresa Carreno's Piano Recitals.

The program of the Symphony concert last night in Music Hall, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" ..... Gluck
(Wagner's arrangement.)
Symphonie Espagnole, for violin and orchestra, in D minor, Op. 21 ..... Lalo
"Invitation to the Dance" ..... Weber
(Arranged for orchestra by Felix Weingartner.)
(First time in Boston.)
Symphony No. 3, in C minor, "Scandinavian" ..... Gowen

And first a word about the program book. Weingartner's name is not spelled Weingaertner; or in other words the "a" is not modified.

The program book says Weingartner has written two operas. He has written three. "Genesius," the third, was produced in Berlin, Nov. 15, 1892.

The program book makes no mention of Weingartner's strife stirring pamphlets: one on conducting, in which he

[illegible] a bitter [illegible] conductor [illegible] which he attacks [illegible] ment of the Beyreuth festival [illegible] of these artists he toasts Nordica unmercifully. He has written other pamphlets, and when "Genesius" was produced in Berlin he made a savage reply in the newspapers to the critics.

The program book tells when Cowen's fourth and fifth symphonies were produced. It does not give the date of the first performance of the third symphony, the one played last night. This date is Dec. 18, 1880. Nor in the sketch of Cowen's life is there any allusion to his operas, "Signa," first produced at Milan in 1893, and "Harold," produced at London in 1895. "Pauline" (1876) is mentioned, but it was a failure, not "brought out with great success"; there is no allusion to "Thorgrim," produced in 1889, which met with a happier fate.

And now let us consider the concert itself for a few minutes.

The only novelty was Weingartner's arrangement of Weber's familiar piece. The first performance that I find noted was at Berlin, Jan. 31, 1896, by the Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by the composer. This piece may be fairly called a paraphrase. Weingartner, in a cocky preface, says that Berlioz wrote his arrangement of the waltz, "as it stands, without any alteration." Weingartner, tempted by the thematic relation of the first and second themes in contrapuntal combination, has turned the simple, melodious music into polyphony, so that the climax is a case of "And now you have them all together. Just see how clever I am." His work is clever; but music should be something more than this. I do not object to this version on any ground of irreverence toward Weber, I do object to it because Weber's piece loses its continuous, flowing beauty, and its defined rhythmic swing. Nor does the tossing of themes from one instrument to another console me for the loss of continuity of phrase. The Weingartner version is a brilliant example of the craze for orchestral polyphony to display personal ability at any cost. After the performance—and it was played with great spirit—the thought came, "What a pleasure it would be to now hear the arrangement by Berlioz."

Lalo's delightful suite was first played by Sarasate at a Châtelet concert Feb. 7, 1875. It was introduced in Boston by Mr. Loeffler Nov. 12, 1887, and he played it again Feb. 8, 1890. The music itself gains at each hearing. The composer here stands above the mere folk-lorist. There is a pungent melancholy, as well as a refined joy, peculiar to Lalo, and the delicacy and the strength of the orchestration are a constant pleasure. This is more than a mere virtuoso piece. Mr. Adamowski at first was not apparently in the vein, and his intonation was impure; but he soon recovered himself, and, then, until the end his performance was admirable. He played with genuine warmth that was, however, held well in hand; his technique was equal to the demands, and it was used with a certain elegance of manner that is his own. Mr. Adamowski has true virtuoso blood in his veins. It is a pleasure to add that he shows at each performance a steady gain in purely musical qualities and a firmer control over his naturally exuberant temperament. He well deserved last night the hearty and long continued applause.

Cowen's Symphony does not wear, and much of it now seems too amiable and commonplace. The slow movement with the distant horn quartet recalls the once popular piano piece "Moonlight on the Hudson."

The Gluck overture is still noble in its simplicity and austerity in spite of Wagner's attempt to ruin it by changing the tempo. Mr Apthorp's remarks on Wagner's views are well worth reading. Nor did Mr. Paur last night rumor Wagner to the detriment of luck.

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Teresa Carreno gave the first of two piano recitals yesterday afternoon in Music Hall. There was a large and very enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Sonata, C-sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2.. Beethoven

Two Preludes, B flat and G minor; Nocturne, Op. 37, Etude, in G flat; Polonaise, in A flat, Op. 53 .....Chopin

Impromptu .....Schubert

Fantaisie Chromatique and Fugue..J. S. Bach

Three de Vienne, No. 6.....Schubert-Liszt

Canzonella (study) .....Paganini-Liszt

Sonetto del Petrarca; Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6 .....Liszt

Mrs. Carreno's performance of the Beethoven sonata seemed to me too rigid, almost perfunctory, without emotion, without imagination. And I found myself wondering if this brilliant woman was at last subdued by the apathy of middle-age. Or had musical intercourse with the pedagogic d'Albert subdued her fiery spirit? She began to be her old self in the pieces by Chopin. The Preludes were played as though they were preludes; the Etude was most spring, and the audience insisted on a repetition. The Polonaise was given effectively, with an individuality in reading that was refreshing. Recalled, Mrs. Carreno played Chopin's nocturne in D flat major. But why did she put Schubert's dull and too familiar Impromptu on her program? And here it is not impertinent to ask why such a remarkable pianist offers such conventional programs to her audiences. She is not alone in this error of judgment. Pianists who have the authority to play works less familiar or unknown are the only ones who bring to us the most hackneyed and the stalest repertory. Yet it was worth while to listen to Mrs. Carreno's wonderful performance of the Paganella study. It was a marvel—yes, it was an unparalleled exhibition of modern technique. Never have we seen such absolute devitalization, such easiness and flexibility of wrist. Never before I heard from anybody such an audible trill as the one played by her in this study. So too the Rhapsodie was played with amazing fluency and strength. And in these pieces the Carreno of old was revealed, glowing, paling, irresistible; yet broader, more truly heroic.

The audience was wildly enthusiastic at the close. Mrs. Carreno first gave Liszt's stormy recitals a waltz of Chopin, an error of judgment, a poor and flimsy thing. She [illegible] Chopin waltz [illegible] if I am not mistaken.

The program of her next recital, Saturday, will be found in the concert announcements on another page.

PHILIP HALE.

mch 15.97

I know a lad with sun-illumined eyes,
Whose constant heaven is fleckless of a cloud;
He treads the earth with heavy steps and proud,
As if the gods had given him for a prize
Its beauty and its strength. What money buys
Is his; and his the reverence unavowed
Of toiling men for men who never bowed
Their backs to any burden anywise.
And if you talk of pain, of doubt, of ill,
He smiles and shakes his head, as who should say,
"The thing is black, or white, or what you will;
Let Folly rule, or Wisdom; any way
I am the dog for whom this merry day
Was made, and I enjoy it." That is Bill.

Dr. John Beddoe has been studying the influence of color on crime. He believes that blonde complexions and hair mark a tendency to physical weakness. In melodrama and fiction is not the villain usually a brunette? We believe that Mrs. Braddon's wickedest woman was a blonde, and for that reason she aroused unusual discussion. And does not "the celebrated Astrologist, Clairvoyant and Female Doctress" tell the gaping client to beware of a "darkish man"?

R. M. F. contributes to the Chicago Evening Post this study of a meeting fit for the Historical Painter: "The account of the infelicitous meeting between Mr. Corbett and Mr. Fitzsimmons yesterday reads like a Maeterlinck play. For the eighteen or twenty 'Good mornings' substitute an equal number of 'My gods' and the resemblance is perfect. We are not satisfied with the explanation given by the principals, though at first our sympathies leaned toward Mr. Fitzsimmons. It seems, however, from his own published statement that when he approached the Corbett party he said, 'Good morning, gents.' This was a fatal error. True, as Mr. Fitzsimmons says, he was laboring under a measure of deep feeling because at a previous meeting 'Mr. Corbett had spat in my face,' and 'to sputo' is just as objectionable at a convivial party as it is on the operatic stage. To hold out the hand of good fellowship to a man who deliberately mistakes the location of a cuspidor is an admirable exhibition of magnanimity, and Mr. Fitzsimmons was clearly in the right up to the fatal moment when he pronounced the word 'gents.' Then Mr. Corbett flared up. As the poet sings:

The hand of Corbett is his own,
And never shall with good intent
Clasp that of him who calls me 'gent.' "

An original individual of Mons, who during his lifetime was fond of good living, has just died leaving a legacy of $3000 to five friends under the following conditions: The legacy must be spent on dinners served in different restaurants, and the deceased has stipulated that at each meal a certain special dish and particular wine, of which he was very fond, shall be served, and that at dessert his memory shall be drunk. Furthermore, the five companions must dine in black clothes and black gloves, and must enter the dining-room preceded by a flag and the music of an accordion. The first dinner took place at Brussels, and the injunctions were carried out to the letter.

F. B. writes to the Journal: "Your reference to a boy's pleasure in wharf odors reminds me of the odor of an Indian Bazaar, which is still fresh in my memory and seems fresh in my clothes, although it is some years since I was in the East. This smell seems to the analytic nose a subtle compound of frankincense and myrrh, dead dogs and spices, sandalwood, ghi and perspiration. Ghi is a frightfully strong smelling butter, used by Indians and made, I believe, from goat's milk."

Sir Richard F. Burton speaks of the "foul flavor derived from the old and impregnated skin-bag which distinguishes the ghi of India," and he mentions the fact that ghi, placed in pots carefully stopped up and kept for years till a hard black mass only remains, is considered a panacea for diseases and wounds.

And in connection with this subject, the following note of Burton is of interest: "Physiologists have remarked that fat and greasy food, containing a quantity of carbon, is peculiar to cold countries; whereas the inhabitants of the tropics delight in fruits, vegetables, and articles of diet which do not increase caloric. This must be taken cum grano. In Italy, Spain and Greece the general use of olive oil begins. In Africa and Asia—especially in the hottest parts—the people habitually eat enough clarified butter to satisfy an Esquimau."

The quality of mercy is not strained, but Countess Rossi's application for the same commodity is very much so. The Countess claims to be related to a great man of the past—to the once celebrated Rossi, Count of Pellegrino. If the Countess's claim is founded, audacity is in the family of the Rossi. Poor but dishonest, la Comtesse Rossi found her way into a house at Neuilly, appropriated a table cloth, a clock and a lamp, and then sat down to wait further on fortune. The purveyor came and brought the day's meat, which she received with condescension, carried off and cooked at home, and shortly after she found herself in prison. Who would be free, herself must strike the blow; from her cell she addressed the following letter to her Judge: "M. le Juge d'Instruction—Your face is beautiful, bland and benign. It reminds me much of my deceased husband, a man always gay and smiling, who would never have refused a favor to a distinguished woman. I am the authoress of a novel, 'My Angel.' Release me, and I promise to immortalize you in my next work. I demand my liberty." The Magistrate remanded the prisoner, remarking that "there were points in her letter which made him doubtful about her sanity." It is to be hoped that he did not refer to clause I.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

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mch 16.97

OPERA.

"Tannhauser" Given for the First Time at Castle Square—Clara Lane's Hit.

Wagner's "Tannhäuser" was given last night at the Castle Square Theatre for the first time by the company. Mr. Hirschfeld was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Hermann	W. H. Clarke
Tannhäuser	Payne Clark
Wolfram	J. K. Murray
Biterolf	Charles H. Bennett
Walther	J. F. Hanshue
Heinrich	Archie Macdonald
Reinmar	John Read
Shepherd Boy	Marie Zahn
Venus	Hattie Belle Ladd
Elisabeth	Clara Lane

Let us suppose that Mr. Bludyer, the eminent critic, met Mr. Jaxon, the manager of the Castle Square last night after the performance, and spoke to him as follows: "Look here, Jaxon, this is all wrong. You have a beautiful and comfortable theatre; you have a good conductor; you, yourself, are an excellent stage manager; your company, soloists and chorus, give entertaining performances of light opera; but you have no business to undertake such heavy operas as "Tannhäuser." You have not the orchestra desired or indicated by Wagner; your conductor directs from a piano score; your singers, with the possible exception of Miss Lane, are not heroic enough for the parts they undertake. In a word, the audience is introduced to only a miniature version of the opera. Tonight there were long cuts; there was one at the end of the first act; Walther's song at the tournament was omitted; and many pages, some of the hardest, of the finale of the second act were cut out. There were other omissions, which I did not mind at the time, and shall not mention. These may all have been made to allow the audience to be home at a reasonable hour. Do you really think that it is fair to Wagner to give such performances? You surely will not claim that the opera tonight was of true educational value."

Mr. Jaxon would listen—for he is an amiable and courteous man—and he would then reply: "Mr. Bludyer, the chief object of any respectable manager is to make money by respectable means, and at the same time give the audience as much as possible for the money. Our public has shown time and time again that it prefers grand opera to light opera. We respect its judgment. As for the performance, answer me honestly: Have you not seen far inferior performances by more pretentious companies at $2 50, $3, or even $4 a seat? And were not these performances given with shabby scenery and slovenly stage management? The best seats tonight were 25 cents apiece. The rest of the week they will be 50 cents apiece. Don't you think that the show is well worth the money? And, as for the educational part of it, is it not better for an audience to gain at least some idea of an opera—let us say only decently given with full attention to stage equipment—than for it to know the work only by hearsay, or a few selections in concert, or by drumming the music on a piano?"

Mr. Bludyer is right from his standpoint. Mr. Jaxon is right from his standpoint. The performance last night was an excellent one for 25 cents. Worse performances by far more pretentious companies and at a much higher admission fee have been given here. And while I sympathize with Mr. Bludyer, I admit the sanity and the force of Mr. Jaxon's reply.

* * *

Surely the Elisabeth of Miss Lane was more than satisfactory. As a singer, she phrased with taste and effect. Her voice itself was most sympathetic, under control and often the true voice of the holy maiden. As actress she was first of all eminently discreet—not penuriously, timidly cautious, but generous within physical limitations that were the limitations of Wagner's heroine. For Elisabeth is no tragedy queen, with strut and stare, and im[illegible] gesture. Fat German women are inclined to turn her into an amazon. I like to think of her as a shrinking, sensitive maiden who is not so much offended at the Knight because he had forgotten her in the arms of Venus as she is grieved at the thought of his lost soul. There is a streak of New England conscience in Elisabeth. She might easily have forgiven Venus if the goddess had promised to join the church. And about Miss Lane there was the atmosphere of tender, prayerful sanctity. Her prayer was uttered even before she knelt to the Madonna. Her joy, her love, her life was a prayer. And thus by the irresistible impression of purity and faith Miss Lane triumphed in a manner that might well excite the envy of more flamboyant prima donnas.

* * *

Mr. Payne Clark is no stranger in Boston. He created here the part of Canio in "Pagliacci," when that opera was butchered by the Tavary Company, and he has made other appearances in the town. His voice is not always agreeable; chiefly, because of the nasal quality. In the first act he seemed to forget the meaning of the word rhythm; perhaps rhythm fled, disturbed by the harp accompaniment. An honest, painstaking tenor, with little dramatic force or imagination, although in the recital of his pilgrimage he braced himself for effect. Mr. W. H. Clarke did nothing to relieve the Landgrave from the deserved reproach of being one of the most colossal bores in all opera.

Miss Ladd as Venus made a brave attempt at a difficult vocal task, and by a liberal display of physical charms delighted the judicious in the audience and gave a plausible excuse for Tannhäuser's retirement from the Court. Think before you condemn his conduct, Mrs. Quassia; think of how he must have been bored by the Landgrave, the minstrels, the songs of Walther, Wolfram and the rest. Elisabeth was there, to be sure, but she was either teaching the catechism to the children of the village or making cordials for the sick.

Mr. Bennett, a new comer, was that rare man, a Biterolf who sang in tune. His voice is of fine quality, and his tones are firm, sustained, sympathetic. With more stage experience and ease, he will be a valuable member of the company.

Mr. Murray was at his best in the third act. He sang the Song to the Evening Star with simplicity of expression and—what is more uncommon—he did not stray far from the pitch in his endeavor to reach the star. In earlier scenes he showed too frequently his lately acquired tricks of forcing tone and over-accentuation. I give him solemn warning. The Lord never intended him to be a robust baritone. If he persists in abusing his naturally light and pleasing voice, it will surely become the abomination of desolation.

* * *

The chorus work was uneven. At times it was excellent; at times it was untuneful and ragged. The pilgrims in the first act sang as though they had faint hope of reaching the goal of pure intonation. In the second act the chorus was heard often to better advantage. The orchestra on the whole played well for a first performance. There were dire moments, just as there were perilous minutes on the stage for Mr. Payne Clark and others. Mr. Hirschfeld led with much intelligence. The opera was well mounted, and the stage management was worthy of the reputation of the theatre.

PHILIP HALE.

The custom of shaving the beard, and cutting the hair of the head, has, we believe, been justly deprecated by some physiologists. Bichat attributes the superior strength of the ancients to their custom of wearing their beards; and those men who do not shave at present are distinguished for vigor and hardihood.

This is sad news from the West — from Denver, not Carson. At a meeting of Populists, Mrs. E. W. Reed and Miss Holmes concluded a discussion about corporations by tearing "most of Mr. Aker's beard out of his face."

Consider the insult. Of old times, amongst the Greeks, and indeed almost throughout the East, an insult to the beard was the last outrage which enmity could inflict. Thus David resented the treatment of his ambassadors by Hanun (2 Sam., x., iv). The beard was the most sacred pledge of anything whatsoever. A man that had pawned his beard for the payment of a debt, would not fail to pay it. The Sultans disgraced men by commanding their beards to be cut.

Scach Sesi, King of Persia, had ordered the execution of Urguin Chan, his high steward. When his head was brought him, he touched it with a wand, and looking upon it, said, "It must be confessed that thou wast a stout man; it troubles me to see thee in this condition, but it was thine own fault; 'tis pity, were it only for that good beard of thine." This he said by reason his mustachoes were so long, that coming about his neck, they met again at his mouth, which is considered a great ornament in Persia. So Olearius tells the story in his Travels. We remember Sir Thomas More and his old sad irony on the scaffold when there was question of his beard. Even a woman, Brizida de Penheranda, had a beard from her youth, which she suffered to grow, so that in her age it reached down to the pit of her stomach. See Zacut. Lusit. Prax. Adm. l. 3. obs. 92. p. 394.

But the beard of the Populist is peculiarly sacred. In it the fowls of the

are do build their nests. Neither Cardinal Bembo, nor Michael Angelo, nor Titian, nor Plato, nor Fletcher, nor Spenser, nor Haroun Al Raschid, nor Red-ridden Hassan, nor Aaron, nor the Emperor Otho, nor Franciscus Alvarez Semedo, nor the oldest of the Lombards had such a beard as that of Mr. Akers before fragments were uprooted by infuriated women. Was it not enough for Mrs. Reed to ask him in a coarse voice, if it was not "time for him to go out and choke himself to death"?

Senator Gallivan's points in the Corbett-Fitzsimmons matter are admirably taken. They show the acute observer, the deep thinker, the unflinching patriot. He admires Colonel Corbett because "he has pressed to the front in his chosen vocation," and because he is American. He also sympathizes with him on account of his "intellectual superiority."

The Rev. Wm. T. McElveen of Brooklyn is the latest of the iconoclasts. He admits that St. Patrick was "a mountain peak in the range of humanity," but he denies the fact that he was an Irishman. Let us examine the witnesses. We first summon Henry Bennett. Listen to his evidence.

Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher;
His mother was a Brady;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle an O'Grady.

And what does the Sassenach say to such overwhelming proof of the Saint's nationality?

"One of the noble 600 at Balaklava died a day or two ago." Let's see. He was the 1241st in the wild charge. The 1240th died last December.

"It is maple sugar time." Yes, and hock-beer is already in town.

The monologue recited by Miss Frances Drake at Keith's was originally given at the Vaudeville, Paris, Oct. 9, 1879. The title is "Le Petit Abbé." It was written by Bocage and Liorat, and the music was by Charles Jean Baptiste Grisart. Céline Chaumont-Mussay created the part.

W. P. J. wishes to know if there is "any law against pitching cents, especially on the public highway." We are unable to speak here with authority. Probably much would depend on the character of those engaged in the sport. If, for instance, the Mayor and his merry men should during their nooning pitch in front of the City Hall, we doubt if any policeman would arrest them. Then the place itself should be considered. We recommend the Athenaeum as quieter than the Public Library. There is certainly a domestic law in many households against the amusement. Our eldest son, Increase Mather Smithers, a fine lad—we say this with due humility—is addicted passionately to the sport. The other day he was caught in flagrante delicto by his mother, who suffers severely from chronic New England conscience, and Increase was punished after his inglorious return to the flat. We say "inglorious," for he always loses, which fact aggravated, no doubt, the punishment.

Mch 17. 97

Polish Works Played by Mrs Szumowska and the Adamowskis—Mr. Nowell's Concert.

The Adamowski Quartet, with Mrs. Szumowska, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

Quartet in D minor, op. 9.....Noskowski
Allegro con brio—Intermezzo.
Andante moderato—Adagio non troppo.
Finale, Oberek (national dance).
(First time.)
Variations and fugue in A minor, for pianoforte ..... Paderewski
Mrs. Szumowska.
Suite for violin:
a—Legende ..... Wieniawski
b—Mazourka ..... Zarzycki
Mr. T. Adamowski.
Trio for pianoforte, violin and 'cello, G minor, op. 8.....Chopin

This program was devoted exclusively to works by Polish composers. Sigismund Noskowski is a name comparatively unknown to us in America, although his overture "Das Meerauge" was played at Brighton Beach by Seidl's orchestra in 1891. He was born at Warsaw May 2, 1846, and was a music teacher in a blind asylum, where he invented a notation for the use of the blind. He then studied under Kiel, and in 1876 was city music director at Constantia. A teacher at the Warsaw Conservatory, he succeeded Zarzycki as director of the school after the death of the latter in November, 1895. In 1896 he was decorated by the Tsar.

The Quartet played yesterday is often ingenious, but with the exception of the Adagio it does not seem musical in the highest sense. The Intermezzo is applause-catching, but it is not of marked originality, and the composer is too fond of his chief theme. The development of the themes throughout the work is not firmly knit, and there is too often a desire for solo work and accompaniment. The Quartet was performed with great spirit.

I find no record of any performance here in a public concert hall of the Chopin Trio since the season of '83-'84, when it was played by Miss Radecki and Messrs. Loeffler and Fries. There is a reason for the rarity of performance, and an excellent one: The Trio is not among the most characteristic works of Chopin, and as a piece of ensemble work it is flimsy. Chopin thought once of using a viola instead of a violin, "for with the violin," he wrote, "the E string dominates, whilst in my trio it is hardly ever used. The viola would stand in a more proper relation to the 'cello."

When Chopin poured his ideas into a mold, he abandoned his greatest charm, which is apparent improvisation.

Mrs. Szumowska played delightfully. The Variations by Paderewski were given with a profusion of nuancirung that never seemed forced or affected. The beauty of her tone, the refinement of her strength, the elegance of her phrasing, and the grace of her technique were revealed in clear, yet mellow light.

And Mr. Timothée Adamowski distinguished himself. The familiar solo pieces were made new and fresh by the spell of his art. The Legende was played with deep and genuine sentiment, and the Mazourka was played with virtuoso brilliancy.

There was a good-sized and enthusiastic audience.

* * *

Mr. George M. Nowell, assisted by the Kneisel Quartet, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. There was a very friendly audience. The program was as follows:

Trio for piano, violin and 'cello, op. 8, B major. New edition.....Brahms
Sonata, op. 27, No. 2, C sharp minor.. Beethoven
Polonaise, op. 71, No. 2, B flat major.. Chopin
Nocturne, op. 27, No. 2, D flat major.. Chopin
Kuss-Walzer Paraphrase.....Strauss-Schütt
Quintet for piano, two violins, viola and 'cello, op. 44, E flat major..Schumann

Perhaps I expect too much from Mr. Nowell. He has had unusual advantages in the pursuit of his art. I know his earnestness, his honesty, his devotion to that which is best in his profession. I realize the fact that he possesses solid qualities, which should be respected. His technique is sound and substantial so far as mere mechanical proficiency is concerned, and he would not stoop for a moment to win applause by digital dexterity. But I fear that he has neglected the cultivation of the emotions. I miss in his performance such qualities as tenderness, dreaminess, or dash that tells of hot blood. Perhaps he feels deeply when he plays, but from shyness or too serious absorption in the task does not give his emotions an outlet by which they may be recognized. Not that his performance is too pedagogic. Indeed, the pedagogue would have shaken his head last night at the frequent absence of rhythmic feeling, which was noticeable in solo as well as ensemble. I should have welcomed an occasional slip, a discounted climax, or even a broad burst of vulgarity; for it would have varied the monotonous respectability of thought. There is much in the pieces of Chopin that lies beneath the keys, that was not found by Mr. Nowell. The paraphrase of Schütt would sound like another piece if it were played by a pianist of greater rhythmic sense and more pronounced temperament. And even Brahms last evening seemed prosier than usual.

PHILIP HALE.

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue,
He charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe
In soups and second courses,
Where blind worms crawling in the grass
Disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise, which opened their eyes
To a sense of their situation.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
O! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them forever!

This is the day we celebrate, in honor of the Saint and many of our rulers. As for the Saint, honor is indeed due him. Our old friend William Maginn, who knew everything, except the proper care of his health and the art of making money, described him for all time.

O! he was an elegant blade
As you'd meet from Fairhead to Kilcrumper.

The Reverend William T. McElveen of Brooklyn, to whom we referred yesterday, says that St. Patrick was either a Frenchman or a Scot. We cannot understand this view of the Saint, for we are told by one of his most enthusiastic biographers,

His mother kept a shebeen shop
In the town of Enniskillen.

Do you know the sublime hymn of St. Patrick before Tarah, preserved in the Bearla Feine? Read it in the version of James Clarence Mangan. Here is one verse:

In this hour of hours,
I place all those powers
Between myself and every foe,
Who threaten my body and soul
With danger or dole,
To protect me against the evils that flow
From lying soothsayers' incantations,
From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,
From Heresy's hateful innovations,
From Idolatry's rites and invocations,
Be those my defenders,
My guards against every ban—
And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;
In fine, against every knowledge that renders
The light Heaven sends us dim in
The spirit and soul of Man!

This is the hymn described by Sechnall as a diadem of princes, chanted music, a noble solace for men.

And here is excellent and appropriate reading for the day, while you await news from Carson. First of all, Hazlitt's "The Fight," one of the most brilliant essays in the English language. "'It is well,' as I once heard Mr. Richmond observe, 'to see a variety.' He was speaking of cock-fighting as an edifying spectacle. I cannot deny but that one learns more of what is (I do not say of what ought to be) in this desultory mode of practical study, than from reading the same book twice over, even though it should be a moral treatise." And then Hazlitt, commenting on the training of the pugilist to the day that brings him victory or defeat, explains, "Is not this life more sweet than mine? I was going to say; but I will not libel any life by comparing it to mine, which is bitter as coloquintida and the dregs of aconitum." Then follows the superb description of the fight, the mill between Neate and the Gas-man, Dec. 11, 1821. "Ye who despise the Fancy do something to show as much pluck, or as much self-possession as this, before you assume a superiority which you have never given a single proof of by any one action in the whole course of your life."

Or read the chapter "Magister Elegantiarum" in Hugo's "L'Homme qui rit." Read how Lord David Dirry-Moir trained pugilists, was the ideal referee. "Maternal solicitude brought out continually some new gain in the pupil's education. He taught him the blow with the fist that smashes the teeth, and the blow with the thumb that knocks out an eye. Nothing could be more touching. He prepared himself, in this fashion, for the political life, to which he must be summoned at a later period. It is no slight affair to become an accomplished gentleman."

Or read Maginn's noble "Idyl on the Battle," beginning

Fists and the man I sing, who, in the valleys of Hampshire,
Close to the borough of Andover, one fine day of the springtime,
Being the twentieth of May (the day, moreover, was Tuesday),
Eighteen hundred and twenty-three, in a fistical combat,
Beat, in a handful of rounds, Bill Neat, the butcher of Bristol.

Then there is Maginn's "Luctus on the death of Sir Daniel Donnelly, late champion of Ireland;" there is Arthur Morrison's pathetic story; there is Fitz James O'Brien's bitter poem; there is Thackeray's Roundabout paper; there is Thomas Moore's "Milling Match;" there are the complete works of the Honorable John L. Sullivan. Thus may you put yourself in sympathetic mood, and wile away the anxious hours before the arrival of the news.

A London exchange gives us this pleasing view of life among the lowly: "Those two most touching conceptions of injured womanhood, the femme incomprise and the artless child of nature, met yesterday in the dock at Westminster in the single person of Miss Carrie Wilson. This young lady had happened the evening before to encounter at the bar of the Shakspeare Hotel, near Victoria, a being having the outward semblance of a man, and, indeed, of an engineer's clerk. In Miss Wilson's simple and innocent heart this gentleman's form excited tender feelings, and she felt that the appropriate thing would be for him to make her a present of the flowers he wore in his coat. This feeling she expressed in the most natural manner possible by tearing the flowers out of the button-hole, and when the man thus honored showed himself dead to every finer feeling and objected she playfully rebuked him with a few gentle oaths and an amorous slap on the face. Nell Gwynn, when she was already a great lady, was accustomed to woo in precisely this fashion, and it usually conducted her to her object. Yesterday it conducted Miss Wilson to six weeks' hard labor. And yet the position of women is supposed to be improving."

Mch 28. 97

O the joy of the strong-brawn'd fighter, towering in the arena, in perfect condition, conscious of power, thirsting to meet his opponent.

There are several lessons to be learned from the mill at Carson. The victory of Mr. Fitzsimmons shows that virtue is rewarded even on earth.

We remember hearing some time ago a long and acrid discussion concerning the brutality of prize fights. There was a lull, and the sweet voice of a venerable man fell upon the air. He is now in the grave. During his life he was honored and beloved in this town, the home of his adoption. His kindness, benevolence and justice were recognized by men and women in every walk of life. And he spoke, seated in his favorite club, as follows: "Gentlemen, I myself wish to go to New Orleans, but my health will not permit. Consider for a moment the splendor of the spectacle. Two perfectly developed men, demigods of strength, are to meet after a training to which not one of you would submit yourself. Their power and endurance are such that neither of them will in any probability be seriously hurt. You talk of the beauty of machinery; there is no such dazzling sight as a human male exulting in his strength."

He at least was more honest than the man who rolls up the whites of his eyes and exclaims, "What a disgusting exhibition! I wonder when the kinetoscope will have the pictures here."

Argue, protest as you may, there was only one subject of conversation yesterday; there is only one subject today. Not a few gentle women read every word published in the newspapers, and wished the reports fuller. In remote country towns this minute there are men in stores and taverns, men who are afraid of a yellow dog. They read, grow excited, talk knowingly of hooks and jabs, then add, "I used to spar myself, before I had the rheumatism," and with that they sidle toward the bar.

There is another view of these tests of physical skill and staying power, which was voiced by Fitz James O'Brien, whose nose, by the way, was broken by the blow of a pugilist in June, 1858:

Round about is a hestial crowd,
Heavily-jawed and beetle-browed;
Concave faces, trampled in
As if with the iron hoof of sin;
Blasphemies dripping from off their lips,
Pistols bulging behind their hips;
Hands accustomed to deal the cards,
Or strike with the cowardly knuckle-guards.
Who are these ruffianly fellows, you say,
That taint the breath of this autumn day?
These are "the Fancy," gentle sir.
The Fancy? What are they to her?
O, 'tis their fancy to look at a fight,
To see men struggle, and gouge, and bite.
Bloody noses and bunged-up eyes—
These are the things the Fancy prize.
And so they get men, lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs,
To come together to batter and maul,
To come and fight till one shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

But fights are ordered otherwise than in the early sixties. Not that Mr. Fitzsimmons or his seconds come of gentle blood; they are hard, stern men, appointed to do the world's rough work. Yet guns were not carried openly by those who looked on, and slugging, we understand, was confined for the most part to the ring. Each of the pugilists went to the fight cheered by the loving words of his wife. It is not unlikely that Mr. Fitzsimmons's child smiled on him, as the babe in Andromache's breast looked at the departing Hector. And surely the conqueror's treatment of his foe was not as savage as the revenge of Achilles in the admired work of Homer.

The reports of the great contest are poor and colorless in their vocabulary. There was a time when the story was told in language understood only by graduates in the school of pugilism. What has been gained in clearness, even if our boys and girls comprehend every word, does not compensate for the old richness of phraseology. Yet 70 years ago Hazlitt could be lucid and picturesque.

Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a second or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's Inferno.

We believe we have quoted this description before. We do not weary of it. And it is only a toss of a cent between it and this, taken also from the most marvelous account of a mill in the English language:

If there had been a minute or more allowed between each round, it would have been intelligible how they should by degrees recover strength and resolution; but to see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned, senseless, the breath beaten out of their bodies; and then, before you recover from the shock, to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand ready to inflict or receive mortal offence, and rush upon each other "like two clouds over the Caspian"—

[illegible] the most [illegible] thing [illegible] it is the high and heroic [illegible]

Mr. Fitzsimmons was a blacksmith, a village blacksmith. Do you remember the old song, once a favorite in variety shows? The chorus was as follows:

Bang, bang, bang,
Goes the hammer on the anvil,
All day long in the door I used to stop,
Listening to the music,
Made by honest labor (here the singer removed his hat)
In the old village blacksmith shop.

And now we hope that Mr. Fitzsimmons will go back to his calling and be a useful member of society. They say that he is a man of eminently domestic tastes. Let him find happiness in his own household. If he still desires to be mauled, let him endure the affectionate blows of his che-ild. But we hope he will shun the loathed stage. The true brutality in modern prize fighting comes after the battle is over. The once proud champion is persuaded to appear in "As You Like It,' or some melodrama in which with sheepish air he pounds the gentleman with black moustache, new plug hat, and the cigarette habit. Here is the true inhumanity of man to man.

Third of the Vocal Chamber Concerts in Steinert Hall—German Songs Sung by Max Heinrich and Miss Little.

Max Heinrich and Miss Little were the singers last night in the third of the Vocal Chamber Concerts at Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

Gebet ..... Bruckler
Von Ewiger Liebe.....Brahms
Nur wer die Sehnsucht Kennt..Tschaikowsky
Verrath .....Brahms
Mr. Heinrich.
Frauenliebe und Leben..... ..Schumann
Miss Little.
Der Tod und das Madchen; Standchen; Das Fischer Madchen; Auf dem Wasser zu singen, Der Erlkonig..
Schubert
Mr. Heinrich.

Here is a program composed for the most part of very familiar songs. Mr. Heinrich's indisputable talent is familiar, as are the vocal limitations of Miss Little. Now what is to be said of such a concert, after the statement is made that an audience of fair size was generous in applause. You surely know the songs, and you know how they were sung; for Mr. Heinrich is almost always interesting, and Miss Little is always conscientious within her limitations. That Mr. Heinrich sang the songs by Brahms with marked intelligence and the immortal tune of Tschaikowsky with passionate fervor is no news. That Miss Little's endeavor at national discrimination was handicapped by her technical deficiencies is also no news. You surely do not expect an essay on German song.

And yet the concert suggested this thought: The repertory of many singers is almost as small and conventional as that of pianists, local and visiting. Not a week passes that new songs by French and German composers,—to confine our attention to these countries—are not published. Are none of these songs worth the hearing? Has Brahms said the last word? Must we hear the familiar songs of Schubert and Schumann, from six to twelve times a season? A singer who is content with the same encore applause for the same programs from year to year little by little loses interest, and he cannot always feign freshness and spontaneity of emotion. Nor is it fair to the public when a singer of good standing permits it to remain unacquainted with the work of composers of today. We all know the genius of Schumann. We know comparatively little about the songs by our contemporaries—who happen to live in Russia, Belgium or Italy. Massenet, Fauré, Miss Chaminade are not the only French song writers. Nor did Russian music die with Tschaikowsky. Why do we never hear songs by Stcherbatcheff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, or Glazounoff? There are German translations, if our singers are bound to sing German.

The next concert of the series will be given next Wednesday evening. A mixed chorus will sing choruses by Destrina, Christoph Bach, Lotti; and passages from Grell's Mass for 16 voices. Mr. Osgood will be the conductor.

PHILIP HALE.

The Boston String Quartet & Mr. Parr gave a concert.

Mch 19.'97

Grant me sonorous accents, fire-abounding,
Low serves ne peasant's pipe ne rustick reed;
But blast of trumpet, long and loud resounding,
That flameth heart and hue to fiery deed:
Grant me high strains to suit their Gestes astounding,
Our Sons, who aided Mars in martial need;
That o'er the world be sung the glorious song,
Theme so lofty may to verse belong.

L. S. P. writes to the Journal: "I cannot agree with you in regarding the accounts of the mill at Carson as poor and colorless in vocabulary.' Often to this description of Mrs. Fitz- [illegible] congratulate the husband: 'Tis the scream of a triumphant mother eagle, the paean of a Cleopatra for her victorious Anthony.' What do you think of this?"

In the first place, the reporter does grave injustice to Mrs. Fitzsimmons, who is no Cleopatra, but, as we are informed and have no reason to doubt, a most estimable and orderly person. In the second place, the comparison is as false as it is unhappy. This good, brave wife never doubted the result. She encouraged and comforted her husband, even when his knees did shake. But Cleopatra, near Actium, Cleopatra,

"Yond' ribaudred nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertakel i' the midst o' the fight:—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;
The brize upon her like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies."

There is an attempt at color in some of the reports, but the effect is generally crude and glaring.

See Victor Hugo at work. Observe the artist. "'Take your muffler,' said Kilter to Phelem-ghe-Madone, and, cramming the bloody flannel rag into a bottle, he washed it with gin. Then he retouched his mouth, and Phelem-ghe-Madone opened one peeper. His temples seemed cracked. 'Another round, friend,' said Kilter. And he added—'For the honor of the lower classes.'"

Or watch that great master, Hazlitt. "Neate seemed like a lifeless lump of flesh and bone, round which the Gasman's blows played with the rapidity of electricity or lightning, and you imagined he would only be lifted up to be knocked down again. It was as if Hickman held a sword or a fire in that right hand of his, and directed it against the unarmed body. * * * The Gasman aiming his mortal blow at his adversary's neck, with his right hand, and failing from the length he had to reach, the other returned it with the left at full swing, planted a tremendous blow on his cheek-bone and eye-brow, and made a red ruin of that side of his face."

Dr. Gorodichze of the French Society of Psychology and Hypnology has discovered a sure cure for seasickness. All that is necessary, he says, is to create a centre of reflex naupathic inhibition. This is within reach of the humblest.

In Caracas, Venezuela, the Society for the Protection of Animals is a national society. There is an edict against the use of check reins, and there is little or no disposition to evade it. It would be interesting to know whether horses with docked tails were fashionable at Caracas. An Englishman, Mr. Charles H. Allen, who labors for the benefit of horses, wrote the other day that draught horses are far more comfortable than in former years, but that "carriage horses are more difficult to deal with, as in most cases their owners are under the influence of fashion, prejudice and ignorance—and last, but not least, are ruled by their coachmen, than whom no more ignorant race of men is to be found."

Dr. J. A. H. Murray of Oxford, Eng., would be very glad if some one in the United States would send him a short quotation containing the word "half-dollar," for use in the New English Dictionary, of which he is editor. The quotation should be as old as possible, with a limit at 1792, when half-dollars were first authorized, but if a quotation of very early date cannot be found one of a somewhat later date would be very acceptable. If the quotation be taken from a book, let the sender please to give the name of same and the page, with name of author and year of publication. If from a magazine, give its name, with year, month and page. If from a newspaper give its name, with year, month and day of month, with page and column.

The first anniversary of the birth of the first ladies' club opened in France was celebrated lately at Paris. This club was organized for those women who through circumstances are compelled to seek companionship outside their own homes. No married woman is allowed to become a member without her husband's consent. (Imagine the results of a converse application of the rule.) The literary woman and the "new woman" are seldom found there. The table d'hôte is three francs. A correspondent writes: "The members do not wish to show a spirit of emancipation in dress and manners. And thus I was spared the unpleasant sights that are so common in England and America. The women I saw here dress and behave as women. I did not see the lady with her feet wide apart sucking the ivory mount of her crook stick; nor the lady holding forth with her hands behind her back lolling in front of the mantelpiece; nor the woman with glasses and the gentlemanly collar. These types, up to now, are rarely found among the French." Here is, indeed, a revelation! Are there women's clubs in any American city where the members suck ivory headed canes?

News from Mars. Mrs. Burbank, an Australian spiritualist, went there and returned in one night. Do not think of spending your vacation in Mars this summer, for "the different spheres of society are at deadly feud." The canals turn out to be earth works. There has been a deadly war since 1891. The armies have given up burying their dead. This news is probably as trustworthy as that related about this tired sphere by rising young spiritualists in Mars.

mch 20.97

Such as is the air, such be our spirits; and as our spirits, such are our humors. Bodine in his fifth Book, De repub. cap. 1. 5. of his Method of History, proves that hot countries are most troubled with melancholy, and that there are therefore in Spain, Africa and Asia Minor, great numbers of mad men, insomuch that they are compelled in all cities of note, to build peculiar hospitals for them.

There is a people named Atlantes, of the Mounte Athlas, by the whiche they dwell. These glue no names one to another as other peoples do, but echeman is nameless. When the sonne passeth ouer their heades, they curse him, and reuyle him with all woordes of mischiefe: for that he is so brolling hote, that he destroieth bothe them and ther countrye.

It is the habit of many to ascribe the coughs, colds, catarrhs, attacks of bronchitis, pleurisy, pneumonia, lumbago, grip, rheumatism that devastate in winter the New England coast to the climate. And in some parts of New England the word "weather" is used to denote weather that is disagreeable, foul, dangerous.

These attacks upon the body are not confined to New England, and the climate of Boston is surely not responsible for our fellow sufferers in Albany, Buffalo, Indianapolis, Chicago. Wherever there is the system of heating rooms by steam, the body is weakened, the mind is impaired.

We do not now refer to the steam furnace, a great improvement on that hideous invention known as the hot air furnace which cracked furniture, incited headaches, and dried the blood and the face of beauty. With ordinary care an equable temperature could be preserved when the hot air softened by steam came up through registers.

We refer to the steam-radiator with its sizzling, its gurgling, its mysterious rappings, its death-rattle. To the lover of beauty it is one of the ugliest of inanimate objects. Women may tax their ingenuity; they may cover it with cloths of Oriental perfume and barbaric splendor; the thing is there, unmistakable, honest in its villainy. It cannot be made to look like unto a writing desk, a bookcase, or a chest of drawers.

It is not improbable that the radiator was invented by a manufacturer of cough syrups and troches. It leaps from the tropic to the Antarctic, skipping the temperate zone. Its power increases in direct proportion to the heat of the outside air. Take a day like yesterday. The very radiator that was formerly sluggish when the wind whipped your face and the cold nipped your fingers worked like a demon, until you turned off the heat, opened windows, put on a thinner coat, and contracted a chill. The heat, however, does not seem to have any staying quality. The moment you turn the what-do-you-call-'ems, the stored heat flees the room. In a quarter of an hour, you would swear there had been no fire in the furnace of the infernal regions below, where the janitor plays the part of Satan in admirable fashion.

Then consider other aspects of this burning question, for you will agree that so far as physical comfort is concerned, Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego cast into a modern flat would be seriously tempted to fall down and worship the golden image at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, that constituted the Babylon Symphony Orchestra. Ponder a moment the effect of the radiator on mind and morals.

The radiator stirreth up strife between man and wife, provokes cruelty to children and dumb animals—it is a wretched cur that will lie close to the pipes—leads to explosions of anger toward grocery-boys, ice men, milkmen, and the peripatetics who blow up the tube and ask your intentions concerning sewing-machines and old-clo'.

Or take the case of a man who is popularly believed to live by what is complimentarily known as literary labor. Dr. Holmes once said in substance that when an author's feet were cold it was a good omen. (We have also heard that unless an hour of writing brought out a spot of eczema the article, prose or poetry, lacked force.) But [illegible] Swinburne, nor Thomas Hardy nor Herbert Spencer could apply this test in a steam-heated study unless he should interrupt his flow of thought by manipulation of the valves. Or what inspiration comes from a radiator? As you brood before an open fire of wood, or sea-coal, or coke, or peat, ideas wink at you from the flames, and they become your own. Civilized man even tries to read intelligently, with the assistance of radiator and electric light!

Is love-making possible near a radiator? In younger days—alas, the fleeting years, my Postumus, my Postumus, the fleeting years glide away!—we snatched a fearful joy when, after the departure of the old folks to what was called vaguely "upstairs," the chill air proved the fact that the furnace fire was out; for thus proximity was invited, and there was the thought of sheltering the adored one from the cold blast. Does the radiator thus take pity on the susceptible? We invite correspondence on this delicate point.

The open fire invites confidences. It encourages the timid; it warms the constitutionally austere. Man and wife are tempted to renew the affection of their courtship. The radiator rebukes such emotions. Bored, or vexed, it sizzles or cracks, when a gray-haired man begins with, "Do you remember, Jane, our first month of housekeeping, when we were absolutely alone?" Sentiment is checked. The gray-haired man indulges in profanity at the interruption, and consigns the offending thing to a place less hot.

Dressed in absurdly heavy clothes, roasted and chilled alternately, what wonder that men and women thus become prone to disease, irritable, morbid. Houses and offices, shops, theatres, churches are too hot. And even in death there is no longer the comfort of the cool grave; for the wise tell us that cremation is far to be preferred. Such an ending is at least in harmony with the roasted life. Let us hope that after cremation there will be a more agreeable and healthier temperature. Remember that Dante found ice in the Inferno.

mch 21.97

Second Piano Recital of Teresa Carreno—Nineteenth of the Symphony Concerts, Mr. Burmeister Pianist.

Teresa Carreno gave her second piano recital in Music Hall yesterday. There was a fair-sized and very enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Sonata, Appassionata, Op. 57.....Beethoven
Prelude, D flat; Nocturne, Op. 48, No. 1; Waltz, in A flat; Ballade, Op. 47 ..... Chopin
Romanza, in E flat; Barcarolle, in G major; Valse Caprice .....Rubinstein
Rondo, Op. 51, No. 2.....Beethoven
Vogel als Prophet.....Schumann
Marche Militaire..... Schubert-Tausig

The "Appassionata" sonata seems to appeal more strongly to Mrs. Carreno than the "Moonlight" sonata, which she played last week; for her performance of the former was less rigid and perfunctory. But her peculiar strength is revealed in its full splendor in the works of Rubinstein, Liszt, and even Chopin; rather than in the works of Beethoven. It is true that she played the Rondo of Beethoven with exquisite smoothness and fluency, but she did not raise the piece above the level of formalism. If the sentiment of Rubinstein's Romanza seemed exaggerated to some, there surely was but one opinion concerning the Venetian beauty of her performance of the Barcarolle or the dazzling dash of the Valse Caprice. There were charming effects in the Prelude, Nocturne and Waltz of Chopin; but in the Ballade there was something wanting. A remarkable pianist, this Teresa Carreno, with her defiant technique and vulcanic temperament. No wonder that the audience was wildly enthusiastic at the end and recalled her again and again.

* * *

The program of the 19th Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Symphony in G minor, No. 40.....Mozart
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in F minor, op. 21.....Chopin
Orchestration (and Cadenza for first movement) by H. Burmeister.
Symphony in D major (B. & H., No. 2)..
Haydn

There is very little to be said about this concert, which was extraordinary only in the program. That Rimsky-Korsakoff's Suite, which had been announced, was found too difficult for performance after a few rehearsals, was no excuse for presenting a program so trite and with such insufficient contrasts. The G minor symphony is a delightful work, an immortal work if you please, but the performance of a Mozart Symphony and a Haydn Symphony in one evening is too much of an eminently respectable thing, even in Lent.

Mr. Burmeister played with conspicuous elegance. His tone was eminently agreeable, his performance was very clean and fluent. His emotion, however, did not rise above well-bred salon behavior. You admired, you congratulated and complimented the pianist, but you could not help feeling that there is more in the concerto than was brought to the smooth surface. Mr. Burmeister

[illegible] upper musician as well [illegible], and his orchestration is far less [illegible] objectionable than the work of several who have tinkered the two concertos of Chopin. The elegance of his playing and the great modesty of his bearing [illegible] the audience mightily, but there have been more soulful performances of the F minor Concerto in Music Hall.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Has There Ever Been a Mill in Opera?

What Mr. Dooley Thought of the Fight in "Lohengrin."

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

I am not aware of any prize-fight in grand opera or operetta of any nature. During the reign of the male soprano, there could not be any realistic mill to a finish between leading characters. Others might slay and be slain; but the prima uomo was inviolable, sacred.

Of course in opera there have been duels galore from the short passage of arms in "Don Giovanni" to the still more terrible struggle behind the scenes in "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Nor is musical realism in combat a modern invention. At the old Pythian games it was the custom to play a descriptive and imitative sonata, or concerto, entitled "The Combat between Apollo and the Python." It was divided into five movements:

1. Introduction. The god examines the ground, and considers whether it is suitable for fighting.
2. The provocation. He defies the dragon.
3. The Iambic. The combat takes place. The soloist imitates the fanfares of the trumpet and by a peculiar trick called "odontismos," with his flute expresses the grinding of teeth by the monster.
4. The prayer. The victory of the god is celebrated.
5. Ovation. Apollo intones songs of triumph.

This sonata or concerto was instrumental. It was first played on the flute. Afterward it was given to the lyre. No virtuoso could dispense with playing his "Pythicon" in public. Wagner's Pythicon is in the second act of Siegfried.

* * *

The duel in "Lohengrin" is announced with much pomp, and, indeed, it is a pretty fight, when the hero obeys Wagner and cuts and hacks in honest fashion. Too often, of late years, the Lohengrin prefers to conquer by supernatural might, by merely blowing at Telramund, or glaring at him with a [illegible] eye.

And it was this duel that excited Mr. Dooley at a recent performance in Chicago, if the account published in the Evening Post of that city, March 13, be true. False or true, the confessions of Mr. Dooley are delightful reading.

* * *

"[illegible]," said Mr. Dooley, "has [illegible] to [illegible] th' savage's breast, as th' good book says. I was at th' grand op'ra th' other night, an' I thought it [illegible]."

"Ye mane Weber an' Fields," said Mr. Hennessy.

"No," said Mr. Dooley steadily, "th' grand op'ra. Ye see an ixtinsive acquaintance with th' polis foorce has its advantages as well as its throubles. It [illegible] ye llble to roomatizm reachin' fr'm th' black bottle without anny consideration, but I niver see a show in [illegible] fr'm a con-vintion to a prayer-meetin' that I cudden't wurruk into be [illegible] iv me frinship f'r th' guarjeens iv th' peace. An ol' Fenian frind iv [illegible] that was in the Canadjin raid [illegible] th' peace iv the Audlotoroom. I [illegible] him th' inthricate signal we had [illegible] about Le Carn—[illegible] he [illegible] I go to his help—an' before ye [illegible] tur-rn around me and Tim Donahue was in th' hall in th' midst iv [illegible] row iv sumchous plush-covered [illegible]. 'Ar-re ye sure this is grand [illegible]?' [illegible] Donahue. 'Iv coorse I am,' [illegible] I. 'Well,' says he, 'be th' look iv [illegible] it's a meetin' called to discuss [illegible] sarvice rayform,' he says. [illegible] be a bigger crowd at th' fight, [illegible],' he says. 'They will,' says I, [illegible] Ar-re ye goin' with th' Bath [illegible] or on Malachi Hogan's thrans[illegible] fl'er?' I says. 'Nayther,' [illegible]. 'I've resarved a seat near th' [illegible] at Schwartzmeister's, where I'll [illegible] th' raytirns be rounds,' he says. [illegible] I wait [illegible]' says I. 'Corbett'll take [illegible] wan crack at that r-red head-[illegible] an' they'll have to pry his ar-rm [illegible] with a cold chisel,' I says. 'I don't [illegible] with ye there,' he says, an' thin th' [illegible] went up.

[illegible] a piece called 'Lone Grin,' th' [illegible]—a German piece, an' 'twas [illegible]. A lad in a tin suit was [illegible] whole thing, an' he come down th' [illegible] th' stage an' begun singin' [illegible]. Well, that made [illegible] more, so they [illegible] back at him. An old [illegible] up an' down th' stage makin' signs an' squawkin' to a guy that looked like Senator Peffer. [illegible],' says Donahue. 'Her rabs is knockin' th' boy in th' hardware tights,' he says. 'Woman, woman,' he says, 'ye ar-re th' same iverywhere, whether 'tis in th' Auditoroom or th' Halsted Sthreet Opry House,' he says. 'But look,' he says, 'Willie is gettin' on to th' game,' he says. 'Be hivins, he's dhrawed his soord an' will kill th' Populist,' he says. 'Hooroo,' he says. 'Go in, me young canned goods,' he says. 'An may th' best man win,' he says. 'Hush,' says I, f'r th' other man in th' house, a rayporther, was lookin' at us. 'Hush,' I says, 'an watch th' scrap.'

"Well, iv all th' fights! Dear, oh dear! I've seen manny a game iv croquet that was bloodier, an' a meetin' to indorse th' arbitration threaty is war an' pestlience to it. Lone Grin bumped his shield again th' Populist's shield, an' thin he hit th' Populist's soord with his, an' thin he reached over an' tapped the Populist's cap with his soord an' says: 'There,' he says, 'take that,' he says; 'low feller,' he says. 'I've slapped ye an' what ar-re ye goin' to do about it?' he says. An' what does the Pop do but fall down on th' stage and make faces at th' man with th' dhrum, an' th' man with th' dhrum wint on poundin' th' dhrum. It was a German piece.

"'An' yet they won't leave boxin' go at th' batthry,' said Donahue. 'That was a foul blow Chauncey Armorplate hit him. I wondher who's th' referee. I've a mind to call foul,' he says. 'I don't like to see a middleweight lose to a heavy on a pivot blow,' he says. 'Niver mind,' says I. 'That there pop is Fitzsimmons, an' that's th' way he'll look whin Corbett gives him th' wan-two-three,' I says. 'Don't ye believe it,' he says. 'If Fitzsimmons iver gets within a yard iv him he'll hit that jood wan clip, an' afther that they'll be so much pompadour hair around th' state iv Neevada that th' little bare-fut boys'll be pickin' it out iv th' soles iv their feet all summer,' he says. 'A-ha,' says I, 'that's th' point—if he gets within a yar-rd iv him,' I says. 'But Jim won't let him,' I says. 'He'll stand off acrost th' ring an' he'll just whittle that man Fitzsimmons down until his r-red hair is hangin' on his heels,' I says. 'He can't do it,' says he. 'Bob is th' fastest boy that iver climbed into a r-ring,' he says. 'I'll tell ye what he'll do with Corbett,' he says. 'He'll fool with him f'r three rounds an' then he'll pat him on th' ear—not har-rd, mind ye, just a touch—an' they'll have to sind a man to th' roof to find that boy's head,' he says. 'Foolish man,' says I. 'Don't ye know Corbett has kilt ivry wan iv his thrainin' partners an' is now dhriven to practisin' again a locomotive,' I says. 'He'll flay the kangaroo till he thinks he's been caught out in a rain iv r-red-hot stoves,' I says. 'He'll not put him out quick. He'll dhrum on him f'r th' amusement iv th' audjeence till he thinks they've got their money's worth. Thin he'll blow at him—puff—just wanst, an' Fitzsimmons'll fall dead.' An' I believe he will.

"Annyhow, we hadn't decided it be th' time Lone Grin ducked. 'There goes Augustus Tin,' says Donahue, an' in a gran' burst iv melody, with th' orchesthry playin' th' best it knew how, Lone Grin wabbled out in a boat dhrawed be a canary burrd on a rope. Ah, 'twas beautiful, gorjeous. Music is thruly a hivinly ar-rt. I'd give tin years of me life—that's passed—if I cud play a cornet."

"But do ye really think Corbett'll win?" asked Hennessy.

"Look here," said Mr. Dooley—and they may be still explaining the pivot blow and the miraculous side step.

* * *

There are pianists in Europe who have never visited the United States whom it would be a pleasure to hear: (1) because their reputation is great; (2) because they do not always play the dozen or 24 pieces that are served to us by nearly all the visitors, male and female. Raoul Pugno is one of these desirable pianists; Ed. Risler is another; Mark Hambourg is a third, and there are others. I quote this review of a concert by Mr. Hambourg in London, for the opinions expressed therein and for the freshness in the expression of the opinions:

"A singularly large audience foregathered at the large Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon to hear Mr. Mark Hambourg's pianoforte recital, this being, in elegant program language, 'his last appearance in London previous to his departure for the Continent and Australia.' This very young musician always astonishes us, as though he always revealed it for the first time upon each new occasion, by his extraordinary physical power of endurance. His appearance invariably warrants the expectation that he cannot fail to succumb to any particular exertion in half an hour, and he will go through an enormous program, lasting for two hours, we will not say without turning a hair, but with a perfectly gay and even consistency of temperament, application and execution. Yesterday he played with all his customary brightness and brilliance of effect—a brilliance that was, perhaps, most characteristically and interestingly apparent in the two Scarlatti pieces, a Pastorale and a Capriccio. Here, when the romance of composition reaches an extremely high point, and yet does not touch any particularly mature depth of emotion, his delicacy and clear-cut manner were exceptionally attractive to hear, with glimpses, as he showed it, of a fairyland where no human passion is, but where the quickness, the versatility and the tightness of the figures are distinguished by a glamor of fancy and a swift minuteness of movement that are wholly delightful in their irresponsible grace. Leschetizky's 'Gigue à l'Antique,' which is the nearest pretence of being 'à l'Antique,' he treated very prettily in the same manner. In his attempts with Chopin he was technically faultless, incredibly aerial—two most necessary qualities in all Chopin playing—but he missed, as it seemed to [illegible] the humanity, the nervous pain, the intimate sensitiveness which we perhaps do wrong to expect from him too persistently. With Schumann he was more completely successful, although here, too, he avoided depths that, after all, he himself had clearly never touched. In a word, within necessary limits, he once more proved himself to be the player of those extraordinary powers of which nobody, however prejudiced, who hears him can remain unaware."

* * *

Handel's "Deborah," according to Chrysander's version, has been sung lately at Hamburg, Leipsic, Düsseldorf, Munich; his "Hercules" has been sung lately at Leipsic; his "Esther" was sung for the first time in Germany last February, the 19th, at Hamburg. "Susanna" was performed a few weeks ago in London.

Is it not time that the Handel and Haydn should consider the value of Chrysander's versions. They are not so impertinent as Franz's idea of how "The Messiah" should go, and they are praised by purists and ultra-moderns alike.

Or is it possible that this venerable society regards "The Messiah" as the only work of Handel that is worthy of performance?

* * *

The Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung of March 5 published a fierce attack by Friedrich Rösch on Humperdinck's "Königskinder," which was produced for the first time at Munich Jan 23. Rösch declares the piece "Ungerman in structure; ungerman in its tendency, and ungerman in its incredible pornography." The libretto certainly contains singularities of style, as "Footless I strided thither;" "The earth grew in the soles of my feet," etc., etc. The charge of pornography is peculiar, when you remember that the subject of the libretto is a children's fairy story.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Ethelbert Nevin gave a concert lately in Paris.

Otto Hegner will give concerts in London in May.

Teresina Tua will fiddle in London in the autumn.

Tamagno will sing Othello at the Paris Opéra in April.

Ella Russell will sing at the White House the last of this month.

Saint-Saëns's "Henry VIII." has been given with success in Moscow.

They did not care much at Prague for Enna's "Aucassin and Nicolette."

The Bohemian String Quartet made its first appearance in London Feb. 19.

The review of the concerts of yesterday are in the news section of the Journal.

Arthur Friedheim, pianist, has played to enthusiastic audiences in Vienna and Dresden.

Adolf Wilhelmj, son of August Wilhelmj, fiddled lately in Berlin with marked success.

Th. Gouvy's choral work "Iphigenie in Tauris" was given lately in Leipsic with much success.

Franchetti's opera "Il Signor de Pourceaugnac" will be produced at the Scala before Easter.

Mottl and his wife, as well as Emil Saur, the pianist, were received enthusiastically in Brussels.

Ysaye has been fiddling with unparalleled success in Italian towns. His wife, a singer, shared in his triumph.

The Stuttgart Conservatory will celebrate, March 31-April 3, its 40th anniversary by three concerts and a banquet.

A new ballet suite by Henry K. Hadley will be produced at a concert of the American Symphony Orchestra, N. Y., the 24th.

Messrs. Barnabee and McDonald have sold the French rights of Smith and Herbert's operetta, "The Serenade" to Jean Lassalle.

A quartet by Fernand Le Borne made a profound impression in Paris when it was played at a concert of the Philharmonic Society.

A lyric scene entitled "Dramma eterno," by Francesco de Matteo, produced at Catanzaro, took only 16 minutes in performance.

Anton Hekking, formerly solo 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has been playing in chamber music concerts in French towns.

Otto Lessmann praises the technique of Louis Diémer of Paris, who gave lately a recital in Berlin; but he adds that the exhibition was purely mechanical.

They propose to give a Beethoven Festival at Berlin next year. There will be 24 performances, and only musicians of great renown will be allowed to take part.

An operetta by Francis Wagner, produced lately at Vienna, has a subject taken from a vaudeville by Scribe and Bayard. Its title is "The King of Cognac."

The Abbé Eugène Chaminade, chapelmaster of Périgueux Cathedral, is the author of a book, "La Musique Sacrée Telle Que la Veut l'Eglise," which is said to be well worth reading.

Woldemar Bargiel, composer, teacher, died in Berlin Feb. 23, aged 68. He was the half brother of Clara Schumann. His works for orchestra and piano are neglected, and most unjustly.

Johann Strauss's new operetta, "The Goddess of Reason," was produced at Vienna March 13. The music is praised highly; the libretto is said to be weak. Strauss was sick, and was not present.

Maria Barna, known in Boston as Maria Barnard, has been engaged to sing for three weeks at Brescia in "Andrea Chénier," "Lohengrin," "Faust" and as Mimi in "La Bohème."

The Musikalisches Wochenblatt of March 4 published a piano piece by Wagner, entitled "Ankunft bei den schwarzen Schwänen," dedicated to his hostess, the Countess of Pourtalès.

Marie Schröder-Hantstängl, for 15 years first singer at Frankfort, formerly at the Théatre-Lyrique, Paris, and the Stuttgart Opera House, made her farewell appearance Feb. 26. She was a pupil of Pauline Viardot-Garcia.

Bazzini's funeral in Milan was imposing. The city paid him pompous honor, and Marchetti, Martucci, Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo and other composers were present. The body was taken to Brescia, his birthplace.

The new German theatre at Munich is provided with an electrical apparatus, which lowers the entire stage a metre, and in ten minutes makes it disappear completely, so that the theatre can be changed into a ball room immediately after a performance.

At a promenade concert in London Feb. 27 Lucille Hill sang a song from the long-forgotten opera "Liebesverbot," by Wagner. "It proved to be of no great value, possessing, however, that curiously exciting quality which is evident in all Wagner's later work, and which appears, indeed, to have belonged to him in some respects from the very beginning of his career as a composer."

The Paris correspondent of the Musical Courier writes: "A very beautiful voice, of which Trabadelo expects great things, is that of Miss Gertrude Rennyson, of Norristown, Penn. He is developing her dramatic sense while training her voice to greater possibilities. Miss Rennyson, as graduate of the New England Conservatory in Boston, was pupil of Mr. Rotoli three years, and expresses herself as deeply grateful to him."

mch 22. 97

It has been feigned that the serpent assumed a face like that of a beautiful maid, when he had a mind to tempt Eve. Nicholas de Lyra mentions this idle imagination, and you may see in the German Bibles printed before Luther, among other figures, that of a serpent with the face of a very handsome girl. A wilder bolt was shot by Dr. Adam Clarke who maintained with vehemence that Satan took the form of an ape when he whispered to Eve as they stood near the tree.

This may have been a pretty piece of symbolism; as though Dr. Clarke had said bluntly for the benefit of the estimable without imagination, "Adam and Eve were their own tempters, ye dullards."

These and other zoological thoughts were suggested by pondering the case of Mr. Joe, the orang-utan, the pleasing creature known in one region of Borneo as the "mias." Now orang-utan means literally, "man of the woods" or "of the bush," that is, "bushman" or "wild man"—"a human being who lives in the woods"—a savage. But Joe, the simia satyrus, is no savage.

Mr. C. P. G. Scott in an essay "Malayan Words in English" says: "The earliest European mention of the name 'orang-utan,' occurs in the spelling 'ourang-outang,' in the New Latin of Bontius (1631). He mentions the belief of the 'Javans,' meaning rather the Malays, that the orang-utans can talk but that they will not talk, lest they should be compelled to work. Sagacious creatures! Yet short of that Occidental wisdom which prompts many men to talk, and thereby avoid work."

Wallace, who went to Simunjon to visit the orang-utan in his native haunts, prefers the word "mias;" but the common name is mouth-filling, sonorous, suggestive.

When Mr. Joe takes off his shirt and puts it on again at command—we use the word shirt in generic not specific sense—the truth of the Darwinian theory is revealed, rammed home. You are a dignified person with educated, irreproachable whiskers. Did you ever consider what a spectacle you make of yourself when you array yourself in fine linen, and with concealed head wave wild arms toward the ceiling? Look at Mr. Joe, and then plume yourself on your dignity, if you can! You are a little lower than the angel, but how much above the orang-utan?

We regret to say that Mr. Joe did not hear the Symphony last Saturday night, but we understand that he will assist at a fashionable concert to be given at the Tuileries this week. He may be persuaded to take part in it, for the monkey is very musical, and in the fable of Kriloff, the bear, the monkey, the ass and the bull form a quartet for the purpose of singing part-songs, glees, and madrigals.

The Italians are a singular folk. At Turin the audience objected to sitting in the dark during a performance of "Tristan and Isolde." At the second performance there was such a rumpus that the managers ordered the lights to be turned on. Wild applause. And then Mr. Toscanini, a devout Wagnerite, showed his indignation at the conduct of the audience by keeping his left hand in the pocket of his trousers during the first act. Mr. Joe would have behaved more decorously.

Mr. de Goncourt dined at Zola's the 22d of March, 1895, and the conversation was about happiness. The guests

[illegible] thing, and Zola, who was [illegible] the opinion, after dinner fell into deep dumps, and would not talk.

And it was on March 22, 1883, that Pingat, the dressmaker, told Mr. de Goncourt he found great difficulty in getting his customers to wear yellow, "which is the most beautiful color." De Goncourt answered, "Yellow did not enter into the dress of the Western woman until Regnault painted the curtain of his Salome." Then Pingat turned and said to his clerk, "We were talking about that this morning with M. Auguste."

Prof. Ayrton prophesied lately in a lecture at the Imperial Institute that in the remote future cables will be dispensed with altogether, and mankind will have perfected one of the systems now being tried for transmitting beams of electric radiations, after the manner of the visible search light. Then when a person wishes to telegraph to a friend, he knows not where, he will call to him in an electro-magnetic voice, and will be heard by him who has the electro-magnetic ear, but will be silent to everyone else.

Here is a nourishing dish for working men. It can be prepared by any intelligent wife, and at a trifling cost. Slice, not too thinly, an equal quantity of truffles and mushrooms, well cleansed and peeled; rub a delicately clean pan with a fresh-cut clove of garlic, and place in it 2 oz. or 3 oz. of fresh butter, and then the sliced truffles, etc. When the butter is melted squeeze on to it the juice of a good lemon, and allow the truffles, etc., to steep in this for a little. Then season delicately with salt, pepper, and a very little grated nutmeg, finally adding enough rich Espagnole sauce (in the making of which the flavor of Spanish or York ham should not have been omitted) to provide a due quantity of sauce to the ragout, and allow it all to simmer together at the side of the stove for half an hour. Five minutes before serving add to this a couple of wineglassfuls of sherry or champagne as you please, and serve either garnished with fried croutons or in a vol-au-vent case of puff pastry.

mch 23. 97

When a man is near his end, his friends gather round him: Do you know me, do you know me? they say. And until formative Voice sinks back into Mind, and Mind into Breath, and Breath into the Radiance, and the Radiance into the higher Divinity, he still knows them. But when formative Voice sinks back into Mind, and Mind into Breath, and Breath into the Radiance, and the Radiance into the higher Divinity, he knows them not. And that soul is the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Mr. C. W. Ernst writes to the Journal with reference to Dr. Murray's request for examples of the use of the word half-dollar: "After all the squabbling about the full dollar, may we be saved from a discussion of the half-dollar. Dr. Murray has no right to decline references to the half-dollar prior to 1792. To be sure, all Washington and the whole District of Columbia insist that the Government of the United States began in 1789; and when the Treasury publishes American coinage laws it begins with 1789. Perhaps Dr. Murray has yielded to that official information, vainly thinking that official information is correct information. Our system of money and coins, however, originated prior to 1789. In evidence, it suffices to refer to the Journals of Congress for August 8, 1786, when a resolution was passed to the effect that 'the silver coins shall be as follows: One coin containing 387 82-100 grains of fine silver, to be called A Half-Dollar.' The law of April 2, 1792 followed the rule of 1786 in ordering 'Half-Dollars—each to be of half the value of the dollar.' This law of 1792 appears in the Statutes at Large, vol. 1, page 248, but plainly is not the beginning of the half-dollar. Perhaps it is not improper to add that Massachusetts said farewell to the English coinage in 1652, adopting the dollar as the standard of value, and starting a mint to recoin such English pieces as might drift here. The terms dollar, halves, and quarters were as common in Massachusetts, for more than a century and a half prior to 1792, as were the corresponding pieces, which the founders of Massachusetts made haste to obtain by trading in the Spanish possessions on this side of the Atlantic. The Spanish half-dollar was a legal tender in Massachusetts from early times until 1857. See the Massachusetts act of November 24, 1692, as an illustration. In short the United States Government did not begin in 1789, and our esteemed half-dollar did not begin in 1792."

B. S. W. asks: "How do you write the plural possessive? Thus, how would you write the equivalent of 'the house of the Phelpses?'" We write such phrases illegibly, for we prefer to trust the knowledge of the reader.

It was on March 23d, 1890, that Mr de Goncourt jotted down this prophecy in his diary: "This young German Emperor, this mystical, neurotic ruler, this worshiper of Wagner's religious-warlike operas, this indorser in dreams of the white armor of Parsifal, with his white nights and his sickly activity and his fever of the brain, seems to me a sovereign very disquieting for the future."

The following letter published in the Pall Mall Gazette Feb. 25, shows that belief in the divining-rod is not dead: "Mr. Gataker, a well-known and very successful water-finder, was employed at various places in Forfarshire last autumn, and I saw him at work at D——, the residence of Capt. S——. He never uses the rod now, as he gets on quite well without it, but he was kind enough to show me how it works. We went to a place where he knew there was water, having found it the day before, and he cut a forked twig which, held in his hands, whirled rapidly round and round. He grasped it tightly to check or prevent the movement, but it still whirled, though more slowly, and at last twisted itself and snapped close to his hand. He then cut another twig and gave it into my hands, but with me it would scarcely move at all until he placed his fingers lightly under my hands, and then it whirled rapidly round and round. Mr. Gataker does not profess, and I certainly cannot pretend, to explain the phenomenon, but of its reality there can be no shadow of doubt."

To the Isle of Man belongs the honor of having led the way in instituting compulsory education. So far back as 1704 the Legislature of the island enacted that "all persons shall send their children as soon as they are capable of receiving instruction to some petty school, to continue there until they can read English distinctly."

Mrs. Grace Farrington Stults in Concert—Not an Entire Success From a Critical Point of View.

Mrs. Grace Farrington Stults gave a concert of her own compositions in Steinert Hall last evening. The program included songs, quartets, violin pieces and two cantatas, "The Sleighing Frolic" and "The Singing Leaves," the latter being a setting of the ballad by James Russell Lowell. The various numbers were rendered by Miss Dietrick, Miss Stults, Miss Long, Mr. Wellington, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Manning and the Kalmia Klub. There was also a chorus led by Mr. Bullard.

The program, as it was heard last evening, reminded one of a series of misfortunes, owing to the fact that the chief and well-nigh pathetic deficiency of the composer, whose works were performed, appeared to be that of talent.

Music is generally regarded as a gift. In the instance of Mrs. Stults it can not intelligently be so regarded; for with her it is unmistakeably and most pitiably an affliction. Unnecessarily harsh may some regard such an expression of opinion, but the harshness simply carries with it that essential fidelity which is the wound of a friend.

Tonic, dominant and subdominant commonplaceness alternating with utterly false and far-fetched modulations; also certain superfluous and unworthy tunes that were suggestive of Mrs. Stults's possession of too very much memory; such were the prevailing impressions of the recital.

There was also some very untuneful singing by the Kalmia Klub, but how could this singing have been otherwise? The Kalmia Klub is a quartet of women's voices, and the music assigned it to sing was utterly unvocal from first to last.

About the only creditable singing in the concert was contributed by Messrs. Townsend and Wellington.

Although Miss Mabel Beaman is beyond a doubt a talented and artistic violinist she was heard at a serious disadvantage in this concert, owing to the very unnatural kind of music she was called upon to perform. It was doubtless the most unsatisfactory and thoroughly unmusical concert that has been heard in Steinert Hall this season, and a self-asserted composer of no talent was responsible for it.

C. L. Capen.

mch 24. 97

Therefore when any rare or noble Dish is before you, you'll get more Honor by refraining from it, than partaking of it; Remember what Simonides said, That it never repented him that he had held his Tongue, but often that he had spoken; so we shall not repent that we have refused a good Dish, or drank Water instead of Falernum, but the contrary.

We call the attention of the editor of the Apollo program-books to a new dictionary of Shakspearian quotations compiled by a Miss (or Mrs.) Wood, and published by Unwin, London. "She tells us what to say in Shakspearian language while we are eating clams or horseradish or going for a bicycle ride. * * * Still, I foresee shoals and quicksands," says a reviewer; "Discrimination is necessary. For example, if at a wedding breakfast we were, as the compiler suggests, to say jocundly, 'And then to breakfast, with what appetite you have,' the uninitiate may think it a reflection on the cheerfulness of the preceding ceremony. Again, if when handing the sauce-boat to our fair partner, we were to spout, 'A most sharp sauce; And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?' the lady might call upon us for explanations."

And here is the title (Englished) of a book that would gladden the heart of the Providence Journal oracle in all matters of "suitings, headings, feelings, and neckings (or neckwear)." We found the title in a second-hand catalogue published by Léon Sapin, Paris. "The Art of Tying your Cravat in a thousand and one ways taught by rules by Emile de l'Empesé, illustrated with explanatory designs and portraits showing three epochs of the cravat. 12th edition, revised and considerably enlarged. Paris, 1832, 18mo, paper covers." And 4 francs will furnish the Oracle with tripodian copy for four years.

Some one insists that the habit of snuffing has increased among American country women, young and old. Is there any truth in the claim? And has there been an increase of morphine eating in American villages?

The people of Eynsford have planted fruit trees to commemorate the long reign of their Queen. There was one singular exception. The children set an arbor composed of trees whose initials formed the precept "My son, be wise"; and a birch stood for B.

We observe that hydrophobia is again coming into fashion. This reminds us of the definition framed by John Hollingshead: "Hydrophobia is a peculiar madness that occasionally attacks men and compels them to kill dogs."

Some time ago we referred to the monthly paper of the New England Anti-Vivisection Society. The New York Times discusses a statement in the latest number as follows:

"In the March number of the little pamphlet issued monthly by the New England Anti-Vivisection Society we grieve to find, among what large headlines call 'Hard Nuts for "Distinguished Physiologists" to crack,' the two following questions:

"Did Dr. Robert Koch's world-advertised nostrum, the erroneously styled anti-consumption 'lymph,' really prove that 'Presto, Change!' kind of cure for phthisis, which the vivisecting fraternity, almost to a man, once proclaimed it?

"Did it not, rather prove a most lugubrious failure—and do you vivisectors care, very much, to talk about it—now?

"These, of course, are queries of the kind technically described as 'oratorical,' the interrogator assuming that they can have but one answer, and in reality making assertions, not asking information. The device is ancient, and has legitimate uses, but cautious hearers or readers always feel suspicion when a speaker or writer resorts to it, long experience having shown it to be a favorite trick of people who wish to sustain a theory or conclusion with which the facts in the case are at odds. In this instance, every declaration implied by the questions is false, and it is difficult or impossible to credit the questioner with enough ignorance to make that falsity pardonable. Every one familiar with the researches of Dr. Koch and the results of them knows that his lymph was never advertised by him as a cure for phthisis, and that no authorized proclamation regarding it ever expressed more than the hope that it would ultimately be found to be such a cure. That hope still exists, and is strongest among those best qualified to form an opinion in the matter. And most certainly the lymph has not proved to be a lugubrious failure. On the contrary, it has already proved itself to be of incalculable value to humanity, and its intelligent and rapidly extending employment is fast closing up one wide breach—few are wider—in the walls defending mankind from its deadliest foe. If the Koch lymph never cures a single man or woman of consumption, its discoverer will still deserve and receive the gratitude of his contemporaries and of posterity for supplying an infallible means of eradicating bovine tuberculosis."

Karl Hagenbach of Hamburg has published an entertaining catalogue of spring and summer animals. The prices are reasonable, and there is no excuse for any father of reasonable thrift to be without his own Zoo. A well bred chimpanzee will cost you only $200, and a couple of talented ostriches may be added for $160. Tigers are more expensive. You can obtain an elephant, sound, kind, well broken, warranted to trot in harness, for $1000. If you wish to give your children a real proof of affection, buy a happy family: 3 lions, 2 tigers, 2 leopards, a polar bear, and 4 dogs, all used to work together; this will cost you $10,000.

mch 25, 97

When X tells me, with an evident swell of pride, that he dines constantly with half-a-dozen men-servants in attendance, or that he never drives abroad save in a coach-and-six, I am not conscious of any special gratitude to X. for the information. Possibly, if my establishment boasts only of Cinderella, and if a cab is the only vehicle in which I can afford to ride, and all the more if I can indulge in that only on occasions of solemnity, I fly into a rage, pitch the book to the other end of the room and may never afterwards be brought to admit that X. is possessor of a solitary ounce of brains. If, on the other hand, Z. informs me that every February he goes out to the leafless woods to hunt early snow-drops, and brings home bunches of them in his hat; or that he prefers in woman a brown eye to a blue, and explains by early love passages his reasons for the preference, I do not get angry; on the contrary, I feel quite pleased; perhaps, if the matter is related with unusual grace and tenderness, it is read with a certain moisture and dimness of eye.

And the reason of all this is obvious. X. suggests nothing beyond himself, his barren self, except that he is richer in this world's goods than is the one whom he patronizes, favors, oppresses by his swollen words. And as to each man the world is his own representation, and only that which he sees has to him any existence, X. is the inhabitant of a planet populated only by men of his own views concerning life and its worth and its value.

You may have noticed this gregariousness of the brutally rich at clubs, at summer hotels, and other places where men meet. Russell Sage is an exception, for he screens himself from the world even when he is obliged to use a human body as a screen. The rule holds true, however: the brutally rich are gregarious. Is it because they fear a storm that they huddle together like sheep when the sky frowns on hillside or meadow? Or is it because they know that neither Mr. Plutus nor Mr. Midas nor Mr. Croesus will ask them for a trifling loan? Or is it because they suspect the indifference of the true man toward all that they hold most dear?

The quotation in agate calls up the whole question of egoism in writing. Egoism does not consist in the constant use of the editorial "we" or the pronoun "I." The most thoroughly egoistical letters are often found to be written in the third person.

Do you remember the opinion of John Phoenix concerning the editorial we? He expressed it publicly when he took charge of the San Diego Herald. "I am a 'lone, lorn man' (the Lord be praised for His infinite mercy), and though blessed with a consuming appetite, 'which causes the keepers of the house where I board to tremble,' I do not think I have a tapeworm, therefore I have no claim whatever to call myself 'we.'"

What is it that attracts you to any writer? Is it not his individuality? Is it not the personal flavor? The musician may quarrel with the opinions of von Bülow, but he nevertheless reads this pianist's essays and reviews with delight. You would not open Montaigne were it not for his "egoism." Or what would the essays of Stevenson be without his talk about himself? Remember Pepys, Dr. Johnson, Casanova, Herbert of Cherbury, de Goncourt.

Remy de Gourmont says in his preface to "Le Livre des Masques": "The capital crime of a writer is conformity, imitation, submission to rules and precepts. His work should be not only the reflection, but the exaggerated reflection of his individuality. His only excuse for writing should be that he writes himself, unveils to others the kind of world which is mirrored in his own looking glass; his only excuse should be his originality; he should say things that have not been said and he should say them in a fashion that has not been formulated."

Now the Greeks said nearly everything that is to be said; and what they forgot to say was supplied by the Elizabethans and Montaigne. The chief labor today should be in the field of expression. This is why we hold Mr. John L. Sullivan in high respect as a writer. He is original. He is frank. Frankness surprises. It confounds. It irritates. To the smug it is like unto a slap in the face. And so rare is frankness that the man who writes without thought of concealment or the conventionalities is at once accused of affectation; he is called a poseur.

This charge has been brought against Walt Whitman. But there is no truer, profounder thought than that suggested in "So Long":

> Camerado! This is no book;
> Who touches this, touches a man;
> It is I you hold, and who holds you—
> I spring from the pages into your arms—
> decease call me forth.

It is on account of this personal flavor

that we like the following editorial paragraph published in the Pall Mall Gazette concerning the late Professor Drummond. The expression of opinion may be just or unjust. There is no doubt, however, about the strong individuality of the reviewer: "Professor Drummond, whose death we announced last night, was rather an amiable delusion. Half-educated Nonconformists took him to be a profound philosopher; the Spectator regarded him as a deeply learned naturalist; but he was neither. His popularity is perfectly intelligible; it is that of Sir Lewis Morris. Take the latest mode in one science, and adapt it to another with a vigorous wrench, and you have the originality of Professor Drummond. The 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World' and 'Ascent of Man' were revelations to the conscientious young Dissenter, who had been unsettled by Matthew Arnold, but they contained some amazing jorgon. Biogenesis the equivalent of spiritual regeneration—it was jerry-built science, indeed. Professor Drummond had always the gift of writing interestingly, even when, as in 'Tropical Africa,' he was laying down laws for a continent on the strength of a scamper over one corner of it. Altogether he was an energetic, clever man, but omniscience was decidedly his foible."

The following poem inspired by a heroic deed which was described at length in the Journal of Wednesday was written by a twelve-year-old boy in the Martin School:

BRAVE RUPERT.

In Parker Hill waters a child was floundering.
Brave Rupert jumped in and saved him from drowning;
The child was but four years old.
And Rupert jumped in, although the water was cold.

The child was saved by Rupert's heroic dive,
And when brought on shore they said it would survive
Then Rupert was crowned with eternal bliss,
Which one who did such a noble deed should never miss.

Yours respectfully,

mch 26.97

The man of letters has usually a history of his own; his individuality is more pronounced than the individuality of other men; he has been knocked about by passion and circumstance. All his life he has had a dislike for iron rules and commonplace maxims. There is something of the gipsy in his nature. He is to some extent eccentric, and he indulges his eccentricity. And the misfortunes of men of letters—the vulgar and patent misfortunes, I mean—arise mainly from the want of harmony between their impulsiveness and volatility, and the staid unmercurial world with which they are brought into conflict.

Mr. Smith, you were of another generation. Today the truly successful man of letters is without pronounced individuality. He has been knocked about, it is true; but only at afternoon teas and receptions. He is a slave to regular habits. He sits down to write by the clock, after a sanitary breakfast. He leaves his desk punctually at a self-appointed hour, although the sentence is not finished. He associates the gipsy with dirt, thievery, and an opera by an Irishman. Eccentricity is to him as low and deplorable as it would be to express an opinion in a parlor that might be outvoted ten to one, or even raise eyebrows. His misfortunes are unsuccessful investments; these are rare, for he is a prudent man. Like Chaucer's scholar he has a book at his bed's head; but it is a bank book

The modern successful man of letters is domestic, if he is able to catch a woman with money. His answer to any consequent shrug of shoulders is "Do I not furnish brains?" There is nothing so distasteful to him as conversations concerning literary aims, ambitions, tendencies, symbolism, realism. If a young fellow, almost overcome by the honor of an introduction, pants to know his opinion of an author or a book, the modern and successful person smiles indulgently and says: "Let us not talk shop. I think I saw you at Mrs. Thudicum's the other afternoon; charming woman; have you known her long?" But he listens with pleasure by the hour to praise of his own story of local life. He shudders at the thought of a possible meeting with a newspaper man. He has been told that they live chiefly on sandwiches and tobacco. He deplores the tone of modern journalism, and gives an interviewer the choice of three photographs to illustrate the sketch of his life for a Sunday edition. He insists on seeing the proofs, and strengthens the laudatory adjectives. He regrets the coarseness of Shakspeare.

The Pall Mall Gazette says there is "much that is tender and beautiful" in Mrs. Alexander's "In Childhood's Country."

L. T. asks: "What is really a Chateaubriand? I do not find the word in the dictionary." The Chateaubriand was invented by Champeaux. His method was to grill slowly a beefsteak between two other beefsteaks. This process is for the most part obsolete; the name survives.

One of the five female students of medicine at the University in Budapest has a remarkably fine head of hair. The leading professor of surgery will not admit her to his clinic, and he gives this reason: "Wool carries infection."

Here is a curious case settled lately in England by the Court of Appeal. A woman went to the Hôtel Métropole in Brighton in November, 1895, and remained there until the end of August, 1896, when, after reasonable notice to quit, she was ejected by the management. She resented this treatment, maintaining her right and her intention to stay in the hotel until it was burned down. She paid her bills regularly, and the County Court Judge found that she had done nothing to justify the expulsion of a traveler. But he also decided that she had ceased to be a traveler and could no longer rely upon her common law right of entertainment by anyone keeping a common inn. She had, in fact, in his view, become a lodger, whose tenancy could be terminated at any time by reasonable notice. That is substantially the view upheld by both the Superior Courts to which the case had been carried. The woman might have won, if she had not declared her intention to remain indefinitely. For a traveler is a person who is traveling or has the intention to travel "though that intention may co-exist with a stay of undefined duration." And this led the Master of the Rolls to doubt whether many of the large hotels now built at holiday resorts or in Lordon are common inns at all in the eye of the law; since it is a fine point whether nine-tenths of the people who go to Brighton hotels are travelers, since they are not on the way to anywhere.

A second-hand catalogue published this month in Paris advertises posters by Bird, Bradley, Bragdon, Brill, Foulkes, Hazenplug, Hyland, Penfield, Rhead, Rosenberg, Unger and Wilson. The most valuable of these posters, according to the catalogue, is Bradley's for a Thanksgiving number of the Chap Book. It is quoted at seven francs.

W. B. writes to the Journal as follows: "I duly read in the Journal of the 23d Mr. Ernst's instructive communication on the 'half-dollar' inquiry! I beg to say, however, that it was not Dr. Murray that limited the date to 1792. That was my blunder. Mr. Ernst seems to be well able to give Dr. Murray the very oldest kind or kinds of quotations on the word 'half-dollar,' with all the additional required little particulars. A quotation of 1692, and also one of a middle-period year, say 1786 or 1792, would be just the things that would meet the inquiry for early dates.

mch 27.97

They've found out life and death—the first
Is known but to the upper classes—
The second, pooh! 'tis at the worst
A dissolution into gases.

Perhaps you sympathize with the shriekers against "sensational" newspapers and would gladly sign a petition for the suppression of all the disagreeable, sad, incredible facts in this too daily life. You do not wish to know, for instance, why a girl without a home should be tempted to inhale gas after a few dull days and tinseled nights spent in the pursuit of forgetfulness. "No girl," you say, "should be without a home. There are societies to arrange that sort of thing. And if she should try to kill herself, the affair should be kept quiet. Everybody knows that there are distressing things happening all the time. Why should respectable people be constantly reminded of them?"

And there are queer as well as distressing things that enter into the history of each day. Did you read about the shabbily dressed, long haired man who frightened Lexington Avenue in New York this week? He ran up and down stoops and yanked door bells. When a servant came to the door, the stranger stared and waved hypnotic hands. A policeman—for policemen are often curious—asked him what he was doing. "Nothing," replied the long-haired man. "I have to do it. That's all." The policeman took him before a Magistrate.

"Where do you work?"

"I don't work."

"Then how do you live?"

"I don't live, I am simply passing."

Of course, the Magistrate did not appreciate the beauty of this reply. He committed the poet-philosopher for examination as to his sanity. If the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews should appear in court and say "For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come," he, too, would be suspected of madness. "I don't live, I am simply passing," a motto for a fantastic tale that might have been written by Hoffmann, Poe or Dostoievsky; a motto for a grim, cruel tale signed by Maupassant. But you, Mr. Civet, who shriek—or, to speak politely, raise your well-bred voice in accentuated tones against "sensational" newspapers, see nothing in this story but vulgarity and madness.

Yet you read with pleasure of Dr. Johnson deliberately putting his hand upon every post as he passed; missing one of them, suddenly recollecting himself and returning for the ceremony. It seems to us that Mr. Smith's—for he gave the name Alexander Smith—trick of ringing door-bells is still more entertaining. Why did he ring? Why did he wave hypnotic hands?

Do you in a strange street never feel a wild desire to know, as you saunter along, what sort of people live in the houses, and how the houses look within? Surely No. 46 with its bulging front is the abode of hospitality. No. 47, secretive, with shades drawn, with front door curtained carefully, shelters counterfeiters. Out of a window at No. 63 a woman with a pale face looks up and down the street and then hurriedly shuts the window and pulls down the blind. She has a birthmark on her left cheek. Her hair is purple black. You stand still a moment, attracted and repelled. Who is she? Whom was she looking for? If you should ring, who would come to the door, and what excuse could you give? And yet you do not care to read about Mr. Smith's performances in Lexington Avenue.

Don Juan is simply a man in search of an ideal.

Our great and good friend the Providence Journal declared a day or two ago with editorial voice that M. de Goncourt is "always amusing and often instructive." Mr. de Goncourt died unfortunately before he received this pontifical blessing, but we are refreshed and encouraged, and we once more lift boldly from the journal of the celebrated Frenchman. Thus it was on March 27, 1871, that Mr. de Goncourt had a liver-crisis, which lasted 14 hours. "For 14 hours I wriggled like an angleworm cut in two. Never in my life have I suffered as much pain. It left me shattered, with head widowed of brains, with the weakness of a man who has been sick for a fortnight. Singular fact: this liver trouble which killed my brother and will surely kill me is not a hereditary disease; it is a gift from literature."

And it was on March 27, 1865, that Mr. de Goncourt pointed out the radical difference between modern literature and ancient literature; it is the substitution of the particular for the general. He quoted "Et moriens, reminiscitur Argos"; the dying man does not remember a particular spot, he thinks regretfully of the whole country, Argos. "Today," added Mr. de Goncourt, "there is not a man of genius or talent, from Hugo to the least of us, who would not substitute a particular locality for the general country."

mch 28.97

ABOUT MUSIC.

Former Performances of Balfe's "Satanella."

Death Puts an End to the Death-in-Life of Falcon.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players, Pieces.

"Satanella," an opera by Balfe, which will be performed tomorrow evening at the Castle Square Theatre, is not well known to modern audiences.

It was first produced at London Dec. 20, 1858. The libretto was by the late Sir Augustus Harris, who was then a stage manager, and Edward Falconer. Louisa and Susan Pyne, Rebecca Isaacs, W. Harrison and Messrs. A. St. Albyn, Bartleman, George Honey, Corri, Payne and Weiss were in the cast.

Mr. Barrett, an enthusiastic biographer of Balfe, says that "Satanella" was "a positive triumph." "The chief air for Satanella, 'The Power of Love,' which permeates the whole work and forms the guiding theme of the opera, was quickly caught up and spread through the town. It made as great a sensation as 'The Light of Other Days' had done two and twenty years before, though it must be acknowledged that a great share of the interest was due to the exquisite singing of the most accomplished of English prima donnas, Miss Pyne, 'the first among them all.' * * * The opera was played the whole season."

But this famous air, "The Power of Love," was written ten years before the production of "Satanella."

In 1843 Balfe began an opera founded on Hugo's "Le Roi S'amuse," from which Verdi's librettist, Piave, took the subject of "Rigoletto" (1851). Balfe never finished more than two acts. "It may be," says the unconsciously humorous Mr. Barrett, "that his moral nature revolted at the equivocal nature of the subject, and so he abandoned it." Here is a specimen of the versification:

Weep not, 'twill whelm my heart,
To witness grief like thine,
Which to thy hopes may peace impart,
But only shatters mine.

The finale of the second act of this unfinished opera contains an air in E major, "the melody of which is the first idea of the beautiful 'Power of Love,' so effectively used afterwards in 'Satanella.'"

* * *

A play-bill of the Boston Theatre dated Jan. 13, 1872, claims that the first performance of "Satanella" in this city was that night. Carl Rosa was conductor. The cast was as follows:

Rupert	Castle
Arimanes	Campbell
Hortensius	E. Seguin
Karl	T. Whiffen
Brachachio	G. F. Hall
The Viezier	Bartleman
First Pirate	Kinross
Lilia	Miss Scofield
Stella	Mrs Aynsley Cook
Bertha	Mrs. Boudinot
Satanella	Mrs. Van Zandt

* * *

But what was the performance of "Satanella" at the Boston Museum April 13, 1863? "Satanella" was announced as "a new romantic, operatic spectacle in four acts." Among those who took part were Caroline Richings, Peter Richings, William Warren and Mr. Whalley. Miss Richings sang some of Balfe's music. From what I hear, the first complete performance of the opera was the one at the Boston Theatre in 1872.

* * *

There have been revivals of "Satanella," at London in '84, with Rose Hersee and J. W. Turner in the cast; at New York at the Standard Theatre in '83, with Marie Jansen, Rose Temple and Alice May; but the opera never enjoyed in this or any other country the popularity of "The Bohemian Girl."

* * *

I mentioned a week or so ago the death of Marie Cornélie Falcon at Saint Cloud, Feb. 25, at the age of 85.

I know of no sadder tale in the history of music than that of the woman who created the part of Rachel in Halévy's "Jewess."

There is regret when a singer finally bows to Time and quits the stage. There is sorrow when a singer lags superfluous. There is mourning when a singer dies in the fullness of power. But what shall be said of the fate of Miss Falcon, which was Death-in-Life?

* * *

Marie Cornélie Falcon was born Jan. 28, 1812, at Paris. She entered the Conservatory in 1827. She obtained first prizes in 1830 and 1831. She first appeared at the Paris Opéra July 2, 1832, as Alice in "Robert the Devil," and made a sensation by her song and action. She created parts in "Gustav III.," "Ali Baba," "The Jewess," "The Huguenots" (Valentine), "Stradella" (by Niedermeyer).

Her voice was a pure soprano, silvery, incisive, sympathetic even when heard above full chorus and orchestra. The compass was from B below the staff to D above it.

In 1833 she was earning 3000 francs; in 1837 25,000.

One night in "Stradella" her voice suddenly failed her. The curtain was lowered, the audience was dismissed. After an absence of some weeks, during which malicious paragraphs appeared in the newspapers which she denied, going herself to the editorial rooms, she sang in "The Huguenots." Some say she again showed herself the great artist. Others say that the voice seemed changing to a contralto. She went to Italy in February, 1838, in search of health.

Strange were the stories told of the remedies employed to restore her voice; how she sang in a glass bell, etc., etc.

Paris crowded the opera house to see her, March 14, 1840. She chose for her benefit the second act of "The Jewess" and the fourth of "The Huguenots." The tones were for the most part veiled, or cracked. Finally she could not endure the mortification. The phrase "Nuit fatale, nuit d'alarmes, je n'ai plus d'avenir" was of bitter significance. Half fainting, supported by Duprez, the idol of the Paris opéra left the stage and was seen no more.

In 1840 the Government granted her a pension of 1500 francs.

It was said in 1841 that she was singing in St. Petersburg with success; that dangerous operations had given back her voice. The story was a fable. And 40 years ago she had disappeared so completely that many did not know whether she were alive or dead.

She was dead to art. She married, and

[illegible] Mrs. Malaprop.

She took [illegible] interest in music. Some years ago Bayreuth was mentioned in her presence. "Wagner?" she said. "Pardon me for having no opinion; I do not know the works of this young composer." For her music stopped with the second act of "The Huguenots."

And they say these were her last words: "Make no announcement of my death; put no flowers on my tomb; let no one say I was the Falcon; she died years ago."

* * *

Chorley, who saw her in her blazing glory, wrote this description: "She, indeed, was a person to haunt even a passing stranger. Though the seal of her race was upon her beauty, and it wore the expression of a Deborah or a Judith, rather than of a Melpomene, I have never seen any actress who in look or gesture so well deserved the style and title of the Muse of Modern Tragedy. Large, dark, melancholy eyes—finely cut features—a form, though slight, not meagre—and, above all, an expressiveness of tone rarely to be found in voices of her register, which was a legitimate soprano—the power of engaging interest by mere glance and step when first she presented herself, and of exciting the strongest emotions of pity, or terror, or suspense, by the passion she could develop in action —such were her gifts. Add to these the charms of her youth, the love borne to her by all her comrades; and the loss of her voice, followed by the almost desperate efforts made by her to recover it, and her disastrous final appearance when no force of will could torture destroyed Nature into even a momentary resuscitation—make up one of those tragedies into which a fearful sum of wrecked hope and despair and anguish enters. Hers is a history, if all tales are true, too dark to be repeated, even with the honest purpose, not of pandering to an evil curiosity, but of pointing out the snares and pitfalls which lie in wait for the artiste, and of inquiring, for the sake of Art as well as of Humanity (the two are inseparable), if there be no protection against them—no means for their avoidance?"

If you look in Arthur Pougin's "Dictionnaire du Théâtre," you will find this note to "Chanteuses": "There are dramatic singers who are described as 'strong sopranos,' who are also called 'Falcons,' because several parts for such sopranos were created by Miss Falcon. Characteristic types are the parts of Alice, Valentine, Rachel, Sélika."

And so, though Cornélie Falcon died to art fifty-seven years ago, the grandeur of her genius will characterize the peculiar equipment of singers not yet born.

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

There was no Symphony concert last night.

Perron has resigned from the Dresden Opera Company.

De Anna, the baritone, is still in New York open to engagements.

Darclée sang the part of Manon in Lisbon Feb. 24 with great success.

Johannes Elmblad has been appointed Intendant of the Stockholm Opera.

Maurice Grau has engaged Stella Brazzi for the next season at the Metropolitan.

Thomas's "Songe d'une nuit d' été" has been sung at Padua for the first time in Italy.

Weingartner, it appears, uses the horn nuance of Nikisch at the end of the "Tannhäuser" overture.

Adele Lewing played at a concert in New York the 18 piano pieces by Schumann, Chopin and herself.

"Fathmé," an opera by the Landgrave of Hesse, who is blind, has been produced with success at Oldenburg.

Georg Liebling, the pianist, was imprisoned in Berlin for 14 days for boxing a critic's ears. Truly a mild punishment.

Glazounoff's sixth symphony in C minor has been performed at St. Petersburg. The first movement is said to be by far the best.

Vergnet, the tenor, has been named professor of singing at the Paris Conservatory, to take the place of the late Saint-Yves-Bax, who was his teacher.

The gross receipts of the Paris Opéra in 1896 were 3,198,408 francs 53 centimes; of the Opéra Comique 1,515,595 francs 50 centimes; Concerts of the Conservatory, 171,997 francs.

August Skerle, harper of the Royal Orchestra of Munich, went mad after playing at the first performance of Kienzl's "Helimar, the Madman," and died at Graz at the age of 43.

Helene Goodrich, "An American singer," did not meet with much success in her concert at Berlin. Her voice is said to be without color or sympathy and her interpretation to be without life.

Frieda Simonson, who appeared in this country as an infant phenomenon, gave a concert lately in Frankfort and won the praise of critics and public. She studied with Clara Schumann until the death of the latter.

[illegible]ks, the baritone of the Munich [illegible] has had an interesting career. [illegible]ed the horn in a small theatre [illegible]a. Discovered as a singer he [illegible] a member of the Prague Opera

Company. [illegible] he went [illegible] and was married lately to a niece of the Empress of Austria. His bride is a divorced woman with five children.

"Miss Katherine Kautz, a pupil of her father, Mr John Kautz, and who is said to have a remarkable piano talent, made her first appearance in public in a piano recital at Albany, N. Y., on March 2. The local papers are unanimous in their praise of Miss Kautz's performance and predict a brilliant future for her. The audience was so aroused by her playing of Chopin's study in thirds that it was vehemently redemanded." Mr. Kautz was a pupil of the Leipsic Conservatory in the early sixties, and he afterward studied in Berlin with Tausig. He is a teacher of unusual abilities. We have heard Miss Kautz play. Her technique is developed to an uncommond degree, and she plays with musical understanding. It is to be hoped that she will appear in Boston.

A Ballet Suite by Henry K. Hadley, formerly of Boston, at present director of music at St. Paul's School in Garden City, was performed at a concert of the American Symphony Orchestra (New York) the 24th. The Sun says of it: "Mr. Hadley's suite is distinctly meritorous, not profound or strikingly original, but manifesting a bright and vivacious talent on the composer's part. It is popular music in the better sense of that word—music for the many, and as such deserving higher praise for spontaneity, capital rhythm and effective scoring. The suite was composed in Vienna, and its third movement bears the distinctive earmarks of that fascinating home of the dance. The young composer was present yesterday afternoon, playing among the first violins during the performance of his music, and he received the applause of the audience in a spirit of modesty as encouraging as it was becoming."

The second scene of the first act of Alfred Bachelet's opera, "Fiona," was given at a Lamoureux concert Feb. 21. Bachelet took the prix de Rome in 1890. The subject of his opera is the triumph of pure love over sensual love. Flathel holds the hunter Patrick prisoner in her magic castle, and charms him by her spells. The youth cannot forget the shepherdess, Fiona, and he speaks her name in sleep. The enraged Flathel orders her slaves to bring Fiona to the castle. They, led by the dwarf, Turi, come in search of the young girl, who is willing, yes eager, to go, persuaded that she will soon see her dear sweetheart. "Bachelet is one of those rare composers who know how to combine melodic inspiration with polyphonic science. His music is always lucid, and generally original, although he occasionally appropriates formulas of Berlioz and Wagner. He abuses at times the upper register in the voices as well as in the orchestra. This composer, whose works were unknown by the public, whose name was unknown the night before, was applauded that Sunday by an enthusiastic audience in a way to make more than one veteran jealous."

The Roman correspondent of the Daily Messenger (Paris) writes: "At the Costanzi Theatre there is a company of marionettes. Romans delight in these performances. At one time marionettes were the only actors allowed in Rome. The Fiano Palace Theatre used to be celebrated for its marionette performances, and there have been men who made themselves directing them. The last of these marionettes' speakers died only a few years ago. They used to compose their comedies as they went on, and for subjects would seize upon the latest scandal of the day. They were hard upon the aristocracy, and sometimes even on the priests and Cardinals. Men on horseback and ladies in their chairs would stay and look on when these marionettes performed in the streets. The wit of the speakers was proverbial. Now, these marionettes are made to act in real plays, ballets, and varieties. There are dancing and singing as well as talking. They perform skirt dancing as no living dancer ever did, and they imitate vaudeville singers better than the singers themselves! They are really very funny. More funny than all, however, is to see how our good Romans enjoy this relic of olden days. At one time, when women were not allowed to appear on a Roman stage, the same restriction was placed on marionettes! It was not till after the French Revolution that women were allowed to tread the boards of a Roman theatre, and the public indignation, even then, knew no bounds. Religion was offended, it was said. Public morals were threatened, and corruption had pervaded Rome by the innovation. Nay, the very existence of Rome was threatened! Fortunately, Rome is eternal, and she survived. It was in 1798 when a woman first sang in Rome, but the public was so strong against this that one man soprano had to be retained to sing with her. The funniest thing, however, occurred when a female marionette was first introduced in a marionette ballet. The public made an uproar because the skirts of the wooden dancers were not long enough. The curtain had to be lowered. The following night the marionette wooden dancers wore skirts to the ground, and the morals of Rome were saved. This was toward the beginning of this century. How Romans have changed since then!"

New Yorkers who went to hear Col. Mapleson's company at the Academy of Music during its season there last autumn probably remember a fiery young Italian named Tango, who conducted "Andrea Chenier" and one or two of the other operas in the repertoire. This young man, who was only little more than 20, had a mop of long black hair that shook and waved in the air sympathetically with the impetuous actions of the director. Evidently Signor Tango's American experiences made him suspicious of impresarios or dubious about their promises. Not long ago he was to conduct a performance of opera in the Theatre Rossini at Pesaro, whither he had gone on the invitation of his friend Mascagni. But Signor Tango refused to go into the conductor's chair until his salary had been paid. Mascagni took sides with his friend. [illegible] things better in Italy, so young Tango was marched to the conductor's chair in charge of a company of soldiers. The audience was satisfied at this, but so infuriated at Mascagni that he was compelled to leave the theatre and hurry home as quickly as possible. Signor Tango finished the opera, but his return home was accomplished as expeditiously as that of the composer, although the young leader had the protection of a detachment of policemen, which was necessary for his safety. This method of settling such a difficulty is rather to the advantage of the audiences. No difference between singer and manager is allowed to interfere in Italy with the enjoyment of the public, and the audience that has paid its money is not to be disappointed. This same principle is effective in most European countries, and a striking instance of the point of view from which these matters are regarded here and in Europe was afforded by a circumstance that occurred in Paris not a great many years ago. A woman supposed to be intoxicated was hissed from the stage, and the audience was uproariously indignant over the affair. "Why should you care so much about such a matter?" was a question put to a Frenchman. "Here in Paris you are not supposed to be so critical of what your stage people do." "We don't care a sou what they do," the Frenchman answered, "so long as it does not interfere with their work on the stage. But we are particular about that, and when we've paid our money we expect to get what they promised. We draw the line very sharply at that point."—N. Y. Sun, March 25.

mch 29. 97

As I was a-walking across the street—and perhaps I hurried a little to avoid the carriages—my halo became unfastened, and it fell into the mud. Fortunately I had time enough to pick it up; but the unhappy idea stole to my mind that here was an unlucky omen; and I could not shake the idea away; and that day I could not rest.

It was not merely that the halo dropped. Your chief anxiety was lest some one saw you momentarily without it. It made no difference whether the onlooker was the peerless Miss Eustacia driving with Old Chimes from the railroad station—for the fine old gentleman is back from Carson—or the little Pole that sells newspapers by shouting horrors. You were without the halo. And yet with what pains did you fasten it to your head before you left your room.

Boston front has a specific meaning. Men in other cities may put up a front, but it is not always plausible, and it is never authoritative. The Boston front bulges with respectability. No one here would be rash enough to beat his head against the solid structure of brick. But we have heard that a cynical, adventurous stranger poked his finger through one of the most impressive fronts in the city; for, lo and behold, the front was a painted sham.

How afraid are some of us to admit that after all we know very little. How seldom do you hear in a club the answer, "I don't know"—an answer as sweet as the waters of Gelum in the desert of arrogance. Have you never seen a man, even when he was talking, and one of a group, look anxiously into a mirror, to see if his halo was in order? For a halo, unlike an overcoat or umbrella, is never checked in the cloak room.

We should think that the tumble of a halo would be as mortifying as the sudden necessity of wearing kilts would be to a sensitive man born outside Scotland. No wonder the Highlanders at Candia excited the curiosity of the natives. The Scotch are indeed a brave people. Do you remember the picture of the Marquis of Farintosh "en montagnard," the suitor of Ethel Newcome? A nation thus dressed in kilts and delighting in the bag-pipe should have conquered the world. We can understand no more daring bravery than wearing the one and listening to the other.

If Mr. Schoeffel should announce that money would be refunded in case either Calvé or Jean de Reszke were prevented by sickness from appearing, would it not console some who remember the caprices, superstitions, misfortunes of the former? No manager is able to guarantee the appearance of a singer, especially under the climatic conditions of Boston. And it is too much for a public to expect or demand. Will the day come when fashionable audiences will think first of the opera, and then of the cast?

The New York Sun argues in behalf of the annual cattle show in Massachusetts. "Would any man or boy with a heart in his bosom give up cattle show for a hundred farmers' institutes? Not much. Only the etiolated Mugwump temperament would be content to have cattle show and all its golden joys and side shows abolished. Why, if cattle show were to be shown no more, not a thing in Massachusetts would care to grow, and sheep would hunt dogs in pure desperation." Yes, but we understand that the quality of the card gingerbread sold at cattle shows has deteriorated sadly.

W. B. writes to the Journal: "Dr. Murray, [illegible] the New English or Oxford Dictionary, writes to a correspondent in Manchester, this State, that the last three, or closing-up sections, in D, of volume 3, of the work are in type and corrected, and will be published soon—the first section on April 1 and the other two sections on July 1. This volume will be composed of D and E, and the latter letter has been ready for some time. F, most of which has appeared, will make the first half of volume 4, and this letter will be finished this year. G, which is now in its second stage, will fill the second half of volume 4, H, I, J, K, will constitute volume 5, and this volume will end the first half of the dictionary. Dr. Bradley edited the third or last stage of E, is editing the same of F, and will edit the same of G. Dr. Murray himself is now at the third stage of the first sections of H."

Here is a singular instance of man's passion. We quote from a London exchange: "At the Bankruptcy Court, the public examination was held of J. Wood Gordon, formerly a Major in the Indian army. The bankrupt retired in December, 1895, after 20 years' service, with a pension of about £250 reduced by deductions to about £210 per annum. This, he said, was scarcely sufficient for the support of his wife and family. He was passionately fond of theatricals, and in order that his money might not be dissipated in that way he had given an authority for the payment of the pension to his wife."

A notice has been issued by the Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin reminding men of science and inventors all over the world that the eleventh Bressa prize (value 9600 f.) will be awarded at the close of 1898, under the terms of the bequest, to the man who during the years 1895-98 shall, in the judgment of the Royal Academy of Turin, "have made the most important and useful discovery, or published the most valuable work on physical and experimental science, natural history, mathematics, chemistry, physiology, and pathology, as well as geology, history, geography, and statistics."

mch 30. 97

OPERA REVIVED.

Balfe's "Satanella" as Sung at Castle Square—Lifeless and Dull Performance.

Balfe's "Satanella" was performed last night at the Castle Square Theatre for the first time. Mr. Hirschfeld conducted. The cast was as follows:

Rupert	Richie Ling
Hortensius	Lindsay Morison
Karl Hoffman	J. F. Hanshue
Bracaccio	J. K. Murray
Vizier of Tunis	John Read
Arimanes	W. H. Clarke
Letia	Hattie Belle Ladd
Stella	Addie Norwood
Satanella	Carrie Roma

Do you remember Mr. Peter Dunducketty, who once proposed to go to a picnic? To enlarge the joy and please the widow, he engaged three British professors connected with a Gravesend steamer and made them practice the Satanella quadrilles because "The Power of Love" was in them. "It's the widow's favorite," cried Dunducketty, as he heard the music outside his lodgings and began to dance. The air is heard throughout the farce, and as at the end poor Dunducketty takes off his light coat, "the cerulean emblem of juvenile frivolity" and gives sound advice to the audience, the musicians are heard playing "The Power of Love" in the distance; and "the air is taken up immediately by the orchestra."

This tune and the singing by Louisa Pyne and Harrison made "Satanella" popular in 1858. I doubt if a spirited performance would save this opera in 1897 from the reproach of dullness.

* * *

The libretto contains pretty nearly everything that was dear to the British public of 1858: gaming scene, haughty Princess, Satan, drinking song, Pirates, slave market, conflict between good and evil, virtue triumphant and Satan baffled. The morality of the piece is eminently commercial. Rupert gains wealth and his bride by Satanella's aid, and then proposes to repudiate his bond. Finally, like unto a good Englishman of today, he is interested in saving Satanella's soul after he is sure of the material profits gained by her aid.

Yet if you view this libretto in proper spirit, dialogue and lyrics furnish genuine amusement. "Dearest Lelia, why is thy brow o'ercast with gloom," has the good, familiar ring; and Rupert's song,

"No prize can fate on man bestow
Like love in woman's breast,
A light that brightest shines in woe,
And blessing, then is blest,"

is worthy of our old friend Alfred Bunn, Esq., the author of the immortal lyrics of "The Bohemian Girl."

If you take the libretto seriously, you will find it a dull botch-potch. And Arimanes, the foul fiend, must be added to the great gallery of operatic bores.

"The Power of Love" is the one tune in "Satanella," it is a pretty air in itself, and it is treated with taste by the composer. With this exception the music is of third rate ballad order. The gaming scene—which was lifted without doubt from "Robert the Devil," is about as exciting as a Patent Office Report, and the other concerted numbers are commonplace.

Efforts to revive this opera have not met with large success. Turned into a spectacle with pretty ballet girls, gorgeous scenery, and a transformation scene, the piece met with favor for a time. As an opera, "Satanella" is in the same condition as Julius Caesar and a door nail.

* *

The performance last night was not up to the standard of the Castle Square. Miss Roma has a very sympathetic voice, which she does not always use with skill. In action she is inclined to be rigid and perfunctory. There is excellent stuff in her, and it is a pity that she is not freer in delivery and gesture. Mr. Ling was sweet and amiable even in the most embarrassing or dramatic situations. Miss Norwood as a fiery Sicilian Princess was funnier than Mr. Morison with his pedantic gags, and her resistance to the Pirates is not soon to be forgotten. The chorus and orchestra were often respectable, and at times excellent. After all, the feature of the performance was the thunderbolt, which played its part promptly and accurately.

The operetta next week will be "The Chimes of Normandy."

Philip Hale.

march 31.

Two Voices are there, one is of the Sea.

And Mr. Thayer said: "Louis Aldrich is in New York. I was in my room on the fifth floor of the hotel and I heard him down in the office telling the clerk that he'd lost his voice."

We understand there is a Society of Janitors for common benefit and protection. Oh, the irony of that word "protection!" Yesterday we were at work on the second chapter of an exhaustive treatise entitled "The Influence of Ham on German Thought." The janitor appeared at the door of the study with a book in his hand. "Mr. Smithers," he said, "There is a line of Virgil that I cannot translate. How would you construe 'pellibus'?" We looked at the passage long and earnestly. "George, this has been the subject of much dispute. Some say it means 'by the skin of their teeth,' others prefer 'in winter-tents.'" George thanked us so heartily that we smelt irony. "I thought I would ask you because I understand you are literary." We remembered the existence of Barrett Wendell, Judge Grant and Prof. Arlo Bates. "Oh, no, George; we write for newspapers. It's not at all the same thing."

Taverner in Time and the Hour talks as follows: "My own life has been a little embittered by an inability to verify the following anecdote: In the life of some English merchant-philanthropist it is stated that this worthy man had discovered—among other inventions for the alleviation of mankind—a simple device for the convenient eating of porridge or hasty pudding. Instead of distributing the butter and molasses (or other sweetening agent) equally over the mass, a sort of crater was to be made in the centre, circumvallated by the hot pudding; therein was to be placed the butter, which, when melted, was to be mixed with the syrup. These would form a reservoir of sauce. Beginning on the circumference, the eater would eat toward the centre, dipping each spoonful in his sauce. This simple invention, the excellent book went on to say, had proved an inestimable blessing to millions."

And Taverner then says that he cannot find the story, and he is obliged to endure the skepticism of the world. We, too, have read of this philanthropist's discovery, but we cannot trace him, or the book in which he figured. We have a vague idea that it was in some old-fashioned reader. Other fragments haunt us. Can Taverner tell where this line is to be found: "'Give her to me,' said one. 'I'll take her,' said the Captain." We remember hearing it declaimed thirty years ago by a pale youth with aggressive cowlick, trousers at half-mast.

As you saunter in crowded street or hang by the kind permission of the West End Company from a bacilli-trap, you hear irritating snatches of conversation. Two pretty girls—one of them, a chemical blonde—were gaudling by the Granary burying ground. And the air bore this affirmation: "He?" her temper was at fever heat—"He? He never had a five dollar bill in his life." Now who do you suppose the miserable man was, or is—for he may still live in spite of the withering denunciation?

And what did the man mean who said to his friend in Washington Street six years ago—the words still ring in our ears—"It took me six weeks to find her, and the alley is only ten feet wide"? We have courted correspondence on the subject before this, but no explanation has been made. Was he talking about a cat or a girl; or did he come from Nova Scotia, where they speak of a clock as "she"?

This wretched practice of street-car introduction is responsible for much uneasiness and curiosity. You are going home. You sit or stand next Ferguson, a bore of railway tunnel proportions. He says cheerfully, "Let me introduce you to my old friend ——; he lives out our way." You do not catch the name; it may be Ahasuerus or Smith. The unknown remarks, "This isn't much of a day." You answer, "Well, it's March, you know." The conversation conducted on these safe lines stops suddenly, as though the conductor had bitten it in two. A fortnight after you notice a man staring at you. He is a stranger. Still he stares. You look at your boots. You examine your person up to the neck. You feel of your cravat to see that it is not riding proudly above the collar. Ah! it must be your hat, which is a little individual for Boston; but you have the proud consciousness of owing $4 for it. There is still that baleful glare. Flesh and blood cannot stand it. You stare back. You might as well frown down a boiler. You either leave the car five blocks this side your destination, or go to the front platform, where it is blowing a gale. Next day you meet Ferguson. He says, "Hallo old man; I saw Golightly last night. He said you cut him dead yesterday in a street car, and he wanted to know if you were anybody in particular. I told him you were a good fellow, but absent-minded. Come over to the house tonight. He will be there and we'll have a game of whist." And ever afterward you hate Ferguson.

Mr. Henry C. Merwin, in the course of delightful remarks on the late affair at Carson, remarks: "Some years ago two copies of a new, illustrated edition of 'Boxiana,' which is an elaborate record of the English prize ring, were sold in Boston, and the purchasers were two good men — John Boyle O'Reilly and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Who doubts that they would both have taken a look at the kinetoscope if the opportunity had been granted to them?"

march 31.

He is a scholar undoubtedly, Sir, but remember that he would run from the world, and that it is not the world's business to run after him. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl; let him come out as I do, and bark.

It is a pleasure to find our esteemed townsman, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, interested in scientific subjects and showing unexpected versatility at a comparatively late period of life. The Journal of Experimental Medicine, edited by Dr. W. H. Welch of Johns Hopkins University, publishes an article by Thomas B. Aldrich, entitled "A Chemical Study of the Secretion of the Mephitis Mephitica (commonly called skunk), With Remarks on the Physiological Properties." We have not seen this poem by Mr. Aldrich. Is it in quatrain form or in blank verse?

"Lusitanian" wrote to us March 27: "You are a scholarly man, and I therefore beg of you to protest against the following, which appears in today's Journal, in the column next but one to your own:

> CITY OF BOSTON.
> Note Bem.
> He Puribido deitar papeis o cisco nas ruas, kuem u fizer sujeitase a ser punido, com a lei.

"There is no such word in Portuguese as 'He,' neither is there a 'Kucm;' and as to 'Puribido' (prohibido?), that is simply awful. 'Note' should be 'Nota.' 'Sujerta-se' is correct." "Lusitanian" flatters us. All we know about the Portuguese is what a seafaring man told us: "They are a frivolous people, easily amused.

Mr. John B. Schoeffel announces that in case either Mrs. Calvé or Jean de Reszke is unable, on account of sickness, to appear on any evening as advertised, the money will be returned to holders of single tickets for that particular performance. This is an eminently sensible announcement, one that shows the intention of the management to carry out its promises to the letter. Let us hope that superstition or sickness will not prevent Calvé from appearing here as Gounod's Marguerite.

A Paris newspaper acquaints us with an instance of true patriotism. Desiring to fight for Greece against the Turks, Cesar Badoufoupoulo, who had been earning a scanty living in Paris, came to the conclusion that it behooved him to return to his native shores. But Cesar was without money. The young fellow decided to walk, and thought the best way would be to follow the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway. He got as far as Charenton, when a railway official arrested him. Cesar was told that he must follow the highway for the rest of his journey, but, admiring the young fellow's sentiment and courage, the commissary gave him a little assistance to help him on his way.

It was on March 31, 1887, that Mrs. Daudet told Mr. de Goncourt about the meeting of the Academy. She was asked how Coppée acted during the address of Leconte de Lisle. She replied: "He looked at the cupola." And de Goncourt adds, "'To look at the cupola' may now become the phrase to describe the abstraction of an Academician, the dissimulation of his impressions and feelings while an antipathist is talking."

The Princess de Caraman-Chimay was interviewed a few days ago by a Paris reporter. She is resting on her way to Spain. She is still in love with Rigo, and she makes the astounding statement that she has not been bored since she made his acquaintance.

They are trying to break the will of a woman, who lived at Louth, England, because the testatrix drank four pints of whisky and half a pint of brandy on the day the last will was executed.

Arnolphe in La Liberté (Paris) March 15 thus paid his respects to our distinguished visitor: "Mr. Ferdinand Brunetière is director of the Revue des Deux-Mondes, as everybody knows. Up to the present time he knew only one of these worlds, and he knew that only in part. It was high time that he should visit the second world before departing for a better world. He, therefore, is going to embark for America. The nymphs of the Normal School are in mourning, and the shade of Boileau shudders. Ferdinand will soon return, more elegant than ever, and perhaps he will master the English language. They say he proposes to solicit subscriptions on the other side of the Atlantic for the old Revue."

Our tailor shows a deplorable vagueness in philosophic reasoning. He informs us by circular that "Business will be fair with tradesmen this season. Under the circumstances a decided improvement must not be expected at present. The reasons are well known to men who read, observe and think." Bunsby redivivus!

The Journal has received the following letter from Anna Sargent Turner, Secretary of the New York State Anti-Vivisection Society, Saugerties, N. Y.: "In the Journal of March 24, I see an editorial article quoted from the New York Times, lauding Koch's lymph, and stating that in Dr. Preston's recent article, published in the New England Anti-Vivisection Society Monthly, 'it is difficult or impossible to credit the questioner with enough ignorance to make the falsity of his remarks pardonable.' We have such a good authority as Dr. Chas. Bell Taylor, F. R. C. S. and M. D., for the following: 'Koch's inoculations with tubercle which were adopted from experiments upon animals have led to death from initial fever, the infection of the whole system of patients who merely suffered from localized disease, and to failure and terrible disappointment of patients subjected to it.' Taking this into consideration, it does not seem to us that Dr. Preston's words are either false or unpardonable; still we are only anti-vivisectionists in our society, not scientists, like the men composing the editorial staff of the New York Times."

The Kronberg and Fiedler Concert in Steinert Hall—A Long and Interesting Program.

That many musical persons left the Kronberg and Fiedler concert in Steinert Hall, last evening, before it was over is true; and thereby was conveyed, doubtless, to two well-meaning but over-generous concert givers the lesson that a program requiring over an hour and three-quarters for its performance is in nine cases out of ten intolerably long. Nineteen selections, vocal and instrumental, were given at the concert last evening, and the prolixity of this choice could but have proven disadvantageous to the individual selections themselves if not to the fine coterie of artists who participated in their performance.

Without attempting to refer to each particular detail of the concert prominent mention should at least be made of Mrs. Nannie Hands-Kronberg, a soprano so bountifully endowed as regards voice and temperament that why she has not oftener been heard in public here seems truly inexplicable.

Excellent is the compass of her voice and purest of the pure its quality.

Mrs. Kronberg also is an artist of fine intelligence. The four songs from "Eliland," by Alexander von Fielitz, that she gave, were both thoughtfully and sympathetically given. There were no affectations or exaggerations as regards sentiment, no undue ritards or accelerations. Her intonation was just, and in brief, her entire artistry last evening was of an order such as no musician could fail to admire.

Mr. Kronberg did not make so favorable an impression as that created by his gifted better half. He, too, has temperament, and enough to spare; he, too, sings in a musicianly, sincere and able style, so far as expression is concerned; but he bas acquired a throaty and disagreeable use of the lower tones of his voice; he frequently mouths bis words and imports his pronunciation from foreign languages. On the otber hand, his high tones are of a most brilliant and effective quality.

Mr. Fiedler was wise in his selection of the "Faust Fantaisie" by Wienawski, instead of that by Sarasate. The latter is naught but a great show piece, while that by Wienawski transcends it by far as a fantaisie of artistic and musicianly distinction. Mr. Fiedler presented it with an entrancing display of execution and rare beauty of tone. Very musical, too, were Mr. John C. Manning's interpretations of the Impromptu by Schubert in B flat major and the Chopin Scherzo from Sonata, Op. 35. Mr. Barth gave excellent performances of selections for 'cello by Golterman and Popper. There were, also, two duets for violins by Kotek, and these were adequately well played by Messrs. E. and B. Fiedler.

C. L. CAPEN.

april 1. 97

Fifth Vocal Chamber Concert—Selections From Grell's Mass for Sixteen Voices.

Last evening in Steinert Hall a picked chorus of 16 voices, conducted by Mr. George L. Osgood, sang the following pieces:

Gracious Lord.................Christoph Bach
Motet for mixed voices, in eight parts.
Adoramus Te.......................Palestrina
Antiphonal for men's voices.
Crucifixus.............................Lotti
For mixed voices, in eight parts.
Selections from the Missa Solemnis.....Grell
For mixed voices.

The chief feature of interest was the performance for the first time in Boston of selections from Grell's Mass. This mass was performed in the United States for the first time by the Oratorio Society of New York in 1893.

Eduard August Grell (1800-1886) was an honored conductor and composer of church music in Berlin. With the exception of an overture and organ music he wrote exclusively for the voice. And he was earnest in his belief that instrumental music was the abomination of desolation, spoken of by the Hebrew prophet; that the glory of musical art was to be found only in music for voices. Thus did he belong to the small party whose opinions were voiced by Thibaut and Henry Bellermann. His mass is his most famous work. It is, indeed, pure and noble, rich in contrapuntal ingenuity, and not without marked dramatic effect.

The selections last night were the Kyrie, Quoniam tu solus, Et incarnatus, Et resurrexit, Et in spiritum, Benedictus (eight parts) and Osanna. The performance was necessarily inadequate; for 16 singers, even if they sing with perfect intonation and vocal skill, can give only a pale sketch of the work. No one voice can give the desired effect of color, and the beauty and the strength of such a composition are brought into clear light only by a chorus large enough to present contrasts and alternating and blending colors. The picked chorus was not well balanced. The basses were too much in evidence, and the sopranos were weak. The most effective numbers, as sung last night, were the Quoniam and the Benedictus. The intonation was often false, at times distressingly false, in the other selections, and in the cadences there was occasionally a difference of opinion concerning major and minor.

The Motet of Bach was ruined by impure intonation. The Adoramus of Palestrina, a remarkable specimen of the composer's sublime mysticism and unequalled treatment of voices, compelled admiration in spite of a mediocre performance.

The music of the ancients and Grell demands singers trained thoroughly in the old ecclesiastical traditions. To modern singers, taken at random, the tonality is vague and baffling, and the intervals are a constant surprise. The singers last evening made a brave and sincere attempt, but the composers were often misrepresented.

* *

The next and last of this series of concerts will be given April 13. The members of the Arlington Street Church Quartet will sing songs and concerted pieces by English composers.

Philip Hale.

F... ...d, Apr... ...
Y... ...n nought ... ...

April f...l's gon... p...t.
You're the biggest fool at last;
When April fool comes again,
You'll be the biggest fool then.

... there is no remembrance of the wise ... man of the fool for ever; seeing that ... now is in the days to come shall all ... gotten And how dieth the wise man? ... fool.

...d why should there not be an All ...s' Day, oh, sour and tripe-faced ...er! You observe All Saints' Day; ... thousands of men and women—the ... army of Martyrs—whom you now ... enskied and sainted were reckoned ... by those who saw them. burned, ... leaded, drowned, crucified, sawn ... under

...egulus was a fool: so was John ...own; so was Columbus; so was Rob... Fulton; so is every man with a ...ghty purpose or all-absorbing idea—...ill he succeeds.

...he Festival of All Fools should be ...brated gravely and at the same ...e with thanksgiving. Minorities are ...de up largely of earnest fools. Lead... in social revolutions are therefore ...s at first. The world ties tags to ... coat-tails of such. It laughs when ...y trip over the wire stretched across ... sidewalk. It delights in luring them ... attempt incredible errands.

And yet there is another idea of the ...ool. It is known to the Orientals, a ...ingular, impracticable people. The ...ory may be familiar to some.

...The ground of a certain rich man brought ...th plentifully: and he thought within him... saying, What shall I do, because I ...ve no room where to bestow my fruits? ...d he said, this will I do: I will pull down ... barns and build greater; and there will I ...tow all my fruits and my goods. And I ...ll say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much ...ods laid up for many years; take thine ...ase, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said ...nto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul ...hall be required of thee: then whose shall ...hose things be, which thou hast provided?

Whenever anyone in the theatrical, ...terary or musical world wishes to do ...nother a real injury, he organizes a ...enefit for him. Cater-cousin to this ...enefit is the "testimonial banquet." ...We have received an amusing description of the dinner given lately to Richard Henry Stoddard. It was written ...y a guest. "'Twas a thing never to ...e forgotten. It comprised all the sen...ations; pathos, scuttishness, genius ...nd downright deviltry, as well as ...very other thing. Stoddard's recita...on was the most touching thing I ...ver heard Then they turned a flash...ght on the old man, and his soul ...early skipped heavenward with fright. ...tedman got up and expatiated on his (Stoddard's) sight being almost gone—...s walk unsteady and his general con...ition being ripe for the graveyard. His ...alk led up gradually to the enthusi...astic climax of saying Stoddard's ...poems '—ahem—lyrics—were the best of ...ils—ah—day—with—ah—but one excep...ion—those of Emerson.' Then he went ...n to say that Stoddard hadn't been ...appreciated and that his books were ...unknown abroad, etc., etc. Altogether ...cheerful for the old boy. Parke God...win rose and pleasantly remarked that ...there had been no American poets since Washington Irving. If there had been ...he didn't know who they were. After ...genially ignoring Stoddard he admitted frankly that Walt Whitman and Bret Harte were swindlers, and then he sat down. Lawrence Hutton got up and declared that Stoddard was the greatest poet of America and Mrs. Stoddard the greatest novelist since Charlotte Brontë. Then came Page (who, though seemingly a nice fellow, had caught the fever); he opened by saying he had always thought Stoddard died long ago. A Canadian arose to say that though Stoddard was not known as well as he should be, still in Canada they had never thought he was dead. I may have attributed Stockton's talk to Hutton, but you can form some idea of what a good time I had with the lions. I am beginning to adopt Thackeray's 'Rose and the Ring' speech: 'It is a shame to put people off in this way. I believe they are little boys dressed up in door-mats. They are no lions at all.'"

J. C. C. writes to the Journal, as follows: "'Talk of the Day' can inform 'Taverner' that the hasty pudding philanthropist he has in mind is Count Rumford. The anecdote he quotes is a portion of an essay written for European readers, and designed to instruct them in regard to the best manner of using Indian corn as an article of food. He not only taught the poor of Bavaria and, in fact, all Europe how to make that Yankee invention, ...asty-pudding, but how to eat it to ...e best advantage, and it well shows ...t simple things a great man can do ...omote the welfare of his fellow-... Count Rumford would make a ...nning mate with De Goncourt."

B. S. and G. D. T. write, saying that "'Give her to me,' said one; 'I'll take her,' said the 'Captain,'" may be found in Porter's Rhetorical Reader, page 144.

April 2, 97

For Man (as Plato says) is not an earthly and unmoveable, but a Heavenly Plant, the head raising the body erect as from a root, and directed upwards toward Heaven. Hence is that saying of Hercules;

Say I'm of Thebes or Argos, whether
You please, for I'm content with either;
But to determine one, 'tis pitie,
In Greece my country's every City.

But Socrates exprest it better, when he said, he was not an Athenian or Greek, but a Citizen of the World because he did not inclose himself within the limits of Sunium, Tenarus, or the Ceraunian Mountains.

A woman suddenly realizes that her husband is unsympathetic, brutal, intolerable, that life in his enforced company is without grace or savor; that she is degraded by close relationship with him. Or he abandons her, frankly and cynically. The city where they had lived wounds her by bustling indifference. She wishes to go to some place where her name is without associa-tion to those who hear it. She remembers a village once seen in the glory of summer, or she recalls a shaded street where she walked twenty years ago, a young girl who vested man with the panoply of a hero.

She rents a small house in a small village which is some miles from the railroad. She has just enough money to supply her modest needs. She says to herself, "Here I can think out quietly my duty to myself, my husband, and the world at large. Nature will broaden my views. The greedy hustling of the town will not distort my sense of values. I am an exile, but at the same time I am not tied to any one place or to any man."

Unfortunately she did not reckon on the relentless curiosity of the villagers. Even if she has an aunt or a distant cousin as neighbor, she is not free from observation and comment and scandal. The distinction of her dress, her simplest dress irritates the honest people and suggests to them an atmosphere of immorality. Why did she leave her home? was she ever really married? Bil Jones said at the store that a drummer told him she used to dance at the Howard. Her letters, sent and received, excite suspicion. "Here's another letter from Boston in a man's handwriting for Mrs. ——," and the Postmaster holds the letter longingly and long before he puts it in her box. The reproach is made against her that she does not go to meeting; an unpardonable offence; for her presence would diversify agreeably the routine of service. "She is stuck-up," the women say; for she does not run in for a neighborly chat. She reads books. She takes lonely walks. When she meets anyone, she seems to regard the person as merely a necessary part of the landscape; as a rock, a mullein stock, a red barn, a cow "crunching with depress'd head." There is a rumor that she is mighty queer. Little Johnny Parsons heard her talking to her cat.

Nature herself seems to mock her. The Spring is bitterly ironical with its burgeoning, pungent perfume, vague, restless yearning. She looks in the mirror, and is surprised to find herself still desirable. Her hair is not gray, and yet it should be if sorrow has any potency. Her face is still fresh and firm. Her figure is supple and eloquent with graceful curves. Must she eat her heart in such loneliness? Must she be deprived of all that which even the less deserving of her sex enjoy—little luxuries that are necessities to so many, the play, music, the sight of animated, intelligent fellow-beings, warm and sympathetic friendships, the words and the caresses of the well-beloved? A great billow of desolation goes over her. The psychological moment that decides the fate of so many keenly sensitive women stretches out to a week, to a month. She would not open a letter written by her husband, who neglected, flouted, forsook her. But if he should come suddenly into the room she might forget all that she had suffered; she might rush toward him, throw her arms about his neck and beg him to take her away with him; she might even accuse herself as the cause of the misunderstanding and the separation. It is seldom that the husband arrives, as in the melodrama. More often it is a stranger, a summer visitor, who in his knickerbockers and fatigue shirt appears to her as a knight in full armor with chivalric device. And in the fall, just before he returns to the town, he tells her in confidence that he is married—here his voice trembles—"none too happily"—but that he rejoices in having met the woman who could have understood him, and by whose aid he might have achieved something large and durable. He then leaves her to the tender consolations of winter.

When Jason went in pursuit of the golden fleece was he not really in search of a becoming and comfortable wig?

C. P. wishes to know where he can find an account of the Eastern (Maine) Land Speculation of about 1810.

The New York Sun says of the late Charles Eliot: "Mr. Eliot was of numerous achievements and still brilliant promise in the profession of landscape architecture, and it is to the credit of Boston that he had become recognized as one of the most important and valuable men in that city. The deficiency of knowledge displayed constantly in this metropolis that public building always calls for consultation with the best of architects, and the making and management of parks for the advice of well-recognized park-makers, is a wonder and a disgrace."

April 3. 97

He had very strongly developed that instinct of manner to which sympathy is a daily courtesy, and he thus readily, when it suited him, could take the complexion of his company, and his capacity of "Bend" was well-nigh genius. Of course, all this is but to say that he was a gentleman; yet is not that in itself a fine kind of originality? Besides, he had a genuine appetite for the things of earth, such as many another delicate thing—a damask rose-bush for example—must be convicted of too; and often, when some one has asked him, "What he could have in common with so-and-so," I have heard him answer: "Tobacco and beer."

The London Times is, indeed, a wonderful newspaper. It may be weeks, yes months, in the gathering of news, but when it announces that news the statement has the authority of a storeage warehouse. Thus for instance the special correspondent of the Times, after mature deliberation, sends word to London that war is devastating the Island of Cuba. Who was it that described the walk of a jackass toward a peck of oats as slow and intrepid?

Mr. George Llewellyn, a prothonotary, swore in the progress of Anna Dickinson's suit, brought for false imprisonment, that Miss Dickinson "used the word damn frequently" when she was put against her will into a carriage. If this is evidence of insanity, which one of us will escape?

"He turned the right hand corner of the street instead of the left and met him face to face." Here is another fragment, Orphic fragment of conversation, that teases curiosity. Who was the he? Creditor, some other enemy or a mad dog? Or what would have happened if he had turned the left hand corner? Here we are plunged at once into a discussion concerning fate and free will. Why did the man hesitate, why did he finally go to the right instead of the left? It really mattered little, as he thought. He could reach his office by either way in about the same time. But his careless, unreflecting feet led him to an encounter that influenced his after life. Matrimony has resulted from as trivial decisions.

The slothful man saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets. This is a fine Oriental way of expressing the natural timidity of every honest man in the presence of a creditor. It reminds us of Henry Cooper, who once lived in Albany, N. Y. He was particular in his dress and equally remiss in paying for coats, waistcoats and trousers. Bills told the flight of the seasons, the passage of years; but Henry heeded not the sartorial calendar. Unfortunately the tailor lived in Maiden Lane, a street that is still indispensable to those who live near the Capitol which is the quarter of Albany gentility. This lane was sealed to him, and unfortunately another creditor blocked the next convenient street, so that to get from Pearl Street to Broadway he was obliged to make a long detour. Henry had not passed through Maiden Lane for two years. One morning as he was walking serenely, who popped upon him but his tailor. Flight was impossible. Was Cooper disconcerted? Blood will tell. He rushed up to him, grasped him cordially by the hand and said, "Johnson, my dear fellow, I am delighted to see you. Why have you avoided me so long?"

As an enthusiastic middle-aged gentleman says in a letter to the Sun, "We want more poetry in life." Ponder, then, for a moment this pretty thought on death, which with woman feeds the serious consideration of the judicious. The poet remembers his Omar Khayyám, but his manner is his own:

So when men bury us beneath the yew
Thy crimson-stainéd mouth a rose will be,
And thy soft eyes lush blue-bells dimmed
with dew;
And when the white narcissus wantonly
Kisses the wind, its playmate, some faint joy
Will thrill our dust, and will be again fond
maid and boy.

"And what do you say to a man whom you know only in a friendly business way if you happen to meet him shortly after the death of his wife or daughter or son or father?" We do not say anything, fair Sir. We press his hand, look volumes—whole encyclopaedias—and ask about his business. He brightens up at once and talks of stocks and bonds as though he had never known bonds of affection. The fact that we are profoundly ignorant of financial matters—so much so that we are unable to sign a check with any palpable result—cheers him immeasurably.

One of the few inconveniences of being hanged is that your relatives (unless they be thick skinned) are ever afterward subject to bruises dealt clumsily by blunderers Thus even a stray allusion to the execution of a pianist—would that more were executed!—may wound a respectable hardware dealer whose great-great-grandfather kicked heels in thin air for piracy. And so one of the inconveniences of plain, ordinary death is the conventional imposition of strained decorum upon those to whom the dead person was near only by force of relationship. In your warmest form of condolence you are liable to tread on corns. You forget that the man died of apoplexy, and you say to his son, "Well, you must have been prepared for it, and, of course, it was not so great a shock." Or, forgetting the tender age of virginal Hester, you say to her father after the approved phrases, "And who will take care of her children?"

This is now the season when he who cannot pay promptly the rent of his flat is negotiating for a sea-side cottage for summer use.

It was on April 3, 1892, that Mr. Blanc, the son of Mrs. Bentzon, told Mr. de Goncourt of his travels in Africa and Asia; how he bought three lives of Tamburlaine, who, ordering in one day the massacre of 100,000 men, commanded that he himself should be buried at the feet of his instructor in philosophy. And he spoke of the people of Samarkand, amorous of literary discussion; how he saw a man put out a sign bearing the announcement of a philosophical proposition that he wished to sustain, and passersby and market people stopped work to take part in the discussion.

April 4

Tschaikowsky's Marvelous Death-Chant the Feature of the Concert—Messrs. Ben Davies and Leo Schulz the Soloists.

The program of the 20th Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Oberon" .... Weber
Adagio for Violoncello, op. 38 .... Bargiel
Rondo for Violoncello, op. 94 (first time in Boston) .... Dvořák
Symphony No. 6, in B minor "Pathétique," op. 74 .... Tschaikowsky
Recitative, "Deeper and Deeper Still," and Aria, "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jephtha" .... Handel
Overture to "Tannhäuser" .... Wagner

There are moments, yea, hours in this too daily life when existence seems really worth while, and man appears a superb animal even in his death struggle. Such was the time spent in listening again to Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony.

I am aware that there are estimable persons—excellent musicians, some of them, with many curious facts about the Sonata form—who insist that this work is a suite rather than a symphony. It makes little difference whether you call the marvelous masterpiece a symphony or a suite; the music is the same, the emotions are aroused in either case, the effect is as overwhelming.

I am also aware that there are persons restlessly critical, who complain of the "cheapness" of the second theme of the first movement. It is true that Tschaikowsky remembered well the long, flowing cantilena dear to Italian opera makers. Never mind in what country he found his tunes; the question is, "What did he do with them after he had found them?"

No, this symphony is not easily sniffed away. Each hearing enlarges the admiration excited by its first performance, and now admiration is akin to awe.

The work now seems firmly knit together, each part indispensable to the effect of the whole, whereas at first the relation of the third movement was not wholly clear. This strange, battle-drunk, delirious march must precede the wild lamentation of the finale. James Shirley long ago wrote the motto that might well stand between the triumph and the mourning.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on Kings.

And at each hearing new harmonic

features appear, as well as hitherto unheard passages of most ingenious orchestration. The very tune that some call "cheap" or "common" is the one necessary, inevitable tune in its place; any other tune would be incongruous, impertinent. It is the one sensuous streak in the powerful, sombre work. It is the voice of the young man, recalled by the man of experience who is about to die. It breathes the foolishness of youth that is often more than the wisdom of maturity. And he who cannot recall such foolishness is indeed unhappy, for he has not known the fullness of life.

I have spoken of this symphony at length and in rhapsodic speech before this in the Journal. Nor have I now the wish or the disposition to speak analytically or even coolly of such music. Here is a work that, without a hint or a suggestion of program, sums up in the most imaginative language the life of man, with his illusions, desires, loves, struggles, victories, unavoidable end. Tschaikowsky may have written this Requiem for himself (for they who were nearest to him do not deny that, wearied and disgusted, he took poison); but he also wrote it for the race itself.

The performance was one never to be forgotten. Conductor and players were as inspired men. No doubt the news of Brahm's death was not without influence in the impassioned result, for such a lamentation as the finale is an honor to any composer, poet, or potentate.

* * *

Mr. Schulz played uncommonly well. The adagio by Bargiel was given with unusual tenderness and depth, and the Rondo by Dvorak was played with keen appreciation of rhythm and nuances. Mr. Schulz has never been heard in Music Hall to such advantage, admirable as his playing has been in the past. Last night he showed a refinement and an emotional nature that were hitherto kept in the background by envious technical accuracy.

* * *

Mr. Davies sang the recitative and air from "Jephthah" just about a year ago at one of these concerts. He declaimed last night the recitative with breadth and intelligence. The air was sung with much taste and with unexaggerated expression. The voice itself did not seem to be in best condition. Certain tones were veiled, and there was occasionally an exhibition of effort.

* * *

There was a very large and unusually applausive audience.

Philip Hale.

April 4

ABOUT MUSIC.

Notes Concerning the Opera This Week.

Sketches of the Careers of Felia Litvinne and Others.

Reviews of Foreign Concerts and Productions.

The talk this week will be of opera, or rather opera singers. Calvé, Mantelli, de Vere, Olitzka, the de Reszkes, Plançon, Cremonini and Ancona are well known to music lovers of Boston, although it is my impression that de Vere has been heard here only as a concert singer, although she made her début at the Paris Opera in 1880 with great success.

* * *

Emma Calvé (Emma de Roquer) is too well known here to call for a sketch of her career. It is enough to say that she was born in 1864. Her début was at Nice. Her first appearance in Brussels was during the season of '81-'82 as Marguerite. Her first appearance in Paris was Dec. 16, 1884, in Dubois's "Aben-Hamet," Oct. 31, 1891, she created the part of Suzel in "L'Amico Fritz" at Rome. She sang Carmen for the first time Dec. 14, 1892, at the Opéra Comique, Paris. She created the part of La Navarraise, July 20, 1894, at London.

Her first appearances in this city were Carmen, Feb. 27, 1894; Santuzza, March 2, 1894; Mignon (her first attempt, and I understand, her last), March 6, 1894; La Navarraise, Feb. 25, 1896.

She made her first appearance as Marguerite (in this country), Jan. 4, 1897.

When she first sang it at Brussels, 15 years ago, she played the part without a wig, with her own black hair. She herself said of her performance, "My Marguerite was as like other Marguerites as it was possible for the stage manager to make it." But of her performance this year, Mr. Huneker says, "Calvé is really the first dramatic Marguerite we have ever had, using the word in its application to the histrionic art as apart from the dramatic tradition which is imbibed by vocal students as a part of the usual study of the part. The cathedral scene, the scene with Valentine, the last act, the jewel song scene, all were transformed into refreshing, living episodes of the poem instead of mere means to sing Gounod's music properly."

* * *

Let us glance at the career of Fella Litvinne, who will appear as Brünnhilde and Elsa.

This soprano of experience and reputation is one of three sisters, one of whom married Edouard de Reszke. When she made her début at the Théâtre Italien, Paris, May 8, 1884, as Elvira in "Ernani," she was described as about 20 years old and a pupil of Pauline Garica-Viardot. It is also said that in November or December, 1883, at the same theatre, she took the place of Fidès Devriès as Aurelia in "Simon Boccanagra," but I find no trustworthy record of that performance. It is also said that she took the place of the same soprano in "Hérodiade," when it was produced at the same theatre in February, 1884. Others say she was to have appeared, but was prevented by sickness.

Mrs. Litvinne then sang under the name of Litvinoff. One critic wrote of her: "Youth dares anything, and so she suddenly essayed the part of Elvira. It was evident that she was not absolutely sure of her part. Her voice is of excellent quality. With a little study and more experience she will undoubtedly be a distinguished singer. Even now she uses her voice with much skill." The other leading singers in "Ernani" were Signoretti, Salmas, and Brogi. The opera was given 15 times.

As "Mdlle. Litvinoff," Mrs. Litvinne was engaged by Col. Mapleson for his American season of '85-'86. She made her first appearance in New York, Nov. 4, 1885, as Leonora in "Il Trovatore." Giannini, de Anna and Mrs. Lablache were the other leading singers. She appeared there Nov. 24, 1885, in a performance of "Don Giovanni," given for the benefit of Del Puente. She was the Donna Anna. The other singers were Del Puente, Minnie Hauk, Miss Bauermeister, Ravelli, Cherubini, Rinaldini, and Vetta. Col. Mapleson speaks of her in his Memoirs as "a charming Russian soprano from the Paris opera."

The season of '86-'87 found her leading soprano at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels. Sylva was the first tenor, and Séguin the first baritone. She made her début as Selika in "L'Africaine." Isnardon says of her in his monumental History of the Monnaie, "The new Falcon" was endowed with a majestic figure, and one of the most beautiful voices that ever was heard. She at once won the favor of the audience, and after a sojourn of two years she went to the Paris Opéra to join her brothers-in-law, Jean and Edouard de Reszke."

It was at Brussels, March 9, 1887, that Mrs. Litvinne sang the part of Brünnhilde in the first performance in French of "Die Walküre." Engel was Siegmund, Séguin was Wotan, Bourgois the Hunding, Martini, the Sieglinde, and Balensi the Fricka. Edmond Evenpoel in "Le Wagnérisme hors d'Allemagne" gives an interesting account of this performance. He says, "Litvinne, slightly indisposed at the first performances, economized her 'Hoïotoho!' according to her physical disposition. Some one told her that modern jewelry was not in fashion in the Scandinavian Olympus. At the eighth performance the beautiful Brünnhilde decided to make the sacrifice of her easy-chair and bracelets."

Mrs. Litvinne was to have appeared at the Paris Opéra March 7, 1889, as Valentine. Sickness postponed the appearance until March 29. Noël and Stoullig then spoke of her magnificent voice, with its generous compass, its brilliant and sonorous upper tones, its sympathetic lower and middle tones. "She might well be classed as a mezzo-soprano or a Falcon." It appears that the intensity of her action was occasionally to exaggeration. She sang Selika June 7, '89, and Rachel July 20 at the Opéra.

Since then she has sung in many cities of several countries. Thus I note her appearance with Calvé in "Hamlet" at La Scala April 7, 1890. When she was engaged for the Metropolitan last fall she was at Lyons, where she was singing Aida.

* * *

Marie Engle, who will sing Lady Henrietta in "Martha," is an American by birth, born in Chicago; her mother was German, her father French. She studied in New York, and in '86 was engaged by Mapleson for San Francisco. She went with him to England, and first sang in the provinces in opera and concert. She made her début in New York Nov. 23, 1895, as Michaela, and when she afterward sang in "Philemon and Baucis" the Musical Courier (New York) said of her: "A prima donna en miniature. Her voice is tiny, flexible and pleasing; her staccato birdlike, and her personality girlish and charming. She made much of her opportunities, and she won legitimate applause." In April, 1896, she was granted a divorce from her husband, Gustaf Amberg, the theatrical manager. She made her début in Boston as Lola Feb. 20, 1896. She sang Michaela Feb. 21, 1896.

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Sophie Traubmann is not unknown in Boston. In '89 she appeared under Seidl as Woglinde, the Forest Bird, Elizabeth (April 6). In 1890 under Walter Damrosch as Venus, Mathilde, The Queen of Navarre, Marcellina, Zerlina ("Don Giovanni").

She was born in New York of Austrian parents, about 28 years ago. She began her career at the age of 18. She studied with Tamaro, Fursch-Madi and de Gebele-Ashforth. Her first appearance in opera was with the American opera company at the Metropolitan, New York, when she sang Venus, Elsa, Marguerite and Chrysa ("Nero") in English. Mr. Stanton then engaged her for the German opera. She afterward sang for two years at Cologne; she was in the German opera, London, 1892; and she then accepted a three years' engagement with Pollini at Hamburg. In 1895 she sang in the Wagner cyclus at Munich.

* * *

Rosa Olitzka, born in 1872, made her début at Brünn as Azucena in 1891. She sang at a Boston Symphony concert Jan. 4, 1896. She appeared as Brangaene Feb. 21, and as Carmen Feb. 29 of the same year.

* * *

They say that Salignac was a member of the Opéra Comique, Paris. I can find no record of his appearance at that theatre in any important part. His first and only appearance in Boston was Feb. 3, 1897, as Don José in "Carmen," the famous night that Calvé did not sing.

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Jacques Bars, well known in London, made his first appearance in Boston as Peter in "Hänsel and Gretel" Jan. 21, 1896, at the Hollis Street Theatre.

* * *

David Bispham is an American, a Quaker of Philadelphia. His parents were opposed to his inclination toward a musical career. He went to college; he thought of business, and, in fact, went into business. He was a member of the Orpheus Club, and solo bass in St. Mark's Church. In 1885 he abandoned trade, married, and went to study singing from Vannuccini. He afterward took lessons of Lamperti and Shakespeare. In 1891 he made his professional début in England on a provincial tour with Sims Reeves. There was talk of his singing Cedric in Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" at London early that year, but he did not make his début in London until Nov. 3, 1891, when he appeared at the Royal English Opera as the Duc de Longueville in "La Basoche." Since then his career was one of constant growth, until last season he was recognized by leading critics of London as one of the most versatile, accomplished, dramatic singers in the opera. His success as a concert and oratorio singer has been equally pronounced. Among the parts in which he has won special distinction are Falstaff, Kurnewald, Wotan, Alberich, Hunding, Bechmesser, Lord Alicash.

Mr. Bispham first appeared in Boston in "The Messiah," Dec. 20, 1896, when he was just recovering from a severe attack of influenza.

It will be a short but eventful week; for surely the appearances of Calvé as Marguerite and de Reszke as Siegfried are events. Jean de Reszke has never sung here the parts of Don José, Werther, or the Cid. His Siegfried will be very welcome, even if it were only for the novelty. The Carmen of Calvé is surely a remarkable impersonation, one that bears much and repeated study. De Reszke's Lohengrin is esteemed highly by many. And although you may smile at the mention of "Martha," it is not unlikely that you will be there and that you will enjoy it. Edouard de Reszke was singing Plunket in Paris 19 years ago.

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Margaret Reid has been singing at Cannes.

Walter Damrosch will sail Tuesday for Europe.

Eugen d'Albert has been awarded 50 marks, the result of his suit against Lassen for libel.

The review of the Symphony Concert and the concert announcements are in the news section of the Journal.

Edith Rowena Noyes of Boston has composed an anthem, "Easter Morn," which is published by the B. F. Wood Music Company.

Dr. Geo. F. Brooks played at his 23d organ recital pieces by Guy, Brooks, Monks and Lunt. Mrs. Brooks sank Wiegand's Ave Maria.

Helen Apollonio, the child cornetist, will play the 13th at Association Hall. She played last Tuesday at Marshfield Hills. She will play again at Marshfield the 16th, and later at Waltham and East Walpole.

The new choir of the First Universalist Society in Roxbury is made up as follows: Miss Alice Bailey, soprano, Miss Edith L. Pool, alto, and the Boylston Quartet (Messrs. Paine, Jones, Fairbanks, Loomis). Franz Reissmann will be the organist.

The Paris correspondent of the Musical Courier says: "Miss Alice Duff of Boston, as Mlle. Alice Dayrold, is in Cannes, where she sang Marguerite this week. The papers say of her, 'it would be difficult to put more charm and poetry into the part than was done by Mlle. Dayrold,' ". This letter is dated March 3.

Otto Floersheim did not care for the new piano concerto in E minor, op. 8, by Ewald Strasser of Cologne. Played by Georg Dohrn of Munich, it seemed "So inane in point of invention, so long-winded, so intricate, and yet so ineffective in piano technic, that I wonder why anybody should have taken the trouble to study it."

According to an exchange, the Anvil Chorus—you may have heard it—has its uses. "'H'm!' he said. 'The last time I heard that was in Tennessee. The artist was paid to whistle it by the hour in a quarry. The mountaineers down there seem to have no idea of how to work by twos with the sledge, driving the hand drill. In any Northern city you'll see Irishmen who can do the trick without thinking about it. In fact, it's so common that it seems no knack at all, and the man holding the drill shows no sign of fear that a miscalculation would make a pancake of his hand. The quarry foreman—or perhaps he was the owner—despaired of getting the Tennesseans to strike consecutively on the drill. The man holding the drill was in a tremble lest his hand be smashed. While in the quarry one day the owner happened to whistle the Anvil Chorus as the quarrymen were pounding as clumsily as ever. Two or three bars were enough to get the rhythm into the prosaic heads of the mountaineers, and their blows fell with precision. The owner taught a young fellow the music, and, no instruments being handy, set him to whistling it. It's a regular thing now.' "

We quote the following account of Joachim's playing from a London exchange of the 15th ult.: "Any musician who missed Herr Joachim's playing of Beethoven's sole Concerto for Violin and Orchestra at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon deprived himself of a singularly lofty artistic experience and 40 minutes of exquisite artistic enjoyment. Here was one of the greatest of violin players—some would cut away that limitation—more or less consistently at his best, and anybody who knows what that best means will appreciate the meaning of such a verdict. It would be easy to compose purple passages upon the subject; indeed, while listening to this celestial phrasing one was willy-nilly employed upon the manufacture of purple passages to express adequately the completeness of a very exceptional intellectual enjoyment. Let us spare the public, however. Nearly 40 years ago Herr Joachim received from Schumann a letter thanking him for a present of the score of this Beethoven Concerto. 'I accept it,' wrote the composer, 'with joy; the more so that it will remind me of the sorcerer who with crafty hand led us through the heights and depths of this magic building on that unforgettable day, of which I shall often remind myself by reading the score.' Let Schumann's heartfelt criticism stand in place of anything we ourselves might write. On Saturday the same sorcerer led us through 'the heights and depths of this magic building' with a tenderness, a sweetness and a virility that grappled and overcame one by the subtly overpowering influence of the most intimate genius. And there was pathos in it too. One's hand stole back through half a century to take the hand of Robert Schumann in a community of sentiment—the sorcerer of 1853 still the sorcerer of 1897! Nor was there in this community of sentiment any spurious or forced enjoyment. Had Joachim appeared before us with no such halo of memories, no romance of such a past in connection with this one piece of divine musical work, his interpretation, absolutely great in itself, could not have been less moving. We may illustrate our point with one cogent example. After a certain passage of supernatural beauty, both in itself and in the interpretation, the artist for the briefest space of time—during the swift passing of three crotchets, to be quite accurate—fell away from the purely perfect pitch of the key in which he was playing; but it did not matter; he had already left us exhausted with the sheer beauty of his note, and the brief deflection made no difference in the world; if anything it was a relief."

The following interesting criticism of Mottl, the conductor, appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette of March 17: "What new thing shall we write of Herr Mottl, who gave the first of his series of spring concerts last night in Queen's Hall? He came to us once, and he comes still, with the irresistible appeal of his power, his magisterial air, his intensity and his keen appreciation of all that is finely emotional, intimately moving in the art of music. Yet it must be confessed that his work is more difficult now with a London audience than it was four or five years ago. During that period the Wagner rage has run across the land like spreading flames, and even within the last few months it has so waxed in intensity that it has invaded with gigantic success, even the ancient Philistine stronghold of the Popular Concert. Mottl may well exclaim in these days that all can grow the flower, for all have got the seed. Still, it is well enough that we should grow the flower ourselves; and, after all, if a concert such as that of last night was not so sensational as this kind of thing once was, it was no less interesting, attractive, and in a somewhat different way, successful. The program opened with Mozart's Symphony in G minor; and here we do not quite follow or sympathize with Herr Mottl's singularly clear and resolute interpretation. The fact is that it was too clear and resolute. The music, exquisite as it is, clamors for lighter, more delicate treatment. If one may say

so, where all should have been [illegible] light you saw Mozart's handiwork under the glare of a blazing sun. The contrasts were too sudden. There was no shadow, no mystery; all was either pure light or pure darkness. In no wise did the conductor deflect from his own ideal, one simply felt that his ideal was too robustious. The second part of the program consisted of four scenes from "Götterdämmerung," in which Frau Mottl took the part of Brünnhilde, Fräulein Tomschik that of Waltrante and Mr. Lemprière Pringle that of Hagen. Of course, with the Wagner music, Mottl was absolutely in his element; no conductor so strips for you the living, vital, panting, creating Wagner as this. Last night, indeed, we should say that the performance suffered for lack of rehearsals, but there was no mistaking the spirit of the conductor, which circulated like moving blood through his orchestra. The singers were not particlarly striking, and certain vocal parts went all too slowly; these were accidents of every day possibility. It was enough to recognize that here you were in the presence of a very master of Wagnerian music."

This description of an Irish Festival Concert published by the Pall Mall Gazette March 18, may amuse you: "Last night at the Albert Hall a Festival Concert was given in honor of St. Patrick's Day under what may justly be called the ubiquitous direction of Mr. William Carter. Did you want a chorus to warble Irish part-songs? There was Mr. William Carter's choir to do it for you. Did a lady wish to explain that she did not want to sing an Irish song, but would give an Italian song instead—Mr. William Carter was ready to break the news to us. Did the piano want playing—Mr Carter played it. Did a lady, in response to a call, desire to return to the platform, there was Mr. Carter to escort her. Did she receive a basket of flowers, there was Mr. Carter to carry it away for her. In fact, the concert was Mr. Carter's; and the cheerful moral that we took to our hearts from the various songs, new and old, that were sung was that the Irish nation is a gay, humorous, sly, gallant, reckless, loyal, witty, melodious, musical, religious people, without a trace of guile, and as innocent and open as the day. If you come to think of it these national traditions of the national character as embodied in national music are among the most curious developments of our common nature. From the English national song, you would suppose that fighting and a sort of matutinal immorality were our chief characteristics, while the Scot is either always dancing or making love in church. But for pure egotism in its ballads the Irish claim, and easily win, the first place among the nations, as the concert last night, for one example, easily proved. The only song that suggested the possibility of there being another country in possession of any dignity was an appeal to the native to leave that country and return to Ireland. This ballad, 'Come Back to Erin,' was sung by Mr. George Hudson, described on the program as 'The New Tenor.' We certainly never heard him before, and—but this is no time for unkindness. A child of 14, Grace Oakley, 'the pupil of Mr. William Carter,' also made her first appearance. She sang as a clever girl of 14 might be expected to sing—the hall was, of course, far too large for her; it is not easy to sing in tune in so vast an echoing space without much experience. Mdme. Alice Gomez, the lady who sang an Italian instead of an Irish song, once more proved her fine voice, but sang with a somewhat rollicking, audacious kind of abandonment that was perhaps a trifle unexpected; Miss Esther Palliser's noble voice in various ballads was in excellent condition. Mr. Watkin Mills sang his songs with his usual distinction, Signor Foli repeated old successes in 'Father O'Flynn' and 'Off to Philadelphia,' and Mr. Carter's choir performed with the precision—and something of the dryness—of a metronome. Finally the band of Her Majesty's Scots Guards, under Mr. Dunkerton, the bandmaster, played with accustomary vigor, and at the close every Irishman departed surely feeling that his country was in all respects as fine as he had thought it. The audience was throughout happy and appreciative."

April 5. 97

"I was with Rice," the Actor said.
Said the Manager, "Say no more;
But rest your limbs on the office lounge;
Your feet must be weary and sore."

"Wholly inaccurate, irresponsible, and almost maliciously false." Hoity, toity! Pretty language for our esteemed maiden aunt, the Transcript. And what do you suppose provoked the shriek? Why, a statement in the Post about Mr. Henry Woodruff, a most inoffensive young man, of shrinking nature and scholastic habits. The Post, in the abandonment of decency, went so far as to say that Mr. Woodruff will leave the Harvard Law School to become a member of the "Secret Service" Company, a truly atrocious charge. Our aunt, the Transcript, says that he is not in the Law School, but that "it is barely possible that he may pass his coming vacation as an actor in Mr. Gillette's London production of 'Secret Service,'" and she then brings forward this beautiful exhibit of hysteria: "So much for another 'enterprising' sensation of the degrading rowdy school of modern personal journalism." It looks to us as though Mr. Woodruff is well provided with a passionate press agent.

Mr. Dixey's friends—for he still has friends, in spite of his fatuous, foolish conduct—are pained by the reports from New York concerning the severe attacks of "vertigo" which have [illegible] and dancing men (as you please), to disappear from "In Gay Manhattan," which piece Mr. James L. Ford tells us, should be called "In Sad Manhattan." No thoughtful person denies the natural gifts of Mr. Dixey, who is a victim of the dust-brushers. Dust-brusher, dear Miss Eustacia, is a picturesque name for a flatterer. He is found in the café. The moment a play actor approaches he begins to brush him. "Great, old man! wonderful! Never saw such pantomime in my life. Courtès, as the father in 'The Prodigal Son,' wasn't in it, and I saw the first performance at the Bouffes-Parisiens. You ought to go to Paris. And that song of yours in the second act is out of sight." Ah, the genial dust-brusher! His reward is instantaneous. It depends on the time of day; it ranges from plain beer to a cold bottle. And the swelled head of the comedian is not due wholly to alcohol.

Mr. Ford tells us that a certain variety show manager in New York is noted for his circulation smile. The mouth is open from ear to ear when he meets you, if you happen to be attached to the Daily Howler, with its circulation of 895,432 copies daily. The mouth contracts from this, according to the descending scale of circulation. If you are dramatic critic of a weekly, "addressed to the intelligent," and are read perhaps by 500 to 3000, the smile is barely perceptible. Mr. Ford has given a new name to an old phenomenon. Nor is this graduated scale of geniality peculiar to theatrical managers.

We know a young man who frequents clubs. He is taciturn and almost morose when comparatively poor men are in the room. He is affable when a merchant approaches. He tells a dialect story when two or three rich men loafe at their ease. And when he observes the combination of wealth and Brahmin blood, he adds songs, and is indeed the personification of merriment. And therefore he is often described as "that most amusing, delightful fellow," and thus he earns dinner and vacation invitations. For the rich have their jesters, even if they do not insist any longer on costume of motley and cap-and-bells.

After all, it is perhaps a greater art to listen than to talk. You know the fixed, disconcerting stare that chills your fancy. You wonder if the hearer is incredulous, or bored, and with thoughts in Siberia or Equatorial Africa. Still more aggravating is the man that keeps nodding his head as you talk, nodding in an expressionless manner, like unto a Chinese Mandarin toy. And when you have finished, or stop to take breath, he repeats the last sentence that fell from your lips. He, no doubt, intends to compliment you, but you remember the Moor's speech:

By Heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shewn.

And you suspect the nodding and spoken assent to be a part of some gigantic guy.

F. W. B. wishes to know the meaning of "Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company, Limited." It means that the stay of the company here is limited to a week.

The Church Review thinks this is a funny story:

"Diocesan Inspector.—'Why did the children of Israel make a golden calf?'

"A Child.—'Please, sir, because they had not got gold enough to make a cow.'"

April 6. 97

GRAND OPERA.

De Reszke's Siegfried a Disappointment.

The First Appearance of Mrs. Litvinne.

View of the Audience--Young Society There.

The very short season of the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company at Mechanics' Building Auditorium began last evening with a performance of Wagner's "Siegfried" (in German). Mr. Seidl conducted. The cast was as follows:

Siegfried	Jean de Reszke
Der Wanderer	Ed. de Reszke
Mime	Von Hubbenet
[illegible]	David Bispham
Fafner	Viviani
Stimme des Waldvogels	Sophie Traubmann
Erda	Miss Olitzka
Brünnhilde	Felia Litvinne

The chief interest in the performance should naturally have been in the appearance of Jean de Reszke as Siegfried, for he sang the part for the first time in this city. Yet the first thought of the reviewer is not concerning the hero or concerning Mrs. Litvinne, who was heard here for the first time. The most lasting impression was made by the orchestra, which, led with rare skill by Mr. Seidl, played with uncommon beauty of tone, elasticity and power that never degenerated into noise. It would have been a pleasure to have heard this orchestra, even if there had been no singing on the stage, even if the actors had contented themselves with pantomine. Mr. Seidl has again shown that Wagner is not necessarily brutal in his use of an orchestra; that it is not necessary to drown singers in order to produce great orchestral effects.

* * *

It is doubtful whether the part of Siegfried has ever been sung in Boston as well as it was last night. This is not a rash statement, for Mr. de Reszke is an admirable singer, and nine-tenths of the Germans who have visited us in operas by Wagner are utterly ignorant of the elemental principles of singing. And yet in spite of the superiority of this tenor as a singer, his Siegfried was neither interesting nor sympathetic. In the last act there was pleasing warmth in the love-making, but in the preceding acts I did not see the Siegfried of the old legend.

For this Siegfried is the innocent, heroic youth of the early world; the youth who knows not fear or woman. He is unsophisticated, natural, a little rude, an elemental type. But Mr. de Reszke's Siegfried is marred by touches of incongruous gentility. In the dwelling of Mime, he had a separate chamber, with wardrobe, and approved suit for evening wear. I do not say that there were not excellent passages of detail; that there were not mellifluous moments; but the rude yet charming character of the dragon-slayer was not presented with authority. Nor was Mr. de Reszke picturesque. Nor was he thoroughly spontaneous. He was not always at home in the woods. He was at times a little self-conscious. I should not have been surprised if at any moment he had thrown off his disguise and appeared as a real Prince.

Observe, I do not use the phrase "true Wagnerian spirit." I do insist, however, that, if you leave Wagner's ideas out of the question, Mr. de Reszke's impersonation is not legendary, or mythic, or elemental. Lesser artists have caught the characteristics of the hero and made them palpable to him who never read the books on Scandinavian or German mythology. And such was their authority, that you have forgiven them their barbarous jugulation. The mere fact that Mr. de Reszke hammers his sword in strict time with the music does not of itself convince me that he understands thoroughly Siegfried's nature and is able to put his understanding clearly and irresistibly before the audience.

I admit the difficulty of his task. I cheerfully pay tribute to frequent exhibitions of his vocal art. He has a talent for love-making, and so he was most effective in the last act. But when Siegfried begins to make love, he becomes like unto other mortals. It is the Siegfried with the bear; the companion of Mime, the listener to the bird, the slayer of the dragon that is the hero. Sincere as Mr. de Reszke was in his attempt to impersonate this boy of the woods, the labor, the preparation, the playing of a part were too apparent. And for once Siegfried was a commonplace, uninteresting youth of excellent manners, when his lack of educational advantages is taken into consideration.

* * *

Wotan, disguised as The Wanderer, was sung with remarkable power and dignity by Edouard de Reszke. The scene between Erda and the Wanderer, which is often omitted, was made most impressive by the nobility of the singer's delivery, and Miss Olitzka contributed in no small degree to the striking result. The pontifical style of Mr. de Reszke and the strength and unearthly quality of Miss Olitzka's tones almost persuaded me to believe in the enthusiastic praise of the Wagnerians who speak of the scene as Aeschylean in grandeur. Wotan's description of the abode of the gods was an example of splendid declamation, so that the hearer forgot that Wotan is, after all, the most formidable bore in the long procession of operatic characters.

* * *

Mrs. Litvinne is a woman of Amazonian build—that is, she is an Amazon, who, on account of her long, fire-encircled sleep, shows in the third act the perilous consequences of abstaining from exercise. In this respect she is a traditional Brünnhilde. Her voice is powerful, and she is evidently a singer of much experience. In a[illegible] she exhibits careful routine training. She commands respect; she does not excite sympathy either by voice or bearing. But I prefer to speak of her abilities as a singer after she has sung the part of Elsa.

* * *

Mr. von Hubbenet sang the part of Mime uncommonly well. His dramatic impersonation was not as striking in its malice and cunning as that of his last predecessor. Mr. Bispham made much out of a small part. He acted with power and sang with breadth and intelligence.

* * *

Of the animals introduced the bear was, on the whole, the most satisfactory.

* * *

The audience was not as large as it should have been. It is surprising that the appearance of Jean de Reszke in "Siegfried" for the first time in this city did not draw a great crowd, but this is a season of surprises.

* * *

The opera this evening will be Gounod's "Faust," with the following cast:

Marguerite (first time in Boston)	Emma Calvé
Marthe	Miss Bauermeister
Siebel	Mrs. Mantelli
Mephistophele	Plancon
Valentin	Ancona
Wagner	Viviani
Faust	Cremonini

Conductor, Mr. Mancinelli.

Philip Hale.

Thought is cheaper than bread and Art has become a light loaf of bread. There is no one today who cannot become an "Artist." And it is not so hard to be a real "Genius." How characteristic of our modern perceptions of art is the incredibly silly speech, "Genius is Industry."

The Demon Rum may often be recognized by his cloven breath.

Mr. Edgar S. Kelley in an essay read Saturday in Carnegie Hall (N. Y.) at the Conference on Comparative Literature "enlarged upon the hoot of the owl heard by Macbeth and Lady Macbeth on the night of the murder." He then drew the conclusion that after this hooting of the owl Mr. and Mrs. Macbeth suffered acutely from insomnia until they died. And Miss M. E. J. Czarmonska showed beyond doubt and peradventure that Shakspeare spent much time and labor "in revealing the whole heart and life" of the Welsh. It is George Meredith, by the way, who divides mankind into two classes—human beings and Welshmen.

This reminds us that the original edition of George Meredith's poems was advertised in London last month as worth £15.

The death of Brahms will probably excite acrimonious discussion concerning his merits as a composer. In his youth he was handicapped by the enthusiastic praise of Schumann. The austerity of his mature musical thought chilled and discomfited those who believe that music should be first of all emotional. The dryness and garrulity of his music of the very last years led all, save his fanatical worshipers, to believe that he had nothing more of genuine interest to say. We are all too near Brahms to judge him coolly and without prejudice. Some apparently sane men hold him in the highest esteem, and mention his name glibly with Bach and Beethoven, thus inspired by a delight in alliteration rather than by critical acumen or discriminating classification. He was a master of musical construction. He was an architect of sound training. He knew how to lay the foundations and build upward with strength, security, and an eye to durability. His themes are intellectual, not temperamental. He will be known longest as a symphonist, although his thematic thought is generally cold, his development not easily followed, even by the experienced; his harmonic designs often perplexing and sometimes crabbed, and his instrumentation obscure, poorly balanced, ineffective.

Inasmuch as there is a Brahms cult in Boston, it is not surprising that Mr. Paur proposes to honor the memory of the late composer by devoting the concert of Saturday to certain of Brahms's works. It is interesting to note in this connection that no such honor was paid the memory of the great Russian, Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky when he died in November, 1895.

Time was when the "great organ" in the Music Hall was the wonder of Boston. Poets sang of it. Pilgrims from Toad Hill and the uttermost parts of Wenham visited it in awe and bequeathed their manuscript accounts of that visit as a rich legacy unto their issue. Then the windy wonder was discarded. Now it is to be sold. What is there left in Boston save the Sacred Codfish and the Ancients and Honorables, both of which institutions suggest water even as the organ suggests wind?—New York Sun.

The Rev. Dr. Brown of London, who preached here Sunday, is right. W

do not think enough about the soul. Perhaps one reason for this is the truth that lurks in the bitter speech of Stanislaw Przybyszewski: The crowd always hates the soul.

Then you should remember that this is a scientific age: that no Professor has ever seen a soul.

This is a photographic age. The photograph is the type of inflexible materialism. In literature and art there is the shout of realism, photographic realism. You can photograph a check, a bond, a horse, a woman's curved exterior. You cannot photograph a soul. Why then should anyone ponder the soul?

This reminds us of a beautiful poem by Miss E. Marguerite Lindley, written for "East side mothers" in New York. We quote a verse or two, for, like unto Mr. Wegg, we are fond of dropping into poetry:

"There's a skin without and a skin within,
A covering skin and a lining skin.
But the skin within is the skin without,
Doubled inward and carried completely throughout.

"Too much brandy, whisky, or gin
Is apt to disorder the skin within;
While if dirty and dry the skin without
Refuses to let the sweat come out.

"Good people all, have a care of your skin,
Both that without and that within.
To the first give plenty of water and soap,
To the last little else but water, we hope."

This is the same Miss Lindley who is sorry that nightcaps have gone out of fashion. Few men can stand the test. Man in pyjamas or plain, old-fashioned nightgown is not a heroic spectacle; crowned with a nightcap, could he keep the respect of his wife and children? A woman in a nightcap may be coquettish, alluring, as John Leech proved by some of his drawings for Punch.

According to Mr. Dithmar, the dialect comedian in this hour is a belated bore. "He has had his day, and ought to know enough to retire. He is always the same, demanding the same mental allowances on the spectator's part, and perverting the truth of human nature in every phase of his development. He is always supposedly comic in his attempt to be serious, and he is invariably employed either to lift a preposterous mortgage or discover a missing will. We have outgrown this sort of infliction, and I fancy the wisest of us find more rational entertainment in the variety theatres than we can derive from the out-of-date sentimentality and imbecile humor of the dialect comedian."

Eighth Concert of the Kneisel Quartet—A Program in Memory of Brahms.

The eighth and last concert of the season by the Kneisel Quartet, given in Association Hall last evening, consisted of a reverent and impressive tribute to the memory of Johannes Brahms. The Quartet had for assisting artists Mr. Rafael Joseffy and Mr. L. Pourtau.

The memorial service, for such indeed it was, had for its program the following works, all by Brahms, namely, Quartet in A minor, op. 51, No. 2; Adagio from quintet for strings and clarinet, op. 115; quintet for piano, two violins, viola and violoncello, in F minor, op. 34.

By the above program one was brought directly in touch with music of the purest quality, for there were no solo performances, and no virtuosai displays, not even on Mr. Joseffy's part, that could have allured the hearer's attention from the composer's art itself.

As for the Kneisel Quartet, its readings were, if possible, more characterized than at any previous concert with the imagination, poetic fervor and unblemished technique of four born musicians, all four as one.

The concert had no greater charm than the Quintet for clarinet and strings, op. 115. Here is, at least, one masterpiece from Brahms in which the learned composer speaks from the heart and with an abundance of unembarrassed, chaste and appealing melody. The adagio suggests Beethoven in his divinest moods, and may well rank among some of the best adagios that have been written by the greater composer of other days. As a veritable homage to Beethoven seems this adagio, and it is, all in all, to quote Tennyson,

* * * sweet music that softer falls
Than petals blown from roses on the grass,
Or night dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowing grasses, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.

The A minor quartet with which the concert began can hardly be said to improve upon acquaintance. There is a morbid melancholy permeating it all that even though it wearies not until after the first movement, finally becomes wearisome. It appears to have been more scholastically thought out than deeply felt. It is nevertheless a quartet of infinite purity, and as such cannot fail to compare favorably with the composer's most characteristic works.

The quintet for piano, two violins and violoncello, op. 34, came last, and a royally fine work it is, into any analysis of which it would seem quite unnecessary to enter at this time.

It was delightfully and reverently played. The pianist is not severely taxed by it so far as technique goes, but Mr. Joseffy gave it his best thought and care; he imparted nothing to it that it did not contain, and in brief all five artists seemed con amore in as masterly a performance ensemble as one would care to hear.

c. L. Capen

April 7. 1897

GOUNOD'S FAUST

Calve, the Supreme Lyric Tragedian,

A Marguerite of Flesh, Blood and Passion.

An Impersonation of Wondrous Artistry.

Gounod's "Faust" was sung in French last evening at Mechanics' Building Auditorium by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company. Mr. Mancinelli conducted. The cast was as follows:

Marguerite	Emma Calvé
Martha	Miss Bauermeister
Siebel	Mrs. Mantelli
Mephistopheles	Plancon
Valentine	Ancona
Wagner	Viviani
Faust	Cremonini

The impersonation of Marguerite by Calvé is one of such beauty and power that her appearance in the part last night may be regarded justly as a remarkable event in the history of opera in Boston.

It is hard to write about her performance in sober and discreet language. No fine or purple phrases, no ingenious rhetorical flourishes can portray the perfection of her art.

* * *

We have all seen many Marguerites in Gounod's opera. With one exception—Pauline Lucca—they were genteel creatures, who expressed conventional emotion in a more or less pretty fashion. They showed their technical skill in the jewel song; they displayed their endurance in the final trio. They were so well-bred that they preserved the traditions of maidenhood until the very end of the opera; and an intelligent savage may well have wondered why Marguerite had a fainting spell in the church and why Valentine was so rude to her just before his death-rattle.

This excuse has been made for such conventional and passionless performances: The Marguerite of the French librettists is a milk-and-water creature, who should not be expected to indulge herself in emotional bursts. She is not the Gretchen of Goethe.

But we have nothing to do with the poem of Goethe. All that concerns us is the manner in which the Marguerite of Gounod's opera is impersonated. Whether she resembles Gretchen or not is utterly foreign to the purpose. For when an opera is founded on a novel, play, or poem, the opera is the one thing. It must stand or fall by itself. And the singer should play the part without reference to that which is not suggested by the librettist.

* * *

Calvé's Marguerite is a simple, honest girl, dazed by an unexpected gift of jewelry, but with the natural coquetry that is essentially feminine, so that she appreciates the gift, and is very kindly disposed toward the giver. Her innocence is not ignorance or prudery. She is hot-blooded without aggressive consciousness of her temperament. She loves Faust. She believes he loves her. To give herself to him seems to her the most natural thing in the world. And she would have loved him without the spell cast over the garden by Mephistopheles.

And with what authority, with what finesse in the detail is the maidenhood of Marguerite presented by Calvé! The moment she meets Faust, you know her character. You do not say, "This is Calvé." Your only thought is of Marguerite. How simple and how effective is her business during the song of Thule's King! How unaffected, how unconscious in her delight—a timorous delight—at finding the jewels! And here she turns that formal and trite bravura air into a revelation of her character, and she vitalizes and gives individuality to music that is essentially vulgar and is written only for display. The girlish laugh is a triumph of vocal skill; more than this, it adds an individual touch to the drawing of the character. And mark this: Until she pours out her love from the open window to the madding night and the conniving sky, the very tones of her voice are virginal. Not until she realizes the might of passion, is there any suggestion of sensuousness in that marvelous voice. Before her confession, her tones are tones of ineffable purity, pathos, and trust; tones that she might use without a blush in praying to the Madonna.

* * *

The moment you see her next with Siebel, she is a woman, and no longer a maiden. Her very voice proclaims the change. There is nothing more remarkable in this performance, where almost everything is remarkable, than this subtle telling of the tragic tale by the coloring of tone in song.

From this moment to the end there is a steady, carefully graded, overpowering crescendo of tragic intensity. Each point in the detail adds inevitably to the impending climax. In the scene in the church, with its agony of shame, and terror of the Last Day—in the scene at Valentine's death, when the brother's curse finishes the ruin of reason, and the crazed woman laughs horribly before she enters the house—in these scenes Calvé rises to heights of supreme tragic power.

In the prison we are accustomed to women with an arrangement of straw in their hair and with a petrified smile. Or we have seen young prima donnas evidently anxious concerning the final trio. Here Calvé finds a masterstroke. As in her madness she remembers the days of her innocence, the tones of her voice are again virginal and pathetic with the pathos of innocence. This episode only enlarges the grandeur of the climax. The voice rises in entreaty for forgiveness from despair to hope, from hope to righteous confidence. It is a fitting end to such a marvelous performance.

* * *

Calvé, who, as the wanton Carmen, the jealous Santuzza, the Navarraise mad with savage love, knows the tones that serve the lower, primitive passions, finds as Marguerite the fitting voice for the particular emotion, from girlish glee to dark despair. And this voice is used with a degree of vocal skill, as well as dramatic intelligence, that excites the wonder of the pedagogue, if he is cold-blooded enough to resist the fascination of the personality of the singer and weigh her merits in the indifferent critical scales.

* * *

The most accomplished artist has shown us that the Marguerite of the French librettists is after all a woman of flesh and blood, a woman who loves and suffers and knows remorse and madness. She has also shown us that as a singer, pure and simple, she has few equals on the lyric stage.

* * *

Mr. Plancon's picturesque and impressive Mephistopheles was already familiar, for he sang the part at a matinée during his first season in this country. It is by all odds far and above any other Mephistopheles seen here of late years, in its dramatic strength and splendor of song.

Mr. Cremonini sang the cavatina with much taste. In the concerted pieces his voice was comparatively light. Mrs. Mantelli was an excellent Siebel. It was a pleasure to see a woman who did not dress the part as though the lad were a guy. Mr. Ancona added materially to the success of the evening. The chorus sang with unusual attention to nuances. The Soldiers' Chorus was encored. (I state this as a historical fact and refrain from indulging in any form of pleasantry.)

The orchestra played effectively under Mr. Mancinelli, most admirable of conductors.

* * *

There was a much larger audience than that which heard "Siegfried," and there were many curtain calls.

But the Marguerite of Emma Calvé cannot be thoroughly appreciated at one hearing. Her impersonation demands unflagging attention and a seat where no change of that beautiful and mobile face can escape the spectator.

* * *

The opera this evening will be "Lohengrin" in German. Mr. Seidl will conduct. The cast will include Litvinne, Olitzka, Ed. de Reszke, David Bispham, Maurice de Vries and Jean de Reszke.

Philip Hale.

O that 't were possible
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

The office boy handed Lancelot a telegram. It was from his wife, who said she would be home that night. Lancelot had made no engagement for the evening, so the dispatch did not disconcert him. For once her return was not an inconvenience. Yes, he was glad she was coming, after her visit of a month. For he was a creature of routine. To dine alone in his house was an abomination. He did not care for the cookery at the club, and he had heard all the tunes in the repertory of the members. Nor was he often in the mood to dine at the table of a friend. Then, too, his house seemed strangely desolate at night. Yes, he was glad she was coming home.

On his way from the office he stopped at a florist's and bought a large bunch of violets. He would surprise his wife by this sentimental remembrance. After all, she was an agreeable woman; she had brought him a little money. Time had dealt gently with her. He could hardly realize that they had been married fifteen years—or was it seventeen years? He would ask her that night.

Pleased with his chivalric action he stopped at the club for a cocktail. He refused to join a theatre party, and gave as an excuse the arrival of his wife. For his self-sacrifice he rewarded himself with a second cocktail. Laura would not be at the station before ten o'clock. There was plenty of time for him to eat his dinner, see that the house was in order, and meet her. He sauntered homeward, bearing the box of violets.

The air was dull, as though it were resigned to the approach of Spring. He threw open his overcoat, and he soon reached the region known as "fairy-land;" for Lancelot lived in a quarter that is no more exclusive than the sheet seen by Peter in a vision. And suddenly he was conscious that he stood before an apartment house, in which Mrs. Molineux lived. A charming woman, brave in her affliction—for the late Mr. Molineux, it was reported, lost his life under most distressing circumstances in San Francisco—a delightful hostess, with ingenuous ways and an appreciation of all the good things of this world. He had not called on her since that jolly poker party in March. He looked at his watch. He rung the bell. He climbed the stairs.

The widow was very glad to see him. "And you brought those violets for me? How thoughtful of you! Did you know they are my favorite flowers?" What was there for Lancelot to do? He gave them to her with a languishing smile, saying to himself, "I have time to buy another bunch." And then he was persuaded easily to take another cocktail, mixed by the widow after a peculiar recipe of the late Colonel ——, who, it was reported, lost his life under most distressing circumstances in San Francisco.

"Why don't you stay to dinner? That is if you are willing to put up with what I have." Lancelot remembered he was to have mutton chops at his own flat. Somehow or other the thought of chops was distasteful to him. He had told the girl never to wait for him if he were not at home by 7 o'clock. He knew the widow's pretty knack at a salad. There would still be time for him to go to the station.

It was 11 o'clock when he met his wife—at their flat. An almost virginal reserve that clung to her still like a delicious perfume kept her from boisterous manifestations of affection, but he knew by her eyes that she was pleased to see him, and he was sure of her adoration. "But where did you get those violets?" he asked, for the air was heavy with the odor. "Jack Wilkinson gave them to me. He saw me off at the train. And you know he used to be fond of me years ago. He doesn't have to work as hard as you, poor fellow; and he has more time for such little attentions." Lancelot felt no jealous pang. On the contrary he looked upon Wilkinson as his savior. "I thought of violets," he said as he kissed her; "and I went into a florist's, but those he had were not fresh, they were not good enough for you." "Never mind," she answered, "as long as you thought of me. It's all in the intention, dear."

It is Lancelot and such as he who will protest against Thomas Hardy's "The Well-Beloved, a Sketch of a Temperament." Perhaps you read the story when it appeared five years ago as a serial, and was entitled "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved." It is not a comfortable book for Lancelot and his kind. Hence possibly the bitterness of certain reviewers.

For does not this paragraph strike home to many? "To his Well-Beloved he had always been faithful; but she had had many embodiments. Each individuality known as Lucy, Jane, Flora, Evangeline, or what-not, had been merely a transient condition of her. He did not recognize this as an excuse or as a defence, but as a fact simply. Essentially she was perhaps of no tangible substance; a spirit, a dream, a frenzy, a conception, an aroma, an epitomized sex, a light of the eye, a parting of the lips. God only knew what she really was; Pierston did not. She was indescribable."

April 5. 97

OPERA.

"Lohengrin" as Performed by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company—The Impersonations of Mrs. Litvinne and Mr. Bispham

"Lohengrin" was given last night in German at the Mechanics' Building Auditorium. Mr. Seidl conducted. The cast was as follows:

Elsa .....Fella Litvinne
Ortrud .....Rosa Olitzka
Heinrich the Fowler.....Eduard de Reszke
Frederick.....David Bispham
The Herald.....Maurice de Vries
Lohengrin.....Jean de Reszke

The performance was one that gave much pleasure to an audience of fair size. There was hearty applause, and there were several curtain calls. This appreciation was just, for the performance, as a whole, was smooth and respectable, and in certain respects it was excellent.

Mr. de Reszke's impersonation of the swan-drawn knight is familiar to operagoers, and it demands no extended comment at this late day. It is enough to say that by its dignity and tenderness it commanded high respect, and that Mr. de Reszke's voice was in good condition. Mr. Eduard de Reszke's Heinrich is equally familiar, and he was as effective as the part will legitimately allow.

Miss Olitzka's voice has broadened. It is now an organ well adapted to serve as the medium of strong emotions. Unfortunately she is still guilty of vocal offences, such as shoveling and scooping in attack, though in a less degree than when she first sang here. Her action is perfunctory and conventional. She is fond of collar-and-elbow effects in moments of intensity, and as an actress she is without elasticity and spontaneity.

* * *

Mr. Bispham appeared as Frederick for the first time in Boston. He sang the part as it is seldom sung, with a virility that was free from exaggeration, with a vocal skill that is unknown to our German visitors. His conception of the part was characterized by uncommon intelligence. Frederick seemed no longer a vaguely desperate villain with an uncontrollable desire to be false to the true pitch. Mr. Bispham's Frederick is a brave and honest knight, who loved Elsa, and is persuaded of her guilt only through the falsehoods of his formidable wife. When he discovers that Ortrud has lied to him he reproaches her bitterly, but he finds additional food for his hatred of Lohengrin in his wife's suggestion that his successful rival is a sorcerer. True, this is the knight of the libretto; but how seldom is the character impersonated so that it is comprehended easily by the audience. Mr. Bispham's conception was broadly drawn out; at the same time, there were masterly strokes in the detail—as when for the first time Frederick realizes that Lohengrin loves the maiden whom he wished to make his wife—as when in the second act he retreats before Lohengrin's uplifted arm, struck by a mysterious fear, suspecting again the truth of Ortrud's assertions—as when he whispers in Elsa's ear the scheme of treachery. An admirable performance, Mr. Bispham; full of fire, subtlety, intelligence, authority.

* * *

Mrs. Litvinne has not the vocal or dramatic art to make the spectator forget that she is, on account of physical exuberance, an impossible Elsa. Brünnhilde may be stout, but Elsa is a less heroic creature. You instinctively think of her as a maiden of fair proportions, or gracefully slight, curious, suspicious, with a tendency toward hysteria. Mrs. Litvinne is massive and self-contained. Her voice is powerful and she often uses it with skill; but it is a voice that neither charms nor awes. In dramatic moments it is often shrill, and in broad passages there is no apparent focus. Her action is at its best well-taught routine. A respectable Elsa in a ponderous matronly fashion, who does not excite sympathy in distress or joy.

* * *

The work of the chorus was of uneven worth. There was occasionally false intonation, and this reproach might be brought against certain of the principals, although such instances were rare. The orchestra was a constant delight, and it was a pleasure to hear the opera led by Mr. Seidl, whose choice of tempo was always fortunate, whose readings were in all respects intelligent and most musical.

* * *

The opera this evening will be "Carmen." Calvé will be the Carmen, Mrs. Clementine de Vere the Michaela, Mr. Salignac the Don José and Mr. Lassalle the Escamillo. Mr. Bevignani will conduct.

Philip Hale.

There is no Classic Beauty that has not some Strangeness in the Proportion.

O, the power of conventionalism! The talk today is not merely concerning the investigation of Gen. Martin, or the Iowa, or even the sanguinary struggle between Col. Walker and Col. Hedges, those fierce, battle-scarred warriors. There is much talk about the Marguerite of Calvé, that marvelous impersonation, incredible, never to be forgotten. And again we say, O, the power of conventionalism!

For Fashion and Pretence were disconcerted, amazed. They had nothing to guide them in judgment. Melba, with her airs and graces of a painted glove-box beauty, with her awkward attempts at innocence and maidenhood, had not prepared them for such scenes of passion. Emma Eames, who walked through the garden as though she were going to a reception at Mrs. Marlborough's in Breacon Street, had never hinted at such revelations. When Calvé after the death of Valentine laughed the laugh that froze the marrow, the supreme admirer of mediocrity exclaimed, "Why, I don't understand her; what a queer thing she is;" and there was a giggle, as a sign to the obsequious courtiers. And "a veteran opera-goer" turned to say to his companion, "Extraordinary; positively extraordinary. Montague told me in London that Calvé is a very eccentric person."

And when Calvé began that matchless business in the garden scene—you know the conventional Marguerite, returning from church, rushes to spin as though she were under a stern taskmaster—"experienced opera goers" chuckled and said, "Why, she has forgotten her part;" just as they wondered and accused her of sickness when she made the first dramatic exit in the church scene. O, the power of conventionalism!

And singing teachers are advising their soprano pupils not to copy Calvé's example in the jewel song, which was perhaps the crowning glory of her rare vocal art. These teachers are wise. There is only one Calvé. Imitation would be grotesque. But when they protest against her interpretation, the inhabitants of the air, who are curious as to the pranks of mortals, are mightily amused. O, the power of conventionalism!

The following excerpt may give some idea of "The Woman's Bible, Part I. The Pentateuch," published by Ollif. (Remember here is an attempt to provide women's commentaries on women's position in the Old and New Testaments.) "If Miriam had helped to plan the journey to Canaan, it would no doubt have been accomplished in 40 days instead of 40 years."

C. H. W. writes to the Journal as follows:

"Noting in a late issue of the Journal a reference to Mr. Gataker, with a note quoted from the Pall Mall Gazette concerning his use of the divining rod, I write to call your attention (in case you are further interested in the subject and have not seen the article) to 'Borderland,' Mr. W. T. Stead's quarterly. You will find in a number two or three issues back a most interesting article on 'The Divining Rod and Its Uses,' which contains some good half-tones of Mr. Gataker, showing him at his work and also describing at length some of his methods and theories. It is interesting also to note that not only is 'belief in the divining rod not dead' in England, but in our own country are many who believe in it and some (I know a few) who continue to use it."

Listen to this description of a woman's age by Thomas Tusser, Gentleman, in 1561:

14. Two first seven years for a rod they do whine,
28. Two next as a pearl in the world they do shine.
42. Two next trim beauty beginneth to swerve,
56. Two next for matrons or drudges they serve.
70. Two next doth crave a staff for a stay.
84. Two next a bier to fetch them away.

To which the gallant annotator, William Mavor, LL. D., Honorary member of the Board of Agriculture, adds, "Tusser certainly has not drawn a very flattering picture; and in allowing the reign of beauty to last only 14 years, he has evinced too fastidious a taste."

April 9, 97

The sentimentalist treats the East End Court as a department of a menagerie, and gazes with mild interest on the animals that he views. If the sentimentalist's womenfolk go with him, the tour is made still more pleasing. The ladies shudder with terror as they trail their dainty skirts up noisome stairs, but their genteel cackle never ceases. "And you earn six shillings per week? How very surprising! And the landlord takes four shillings for your one room? How very mean! And you have—let me see; four from six leaves two—yes, you have two shillings a week to keep you and your three children! How charmingly shocking!"

A physician who seems to enjoy talking with us—his specialty is insanity—said the other day, "I have a patient who believes firmly that the man she loves is indifferent to her because her rival administered a love philtre to him. She is a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, and she lives in Boston. Now it is easy to say that she is a little dotty, or that she has a fixed idea; but what I wish to know is this: Is there still a belief in the efficacy of a love philtre?" And we therefore ask the question, "Does any reader of the Journal in town or country know of instances of such belief?"

It was only a few months ago that a woman was accused in England of working the waxen-doll spell, shaping wax into a fancied likeness of the hated rival and then sticking pins into it, to the physical and mental injury of the said rival. Of course, if she had melted the doll, the rival would have wasted with the wax. (See Rossetti's "Sister Helen" and Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native"). Does any reader of the Journal know of an instance of such sorcery in New England?

A bookseller tells us that he enjoys a steady and profitable sale of dream books; and that the purchasers are not merely our sworn enemies, the cooks, but women of wealth and position. And are there not brokers in this city who consult the astrologer? And is there not at least one physician here who casts horoscopes, believing that the planets take an interest, beneficent or baleful, in the throat, liver, lights, lungs and other internal possessions of his patients?

Let us now praise the good sense of Marie Boyer, the wife of President Michel Tambonneau, and may her lightness of life, recorded smackingly by Tallemant des Reaux, be forgiven her. For two centuries she has cooled herself in the grave, but her example in one respect should be followed by the staid and frivolous of today. Although she was short, she scorned high heels; "for she preferred to be shod comfortably, and said that the pleasure of walking was greater than that of appearing to be of a fine figure."

The latest installments of the New English Dictionary, edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray, include words from "Distrustfully" to "Doom," and "Flexuosity" to "Foister." We regret to say that the prudery, or the timidity of the editor, is more and more marked. Thus in the volume "Flexuosity—Foister" we notice the omission of a well-known meaning of a certain verb. Doll Tearsheet uses it when she gives excellent advice to Falstaff. Prudery should have no place in such a monumental work as this Dictionary, which is, first of all, for scholars and students. When Dr. Murray comes to the word "Prudery" he should write, "For many authoritative examples consult my Dictionary."

To L. D.: Yes, everything was said by the ancient Greeks and everything was discovered by the ancient Egyptians and the Chinese. Today the writer must be content with ingenious expression rather than with originality of thought. The art lies in the way of putting a fact or idea. Here is an admirable instance. Some years ago a man named Henry Green, a graduate of an English University, fabulously rich—and it was whispered that "he came of gentle blood"—entered upon a mad career, and finally descended upon Leavenworth, where he indulged himself in many jests and junketings. The Leavenworth Times drew this pen picture of Mr. Green: "Possessed of a memory coextensive in its grasp with the scope of a hundred abstruse subjects, he fascinated all who came near him when he chose to exert himself in the art of pleasing; and then in the short space of a few hours he would transform himself from the polished gentleman, the traveled scholar, and the man of science and letters, into a wild and reckless devotee of sin and debauchery."

Probably the greatest effort of Mr. Green's life was a public rehearsal of his own funeral. Lying in a coffin with a bottle of whisky by his side, he was placed in a hearse, and, followed by several mourning carriages, was driven through the chief streets of the town, "being at the close of the drive too much under the influence of liquor to realize the sacrilegious piece of mockery in which he had been engaged."

And yet Mr. Green was a great favorite in Leavenworth society, for he made it a practice to never question a bill, but to pay it with radiant cheerfulness on presentation.

Mr. Green at last grew weary of life. He poisoned himself when drunk. How do you suppose the Leavenworth Times stated the fact? "In a weak and unguarded moment with the fibres of his being all but unstrung by the influence of deep potations, he prepared the fatal dose which was the cause of his yielding to Henry Green the mysteries of the silent land."

"Carmen" as Given by the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Company at Mechanics' Building Auditorium—A Very Brilliant Performance.

"Carmen" was the opera last night. Mr. Bevignani conducted. The cast was as follows:

Carmen .....Emma Calvé
Frasquita .....Miss Bauermeister
Mercedes .....Mrs. Van Cauteren
Micaela .....Clementine de Vere
Don José.....Salignac
Zuniga.....De Vries
Morales .....Barr
Dancaire.....Vivani
Remendado .....Corsi
Escamillo .....Lassalle

The Carmen of Calvé is an elastic performance, depending largely on her mood. No matter if you have seen her a dozen times in the part, you cannot safely foretell the thirteenth. For the variety of her business is infinite, and she detests routine.

Last night she seemed to be in excellent humor, and she therefore acted with her full vitality. Her Carmen of the first act was not as wanton and sensual as when she first blazed here above the operatic horizon. They say that when she returned to Paris after her first season in this country she softened the performance for her reappearances at the Opéra-Comique. However this may be, the first act as played last night did not seem to me as diabolically powerful as when she first startled and amazed and triumphed. It would have been a strong performance for any other woman, but there were moments last night when she seemed to delight in taking liberties with the librettists, composer and audience.

But from the rise of the curtain on the second act her impersonation was one of remarkable strength and subtlety. The sensuousness of her appeal to Don José in the boozing-ken was irresistible; and yet this sensuousness was more in the suggestion than in any wild embracing. As the much observing Ulysses remarked of Cressida,

Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

Her confession to the smugglers of her passing fancy was delightful in its vulgar archness. With them she was herself. They knew her.

The card scene, cut by the way, and to the detriment of the composer, thrilled by her anticipated horror of impending fate, so that her slight deviation from the pitch was almost unnoticed. But why speak at length of the remainder of her performance? Her mockery of Don José, her contemptuous treatment of Micaela, her shiftings from vanity and amorousness in Escamillo's presence to vague uneasiness and dread when her abandoned lover threatened and cursed, her final throwing away of hope, her defiant acceptance of fate, and then her abject, animal terror as she sees the knife in the hand of the madman,—these triumphs of histrionic art are known to the Boston public. It is enough to say that never were these moods, emotions and passions more forcibly and spontaneously expressed by Calvé than they were last night. And in view of the last act, you may well have thought that the extreme frivolity of the first act without any suspicion of Satanic purpose might well have been deliberate, to heighten the tragedy of the scene without the arena.

Truly a wonderful performance in coloring of tone to suit the emotion, as well as in histrionic power. It must stand by the side of her Marguerite and her Navarraise; but it does not stand above them. The public, however, has made up its mind that her Carmen is her one great part; and in this country she will undoubtedly suffer from the very splendor of this impersonation.

* * *

Mr. Salignac was a passionate Don José, but his passion was not merely sporadic; there was a well observed crescendo, and not for a moment was there any anticipation of the climax. His voice reminds you of Luhert, who played the part last season, but it is fresher, and in tender passages it is more sympathetic. It is in stormier scenes the voice of Don José, with its vibrant intensity, its virile twang. Don José is not a young man addicted to pleasing exhibitions of bel canto, but Mr. Salignac sang the air in the second act with marked vocal skill. His business was intelligent, free from exaggeration, without undue restlessness. His points were made quickly and without too apparent effort. Admirable throughout, in the last act he rose to a tragic height. His face as he turned from the gate of the arena to Carmen was the very mask of tragedy.

* * *

Mrs. de Vere, conventional in acting

sa[illegible] the air in the third act with beauty of tone and unusual skill. I have never heard this air—which is an unnecessary delay in the action of the opera—sung with more intelligence or with greater effect. It was redemanded.

The voice of Mr. Lassalle is worn, and his intonation is not always pure, but he has the grand style, and his phrasing is still a delight. The part is not thoroughly congenial for he is ill-suited to play the cock-of-the-walk, to portray vulgar insolence. Of course, the Toreador's song was encored.

Mr. Carbone was missed in the quintet, which went none too well. The chorus did not always respond promptly to the beat of Mr. Bevignani, who was often inclined to hurry the pace. Bizet's score demands better treatment.

There was a very large and enthusiastic audience.

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The opera this evening will be "Martha." The chief singers will be Marie Engle, Mrs. Mantelli, Cremonini, Eduard de Reszke and David Bispham. Mr. Bevignani will conduct.

Philip Hale.

April 10. 97

OPERA.

A Pleasant Performance of "Martha" by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company at the Mechanics' Building Auditorium.

"Martha" was the opera last night. It was sung in Italian. Mr. Bevignani conducted. The cast was as follows:

Lady Harriet	Marie Engle
Nancy	Mrs. Mantelli
Lionel	Cremonini
Plunket	Ed. de Reszke
Tristan	Bispham
The Sheriff	Vaschetti

'Twas a pleasant performance, and the audience, which was only of fair size as audiences are reckoned in the enormous hall, was very applausive.

Miss Engle sang with taste and skill. Her voice is light, but it carries without effort, and the tones are pure and agreeable. She sang "The Last Rose of Summer" simply, without sentimentalism or any affectation. Her action was also simple and discreet—in conventional lines, it is true—but she was sweet and womanly, and she did not forget in servant's disguise that she was of gentle birth. Mrs. Mantelli was a satisfactory Nancy, and Mr. Cremonini appeared to far greater advantage as Lionel than as Faust. Plunkett was one of Eduard de Reszke's early parts. He sang it last night with as much care as though he had been cast as Wotan. Mr. Bispham sang Tristan for the first time, I am told. He overacted and he over sang. He seemed self-conscious and anxious to be in evidence. The concerted numbers were sung well as a rule, and applause punctuated freely the course of the performance. Mr. Bevignani led with a spirit and an attention that he has not always shown in operas that were more deserving of his care.

* * *

The performance of "Faust" this afternoon will close the too short season. The opera will be sung in French, and the chief parts will be taken by Calvé, Mantelli, Jean de Reszke, Eduard de Reszke and Campanari. Mr. Mancinelli will conduct.

Philip Hale.

Their science groped from star to star,
But than herself found nothing greater—
What wonder? In a Leyden jar
They bottled the Creator.

Fires flutter'd on their lightning rod;
They clear'd the human mind from error;
They emptied heaven of its God,
And Tophet of its terror.

Better the savage in his dance
Than these acute and syllogistic!
Better a reverent ignorance
Than knowledge atheistic!

"Virginia, Philadelphia.—Your questions are of too personal a nature to be answered in this column." Now "this column" was in the Journal (N. Y.). What must the questions have been?

Even the dismalness of the moping, [illegible]tric sky was forgotten here this week in the joy provoked by the benignant and hilarious presence of Mr. James L. Ford. Let us here return thanks to him for still shrouding his middle name in the mystery of an initial. The name may be Livingstone, Lee or Lo[illegible] it matters not, success and fame [illegible] brought the enlargement of [illegible] head that finds relief in a spreading of the name. L. B. Gunnison after his first story becomes Louis B. Gun[illegible]. After the Critic has mentioned the fact that Mr. Gunnison is a favorite [illegible] the society of Topeka, the talented [illegible]cyclist signs himself Louis Boanerges G[illegible]. But Mr. Ford, the Sunshine of Park Row is still J. L. Ford, or, in his most expansive moment, James L. F[illegible]

I[illegible] is the [illegible] humanity of Mr. Ford t[illegible] [illegible] irony from bitterness.

And this irony is often but sublimated humor which is oiled with sympathy. Mr. Ford studies the "genial" as he works his victims, and the ludicrousness of the scene does not inspire gall but Homeric laughter. The literary pretender, whether he be madly boomed reporter-novelist, or bugle-blowing editor, or publisher who in his excitement glows like an ice-pitcher, this hustler who traffics in literature, real, and alleged, is to Mr. Ford as the inhabitant of another planet, or as Mr. Joe at the Zoo; a thing for examination and analytical description. You will not find in the complete works of Mr. Ford, satirist and student of sociology, one personal, malicious thrust, one mean thought, one pose or affectation; and remember that the poseur in Bohemia is perhaps more offensive than the poseur in Snobdom.

A sweet and generous nature, prepared for either fortune; an unerring observer who finds the one, the fitting phrase; a humorist who appreciates equally the life of the tramp and the Standard Oil Director; a man whose independence is not an article of clothing to be worn for convenience; a loyal, discriminating friend; such is Mr. Ford, whose literary merits are yet to be fully appreciated.

If you wish to read an entertaining account of a certain phase of life at Washington, look at Mr. Ford's sketch entitled "The National Free Lunch Route" published in Munsey's of this month. The "clou" of the article is this paragraph: "'Official society' in Washington means simply the most elaborate free lunch route that the world has ever known, one whose ramifications extend through every branch of official life in the capital, offering food and drink to all who demand it. During the season there is an average of about 50 receptions a day, and at nearly every one of these refreshment of some sort is offered. To most of them any presentable or semi presentable person may go unbidden, while those more exclusive assemblies, to which admittance is limited by cards of invitation, are easily accessible to any one who will take the trouble to ask for the necessary passport."

Again we quote from Mr. Ford's article: "The free lunch brigade rejoices in official society, and just now its members are looking forward with anxious, beating hearts toward an Administration that may hold so much or so little for them. And at the same time, they are looking back with tender regret to the palmy days long gone by, when Levi P. Morton fed the hungry, and Senators Stanford and Palmer, and other millionaire statesmen, poured streams of foaming wine down countless arid throats. And the brightest memory of all—one that starts the unbidden tear in many a brigadier's red eye—is that of William C. Whitney, who proved himself to be the greatest statesman that ever held a place in the Cabinet by giving away champagne and terrapin at his weekly feasts."

April 11 '97

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

In Memory of Johannes Brahms—A Program Devoted to Works of the Late Composer.

The program of the 21st Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall was made up of these works by Brahms, who died in Vienna, April 3:

Tragic overture, op. 81.
Four Serious Songs, op. 121.
Max Heinrich.
Concerto for violin and 'cello in A minor, op. 102.
Messrs. Kneisel and Schroeder.
Symphony No. 4, in E minor, op. 98.

The "Serious Songs" by Brahms were written in 1896 when the composer was far from well. They are dedicated to Max Klinger. They were first sung in Berlin by Mr. Sistermans at a concert of the Philharmonic Chorus, Nov. 16, 1896; they were first sung in London by Mr. Bispham at his farewell concert, Oct. 31, 1896; they were first sung in the United States by Mr. Bispham in New York, Jan. 12, 1897.

The text of the first song is taken from the third chapter of Ecclesiastes, beginning with "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts," and ending with "For who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?"

The text of the second is from the fourth chapter of Ecclesiastes, beginning with "So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun," and ending with "Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive."

The text of the third is the marvelous apostrophe to death found in the 41st chapter of The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach, or Ecclesiasticus.

The text of the fourth is from the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," etc.

It was sadly mistaken reverence to introduce these songs in a memorial program, for they are insufferably dull. The music is almost an impertinence to the nobly poetic words. Arid recitative by the yard, with little that is suggestive, beautiful, dignified or grand in the piano part! Mr. Heinrich displayed all of his most disagreeable mannerisms and vocal offences. The accompaniments by Mr. Paur were dry, harsh, unsympathetic.

* * *

The other numbers of the program are familiar. It is enough to say that they were played in appreciative and reverent spirit by soloists and orchestra.

* * *

It is indeed meet and fitting that the memory of celebrated musicians should thus be honored. This reminds me that the death of Tschaikowsky, who in high imagination, melodic feeling, sense of color, and splendor of expression was superior to Brahms, passed unnoticed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Mr. Emil Paur.

Philip Hale.

"FAUST."

The last performance given by the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Company at Mechanics' Auditorium Building yesterday afternoon attracted an enormous audience. Mr. Mancinelli conducted. The cast was as follows:

Marguerite	Emma Calvé
Martha	Miss Bauermeister
Siebel	Mrs. Mantelli
Faust	Jean de Reszke
Mephistopheles	Ed. de Reszke
Valentine	Campanari
Wagner	Viviani

Before the curtain rose the announcement was made that Calvé was indisposed; that in spite of her sickness—her throat troubled her the whole of the week—she would sing. There were traces of this indisposition in her singing, but her dramatic performance was as strong and subtle and irresistible as it was last Tuesday night. Her success was overwhelming; for many in the audience saw for the first time a Marguerite of flesh and blood. The enthusiasm of the hearers was long continued and tumultuous after the last act; indeed, it was almost ill-considered, for surely it was thoughtless to expect her to "sing a song" after the strain of the opera.

Jean de Reszke was in good voice, and his performance was finished and effective. Eduard de Reszke sang and acted with all his might, but his Mephistopheles must stand below the remarkable impersonation of Plancon. He was obliged to repeat the "Calf of Gold," and Mr. Campanari—most admirable artist—sang "Dio possente" a second time in answer to an imperative demand. Mrs. Mantelli was as excellent Siebel, one of the very best that have been seen here. The chorus and orchestra were led by Mr. Mancinelli with his accustomed maestria. He received a curtain call, as did Mr. Schoeffel. Thus ended, with a superb performance, one of the most interesting weeks of opera ever known in Boston.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Word Anent Calve, the Lyric Singer.

Bach's Passion Music According to John.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

Some expressed surprise when they learned last week—apparently for the first time—that Calvé was a most accomplished singer in such a part as Marguerite. For they evidently regarded her as a melo-dramatic creature to whom song was a secondary accomplishment.

But from 1881 to 1892 she sang almost wholly in straight lyric parts, and she was then known and praised chiefly as a singer, not as an actress. Remember, too, that she was a pupil of such teachers as Puget and Viardot, and it was somewhere about 1885 that she studied a while with Marchesi.

It was Calvé herself who said in 1894: "It is curious to look back now and see how conventional I was until I left France. Then I went to Italy, and at Naples I saw Duse for the first time. It was a revelation, it was a new art. She made the deepest impression on me. I saw how hollow and meaningless was the style of action which I had hitherto cultivated. I began to work. How I did work! The first part I played after seeing Duse was Ophelia in Thomas's 'Hamlet.' I threw tradition to one side and made the mad scene as truthful as I could. The effect on the public assured me that I was on the right path, and all my later work has been only a development of the same principles."

And so she threw traditions to the winds as Marguerite last Tuesday night, a memorable date in the operatic history of this town. We are told by pedagogues, with or without the only true vocal method, that Calvé cannot [illegible] Jewel song "The [illegible] [illegible] did sing it." The air as sung [illegible]nally is a tedious imperti[nence] Gounod sacrificed on the altar [of] Carvalho, as in the waltz of [illegible] But Calvé turns this smirking, [illegible]peck thing into a faithful expres[sion] of the shifting moods of Mar[gu]erite. It was one of the strongest features of a marvelous performance. She sang the aria as Marguerite felt, not as a concert soprano who sees the approach of genteel ushers laden with bouquets and wreaths.

"But how would Gounod like it?" someone asks. Unfortunately, we have no means of communication with the amorous old man. Such questions are easily asked, and they are as easily answered. The influence of tradition is amazing. And suppose, after all, that tradition is utterly without warrant. Nine times out of ten, a tradition is something to be avoided, shunned, flouted by singer or actor of true, native power.

* * *

Mr. H. G. Tucker will conduct a performance of Bach's "Passion Music according to John" Good Friday evening, the 16th, at the Second Church in Boston, Copley Square. This will be the first performance in Boston. A selection or two from the work have been sung by the Cecilia.

Bach wrote five Passions. After his death the manuscripts were divided between Friedemann and Philipp Emanuel, his sons. The latter received the manuscripts of the Matthew and John Passions, and he guarded them zealously. The manuscripts of the other three disappeared, for Friedemann, careless, vagabond, dissipated, scattered loosely his few possessions, his career, and his life. A Passion according to Luke has come down to us, but its genuineness is extremely doubtful. There is a long discussion concerning the authenticity in Bitter's "Beiträge zur Geschichte des Oratoriums," pp. 201-215.

The passion music was part of the service of Good Friday. At Leipsic it was psalmodized in the morning according to the oldest custom. At vespers it, was sung in figured fashion, from the time that Kuhnau admitted the innovation (1721). This manner of service lasted until 1766, when the old psalmody was abandoned definitely. As at Christmas, Bach presented a large work of his own composition for the Holy Week he spent in Leipsic. This work was the Passion according to John, and it was produced April 7, 1724. It was the turn of the Saint Nicolas Church to enjoy the performance in 1724, but Bach preferred the church of St. Thomas. The officers of Saint Nicolas protested. Their claim was acknowledged, and four days before Good Friday Bach was obliged to prepare for performance in that church. The form in which it was then produced was not the same as that known to us today. The work underwent several transformations.

The Passion according to John was written probably at Coethen, after Bach had competed (1722) for the cantorship of Saint Thomas at Leipsic. Sure of his election, he expected to be in full official swing at Leipsic Good Friday, 1723, and he wished to be ready. But he put off his acceptance until May. It was therefore impossible to use the work before Holy Week, 1724.

There are sharply contrasting opinions concerning the merits of this Passion. William Cart in his "Etude sur Bach," holds that the text is weak in general plan as well as in detail. "If the chief reason for adding lyrical meditations to the recital of the Evangelist is the necessity of characterizing situations, separating episodes, italicizing the most important moments, it must be acknowledged that the aim is not attained; the different scenes are not sufficiently distinct, and at times the reflections are incongruous. Bach felt the insufficiency of the text and especially the absence of well accentuated contrasts. To remedy matters, he gave an extraordinary development to the dramatic choruses, going nearly to the limits of oratorio. He thus gained from the purely musical point of view, but he brought out too strongly words of trifling importance in themselves, although pronounced by the multitude. He knew this full well, and he pruned, changed, revised, without complete satisfaction to himself. This passion has something sombre, agitated, harsh, that we scarcely attribute to the disciple beloved by Jesus. The first chorus, an invocation to God and a glorification of His power and compassion, has this character; it persists in the farewell to the earthly remains of Christ, in spite of the hope of rest in eternal life, which finds eloquent expression. However, there are beauties of the first order in this work: the airs of the bass with chorus, the air of the alto, 'Es ist vollbracht, O Trost,' the chorus of Jews, and especially the chorals cannot fail to make a profound impression."

On the other hand Hanslick puts this Passion close to the Passion according to Matthew. He does not find the harshness attributed by Cart to the work. [illegible]

april 12, 1897

speaks of "the ... tenderness, ... pure manly beauty such as we associate with John, the Beloved.

Mr Tucker is to be com...ated on his courage and zeal in pr...

a work for performance. ... crown the endeavor!

* * *

To G. L. B.. Jean de Reszke made his first appearance in Boston March 14, 1892, as Raoul in "The Huguenots." His other first appearances in various operas were as follows: Romeo, March 16, '92; Faust, March 20, '92; Walther ("Meistersinger," in Italian), March 21, '92; Lohengrin (in Italian), March 23, '92; Tristan (in German), Feb. 21, 1896; des Grieux, Feb. 26, 1896, Lohengrin (in German), Feb. 28, 1896; Siegfried (in German), April 5, 1897.

Edward de Reszke made his first appearance here as Marcel, March 14, 1892. Other first appearances were Nilkantha, March 15, 1892; Friar Lawrence, March ... 1892 Mephistopheles, March 20, 1892; Henry the Fowler, March 23, 1892; Leporello, March 25 1892; The Count ("Figaro"), Feb. 28, 1894; Assur, March ... 1894, King Mark, Feb. 21, 1896; Wotan, April 5, 1897 Plunkett, April 9, 1897.

Pol Plancon made his first appearance as Friar Lawrence, March 1, 1894. Other appearances were Lothario, March 6, 1894; Capulet, March 7, 1894; Henry the Fowler, March 9, 1894; Mephistopheles, March 10, 1894; San Bris ... Feb. 26, 1895; Comte des Grieux, March ... 1895, Garrido, Feb. 25, 1896.

Lassalle made his first appearance March 14, 1892, as San Bris. Other first appearances in parts were Valentine, March 20, 1892; Hans Sachs, March ... 1892 Don Giovanni, March 25, 1892; Telramund, March 9, 1894; Escamillo, March 10, 1894.

Ancona first appeared here Feb. 27, ... as Escamillo. Other first appearances in parts were Figaro ("Marriage of Figaro"), Feb. 28, 1894; Tonio, March ... 1894; Nevers, March 5, 1894; Rigoletto, March 2, 1895; Telramund, April 9, ...

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

...ules Philipot, pianist and composer, ...d March 18 at Paris, age 73.

Mrs. Julie L. Wyman has gone to Europe, "to rest, travel, and study."

The Misses Sutro, American pianists, ...yed in Paris, at the Salle Grard, the ... week in March.

The Kneisel Quartet will sail for Europe May 8. Its Pacific coast engagement will begin in September.

The manager, Pollini of Hamburg, whose wife died lately, is betrothed to Bianca Bianchi, the singer.

The review of the Symphony concert and the concert announcements are in the ...s section of the Journal.

The Musical Times, April, takes Mr. ...d -Mr. Arthur Cyril Gordon Weld— ...rely to task for his article on Han-

War has broken out between Mrs. ...lo, widow of the composer of "Le Roi ...s," and Mr. Carvalho, manager of the Opéra-Comique.

The pupils of Mr. Eugen Gruenberg of the New England Conservatory have given him a very handsome baton made of ebony and inlaid with gold as a token of their respect and affection.

Marie Jaëll has written an essay entitled "Le Mécanisme du toucher," published by Armand Colin & Co. In this work she shows by experiments and photographs the difference in touch of celebrated pianists.

Camparari has closed by cable a contract with the Royal Opera House in Berlin to star during August and September in the leading baritone parts of "Rigoletto," "Barber of Seville," "Faust," "Trovatore," "Aida," "L'Africaine."

Teodulo Mabellini died in March at Florence. Born April 2, 1817, he led an active career as writer for the stage and church. "In point of nobility of style, elevation of thought, and correctness of form, he was one of the last representatives of the grand Italian school."

Louis Lacombe's two-act posthumous opera, "Maitre Martinet ses Compagnons," was produced for the first time March 7 at Coblentz. The libretto by Knitter is founded on a story by Hoffmann, from which Wagner drew certain details of "Die Meistersinger," and which also served the librettist of Blockx's "Maitre Martin." The opera is highly praised.

The performance of "The Creation," by the Whitinsville Musical Association, conducted by Mr. Arthur M. Curry of Boston, April 6, was praised highly by the Worcester Spy of the 8th. "The chorus has certainly been well trained. There was a freshness of voice, a crispness of tone and a vivacity and snap that many a chorus might envy. * * * Though this is the third year of the association, it is the first year of Mr. Curry's leadership, and the year of its most important public concerts."

The Hon. FitzRoy Stewart has a musical ear, and if he were a member of Parliament he would not be a supporter of Mr. Jacoby's bill for the suppression of street noises. He is not only a slave to the seducive strains of the perambulatory mechanical piano; he is educating a young family to be musical also, and he thinks that a course of street piano music is an excellent training. Seated one day at the window, he was weary and ill at ease until a piano came along and cheered him up. He opened the window, and felt so much better after the first round of tunes that he sent the footman out with sixpence to the executant an instruction for him to come nearer the house which is in Egerton Gardens. But at this juncture one Smith, of Egerton Crescent, came across and placed another view of the proceeding before the piano man: Mrs. Smith was ill and could not face the music; therefore the piano man must go away. He did not see things in the same light as Mr. Smith, neither did Mr. Stewart, who encouraged the man to go on. Thereupon the man was summoned to Westminster Police Court and fined 40 shillings, which Mr. Stewart, true to his championship of the musical profession, promptly paid. Certain words of the magistrate to Mr. Stewart were not without point. 'You should have the organ men inside your house if you are so fond of them. You have no right to encourage them in the street to the annoyance of your neighbors."—Pall Mall Gazette.

The following review of Vidal's "Guernica" is by the Marseilles correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette March 20: "The hegemony of the operatic world is once more displaced, for the sceptre of modern production, having swayed for a time between Germany and Italy, seems to have fallen now into the firm grasp of France. Indeed, within the last fortnight the musical press was appealed to no less than three times to sit in judgment on products of French lyric fancy—namely, in witnessing the premières of 'Fervaal' by M. Vincent d'Indy at Brussels, of Gabriel Pierné's 'Vendée' at Lyons, and Paul Vidal's 'Guernica' at Marseilles. The two former may be let alone for the moment, as, despite their undoubted worth, the scores of MM. d'Indy and Pierné are hardly of sufficient interest to the English public. 'Guernica' is another pair of shoes, and I am safe, I think, in foretelling a steadily triumphant progress for this work. The drama, based on an authentic incident of the last Carlist war in Spain, has been powerfully told by M. Gailhard, and beautifully versified by M. Gheusi, and contains, besides an extremely interesting story, situations of very high scenic importance; some are absolutely new, others conceived in a spirit of innovation of rare boldness, and every one is not only logically placed as it stands, but appears perfectly natural, despite a certain amount of exaggeration in sentiment and sensations. So the very surroundings of the play have willed, and this is now the story: We are at Guernica, in Biscaye, during the Carlist agitation of 1873; Marco, chief of the 'Miguelists'—an autonomous local body of constabulary — has affianced his daughter Nella to Mariano, an officer in the Spanish Army, and the betrothal is celebrated by an aubade as the play begins; Juan, Nella's brother, and Perico, an orphan adopted by Marco, join in the modest festivities, and all is joy until the revolutionary Basque hymn is heard from without. It is for Juan the quaint words 'Milla urte ingurnda esaten duteia' are meant. He is the chief of the Carlists in the province, and the hymn reminds him the time has come. On the morrow the partisans of the pretender will meet before the ancient oak on the Public Square of Guernica, and there Juan will pronounce a speech which is to raise the standard of revolt. The effect of this scene is gigantic; a crowd surrounds the seven rostrums of granite with which the place is studded; Juan stands on one of these, and declaims an appeal (spoken, not sung) to the patriotic fervor of those about him; from without are heard the litanies of the nuns of Santa Clara; and so the tableau is filled with the inflammatory speech of the young chief, the clamors of the crowd punctuating every emphatic passage, and all the while the melopoea of the nuns forms an almost uncanny bourdon to the effervescence, when suddenly the organ peals out the warrior-hymn of Guernica,

> 'Ecoutez! Dieu répond par la voix des recluses;
> Le chant de Guernica s'élève dans les airs,
> Et pareils aux torrents qui rompent leurs écluses,
> Grandit jusqu'à nos coeurs ses flots libres et clairs,'

exclaims Juan; the hymn is picked up with formidable purpose, and the fratricidal war is resolved upon. Fratricidal indeed, for Juan and Perico are killed by troops under Mariano in the first encounter, and Nella, heartbroken, enters the very convent from the precincts of which rang out the signal of her great misfortune. The story thus told is simple enough, but it is impossible to witness the scene 'Fueros,' the conspiracy, the farewell between Nella and her father, and the ceremony of the prise de voile without sincere emotion; in fact, the two last scenes, as played by Mdlle. Lafargue and M. Boudouresque, are almost too poignant. M. Vidal's music is on a par with the demands of the situations; quite in time initially, based greatly on the inimitable rhythms of the Basque Zorzicos, it rises to the height of drama and even tragedy, without the least cheap or violent effort, and finds its perfect expression in the genial resources of the young and already famous composer. It is pathos and genuine emotion provoked by simple means. Discarding the too much attempted proceeding of leading themes, Mr. Vidal lets his fancy wander in ravishing melodies, individualizing his characters with regard only to the situations; absolutely personal also in the treatment of his orchestra, and in theatrical instinct Vidal seems to me destined to take the empty place of him who knew best in France how to combine science and inspiration with taste and emotion. Of provincial interpretations in France the less said the better; on this occasion exception must be made in favor of the two already-named artists—Mdlle. Lafargue, of the Opéra, a young dramatic soprano of great future, exquisite in the rôle of Nella, and M. Boudouresque, son of the famous basso profondo, a fine singer with a very sympathetic voice."

Paderewski played in London, March 24, the Scotch Concerto by Mackenzie. The Pall Mall Gazette of the 25th said, "was it by chance or by the influence of some malignant demon that the same hall on the same day held within its walls the French orchestra conducted by M. Lamoureux and the English orchestra conducted by Sir Alexander Mackenzie? Yesterday afternoon the former filled two crowded hours with music, and in the evening, for something more than the same period, the latter occupied the same boards. How shall one, with strict impartiality, nay, with a natural sentiment of patriotism, essay to describe the difference? It is, in the first place, to be noted that all external circumstances were in favor of the Philharmonic Society. Fashion and the popularity of numbers were on its side. The attraction of so famous a name as that of Blanche Marchesi, and of that chrysolite among pianists, Paderewski, were enlisted under its banners. And yet—and yet—the French band played with a magnificence of spirit, an assurance of knowledge, a sentiment of art, particularly in the noble Brahms Symphony in D, which were immeasurably noble. The same orchestra sang—that is the only word—the Siegfried Idyll, with a tenderness and a softness that showed the thing to be, as in very truth it is, full of the thoughts that lie too deep for tears; and on top of that achievement it went roaring through the Walkürenritt with endless spirit and gorgeous artistic excitement. In the evening, at the same hall, the band of the Philharmonic Society gave the fourth of Beethoven's Symphonies. Let us be kind. The work is of such grandeur that some suggestion of its worth must as a matter of course be indicated by an orchestra of competent players; and such an orchestra was certainly forthcoming last night to sustain the prestige of the Philharmonic. When, however, you come to compare the two performances, only one image becomes possible: after drinking champagne one was offered a draught of flat soda water. Frankly, the Philharmonic playing of the Beethoven was altogether without true merit; it was flat, it was slow, it was entirely without distinction. One listened in dismay as movement after movement slipped by without one redeeming feature, without an excuse of occasional brilliance, without any genuine effort after excellence. It may be added that Sir Alexander Mackenzie was content to remain seated during his conducting of this symphony; the point would be a minor one were it not that during the Scotch Concerto that followed, for pianoforte and orchestra, composed by Sir Alexander himself, he considered it necessary to stand up, alert and vigilant, in order to carry it through to success. It was here that the services of Paderewski the incomparable had been enlisted, and certainly whatever could be done to save the thing from collapse by reason of its very dullness was done by this extraordinary man. But nothing could save it, not even Paderewski. The audience called for an encore, and after much persuasion Paderewski played a Schumann with exquisite delicacy. Here let us leave the matter."

Here is an interesting review of certain ultra-modern works performed in London March 20: "The Symphony Concert given under the guidance of Mr. Henry Wood on Saturday afternoon at the Queen's Hall was very interesting and suggestive from many points of view, if not altogether of the most highly inspiring nature. It was an altogether serious attempt upon the part of this most promising conductor and his excellent band to interpret a series of musical works which, though not for the most part of the first rank in art, are more or less serious achievements and provocative of thought. César Franck's symphonic poem, 'Le Chasseur Maudit,' a massive composition full of a kind of intense emotion, but withdrawn too much from the lighter symmetries of form, and too sombrely colored to be pleasing in the best sense of the term, was given on this occasion for the first time in this country. It is not thus that Wagner conceived even the darkest and obscurest passages of the 'Ring.' César Franck's gloom has come as it were from an external intention to be gloomy, and he has deepened his purpose by every mechanical artifice that lay in his power; with Wagner the darkness came altogether from within. Berlioz's Hungarian March deservedly received the honor of an encore; it was played with a distinctness, a clearness, an entire absence of woolliness which were altogether commendable; the development of the big crescendo at the end was perhaps a little too sudden, but it is not often that this very effective and melodramatic composition receives such strength of treatment. The Symphony was Tschaikowsky's fifth in E (minor and major), a composition which, if not upon so rare a level of art as the sixth and greatest of all this composer's works is perhaps even more than that characteristic of him; in the later work the two elements of his musical nature—the purely rhythmical and barbaric side and the highly cultured side—became more or less indissolubly fused; in the earlier composition the process is laid more completely before you. At times, particularly in the finale, you hear the monotonous and persistent tum-tum, which you associate entirely with the savage music that, in its essence, discards all tune and retains the most determined rhythm; at other times, as in the Andante, the mingling of these two natures, as it were, produces a movement of the wildest and strangest beauty. The 'Caprice Espagnol' of another Russian composer, Rimski-Korsakoff, only proved, on the other hand, to what unpardonable and bizarre lengths the gratification of a national sentiment may lead a man. The fourth movement, for example, 'Scena e canto gitano,' in its attempts to be diabolically gypsyish succeeds only in achieving a monstrous silliness, and striking out after deliberate originality is only redeemed from utter contempt by pure convention. Of the last movement it may be said that it by no means deserved the wonderful fortissimo effect which Mr. Henry Wood elicited from his band; to the conductor, without question, belonged the chief praise."

O Death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things: yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat!

"Boston and Boston People in 1850" by Harriet G. Hosmer (Boston 1850) is to be sold here this week at the auction of Mr. Christian P. Roos's library. This note appears in the catalogue: "Rigidly suppressed, owing to the personal allusions to Dr. O. W. Holmes, and other prominent Boston people of the time."

Would "prominent Boston people" of today be equally sensitive if a book should appear with "personal allusions" describing their habits and customs, commenting on their opinions, discovering the sources of their wealth, tracing their gradual and indefatigable social rise?

Do you remember the flutter caused by the publication of a novel, written by a foreigner, which purported to describe certain phases of high—or loud, which was it?—Boston society? There was disappointment rather than anger or disgust; and the disappointment arose from the fact that the allusions were not sufficiently pointed while the descriptions were preposterous.

Our old friend Mr. de Goncourt was not poisoned at a restaurant or plugged with lead from an air gun because he quoted conversations in which he took part and drew pen portraits of his contemporaries. To be sure Renan grew hot under the collar; the rest of them took it philosophically; perhaps they were secretly pleased; perhaps they would have applauded the famous speech of the late Mr. John Stetson.

Suppose that a man of humor and observation should put in crisp form the results of his experiences and experiments in the social life of this town, not going out of his way to drag in a resonant or honored name; not shrinking from naming names when he thought it necessary; writing Higginspoon as easily and with as little timorous emotion as Jones and Brown; standing no more in awe of Cabneys or Dabots than of O'Hallorans or Müllers. If he found a publisher, would there be an attempt to suppress the journal, or volume of reminiscences, or novel? We take it for granted that the book would be free from malice or falsehood.

But suppose he should describe the table manners of an eminent historian, or the snobbishness of a dainty poet, or the treachery of an alleged statesman, or the strategy of a lawyer to obtain social recognition, or the humiliating struggle of a rich man to make his daughter a guest in houses where he knew he never would be seen, or the commercial sharpness of a revered clergyman? Suppose he should record honorable and foolish and base deeds with the impassive authority of a statistician, would there be an immediate effort to suppress the book? Would Bostonians be less philosophical than Parisians? Would the writer be obliged to leave the town between trains?

W. A. W. asks the Journal: "Do you know the origin of that custom among boys of spitting on the hook when fishing? I have noticed it from Virginia to Canada. They say they do it for luck." And they do not lie to you. Spitting has been practised in the hope of obtaining good fortune in all ages, and among almost all nations. So, too, the habit of spitting to safeguard the spitter is well nigh universal. In the first instance there is the habit of spitting on a coin for luck. Pugilists even in the time of Pliny, would spit in the fist to make the blow heavier. Among the ancients spitting was a common remedy against the evil eye; and it was customary among the Greeks to spit three times on their breasts at the sight of a madman or an epileptic. Cut hair is still spat upon by many, lest it be used by the witches. In the west of England there is a common saying: "Always spat dree times 'nif ee do zee a plebald 'oss." Fasting spittle has always been esteemed as curative and protective; thus crick in the neck may be cured by carrying fasting spittle to the right knee with the right hand, and to the left knee with the left. In Italy they still spit into the right shoe before putting it on.

We call the attention of the Board of Health and the West End Company to the following statement of Mr. F. T. Elworthy: "Germs of disease present in foetid matter can only pass into the body through the breathed air, and hence to void the saliva which may have been impregnated by the foul odor is as natural an act, and as involuntary, as the closing of an eye at a threatened blow. This is surely one

of Nature's own lessons. Those who are too polite to expectorate, will find upon careful scrutiny that a bad smell causes a flow of saliva to the mouth. Who knows whether 'good manners' may not have had some bad effect, and that many a case of diphtheria might have been avoided if it had never been considered vulgar to spit." Of course such superinduced desire to spit in a street car might be removed, if the West End Company should insist on every passenger showing a bath certificate stamped that day before the conductor allows him to enjoy the well known privileges of comfortable and swift transit.

April 13.97

Concert Given by Max Heinrich and Mr. Proctor Last Evening in Steinert Hall—Songs by Brueckler.

The program was as follows: Brueckler's songs of Young Werner, two "Am Rhein," and four "Aus Welschland;" seven songs by Brueckler, posthumous, and edited by Jensen; and these pieces for piano: Melody by Tchaikowsky, waltz in A flat and Fantasie in F minor by Mr. Proctor.

Since Mr. Heinrich sang the songs of Young Werner at a Kneisel concert, March 8, I have tried in vain to find some details of the life of the composer. Hermann Mendel's bulky "Musical Lexicon" does not even mention his name, nor is there any sketch of him in the Signale of 1871, the year of his death. Riemenn's "Music Lexicon" says Hugo Brueckler was born Feb. 18, 1845, at Dresden, and died there Oct. 4, 1871. It says he was highly talented, and it mourns his early taking off. "He lived, he died"— as the hymn puts it.

It seems to me that if he had lived longer he would have written better songs, for even in the most labored of those published there are passages of striking strength and original beauty. "An Evening with Brueckler," however, is not to be heartily recommended; few composers, even when they are spontaneous and richly melodious, can stand such a test; and Brueckler's songs are certainly not spontaneous, whatever else they may be. You see the composer at work; you see the sweat on his forehead; his collar, if he has not taken it off in the fury of zeal, is wilted. Then, too, these songs for the most part are over-elaborated. "Lind duftig hält die Maiennacht" is frank and beautiful. There is genuine inspiration in "Das ist in Leben hässlich eingerichtet"; and, as I have said, in nearly all the songs there are evidences of indisputable talent. But I believe that if Brueckler had lived longer he would have written with greater simplicity, and his appeal would have been more direct.

* * *

To sing them effectively is a difficult task, for Brueckler had little regard for the limitations of the human voice. I understand that Mr. Heinrich in certain instances was obliged to change the music. Perhaps this accounts for the impotent close of "Hell schmetternd, ruft die Lerche" as it was declaimed last night. Mr. Heinrich declaimed with mental intelligence and with an enthusiasm that was akin to fanaticism.

* * *

Mr. Proctor played the accompaniments so well that I wish for his sake that he had confined himself to them; for his playing of the pieces by Chopin cannot be praised. He started the waltz as though he were engaged to furnish dance music and suddenly said to himself, "This will never do; I must be poetic."

There was an absence of elasticity; there was no atmosphere, for once the piece itself seemed dry and commonplace. The Fantasie is beyond, far beyond his temperamental and physical reach; nor did his incessant use of the damper pedal console me for his inability.

There was a fair-sized and applausive audience.

Philip Hale.

O Death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy, and unto him whose strength faileth, that is now in the last age, and is vexed with all things, and to him that despaireth and hath lost patience! Fear not the sentence of death, remember them that have been before thee, and that come after; for this is the sentence of the Lord over all flesh.

"Mrs. C. E. Humphrey is considered one of the greatest authorities on the rules of manners." We therefore read with panting expectation her little book "Manners for Men." She objects to unkempt hair, untended finger nails and a far from immaculate collar at the breakfast table; she objects to the combination of straw hat and frock coat, "it can never be out of place for a man to give up his seat in favor of the old and infirm." An old, old story. And when you come to the question of cravats you realize that Mrs. Humphrey is to the editor of the Providence Journal as a trembling chela to the full and rounded mahatma.

Listen to Mrs. Humphrey on dancing. "Every man who wishes to become a success in society should learn to dance. There is nothing more unsightly, more ludicrous than the man who attempts to dance when he has not the slightest notion of the art. And if he cannot dance he is not likely to be asked again." Our young friend, the hero of Mr. Griswold's poem—a sparkling example of vers de société—knew the truth of this at least seven years before Mrs. Humphrey—Labouchere's "Madge" —mounted the tripod:

Clarence McFadden he wanted to waltz,
But his feet wasn't gaited that way;
So he saw a professor and stated his case
And said he was willing to pay.
The professor looked down in alarm at his feet,
As he viewed their enormous expanse;
And he tacked on a five to his regular price
For learning McFadden to dance.

CHORUS.

One, two, three, balance like me,
You're quite a fairy, but you have your faults;
While your left foot is lazy, your right foot is crazy,
But don't be unaisy, I'll learn you to waltz.

"And if he cannot dance he is not likely to be asked again." This reminds us of the fourth verse:

When Clarence had practised the step for awhile,
Sure he thought that he had it down fine,
He went to a girl and he asked her to dance,
And he wheeled her out into the line.
He walked on her feet, and he fractured her toes,
And he said that her movement was false;
Sure the poor girl went round for two weeks on a crutch
For learning McFadden to waltz.

There was a singular occurrence at Pitkinson's Museum last Saturday. Mrs. Skewton, who is passionately fond of animals and freaks of all sorts, was watching Charley, the intelligent orang-utan, as he played the Angel's Serenade on a Guarnerius 'cello. Suddenly Charley dropped the bow and, looking admiringly at Mrs. Skewton, said distinctly, "I'm on to you!" Mrs. Skewton was the only one who did not lose presence of mind. She tried to engage Charley in conversation. The orang-utan refused to speak; but he winked so violently at the fair woman that she thought it better to leave the hall, for spectators were fast gathering about them. Charley will attend Mrs. Skewton's reception in Easter week. (Local papers please copy.)

Two or three days ago nearly every newspaper in New York recorded the fact that Mrs. Ormiston Chant had started with a troupe of uniformed nurses for Crete. The expedition, according to the cablegram, enjoyed the financial backing of Lady Henry Somerset of England and Mr. B. F. Keith of Boston. A New Yorker who read the announcement remarked, innocently, I know who Lady Somerset is, but who is that man Keith? When informed that he was the well-known theatrical manager, he remarked, "Why, of course, that's the man, and a very good team they make, too, for they both give continuous variety shows the year round." —New York Journal.

The Aquarium authorities in New York show courage in their search for a white whale. Have they never read the 42d chapter of Herman Melville's "Moby Dick"?

The young women of Kissam Street, Cleveland, have asked the Board of Control to change the name of the Street to Ellandale Avenue. Were they influenced by apprehension, or by despair and a sense of irony?

"Stranger" wishes to know why beef is from 28 to 30 cents a pound in Boston, when beef equally good or better can be bought for from 18 to 20 cents throughout the State of New York.

"Papa," said little Adelbert Thudicum at the breakfast table, "What is an elevated road?" The operating Thudicum answered—his voice seemed far away, like bells at evening pealing—"An elevated road is something in the air."

april 14, 97

I never heard but of one man truly fortunate, and he was Beaumarchais, the author of Figaro, who buried two wives, and gained three lawsuits before he was thirty.

And then Mr. Corbett said: "I want to say to you all that I was whipped honestly and fairly by Mr. Fitzsimmons." As Robert Schumann once remarked, "It takes a genius to understand a genius."

There is a rumor that the Cecilia, with Mr. Lang as chief mourner, will bury Brahms again, the 29th. The name of the shabby home of the Symphony Orchestra should be changed to Brahms Hall.

"Jean de Reszke will not return to the United States next season."

"My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?"

Well, there's a tenor named Albert Raymond Alvarez whom London and Paris critics regard as superior to Mr. de Reszke, and he wishes to sing in this country.

"The robbers might have made off with about $40,000 worth of silver, gold and jewels." Has the Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts a passionate press agent?

The Journal spoke Monday of the practice of "spitting for luck." A correspondent writes, "And Lilly Lehmann still spits angrily on the floor if a friend says 'Good luck!' to her as she goes from the dressing room to the stage."

Do you realize the danger as well as the inconvenience attending the use of the wretched matches now sold to the enlightened American public? These matches break as easily as the rotten shoestrings that are in the market.

The directors of the Royal Opera at Budapest passed lately a law forbidding gilded youth admittance to waiting rooms, corridors and other premises behind the stage. The Pall Mall Gazette tells the following story: "The directors appointed as guardian angel an 'Erz-Portier,' or arch-porter, who is guaranteed to be as incorruptible as an Archbishop. Danaë was in her tower, and the Commissioners thought her safe, but love laughs at arch-porters. Two days ago one of the sons of men—young, also, and comely—presented himself to the sentinel, and demanded access to the forbidden door. The guardian replied gravely and steadfastly, 'No man passes this way.' 'But I must,' said the youth. The porter intimated that this sort of necessity was not recognized by the Administration, or, as he put it in his inimitable German, 'Kein Mensch muss müssen, we sollte der Herr müssen müssen?' In another moment, however, the door had opened, and Cerberus had moved aside, for the intruder had uttered the magic words, 'I am the new prompter.' And a great success the new prompter seems to have been. Voltaire mentions an English tragedy (name unknown) where the dramatis personae are all slain, and where the prompter appears to announce this fact before the curtain falls. The same might be said of the ladies of the ballet; but, unfortunately for the lady-killer, the Director General of the opera heard of the new prompter, and desired to interview him. He passed into a waiting room, and found the souffleur not at his duties, but engaged in the friendliest tête-à-tête with one of his most charming clients. 'Sir,' said the indignant Director, you profess to be prompter here.' 'Sir,' said the unabashed youth, 'that is indeed the case—I prompt the ballet.' "

Unless you know the Yale buildings, you may call President Dwight's recommendation to pull down the old brick row irreverential; but these buildings are ugly, and the rooms are uncomfortable. Old South, which was for years the favorite home of Seniors, was demolished some years ago.

Mr. E. J. Castle has written a book, "Shakspeare, Bacon, Jonson, and Greene." He is a lawyer and believes Shakspeare must have collaborated with some legal friend in writing his plays. Of course Bacon was the friend. As a London reviewer says, "Now, when a man buttonholes us to impart to our private ear such a belief, we incontinently remember that we have an urgent appointment in the remotest suburb."

The Parisians say that Nansen in his French speeches during his visit in Paris displayed less familiarity with "les mots exquis" than with "les Esquimaux."

april 15. 97

I thought my friends I'd try the first, for I had got a many,
At least, that professed to be—at Kew was Mr. Ford—
So I thought a trip by steam would be as cheap as any,
Went down to London Bridge, and set my foot on board.
I heard a puppy say, though lowly he did breathe it,
"It's a shame, to let such ragged people board a steam boat,"
But, says I, My foolish fellow, there's a good heart beats beneath it,
So don't despise a man because he wears a ragged coat.

The circulars of tailors are now thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa, and they are delightful reading. The anxiety shown for "chasteness" in dress is commendable. Let us never despair of the Republic, so long as there are such counselors of sobriety.

Thus do they follow the approved wisdom of the world. Balthazar Gracian nearly three centuries ago spoke of the "Pleasure and Study of pretty Gentlemen to make themselves remarkable for their odd fantastick Ways of Dressing, Walking, Dancing and Saluting. * * * Are they in Spain? They're dress'd after the French Fashion. Are they in France? They follow the Spanish Fashion. One while Pantaloons, another while Harlequins; at other times any Thing in the World, so it be but contrary to what they should be."

Centuries ago Jesus, the Son of Sirach, said, "A man's attire, and excessive laughter, and gait, show what he is." And Hippocrates declared you could distinguish the good physician from the quacksalver by the cloak. On these texts Francois de la Mothe le Vayer, preceptor to the Duke of Anjou founded his entertaining essay on Dress. A shrewd yet cowardly soul! Hear this timorous squeak. "As I should never wish to be the first to wear a pointed hat when it begins to be in fashion, so I should not wish to be the last to wear a hat so flat or so square that I should thereby be remarked. There are certain degrees by which an honest man should approach gently a fashion instead of running in great haste before others. * * * There are persons who imitate willingly Montezuma, that King of Mexico who changed his clothes four times a day, and never wore the same suit twice."

But why should there be this hideous uniformity in dress? Why should the choice of purple trousers or a waistcoat of yellow brocade convict the wearer of frivolity? Why should man be only a dull blot on the landscape? Why should hats be turned out as clothes-pins or tacks? Can you imagine the honored Judge Woodbury in a Derby manufactured for the general trade? Should there be no more distinction in dress than in the grave?

There are brave souls even in Boston but the tailors with their chatter about chasteness repress the noble rage and freeze the genial current. "Subdued tints"! "Colors distinguished for their chasteness"! If you should ask your tailor for a nankeen-suit with real waistcoat buttons would he not with ill-disguised emotion turn the conversation?

You will notice, if you read the newspapers, that counterfeiters are in the habit of living in dens. Our friend the Earnest Student of Sociology, assures us that this popular impression is erroneous. "I have the honor of acquaintanceship with several leading counterfeiters, experts in handwriting, artists in engraving. I assure you they live in luxury. Their home association are delightful. Their wives are faithful and loving, and they assist them in their work, after the little ones have said their prayers and are tucked away snugly for the night. I know of few husbands who are so often at home evenings. It is true they do not welcome unexpected visitors; but even in this they are consistent and honest."

"President Porter may well point with pride to money gifts of $400,000 to Yale for the past year."—Boston Herald.

He may do this, for even in the spirit land he probably remembers fondly his college. But when the Herald says: "And yet President Porter asks for more," it shows that the Herald has a remarkably fine ear.

"Mrs. Partington, who has played Topsy for 35 years, will retire from the stage." But "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will still go on with real bloodhounds and practical ice.

And again the people on the coast of Long Island shiver at the sight of a long, low, black, rakish craft.

Paragraphs is dead. The Lark is hoarse; its eyes see film; it lies on its death bed.

Friend after friend departs—
Who has not lost a friend?

C. F. H.—The word Calvé is in two syllables. The "a" is pronounced as in the English word "fat". Neither syllable has a strong accent. There was a singer of the same name who belonged to the New Orleans Opera Company in 1843. She sang in Northern cities such operas as "L'Ambassadrice", "Crown Diamonds", "Daughter of the Regiment", "Le Domino Noir." She was described as "equally charming as vocalist and actress. She was a graceful and light soprano, and was a great favorite."

Here is an account of the mounting of "Götterdämmerung" at Rome when it was given there for the first time March 17. The Gibichungen Hall was

Egyptian style. Gutrun's [illegible] was ornamented with hieroglyphics. [illegible] was dressed as a Persian, and Hagen wore a Shylock mask and a turban. The game brought in the chase (Act III.) consisted of two small crocodiles. Nevertheless the last scene was encored.

April 16. '97

The father waketh for the daughter, when no man knoweth, and the care for her taketh away sleep.

A young woman kills herself. There is well-bred surprise. Even Miss Eustacia cannot understand the rash deed. "She was a very respectable person, and she seemed cheerful and contented." Or, as the newspapers put it, "To all appearances she had everything she could wish for."

Miss Eustacia, you saw a young woman of about 25 years walking in a street of the Back Bay yesterday. Her dress was of good material and evidently made by a dressmaker of approved reputation. She was well shod and well gloved. Her umbrella was refined, and her hat showed excellent taste. She walked as though she were at home and tenderly shielded from discomfort. She was handsome as to face and figure. You admired her, and wondered who she was. She was alone, and yet Miss Eustacia, she was walking with strange company.

Perhaps she is a singer. She came here—no matter why. Her father may have disapproved her choosing music as a profession—her mother may be a step-mother of traditional disposition—her husband may have deserted her. She was told that Boston is a musical centre, and with her voice she could easily support herself. She has sung for conductors, church committees and critics. Fine words and no position. "You are too late." If "I had heard you a month ago." "Why don't you teach?" Her little money is almost exhausted. Already the lodging-house keeper looks at her skew-eyed.

Or she is an artist. She has taken her water colors or miniatures or paintings from shop to shop. There were clerks who were curt, if not insolent. Others were polite and discouraging. One proprietor showed her a large room, the walls of which were covered with pictures. "They are all for sale, and they have been there for three months. Boston is a mean city for artists. Why did you come here? You have talent. Go anywhere; go even to New York."

She seeks other occupations. She trims a few hats; for a woman in the lodging-house takes pity on her. She answers advertisements, and trudges from house to house. During the day she keeps a brave exterior. At night she cries herself to sleep. How long, how long?

She need not go hungry; she may enjoy the little comforts so dear to woman; she may gratify her natural wish for ornaments and tasteful surroundings. For she is fair to look upon, and the Minotaur roams the streets. But death is not to her the worst of evils; and she is beginning to think it is not an evil.

Her dress is rich and tasteful, Miss Eustacia, but the bills of the washerwoman now seem to her appalling. You know what this means to a sensitive soul. When a pretty woman asks herself "Can I afford to be clean?" she is far gone in despair. Alone, tormented, with bruised pride, exposed to the flushed sons of Belial, knowing the bitterness of rejected willingness and talent, what wonder if she considers seriously the consolation lurking in water-gas, or makes her last investment in morphine.

And yet, as you saw her yesterday, you almost envied her her grace and alluring walk. She is only one of many—not in fiction, but in the town of Boston, Miss Eustacia.

This is an excellent day for politicians and other men to ponder the solemn opinion of the Abbé Rupert: There are four degrees of malice in sin; the first is when we consent; the second is when we commit the sin; the third is when we persevere in it; the fourth and the most dangerous is when we excuse ourselves and defend our sin.

Stricter fasting in Lent would harm few if any. Remember St. Francis of Paula. He was only sixteen when he became a hermit. In 1436 he founded the order of the Minims. The members were required to observe a low diet throughout the year. Fish, flesh, fowl and savory pottage were forbidden; so were eggs and milk. St. Francis never ate anything but boiled herbs. He wore a hair shirt. He slept on a hard rock. And although he was a delicate man, he never had a day's sickness; and he was in his ninety-first year when he died, April 2, 1507.

[illegible] what did Mr. Joe and the chim[illegible] think of Professor Norton, Professor [illegible], Dr. [illegible] the other distinguished gentlemen?

"There will be no duty on goat skins." This is good news to lovers of bock beer and frequenters of witch assemblies. But, how about goat's horn? Burnt, it is excellent for cleansing the teeth.

Mr. Pledger of Georgia—surely he is a Colonel or at least a Major—who desires to be Consul at Jamaica, has an auspicious name.

Mr. John Corbin says, "There is a large and growing element at Harvard that does not regard athletics as of supreme importance." Are the Overseers powerless? Have the President and the Fellows no influence over such misguided men?

Mr. Spalding of Chicago should have remembered the fate of Huayna Capec, the Peruvian, who could never refuse a woman of whatever age or degree she might be any favor that she asked of him.

April 17. '97

He that is no fool, but can consider wisely, if he be in love with this world, we need not despair but that a witty man might reconcile him with tortures, and make him think charitably of the rack, and be brought to dwell with vipers and dragons, and entertain his guests with the shrieks of mandrakes, cats, and screech-owls, with the filing of iron, and the harshness of rending silk, or to admire the harmony that is made by an herd of evening wolves when they miss their draught of blood in their midnight revels.

Easter, after all, is something more than a day of painted eggs and new bonnets, a date in the calendar for the adjusting of weight in personal flannels.

Till April's dead
Change not a thread.

Nor are we now interested in Saxon sacrifices to the goddess Eostre, or in the allusion to the mundane egg, for which Ormuzd and Ahriman were to contend till the consummation of all things, or in the puzzling origin of the ova de crucibus (in which cross and egg alike are strange symbols), or in the belief of the free-limbed Tyrol girl who gains a man's love by giving him a red Easter egg, or in the curious old English songs, as

Please give us an Easter egg.
If you do not give us one,
Your hen shall lay an addled one,
Your cock shall lay a stone.

or, again, in the reason for giving Easter gloves.

Nor are we interested in the council held in the monastery of Whitby or Stranelagh to determine the controversy concerning the time at which Easter was to be celebrated.

It is not the chief end of life to make money, or secure by marriage a woman desirable in the eyes of others, or to be a chairman of a committee, or to be elected Governor or to be the Tsar of all the Russias. Even Old Fortunatus in Decker's play refused long life:

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.

The chief end of life is to be at ease with the thought of death. As the Roman said, He that would die well, must always look for death, every day knocking at the gates of the grave.

Yesterday, the anniversary of the Supreme Death, is followed by today the symbol of the universal doubt, anxiety, terror, as the death of One figures the death of all. Tomorrow is the triumph of hope, the fruition of inherent confidence.

Time and the Hour has reproached us gently for an "easy, jocular manner with the great Reaper." After diligent self-examination we do not find the reproach well-grounded. We shall shake hands with Death soon enough, and it is well to be ready for the introduction that will lead to lasting friendship. Did not Saladin have his black shirt? A tombstone was presented to the Emperor of Constantinople on his coronation day. Then there were the two reeds with flax and a wax taper known to the Bishop of Rome; the Egyptian skeleton at the feast; the image of a dead man's bones of silver, "with spondyls exactly turning to every one of the guests, and saying to those who sat at Trimalchion's banquet, you and you must die." The people that lived near the Riphaean mountains, were taught to converse with death. No, we have too much respect for Death to jest with him, to take liberties with him before we know exactly his disposition.

Are you loth to quit this noisy theatre? Listen a moment to the words of Jeremy Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines.

But if we could from one of the battlements of heaven espy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread, how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war, how many poor orphans are now weeping over [illegible] Father [illegible] to eat, it would but hear how many mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock, or billows under them, how many people there are that weep with want, and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by too quick a sense of a constant infelicity, in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and participation of so many evils.

A physician wrote the other day that daily life is in reality a wasting sickness; that in sleep alone is real life. He wrote as a physician, not as a dealer in spring paradoxes. Plato put into the mouth of Socrates comforting words to the unfortunates who believe that death is an eternal sleep. It is a noble egoism that laughs at the theory of annihilation. Do not spend time in conjecturing as to whether you will know your friends and enemies in the next stage of promotion. You are conscious at times of meeting men and women whom you knew in a previous state. Or what are these inexplicable, instantaneous prejudices at the mere sight of human beings? You feel at a glance you could never trust that man. Although you have known a woman only two days, it is as though she had been your companion from childhood.

Nor be too curious about the visible or palpable or spiritual shape. The missionary eaten by cannibals was too long a stumbling block to believers in the resurrection. He or she that is worthy of life will live forever. He or she that is unworthy is dead already; for though the material, commercial world may be deceived, to the Ineffable Light these respected bodies are but foul, untenanted chambers.

The very mystery of the change is proof positive. It is no greater miracle to move a step higher than it is for you to walk a block and see others walking. And these three days should be devoted to meditation, not dismal, not timorous; on the other hand not prying, not arrogant.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where thy sting? O grave, where thy victory?

April 18 Easter 1897

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

First Performance in Boston of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade"—Mr. Joseffy Plays the Schumann Piano Concerto.

The program of the 22d Symphony concert in Music Hall last night (Mr. Paur, conductor) was as follows:

Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade," op. 35 ..... Rimsky-Korsakoff.
(First time in Boston.)
I. The Sea and Sindbad's Ship:
Largo e maestoso (E minor).
Allegro non troppo (E major).
II. The Story of the Calender Prince:
Andantino (E minor).
III. The Story of the Young Prince and the Young Princess:
Andantino quasi Allegretto (G major).
IV. Festival at Bagdad; the Sinking of Sindbad's Ship:
Allegro molto e frenetico (E minor).
Vivo (E minor).
Allegro (C major, E major).
Concerto for Pianoforte, in A minor, op. 54 ..... Schumann.
Symphony No. 4, in E-flat major, "Rhenish," op. 97 ..... Schumann.

The performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's Suite was the event of the orchestral season. For here was something new and fresh and original. At times the language was foreign, but never was there any doubt of the man's power, knowledge, imagination, sincerity.

Our acquaintance with Russian music in Boston is confined chiefly to various works by Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky, who are not regarded by the ultra-Russians, or the "Nationals," as true Russian composers, but rather as eclectics. It is true that in 1869 Theodore Thomas led here Dargomyzski's "Kozaczek," and pieces by Glinka and Borodine have been performed at the Symphony concerts. Borodine and Cui have also appeared on the programs of chamber concerts in this city, and orchestral music by Cui was performed by the Philharmonic under Mr. Listemann. But the chief works of Dargomyzski, Balakireff, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounoff are unknown in this city. Symphonies by the latter have awakened much discussion, and one of them was played lately in London.

* * *

I do not know the date of the first performance of "Scheherazade." It was first played in Berlin at a Russian concert, conducted by Safonoff, the director of the Moscow Conservatory, Jan. 23, 1896. It was played at the 32d Tonkünstler-Versammlung of German Societies at Leipsic, May 30, 1896, under the [illegible] of Weingartner. It was first played in London, Dec. 7, 1896, under the leadership of Henry J. Wood. It was performed in Dresden, Oct. 9, 1896, in Liege Feb. 28, 1897.

* * *

This music is as fantastic as an Arabian Night's tale itself, with more astounding notes by Captain Richard Burton. It is program music, but, mark you, without any attempt at panoramic effect, without silly endeavor to follow a long-winded text literatim et verbatim. Scheherazade, the wily, seductive story-teller, has her motiv, as vigorous and fugitive as a dream. The music that follows each repetition of the motiv—and how ingeniously the motiv is introduced or suggested!—is as a sleep-chasing. She tell of Sinbad, the sailor who is nearer to us than the explorer Nansen—of Sinbad and his ship of the Calender Prince who found himself in the company of the Porter and Zobeide; of the Young Prince and the Young Princess; of a festival at Bagdad, when in the midst of a riotous dream, crash! Sinbad's ship strikes the magnetic rock. And Scheherazade has at last turned the Sultan from his fell purpose; she, too, is now a figure in a dream; she fades away; her soul dies in that high E on the wondering violin.

Now would you analyze this music? How can you discuss a dream, complain of the looseness in sequence of ideas, speak sorrowfully of the absence of "meaning"?

But if you do insist on analyzing it, you will be surprised to find that the composer knows perfectly well what he is about. He, too, can talk about form, but he is not the slave of form. He has his own melody, wild, fantastic, swooningly sensuous, or droning such as falls from the lips of a white-bearded turbaned old man, garrulous in the sun. You are not used to the melody. But did you not find it refreshing? Did you not, mastered by strange tonalities, forget for almost an hour, Boston, the Public Library, and the East Wind?

Or were you not dazzled by the coloring of this spectacled Oriental, who served once in the Russian Navy? When you looked at the peculiar orchestra of this man, as published in the program-book, had you any idea that such instruments could possibly be grouped so that the effects in Scheherazade would o'ermaster you?

No more interesting, fascinating orchestral work than this has been heard in Boston for several years. Absolute novelty is not in itself the greatest of virtues when it is not accompanied by science or sanity. But here is a brilliant combination of rare musical qualities. Read what I quote in "About Music" this morning, read Mr. Huneker's warning cry, and 'ware the Cossack and his music; for the day will surely come when these wild scales and exotic harmonies, and daring flights of imagination in color, and frank brutalities of expression will be heard and applauded in concert halls wherever there is genuine love of music that soothes and thrills and masters the souls of men and women.

Mr. Paur is to be thanked most heartily for this great pleasure. The music was played with amazing maestria by the superb orchestra, and it was relished keenly by an audience that persisted for a long time in hearty and spontaneous applause. Let us hope that from time to time Mr. Paur will produce other works by the Russian "Nationalists" in music. For Music Hall should welcome music of any nationality that has any reasonable claim for a hearing. And you can no more reckon without Russia in music than you can in literature or politics.

* * *

Mr. Joseffy gave a marvelous performance of the Schumann concerto. To make any effect whatever after the tremendous—I use this word advisedly—music of Rimsky-Korsakoff was no light task. Mr. Joseffy, nothing daunted, rose to a great height. It is true he occasionally took liberties with Schumann, but he has the right, and Schumann did not suffer. Always was there the unsurpassable, magical beauty of tone that is peculiar to Mr. Joseffy. And then the ease, the grace, the clarity, the musical feeling, the individuality that spoke with Schumann's voice! Would that Mr. Joseffy visited us frequently. We might then hold the piano in higher esteem.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Max Hirschfeld and His "Au Clair de la Lune."

Careers of Ella Russell and Rimsky-Korsakoff.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

"Au clair de la lune," a "dramatic episode," in prologue and two acts, text and music by Max Hirschfeld, will be produced for the first time on any stage at the Castle Square Theatre Monday night. In the writing of the lyrics Mr. Hirschfeld was assisted by Mr. Fred Dixon.

Mr. Hirschfeld was born at Berlin in 1862. His father, a merchant, encouraged his taste for music, but he did not wish him to be a professional. The boy first studied the piano under Lud-

The world is old and thou art young; the world is large and thou art small;
Cease, atom of a moment's span, to hold thyself an All-in-All!

It is a woman who says, "So afraid is man of woman clamoring for a share in his swearing monopoly that only in rare, unguarded moments is he ever known to ejaculate one of the forbidden words in her presence. Even when in writing a book he has occasion, for the sake of being true to nature, to use one of them, he is careful to put only the first letter, followed by a dash and a note of exclamation, thus: D——! From careful observation of the literature of the day, I am inclined to believe that all such words begin with D. And if my observation did not incline me to the belief, my instinct would assure me that there is something about that letter that makes it peculiarly suitable for the purpose. There is a sharp explosiveness about D (anyone with a temper will agree) that would make it lend itself to any exigency.'

One of the most pathetic episodes in the history of music is the appearance of Mr. Edward Eolus Rice protesting against the piracy of American songs in London.

The Daily News (London) lately mixed up "two vacancies for chronic invalid lady or gentleman in a charming West End Home" with the death and funeral announcements.

Col. Astor says we need Cuba. Why doesn't he buy it for us?

When you read that men and women in Horticultural Hall ate a purée of dried chantereiles, did you wonder how E fiddle strings would taste? The mistake was natural; for you never studied the habits and the uses of the Cantharellus cibarius. We are glad to see the interest taken in mushrooms, and may the day come when the humblest may carry mushroom jelly in his tin dinner pail. As Mortimer Collins said in 1880, "myriads of mushrooms, morels, truffles, chantarelles, champignons are wasted because the poor do not understand their use."

This reminds us that the Vegetarian Jubilee coincides with Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and last month—the 17th—a jubilee commemorating the introduction of horse flesh into the cookery of Vienna was celebrated; for on March 17, 1847, the Count Barth von Barthenheim invited 42 physicians to a "Pferdefleischbanket." The doctors liked and recommended the food. To-day there are over 200 shops and stalls for the sale of horse flesh in Vienna, and 20,000 horses a year are eaten by the inhabitants.

When Vegetarians talk about the sacredness of life they forget or ignore biology. "One vegetarian writer recently discovered that the vital principle of the cabbage is really the same as that of the ox. Thereafter he could not bring himself to cook his vegetables, but made a point of eating them raw, so as not to violate the sanctity of vegetable life. Vegetarian publications usually make a feature of prosecutions for the sale of unsound meat, but any allusion to a prosecution for the sale of unsound fruit is, we believe, never to be seen in their pages. 'The apple fadeth, the quince decayeth, and one by one they perish, the petals of the rose,' and it is bacteria that work the mischief, just as in the butcher's shop."

And at times our vegetarian friends are irritating, as when one affirms that he never knew a butcher without a brutal face, and another holds his wedding feast in a vegetarian restaurant. The Pall Mall Gazette well says: "The system of naming and fashioning many dishes after the flesh-pots is not, of course, designed to seduce any but the most unwary. Still, this is a very striking tribute paid by virtue to vice. Where Vegetarians go greatly wrong is in constantly trying to make our flesh creep. They seem to take a special delight, for example, in describing the most tempting joint as a portion of a 'corpse.' They feel, apparently, that if we could only be got to realize that it is a question of consuming animals' 'corpses,' we should very soon be cured. To eat 'corpses' is certainly not an elevating occupation. But, when we come to think of it seriously, it is a humiliating thing to have to eat anything at all."

A holiday is a day when many work harder than on ordinary days.

Somebody in Paris started the idea lately of giving a dinner where the guests should all appear with their heads dressed with something to eat. It was a success, and was followed by a dinner in the Avenue Gabriel. Here the headdresses were composed of a veau-vent, a bundle of asparagus, a salmon, a lobster, a buisson d'écrivisses, a pheasant, fruits of all descriptions, from almonds and raisons to pineapples, several mounted pieces of pastry, ducks and green peas, pâtés de foie gras, all made in cardboard. The guests were seated at small tables, and each table was served with one special nature of food. There was one table for meat, another for fish, another for vegetables, and so on through the entire scale, and after each dish the guests changed places.

April 21 1897

MR. GREENE SUNG.

His First Recital in Steinert Hall.

Miss Gertrude Miller's Concert Program.

Liza Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden."

Mr. Greene's programs are always varied and interesting. Yesterday afternoon he sang the famous romance from "Richard, Coeur de Lion;" "Ecoute d'Jeannette," from "Les deux petits Savoyards;" Schumann's "Stirb,' Lieb' und Freud,'" and "The Hero;" Jensen's "Margreth am Thore;" Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges;" Brahms's "Ständchen;" Stanford's setting of the Clown's songs in "Twelfth Night;" and a group of traditional airs, two German, "Scots wha hae!" and these Irish songs "Love at my heart," "Darby Kelly," "Molleen Oge," "The Banks of the Daisies," and "The Donovans."

And what is to be said of Mr. Greene's art at this late day?

He is a singer to whom Nature gave a manly and sympathetic voice as well as intelligence and temperament. Alas, he never mastered thoroughly the science of tone production. His tones are too often not brought forward sufficiently, and they are inclined to be throaty. His intonation is not faultless, although yesterday it was not so impure as it was last season when he gave two concerts with Miss Brema. His upper tones have lost in brilliancy, and he at times takes them gingerly. His emotions are not always free from exaggeration, and his trick of the "inaudible pianissimo" seems now to be confirmed.

Yet such is his intelligence in certain ways, that listening to him is often a pleasure. The arrangement of Grétry's famous romance s not to be commended, but how delightful is the song by Dalayrac, and how charmingly it was sung! There was much thought in the interpretation of "Stirb', Lieb' und Freud'," and unusually fine legato in the familiar song by Mendelssohn. The mannerisms in the second song from "Twelfth Night" were too pronounced, and the music itself is far from any Elizabethan feeling. Mr. Greene was, after all, at his best in the Irish songs, which he sang with great spirit and native appreciaton. He added songs to those mentioned above, and the first of them—Clay's "Sands of Dee," put in clear light his merits and his faults. What sense, for instance, was there in his extreme pianissimo in the passage where her call is heard after death, or in the abrupt forte of the final "Across the sands of Dee"? Here was false emotion; here was the straining after unnecessary effect.

Mr. Victor Harris of New York played accompaniments that gave great pleasure. The audience was very applausive.

Mr. Greene will give his second and last recital this afternoon at 3 o'clock. He will sing three old German sacred songs; five songs by Schubert; and eight traditional English, Scotch and Irish airs.

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Miss Gertrude Miller, soprano, assisted by Mrs. Atherton Loring, Geo. J. Parker, S. S. Townsend and Heinrich Schuecker, gave a concert in Steinert Hall last evening. The program was as follows:

Harp, "Fantasie Brilliante"....Parish-Alvars
Mr. Schuecker.
"Silent Woe".....A. von Fielitz
"Secret Greetings".....A. von Fielitz
"Moonlight Night".....A. von Fielitz
"Anathema".....A. von Fielitz
Mrs. Loring.
"Hungarian Aria".....Erkel
Miss Miller.
"Fantasie"..... Saint Saens
"Au printemps".....Gounod
Mr. Schuecker.
"In a Persian Garden".....Liza Lehmann

The words of "In a Persian Garden" are chosen from the immortal poem by Omar Khayyám, that is by Edward Fitzgerald, for the boldest imagery is by the fine old English heathen and not the Persian. Miss Lehmann—Mrs. Bedford—set these selections in the form of a cyclus for four voices. The first public performance was in London, Dec. 14, 1896, when the singers were Evangeline Florence, Marian Mackenzie, Ben Davies and Thomas Meux. I understand there was a private performance July 5, 1896, when Albani, Hilda Wilson, Ben Davies and David Bispham sang from manuscript.

This is a singular work. It is easy to say that there is little or no true beauty of musical expression, except perhaps in the tenor solo, "Ah, Moon of my Delight"; that there is no echo of the marvelous rhythm of the verses—mark, for instance, the extreme rhythmic vulgarity of the opening quartet; that there is hardly any trace whatever of that which the musical world has agreed to call Orientalism (thus, there is more Oriental feeling in one of Rubinstein's Persian songs or in one of the songs of the ultra-Russian school than in this whole cyclus). It is also true that the quartets, with the exception of "They Say the Lion and the Lizard Keep," are clumsily written and ineffective. When you have said all this, and complained, besides, of the lack of spontaneous melody, the fact remains that the work makes and leaves an impression of strength—not of beauty—and a conviction of authority. It would be a strong work if it had been composed by a man; it is truly strong when you consider that this impression, sustained in spite of the reproaches that can be made justly, comes from the imagination of a woman. I know of no vocal work of long breath by any woman that is so free from the thought of sex.

This cyclus was well sung, and the taxing piano accompaniment was well played by Miss Downer. To the tenor falls the most melodious passages, and Mr. Parker sang with much intelligence. While Mrs. Atherton and Mr. Townsend were successful in lesser degree, they did much that was admirable, and they did little or nothing that was prejudicial to the work, although Mr. Townsend started with a tendency toward explosiveness.

* * *

Miss Miller is a soprano who first of all has a beautiful voice. She is far advanced in the art of singing, and her emotions, while pronounced, are under artistic control. To me her highest achievement last night was her exquisite delivery of the quatrain beginning, "Each morn a thousand Roses brings." Seldom do you hear from any renowned singer a more finished piece of phrasing or a purer beauty of tone. The other soprano passages in the cyclus were sung with taste and with power, but the music itself is unthankful.

I am sorry that she sang the aria from Erkel's "Erzsebet," for it did not display her to full advantage. She is not by birth a colorature singer, and however indispensable such study may be, her chief characteristics find freer play in songs of a more solid or emotional nature. Passages of this aria were well sung, but her intonation was not always pure, and for once it seemed as though this spontaneous singer were engaged in the performance of a task. She would have done herself greater justice if she had sung a sustained aria or a group of songs.

* * *

Mrs. Loring has an agreeable voice, and Mr. Schuecker by his skill lent variety to the concert. There was a good-sized and appreciative audience.

Philip Hale.

The science of fish-sauce, Mr. MacQuedy, is by no means brought to perfection; a fine field of discovery still lies open in that line. In their line, I grant you, oyster and lobster sauce are the pillars of Hercules. But I speak of the cruet sauces, where the quintessence of the sapid is condensed in a phial. I can taste in my mind's palate a combination, which, if I could give it reality, I would christen with the name of my college, and hand it down to posterity as a seat of learning indeed.

No, Mr. Pepsin, we are not at work on a cook book. Furthermore, our tastes are simple. Beefsteak and onions; salt pork cut thin and fried in cream; bread and beer, and we are content, although such a diet is hostile to spiritual impressions. But don't you like to read about things to eat? There are passages in Scott and Dickens which by the mere recollection make us hungry. Certain papers by Thackeray, such as "Barmecide Banquets," "Memorials of Gormandizing," "On Some Dinners at Paris," are dearer to us than the story of the deeds of Esmond, stately prig.

So you must not be surprised at our joy in discovering that the proprietor of a Zoo need not necessarily go outside his place of business for dinner. An ingenious Englishman has drawn up this menu of "a plain dinner from the Zoo." Hors d'Oeuvre—Biltong of Eland. Potage—Wallaby Tail. Entrée—Bear ham in Cider. Rôti—Bustard. Relevé—Curried Lizard.

Do you ask what "biltong" is? Originally it was a strip of lean meat dried in the sun. The word is South African Dutch. Cut your strip out of one of the eland's hind legs, from the thigh bone down to the knee joint; cure with salt, sugar and saltpetre and hang it in the kitchen chimney to smoke. Sauterne, we are told, goes with Wallaby Tail soup. Cook the bustard as you would a turkey and stuff her with truffles. Thicken the curry for the lizard with freshly grated cocoanut.

To F. C.—We do not know who was the first to crease his trousers. Quintus Hortensius would surely have done it, had he worn trousers; for Macrobius tells us he would stand before a looking glass and crease his toga, so that the folds should not be the result of chance. "Walking one day thus artistically clad, he met in a narrow place a colleague who disarranged accidentally the system of his dress. Hortensius sued him for the injury." This was the Hortensius who was in the habit of sprinkling his plane-trees with wine, a man intemperate in luxury.

To F. F.—You ask the derivation of the word "dude." Farmer and Henley's "Slang and its Analogues" refers the word to Scots "Duds," clothes. This derivation does not seem reasonable, yet we know of no other. "Dude" has been in use for certainly 14 years.

The New York Assembly has passed the bill to forbid the wearing of high hats in theatres. Even if the bill should become law it is not unlikely that some women will persist in being disagreeable at the play to those immediately behind them. To the spirit of obstinacy will be added the allurement of lawbreaking. We know a woman whose pleasure at the Stoddard lectures was ruined by a woman who sat in front of her. At the beginning of the course, she asked the wearer if she would kindly remove her hat, which was a peculiarly flamboyant specimen of art. The wearer turned and glared. She wore that hat throughout the season. She was deaf to entreaties, remonstrances, prayers, objurgations. Nor would she listen to the advice of her escort, an amiable man, who on one occasion apologized for his friend's pride and selfishness.

It appears that our accomplished countrywoman the ex-Princess Chimay, went to Paris only for the purpose of buying the costume and silk tights in which she is to appear in Berlin. "Oh, yes!" she said, "I'm to be on exhibition at the Wintergarten, and that means a salary of 80,000 marks a month." Mr. Rigo now realizes the truth of the old Hebrew saw: "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband;" for Mr. Rigo, as well as Death, loves a shining mark.

George John Romanes, the great disciple of Darwin, was not without a sense of humor. In one of his letters he thus referred to his hobby, the comparative study of animal intelligence. "D. Frank says you ought to keep an idiot, a deaf mute, a monkey, and a baby in your house. Frank's idea of a happy family is a good one, but I think my mother would begin to wish that my scientific inquiries had taken some other direction. The baby also, I fear, would stand a poor chance in the struggle for existence."

The life of Romanes, written by his wife, is described as "impartial and scholarly." Of how many biographies written by wives can this be said? Surely not of Lady Burton's life of Sir Richard. The man known to his wife is seldom the man known to the world at large. Words and deeds that are precious memories to her may seem weak and silly to the unsentimental and those who are anxious chiefly concerning that which throws light on the public work of the dead man. Then there is the awful possibility of revenge, which Byron—who indulged in laboratory practice rather than abstruse speculation—says is sweet to women.

april 22, 1897

Mr. Plunket Greene's Second and Last Recital in Steinert Hall—A Well Diversified Program.

The program of Mr. Greene's recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall was as follows:

Abendlied.....Joh. Schulz, 1780
Joseph, lieber Joseph mein.....14th Century
Ein Froehlich's Gesang.....About 1630
"Am Meer".....
"Im Fruehling".....
"Der Doppelgaenger".....
"Der Erlkoenig".....
"Abschied".....
Schubert
"O! Yarmouth Is a Pretty Town"....English
"The Jolly Comber".....English
"I Will Give You the Keys of Heaven"
English
Arranged by Lucy Broadweed.
"The Twa Sisters o' Binnorie".....Scotch
Arranged by Arthur Somervell.
"'Twas One of Those Dreams".....Irish
Arranged by C. V. Stanford.
"The Kerry Cow".....Irish
"Heigho! the Morning Dew".....Irish
Arranged by Charles Wood.

"Father O'Flynn" .....Irish
Arranged by C. V. Stanford.

Another agreeably diversified, attractive program! Our local singers and many of our visitors might learn of Mr. Greene in this respect. And yet what a pleasure it would be to hear a German or a French song sung occasionally in English.

The dominant characteristic of Mr. Greene's singing yesterday was a seesaw of exaggeration. One moment, his patented vocal inaudible pianissimo; the next, his stentorian fortissimo. Now these extremes were often respectively without just cause.

Observe these lines of the beautiful song by Schulz; they begin the third verse:

Then take us to Thyself at last
When all our work on earth is past,
And gentle death has called us home.

Is there any reason why Mr. Greene should strike the position of Ajax defying the lightning and roar this verse as though the thunder were his accompaniment? "Durch einen sanften Tod;" and Mr. Greene shouted this line till he grew red in the face, and beads of sweat stood on his strained muscles, and his hands quivered under the tension. There are three verses. He had sung two in a comparatively subdued and pleasant manner. He must needs show contrast; so with the third he set applause-traps. Or did Mr. Reimann, the editor, indicate such a performance? Then Mr. Greene should not follow such a version. And so in "A Joyful Song" Mr. Greene's joy was boisterous and muscular; he forced tonal power till it was without effect.

Nor was his singing of "the Erlking" to be commended unreservedly. It was melodramatic, rather than dramatic—strong in patches—suggestive of the lime light and the thunder and wind machines. It was all very well to use three voices in characterizing Father, Son and Erlking, but when the piping Son in his terror began to shout like a large man with bushy black whiskers, the sublime made the fatal step. Yet the close was legitimately effective. Delightful and unaffected was the performance of the other songs by Schubert, and in "Der Doppelgänger," Mr. Greene proved that he could be sincere and at the same time passionate.

The traditional airs gave a certain pleasure, but there was too often the suspicion of insincerity, as in the pianissimo of the final verse of "Yarmouth is a pretty town," the contrasted voices in "I will give you the keys of heaven," and in the abrupt change from inaudible pianissimo to boisterousness in the last verse of "The Twa Sisters." Again, his singing of "The Kerry Cow" and "Father Flynn" was an unalloyed joy. Whether these tunes are the genuine article is another question.

When Mr. Greene first came here he was not given to such unnecessary shouting. His association in concert with the Amazonian Miss Brema did not benefit his art.

Mr. Victor Harris, the accompanist, was not wholly in the vein. There was a large and very applausive audience.

Philip Hale

Photography seems to bring out only the animality of the man or the woman who is the sitter.

If you are inclined to hysteria and are already conjecturing whether the Bacchante will be unboxed as soon as spring is a fixed quantity, you may have looked at the photographs of pretty Suzanne Duvernois as Venus and Salambo and wondered why thunderbolts did not strike the managers of Parisian Living Picture Shows, and fire and brimstone fall on the models and the audience.

But do not believe that there are no moralists in Paris. It was April 8 that Mr. Bérenger, a Senator, asked questions of the Government concerning the latitude — and longitude — accorded the publications and theatres of France. He is not "a prude on the prowl," snooping in bookshops, rolling up his eyes at the sight of a copy of the Decameron, or fainting before a bill-board representing a charming girl kicking gracefully and skyward. He is a decent man who thinks something should be done to amend the morals of the theatres, newspapers and the streets.

And now we quote from the Daily Messenger of Paris: "The theatres next came in for a scathing attack. M. Bérenger said he knew it might be suggested that people should stop away, but generally the title of the play did not suggest what the work was like. M. Bérenger was very hard on some of the Parisian productions, which were wicked, audacious and in one case, he said, they heard young ladies saying things bad enough to make a guardsman blush. Paris productions were forbidden in other cities of Europe, and a writer speaking of a successful production described it as producing a revolting and shocking impression. Then, said the Senator, in a deep voice, 'There are the costumes,' at which a member called out amid laughter, 'But don't wear them.' M. Bérenger said that the member was quite right. The skirt had given away to tights of the natural color, and of such texture that they seemed not to exist. In some countries where literature was free this would already be considered serious, but this was a moral country with a Censor, and yet, what did they do? Was the Censor afraid to act, he asked, because one of the most corruptible writers of the day had been admitted to the Administration of Fine Arts. He did not know."

And yet the man or woman who sees anything lubricious in the photographs of Miss Duvernois must be naturally foul-minded, a descendant of Peeping Tom of Coventry. There is much truth in the statement at the head of this column. Look over the photograph-albums in fashion during the Sixties—if you are courageous. Is it possible that your relatives and friends were and are as brutal or silly? You remember Uncle Eugene failed disgracefully. "Poor fellow! He had no business head." See those shifty eyes and weak mouth in the photograph. To you he was a dazzling apparition, with his rings, his greased hair, his stories of city life. The photograph reveals his true nature. Observe the hard lines, the indomitable jaw of the rich man of the village, who kept putting off the erection of a tombstone to the memory of his meek and silent wife. Or look close at the lips of Aunt Lucy, whose sudden disappearance was never clearly understood by you as a boy when you asked curious questions and gained no direct answer. But the face of M'lle Suzanne might be that of Lamb's Hester or Wordsworth's Lucy.

Poor Billy Birch! He was one of the survivors of the good old days of negro minstrelsy. Gone is the dancing of those days, the wild frenzy of Nicodemus Johnson, the double shuffle, the pigeon wing. Gone are the orators with umbrellas and carpet bags who were full of information about the "crisis." Where now is the unctuous humor of Unsworth, the genius of Harry Bloodgood, the laugh of Dan Bryant, the dry wit of Nelse Seymour, the rollicking spirit of Charley Backus, the pathos of Wambold? Birch was nearly the last of a mighty line.

Is he gone to a land of no laughter,
This man that made mirth for us all?

A contemporary says: "Of course, a corker is one who conquers, suppresses, holds in check and controls by corking things up." Fudge! Eugene Field settled this question for all time. The word corker comes from the Greek, "korka," meaning the adorable one.

One of the most celebrated painters in this town advertised a few days ago a sale of paintings by him. There was not one picture sold. Furthermore, there was not even one visitor to the studio the day of the sale. This neglect in a city that plumes itself on appreciation of art brings to mind a sour speech by De Goncourt: "Do not believe in people who say they love art and yet during the whole of their wretched lives have never given ten francs for a sketch, for a drawing, for anything painted or pencilled. To those really amorous of art, the sight of pictures is not enough; they must own something, a little bit of art, whether they are rich or poor."

It was Thackeray who wrote at Athens in 1845: "I swear solemnly that I would rather have two hundred a year in Fleet Street than be King of the Greeks, with Basileus written before my name round their beggarly coin."

April 2

The delicious quality of her voice, its graceful production, and the flood of melody she could pour out in all the ease and freedom of a mocking-bird, overcame even Puritan reserve. The admiration she excited on her first appearance was intense, and not until a trifling unladylike deportment became a habit, did the hold upon a Boston public then acquired lose its power, and finally become aversion.

It was 50 years ago today that the Havana Opera Troupe made its first appearance in Boston. The theatre was the Howard Athenaeum The impresario was Marti. The opera was "Ernani." The leader was Arditi. The prima donna was Fortunata Tedesco. This first performance of Italian opera in Boston made a sensation.

Col. Clapp in his "Record of the Boston Stage" says of Tedesco, "That vocalist, strange as it might seem to American gallantry, commenced her operatic career with a terrible experience of Italian rudeness. Her father being of that hated race who hold Lombardy in bitter subjection, the fair debutante found the audience of La Scala quite willing to make her the scape-goat for an unpopular composer, and hissed, brayed and hooted at Fortunata for a mortal hour, on the night of her début in 'Saul.' The agent of Marti, on the qui vive for novelty, engaged and shipped to Havana the rejected of Milan."

Alas, alack-a-day! There were passionate press agents fifty years ago, and Col. Clapp listened to them. For there is no truth in this story.

Tedesco did not make her début in "Saul" by Cannetti. Born at Mantua in 1826, she made her first appearance at the Scala Nov. 26, 1844, in Bona's "I Luna ed i Perolio." The opera failed dismally. Her next appearances were in Salvi's "I Burgravi," March 8, 1845; "William Tell," Aug. 9, 1845; "Roberto Devereux," Sept. 20, 1845; "Saul," Oct. 7, 1845; "Regina di Golconda," June 1, 1846. Thus it will be seen that her début was three years before she was engaged for Havana, and even if she was hooted in "Saul" she nevertheless appeared at the Scala the following year. Pougin says—and he is an accurate man—that she was received most favorably by the Milanese public.

Furthermore Tedesco did not go from Milan to Havana. She went from Milan to Vienna, where she triumphed gloriously. And it was at Vienna that she was engaged for Marti's company. After she left America she blazed at the Paris Opéra (1851-57); then she sang at Venice, Lisbon, Paris, Lisbon, Madrid. She left the stage about 1866 and died only a year or so ago.

The voluptuous Fortunata was the woman, Miss Eustacia, who broke up your great-uncle George. When she appeared here 50 years ago, the seats commanded $4 to $5 premium. To quote Col. Clapp, the honors paid her "attained their greatest excess in the casting at her feet of a warm admirer's hat and cane, in token of his own entire prostration."

In this performance of "Ernani" were Perelli, Novelli, and Vita. Bottesini, the famous double-bass, was in the orchestra.

Arditi in "My Reminiscences" speaks of Tedesco at Havana, singing with "all the élan and bell-like clearness that characterized her vocalization, for she had a most lovely voice, which, at that period, when she was still in her girlhood, was at its best in respect to quality and flexibility." But he does not mention his first appearance in Boston or his impressions. Is it possible that he was not impressed — even by the amorous youth who threw a hat and cane over his head to Fortunata?

We spoke April 12 of "Boston and Boston People in 1850," which was catalogued for auction sale as "by Harriet G. Hosmer" and "rigidly suppressed, owing to the personal allusions to Dr. O. W. Holmes and other prominent Boston people of the time." The Journal of the 14th published a long and interesting account of this book. The "allusions" to Dr. Holmes were found to be most friendly, and, in fact the whole book was without malice. We have received a letter from Miss Hosmer, who now lives in Terre Haute. "I have just received the enclosed clipping which carries me back 47 years! Allow me to state that I am not the senior author of the work in question. True it is that I had a certain hand in its very silly production, but the most was the work of several contributors — notably a Bostonian. I was not the moving spirit of the scheme nor was the chief authorship due me. I remember that at the time of the publication of the pamphlet my name was connected with it, and I then disclaimed the sole authorship, as I do now. It is years since I saw a copy of the work, and I have no recollection if there be an illusion to Dr. Holmes or not, but I know that Dr. Holmes was a fast friend to my father and to myself till the day of his death."

Mr. Howard Paul tells of an old woman from the West who sent two daughters to Paris for education. They were fond of private theatricals. Somebody told the old lady that one of her daughters had engaged herself to a Frenchman, one of the actors, whereupon she exclaimed: "I always said no good would come of them amatory theatricals!"

A friend, who saw Nansen a few weeks ago, says the celebrated explorer will visit the United States in October.

April 24. 97

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

"Billy Birch invented the stage business of repeating 'George Washington, first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen' with a crossing of legs and stamping of feet at the end." You don't say so! We had always supposed that the inventor of this pleasing bit of histrionic action was the Rev. Jared Sparks, LL. D.

When King Humbert spoke of the dagger thrust as "only one of the little accidents of my trade," he showed himself the son of his father. But Humbert long ago proved himself a hero—when he soothed and comforted cholera patients in the hospitals of Naples.

The talk is of great or brave men. We do not think that the letter of the Honorable John L. Sullivan to Mr Dunn has been fully appreciated by his fellow townsmen. "The public well knows that I am no blowhard. * * * I will show him (Mr. Fitzsimmons, of course,) up in his true light, and prove that I am his superior, mentally and physically. This is no exhibition of egotism."

We prefer the form "egoism" to "egotism"—but let us discuss higher things. Mr. Sullivan is, indeed, no blowhard. He is a Greek through and through, a Greek of Homer's song, and those fine old fellows never shrank from proclaiming their worth. Even old Nestor at the funeral games, the "justs of exsequies" for Patroclus, did not hesitate to recall his mighty deeds at former funerals in fair Buprasius

Where not a man match'd me
Of all the Epians, or the sons of great-soul'd Aetolie,
No, nor the Pylians themselves, my countrymen. I beat
Great Clytomedeus, Enops' son, at buffets. At the feat
Of wrastling, I laid under me one that against me rose,
Ancaeus, call'd Pleuronius. I made Iphiclus lose
The foot game to me. At the spear, I conquered Polydore,
And strong Phylëus.

And observe the fine old word "wrastling," dear to the Elizabethans. When little Egbert comes home from school, Mrs. Mincer, and you ask him how he tore his jacket, do not reprove him, we beseech you, when he answers, "Wrastling with Hollis Halloway." "Wrestling" is a feebler form.

It is a laughable comment on the "democratic spirit of our institutions" to find a jailer trying to give a prisoner "exceptional accommodations, out of regard for his condition in life."

And why this insane desire in New Hampshire to see a murderer? Have you never known, Mr. Smith, or Mr. Jones, how a murderer feels just before he kills? If you do not, you are to be congratulated. Do you wish to see him, because you secretly wonder at his "courage" and say to yourself, "I never could have such nerve"? Or do you think he may possibly have horns, hoofs, or the brand of Cain on his forehead?

And is it really necessary for the dwellers in Boston to be acquainted with the private life and the characteristics of the Sheriff and his family? They are, no doubt, most estimable persons, "tender hearted and yet firm in purpose," and they perform their duties punctually; but is there no privacy even in a jail?

It is a pleasure to see the Providence Journal and the New York Sun at war over pie. At present we halt between two opinions. We remember Mr. Biggs in "The Story of a Country Town" and his invective ending, "The last Smoky Hill glutton that died was the Most Worthy Chief of a temperance society, and he was always quarreling with his wife because she didn't have pie for breakfast." On the other hand, we remember the glory of deep-apple pie, without under-crust, baked in a nappy, with an inverted teacup in the middle, which is to release the luscious juice. Add cream, oh mortal, and rejoice in life! But how seldom is such pie to be found in these degenerate days. When we find it we agree with the Sun. When we hear the young fellow described by Richard Grant White order "up piece up eye" and see "the segment of sodden dough and half-stewed 'sass' with which he is about to afflict his bowels," we shudder and side with the Providence Journal.

"A History of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, from its formation in 1637 and charter in 1638 to the present time," by Zachariah G. Whitman, published in 1842, will be sold at auction next week. Why should not Col. Walker in collaboration with Col. Hedges revise the work and bring it up to date—say, May 1, 1897?

The poem of Ambrose Bierce from which these lines are taken is not exactly new, nevertheless it is too little known in these parts.

Have you read the news from Cuba?—it is great!
Have you read the news from Turkey?—it is fine!
Butcher Weyler skins a babe, whose further fate

used to bow to his reflection in a mirror, not knowing himself. His taste and manner of ordering were equally commendable. Thus, he once wished a blue coat with metal buttons, like unto that worn by the Goethe of a German porcelain pipe. He was fastidious as to fit. The folds of the sleeves were never right, the skirt was too short, the collar was not high enough. Baudelaire wanted a collar in which he could hide his head stormy days, as the snail in his shell. Chalk walked over that coat for a week. At last, at last! He lodged himself in it, inspected it, walked in it; and then, turning to the tailor, he said, in a kindly manner, "Make me a dozen like it."

Or you might learn courage of Mr. E. J. C. Alexander of Bond County, Ill., who put on a suit of jeans with a duck waistcoat to call on Col. Robert Ingersoll. "I knowed him over in Illinoi 'fore he got to be a big man"—that is, before the Colonel discovered there was money in the Bible if he attacked it on the lecture platform. Perhaps the suit did not become Mr. Alexander's complexion, and the duck waistcoat may have been an anti-climax; nevertheless we praise the endeavor.

The Athenians did not number their houses until about 1893, and even then many streets had no name.

You dawdle in a Morris chair, and your eyes strike the top story and the roof of the apartment house across the street. The sky is discouraged. It has seen better days. On the roof the wind flaps red flannel shirt and drawers, a public exposure of the ridiculous estate of man, who has been described by enthusiasts as the Lord of Creation. In a window of the flat stands that plaster lion, that inevitable plaster lion, which to hundreds is the supreme triumph of art. There is no face, there is not even the apparition of a woman's hand. A clock announces flippantly the death of the afternoon.

Here is an example of English court "wit," quoted with admiration by a London newspaper: "The Master of the Rolls is always amusing, but he rarely indulges in such homely wit as he did on a recent occasion when a junior before him cited the Law Reports as '2 Q. B. D.' 'That is not the way you should address us,' said Lord Esher. The learned gentleman protested that he merely meant to use the brief and ordinary formula for the second volume of the Queen's Bench Division Reports. 'I might as well,' retorted His Lordship, 'say to you, "U. B. D."' "

We admit it is very wrong, yet we admire the conduct of Mr. Ira Stansbury of St. Louis. He was driving on a street railroad. A motorman ran his car up to the buggy and bumped him off the track. Mr. Stansbury drew a revolver and shot the motorman. He did not kill him; he just plunked him in the thigh. He was not excited; and when he was arrested—for the martyr is not extinct—he said he had as much right to the street as a car, "and that no motorman had any franchise to run him down." Understand, we do not approve wholly of Mr. Stansbury's action which spoke louder than words; nor do we advise the indiscriminate slaughter of motormen; and yet it is a good thing to find a man who believes honestly that a citizen has rights.

The Pall Mall Gazette reprinted lately No. 1 of Vol. 1, Feb. 7, 1865. We find in this issue the following news: "Perhaps it would be too much to regard the reception given to Mr. Blair by the wife of the Confederate President as having any political signification. It is stated, however, by the Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal, that that lady, on welcoming Mr. Lincoln's envoy, 'actually threw her arms around the old gentleman and kissed him.' "

In this same issue Anthony Trollope signed an article entitled "A Letter on the American Question," in which he championed warmly the Northern cause. These sentences are pertinent today: "Englishmen are very numerous in Paris and in Florence, but they are to be found there still living in English drawing rooms—not in French salons or Italian halls. In America Englishmen live with Americans. They must be our closest political friends or our bitterest political enemies. This we all recognize as a fact; and we recognize it not the less because at present we are disposed to believe in the latter alternative."

April 30. '97

But I with infinite weariness outworn,
Haggard with endless nights unblessed by sleep,
Ravaged by thoughts unutterably forlorn,
Plunged in despairs unfathomably deep,
Went cold and pale and trembling with affright
Into the desert vastitude of Night,
Arid and wild and black;
Foreboding no oasis of sweet slumber,
Counting before me all the countless number
Of sands that are its minutes on my desolate track.

Did you ever realize the possible irony of the line, "He giveth His beloved sleep"?

"The sleep of the just." But it is often the unjust that sleep the soundest. Is not the murderer awakened from "a sound sleep" the morning of his execution? Does the unfaithful husband or the speculating trustee or the corrupt official toss o' night upon his bed and watch the crawling hours? But Miss Una of unsoiled, generous soul, whose life has been a benediction, knows greater physical and mental agony in her virginal chamber than that which disquieted legendary Richard III. in the tent.

We believe it is Mr. Emerson who reproves a man or a woman for telling experiences of the night at the breakfast table. Is there a greater bore than the cheerful person who begins, "I had such a curious dream last night; I must tell it to you?" And this person is always dreaming dreams of lingering detail.

Do you answer, "But how natural it is to talk about that which is fresh in your mind. Pray, what would you talk about at the breakfast table?" It all depends, Madam, on the time you breakfast and on the company sitting about the table. If you are compelled to live in a boarding-house, conversation is dangerous. 'Twas not long ago that a man in New Haven complained bitterly because the talk three times a day was about bicycles and bicycling. We know a young fellow who left a boarding-house in Upton Street a dozen years ago because a boarder asked him this simple question in good faith: "Say, Mr. ——, wasn't Napoleon Bonaparte a great General?"

Breakfast may be a delightful meal in a country house when it is served at a reasonable hour, and when there is no pressing work to follow it. The meal then admits of light and airy persiflage or mild flirtation. You are not then listening for inexorable whistle of train, boat or omnibus; women have time enough to make themselves fresh and desirable. But on work days breakfast should be taken in solitude. The Europeans are wiser than we. Why should even two persons be obliged at a fixed and abnormal hour to eat together, when neither one is tuned for the day's performance. Whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains that not one man or woman out of twenty-five is fit company before 10.30 or 11 A. M. for another human being. We believe—we believe with a child-like faith—that nine-tenths of matrimonial strife comes from this breakfasting together. It is so easy to be disagreeable early in the day.

Yet we admit the temptation to tell the dream that amused your spirit or broke sleep. Plato put into the mouth of Socrates the praise of dreamless sleep, and de la Mothe le Vayer wrote learnedly concerning the advantages of dreams. For once—and in some sleep-chasing—you were a hero. Why should not the breakfasters know of your courage? Or you were intimate with a great author who died centuries ago. Or you saw a most respectable citizen in a wildly grotesque attitude. Or you saw the metal landscape imagined by Baudelaire. Or Mr. de Goncourt told you what Gauthier really said on a famous occasion. If you dream, you are of much more importance to yourself than in the state which people have agreed to call life.

Or we seem busied for hours and days in peregrinations over seas and lands, in earnest dialogues, strenuous actions for nothings and absurdities, cheated by spectral jokes, and waking suddenly with ghastly laughter, to be rebuked by the cold, lonely, silent midnight, and to rake with confusion in memory among the gibbering nonsense to find the motive of this contemptible cachinnation.

"Them girls," said an old Western woman to Mr. Howard Paul, "has been so long in Paris they begin to think themselves Parisites."

H. writes to the Journal as follows: "'Boston and Boston People' was printed by the firm of Stacy & Richardson, in an office located on Milk Street, opposite the Old South Church. I was in the office when Miss Hosmer brought her copy in, and although I had no finger in the 'Pi,' I had the pleasure of manipulating the sheets while the little sarcasm was being printed, and I have among my trophies of the past one of the little books."

"Th' throuble," said Mr. Dooley, "between th' Greeks an' th' Turks has diviloped now to th' bloodiness an' ferocity iv a game iv duplicate whist. Whin Greek meets Greek, as th' good book says, thin comes th' tug iv war; but whin Greek meets Turk, thin comes th' thriple-injined, three-deck steamship iv war, an' don't ye f'rget it."

"Me sympathies are with th' Greeks," said Mr. Hennessy. "They have glorious thraditions iv thim old heroes, Julius Caesar—an' th' like iv thim. Oh, isles iv Greece, as th' pote says."

"They're not poorin' anny on th' throubled wathers," said Mr. Dooley with a fond smile. "That's a joke, Hinnissy; take it home with ye an' thaw it out. It's a good wan. 'Tis th' on'y joke on th' war that's been made in th' sixth war-rd."—Chicago Evening Post.

May 1-97

It makes me melancholy to look down upon a great city. I always think if one could see all the misery rising up, like a fine mist, from the souls of so many beings, what a weird and awful sight it would be! Milverton put this imagination once into my head, and I have never forgotten it. I was weak enough, in a sentimental mood, to impart this thought to Ellesmere, who, of course, ridiculed it, and said that, for his part, he enjoyed looking down upon a great city, where there were so many good shops, where you could be sure of getting fish for dinner, and where there were doctors, lawyers, and clergymen for every form of physical, legal and theological infirmity.

Has your heart been weary waiting—waiting for the May?

Las mananas floridas
De Abril y Mayo,

as our old friend the Spaniard with the curious walk remarked.

And is May to you a poetic, garlanded day in the country or a city date for moving? There are many who are disquieted or rebuked by Nature. They cannot endure her inspection. They prefer to lose themselves in the town. A woman in this city, who for some reason or other is held to be a wit, said to a friend when he left Boston for his country-house. "Kick a tree for me." No doubt the silence of a tree, its sweet dignity and unconscious beauty, had on some occasion shamed her pinchbeck chatter.

We trust no ill befell you last night, when the fairies had full power over the human race. "Young persons should not on May eve listen to the singing of young girls in the night, for they are fairies in disguise, and will work harm." To offer a light for a cigar is rash on May eve, for fire is the life of man.

Miss Eustacia, did you get up before sunrise this morning, go out to the garden, and take up the first snail you saw? If you had your prudence with you, the snail was put on a plate sprinkled with flour. You then placed a cabbage-leaf over it, and just after sunrise you found the initial letters of your lover's name traced in the flour. If the snail was within his house when you took him up, your lover will be rich; should the snail be almost out of his shell, your young man will be poor, probably without house or home. If you gathered May dew before sunrise, the sun will not harm your complexion this coming summer.

The New England climate frowns on Maying, Maypoles and other forms of pagan worship. The groves of Jezebel were but a fine collection of Maypoles, and the first Queen of the May was undoubtedly a wanton baggage. Who is to be Queen of the May in Boston? We understand there will be one at the Papyrus dinner this evening, and maids-of-honor will attend her.

"'The Masque of Culture' was given at the Bijou Theatre Thursday night." We were under the impression that in Boston it was a continuous show.

The financial skill exhibited by Miss Sarah Louise Ervin of Chicago is another proof of the advantages of a "higher education."

May 1, 1875, Mr. de Goncourt watched English visitors at Voisin's restaurant. "There is something materially disgusting in the pleasure of the English at meat which you do not find among other civilized races. Their whole brain when they eat belongs to mastication and deglutition. The grown up males cluck with animal satisfaction; their red and white women beam in brutishness, and you see the children smiling amorously at the food. Among them all, men, women, and little ones, there is a bestial joy, a mute stuffing stupidly ecstatic."

C. R. R. writes to the Journal: "What are the rights of a servant girl? Thus if my maid of all work insists on having every Thursday afternoon and evening to herself, has she a right to demand every other Sunday afternoon and evening?"

Ah, dear madam, ask us something easier; the exact number of Niobe's children, or what name Achilles took when he hid himself among women. The rights of the servant girl are generally the wrongs of the mistress.

Margaret Lawler, a cook in New York, thus defined her rights before Magistrate Wentworth in the Jefferson Market Police Court. "A guirl has an evenin' out, and it matters not whether she remain out all night or she do come home, the evenin' is her'n, and it's presumptious any mistress is that asks her to do anything until the morning following. That's proper, and if the young lady prefers to remain home and entertain her company or the policeman in the dining room, she is entitled to, an' it's audacious and brazen the mistress is that comes in the room pretendin' to look for something she doesn't want. If them rules are lived up to, sir, there will be no trouble, an' the mistress will receive dacint treatment, so she will, sir." And the Magistrate, a married man, was so pleased that he fined her $3.

"It is an interesting coincidence that the word skedaddle is derived from the Greek." Many deep thinkers sanction this derivation. Certain Irishmen derive the verb from their "sgedad-ol," which word appears in an old Irish version of the New Testament: "I will smite the shepherd and the sheep of the flock shall be 'sgedad-ol' ". Lord Hill claims "skedaddle" as excellent Scottish, a word known also in the North of England to describe the spilling of milk or water from a pail. "Mind, you are skedaddling all your milk." Others point to the Swedish "skuddadahl" and the Danish "skyededehl". We have forgotten the Sanscrit form.

May 2, 1897

Emma Calve Appears Here for the First Time in Concert—A Wagner Program Ends the Sixteenth Symphony Season.

Emma Calvé, assisted by Barron Berthald, Giuseppe Campanari, and the Boston Festival Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Music Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Carnaval Romain".....Berlioz
Benedictus ..... Mackenzie
Bird Song, from "La Perle du Brésil..David
Emma Calvé.
Ford's Monologue, from "Falstaff"....Verdi
Mr. Campanari.
"Les Preludes".....Liszt
Mad Scene of Ophelia.....Thomas
Emma Calvé.
Trio from "Faust" (Fifth act).....Gounod
Calvé, Berthald, Campanari.
Ballet Music, "Samson and Delilah"....
Saint-Saens
Heroic March.....Saint-Saens

Music Hall was crowded, and enthusiasm was unbounded. Indeed, there were symptoms of acute hysteria. Yet when you consider the concert calmly, you are led irresistibly to the conclusion that such performances are inartistic, incident to chromo-civilization.

Calvé is a remarkable woman, as singer and actress. This is now a historical fact, not a matter of opinion or argument. She began her career as a lyric soprano. Her great ability as a singer pure and simple was shown yesterday in the aria from "The Pearl of Brazil." After she was mastered by the spell of Duse, she studied realistic art in song. To this study we owe her Carmen, Santuzza, Navarraise, Ophelia and Marguerite. I have on former occasions sounded her praise in no uncertain tone in the columns of the Journal. I may therefore be permitted now to deplore her appearance in that form of musical entertainment known as concert-opera. When she acts and sings in a bare, shabby hall in an excerpt from an opera, without scenery, without previous and preparing action, there can hardly be any illusion. The woman whom you just saw in concert dress appeared as Ophelia with flowers, white boots, a pretty dress and an inclination toward madness. No wonder that the statue of Beethoven looked at her yesterday in wonder, as though he were tempted to say, "My dear Madam, what are you doing there sprawling on the floor and throwing flowers about? You'll ruin your gown. I have never seen such extraordinary conduct."

Now it may be possible for a genius like Calvé to be so intense in action that she will rivet the attention and cause the absurdity to be forgotten. However this may be, Calvé yesterday showed no such intensity, and it seemed as though she were controlled by the knowledge of the ludicrousness of the whole business. There was much that was admirable in her performance, so far as singing was concerned; and it is true that she was graceful and animated. On the other hand, her intonation was not always flawless, and it seemed as though she did not always take the performance seriously. No doubt she argued, "If people really wish me to do this sort of thing, I am prepared to do it, for the pecuniary reward is great; but they must not expect me to be Ophelia from sole to crown, suddenly, as in the twinkling of an eye."

Calvé has demonstrated to us all that

coloratura [illegible] not n[illegible] artis[illegible] a mere automaton, and that colora[illegible]ure is not inherently undramatic. She [illegible]as shown that coloratura passages [illegible]ay be the true expression of emotion. The absurdity of the Mad scene was [illegible]lipsed by the wild humor of the Trio [illegible]m "Faust." Marguerite in Ophelia's [illegible]ress, Mephistopheles and Faust in [illegible]rince Albert coats and irreproachable [illegible]rousers sang the trio, as though it [illegible]ere a soprano solo and they were [illegible]fraid of losing the train. Mr. Berhald, who had a bad cold, was hardly [illegible]ecord, and Mr. Campanari was a most [illegible]etiring Mephistopheles.

Such performances as these are to be [illegible]eplored and condemned. They are utterly inartistic and unsatisfactory. [illegible]hey may be excused when a company [illegible]dlocre singers is barnstorming and [illegible]rs in small towns where there are [illegible]amatic accessories to be had for [illegible]r money. But that Calvé, a great [illegible]tic artist, should be persuaded to [illegible]o herself injustice is a pity and a [illegible].

[illegible] Campanari sang the monologue [illegible]d with keen appreciation and [illegible]ch spirit. The monologue suffers [illegible]en it is heard apart from the opera. [illegible]alled, he sang Tonio's prologue from [illegible]agliacci." It is a pleasure to watch [illegible] steady growth of this admirable [illegible]ist. May he be eminently successful [illegible]ing his engagement at the Royal [illegible]ern House in Berlin this coming au[illegible]nn!

The orchestra was heard at its best [illegible] Liszt's symphonic poem, which was [illegible]d exceedingly well by Mr. Mollenhauer. The accompaniments, led by his conductor of skill, experience and temperament, were precise and sympathetic.

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The program of the 24th and final concert of the 16th season of the Symphony concert, Emil Paur, conductor, was made up exclusively of pieces by Wagner: Prelude, "Parsifal," Faust overture, Preludes to Acts I. and III. of "Lohengrin," A Siegfried Idyl, Overture to "Rienzi," Forest sounds from "Siegfried," The Ride of the Valkyres.

This program showed in clear light the genius of Wagner—the genius of mysticism as in Parsifal, the genius of Nature as in Siegfried, and the genius of Vulgarity as in the obscene "Rienzi" overture. The genius of dullness was not forgotten—witness the dreary Faust overture.

Mr. Paur was most heartily applauded at this last concert of the season by a very large audience. This tribute was undoubtedly paid the orchestra as well as Mr. Paur. The brilliancy of the orchestra is as pronounced as are the honesty and the faithfulness of the leader, who may well be proud to be at the head of such a band of musicians as well as virtuosos.

I give a statistical review of the season in another column of the Journal. It will there be seen that the programs as a whole have been diversified, and that a reasonable number of new works have been played. I hope the time will come when it will not be regarded as absolutely necessary to perform yearly the three stock overtures of Weber and the three stock symphonies of Mozart. Such familiarity—but the proverb is musty. American composers were not well treated last season. There is no reason why a composer should meet with recognition simply because he is an American; but when Mr. MacDowell, one of the few great composers now living, happens to be an American, neglect of him is unpardonable. There was talk of producing new orchestral works by Prof. Paine and Mr. Chadwick; but the talk came to nothing. Then there is a symphony by Mr. Templeton Strong that deserves at least a hearing. Nor is Mr. Paur ignorant of the fact that such a work exists.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Statistical Review of the Season of '96-'97.

The New Works Produced and the First Appearances.

Announcement of the Coming Promenade Concerts.

The musical season of 1896-97 is over. It is true the Cecilia will give a concert with a miscellaneous program, and amateur singers and pianists may give concerts for the pleasure of their friends, but the season is over.

It was upon the whole a dull season. The average of excitement provoked by the display of virtuosos was lower than that of preceding years. Certain admirable artists were neglected. Few visitors made money by their concerts. It is not for me to say whether the lack of interest was due to the hard times or to the fact that musical interest in Boston is confined chiefly to the concerts given by the Symphony Orchestra, the Kneisel Quartet and the leading choral societies. It is a fact that an artist of great reputation may be applauded furiously at a Symphony concert and yet not be successful pecuniarily at a recital given before the applause has hardly died.

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I propose to give a statistical review of the concerts of the late season. I have verified the list with care; but I do not flatter myself with the belief that the list is wholly without error.

No mention is made here of concerts of a quasi-private nature. There are concerts that are simply for the "Society editor," concerts that are not unlike afternoon teas with music, where a patroness pours the strong fluid of flattery to the real and abiding injury of the supposed beneficiary.

The following pieces were heard for the first time in Boston at concerts of the 16th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, led by Mr. Emil Paur:

Symphonies—E minor "Gaelic" op. 32 (MS), Mrs. Beach, Oct. 31; C major, Dittersdorf (tinkered by Hermann Kretzschmar), Jan. 16; E minor No. 4, Tschaikowsky, entire (two movements were played Oct. 18, 1890). The program book stated Feb. 13, 1897, that Tschaikowsky's 2d symphony was played that night for the first time; but the symphony was played here by Damrosch's orchestra Dec. 9, 1891.

Symphonic Poems—"Lenore," Duparc, Dec. 5; "Wallensteins Lager," Smetana, Jan. 2; "Death and Transfiguration," Richard Strauss, Feb. 6.

Suites—"Jeux d'Enfants," Bizet, Dec. 26; "Scheherazade," Rimsky-Korsakoff, April 17.

Overtures, Preludes, etc.—Overture "Gwendoline," Chabrier, Oct. 24; Overture in D major, Handel, Dec. 25; overture "Othello," Dvorak, Feb. 6; prelude to Act II. "Ingwelde," Schillings, Nov. 7; Preludes to Act II. and Act III. of "Konigskinder," Humperdinck, Dec. 26; Intermezzo from "Cricket on the Hearth," Goldmark, Nov. 21.

Miscellaneous—"Burial of Ophelia," Bourgault-Ducondray, Oct. 17; Slavonic Rhapsody, No. 3, Dvorak, Oct. 24; "Invitation to the Dance," Weingartner, March 13; Ballet Music from "Don Juan," Gluck, Dec. 26.

Concertos, etc.—'Cello Concerto, Dvorak (Mr. Schroeder), Dec. 19; piano concerto, No. 2, Schuett (Mr. Proctor), Jan. 2; fantasia for piano and orchestra, Arthur Whiting, March 6 (Mr. Whiting); Rondo for 'cello, op. 94, Dvorak, April 3 (Mr. Schulz); Sevillana from Don Cesar de Bazan," Massenet, Nov. 7 (Melba); four "Serious" songs by Brahms, April 10 (Max Heinrich).

Of these new pieces two were by Americans—Mrs. Beach and Mr. Whiting. Two were by Russians—Tschaikowsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff.

Five were by Frenchmen—Duparc, Bizet, Chabrier, Massenet and Bourgault-Ducondray.

Twelve Germans, reckoning Handel and the Bohemians as German, were represented by hitherto unknown works: Dittersdorf, Handel, Gluck, Richard Strauss, Schillings, Humperdinck, Goldmark, Weingartner, Schütt, Smetana, Dvorak (3), Brahms.

The program book of Feb. 20 says that Liszt's "Carnival at Pesth" (arranged for orchestra) was played for the first time in Boston at that concert. I do not believe the statement.

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The following were the soloists of the 16th season:

Six singers—Melba, Nov. 7; Lena Little, April 24; Campanari, Oct. 31; Plancon, Dec. 5; Max Heinrich, Jan. 30, April 10; Ben Davies, April 3.

Seven pianists—Adele Aus der Ohe, Jan. 16; Teresa Carreno, Feb. 20; Sieveking, Oct. 24; Proctor, Jan. 2; Whiting, March 6; Burmeister, March 20; Joseffy, April 17.

Four violinists: Carl Halir, Nov. 28; Loeffler, Jan. 9; Kneisel, Feb. 13, April 10; Adamowski, March 13.

Two 'cellists: Schroeder, Dec. 19, April 10; Schulz, April 3.

Four women and fifteen men.

Of these soloists Messrs. Campanari, Plancon, Halir and Proctor made their first appearance at a symphony concert.

The number of performances by the others, ending May 1, 1897, are as follows: Kneisel, 17, Loeffler, 14; Adamowski, 11; Schroeder, 7; Schulz, 6; Max Heinrich, 6; Joseffy, 5; Ausder Ohe, 5; Melba, 3, Burmeister, 2; Sieveking, 2; Carreno, 2; Whiting, 2; Davies, 2; Lena Little, 2.

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And now I give the list of all the pieces played and sung at the Symphony Concerts during the season of '96-97:

Bargiel—Adagio for 'cello and orchestra.

Beach, Mrs.—Gaelic Symphony.

Beethoven—Symphonies Nos. 1, 4, 8 and 9 (three movements); Violin concerto; Overtures, "Coriolanus," "Prometheus," "Fidelio," "Leonore No. 3."

Berlioz—Overtures, "Benvenuto Cellini," "Roman Carnival."

Bizet—"Jeux d'Enfants;" entr'actes and ballet music from "Carmen."

Bourgault-Ducondray—"Burial of Ophelia."

Brahms—Symphonies Nos. 3, 4; violin concerto; concerto for violin and 'cello; Tragic overture; Academic overture; St. Anthony variations; four serious songs (Mr. Heinrich).

Chabrier—Overture "Gwendoline" (twice).

Cherubini—Overture "Anacreon."

Chopin—Piano concerto in F minor (Mr. Burmeister.)

Cornelius—Overture "Barber of Bagdad."

[illegible] Symphony.

Dittersdorf Symphony in C major.

Duparc—Symphonic poem "Lenore."

Dvorak—Symphony No. 3, Overture "Othello," Concerto for 'cello; Rondo for 'cello, Slavonic Rhapsody No. 3.

Gluck—Overture "Iphigenia in Aulis;" Ballet music from "Don Juan."

Goetz—Aria from "Taming of the Shrew" (Miss Little).

Goldmark—Overture "Sakuntala;" Intermezzo from "Cricket on the Hearth."

Grieg—Suite, "Peer Gynt" No. 1.

Handel—Overture in D major; "Deeper and Deeper" and "Waft Her, Angels" (Mr. Ben Davies).

Haydn—Symphonies No. 2 in D major and No. 3 in C minor; Air "Behold Along the Dewy Grass" (Mr. Plancon).

Humperdinck—Preludes from "Konigskinder."

Lalo—Symphonie Espagnole for violin and orchestra (Mr. Adamowski).

Leoncavello—Prologue "Pagliacci" (Mr. Campanari).

Liszt—"Carnival in Pesth;" Scene in Tavern (Mephisto Waltz); piano concerto in E flat (Miss Aus der Ohe).

Loeffler—Divertimento for violin and orchestra (Mr. Loeffler).

Massenet—Sevillana from "Don Caesar" (Mrs. Melba); "Vision Fugitive" from "Herodiade."

Mendelssohn — Symphonies "Italian," "Scotch;" Overture, Scherzo, Nocturne, wedding march from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Mozart—Symphonies, E flat major, G minor, Jupiter; Overture "Don Giovanni;" Aria "L'Amero" from "Il Re pastore" (Mrs. Melba).

Rimsky-Korsakoff—Suite, "Scheherazade."

Rubinstein—Ocean Symphony; piano concerto in D minor No. 4 (Mrs. Carreno); Ballet music "Feramors."

Saint-Saens—Suite in D major.

Shillings—Prelude to Act II. "Ingwelde."

Schubert—Symphonies "Unfinished," C major No. 9; Overture "Rosamunde;" songs, Greisengesang, Gruppe aus dem Tartarus, An Schwager Kronos (Mr. Heinrich).

Schuett—Piano concerto No. 2 (Mr. Proctor).

Schumann—Symphonies, Nos. 2, 3, 4; Overture "Manfred;" piano concerto (Mr. Joseffy).

Smetana—Symphonic Poem "Wallenstein's Camp."

Strauss, Richard—Symphonic poem "Death and Transfiguration."

Tschaikowsky—Symphonies Nos. 2, 4, 6; piano concerto No. 1 (Mr. Sieveking).

Volkmann—Overture "Richard III."

Wagner—Overture "Tannhauser;" prelude "Parsifal;" a Faust overture; "Lohengrin" prelude to Act I. and prelude to Act III.; a Siegfried idyl; overture, "Rienzi;" "Forest Sounds" from "Siegfried;" "Ride of the Walkyries," from "Die Walkure;" Poyner's address (Mr. Plancon).

Weber—Overtures "Euryanthe," "Freischutz," "Oberon." See Weingartner.

Weingartner—Arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to Dance."

Whiting, Arthur—Fantasia for piano and orchestra (Mr. Whiting).

The nationality of the composers is as follows: 25 are German, reckoning among them Dvorak, Smetana and Liszt; 8 are French; 3 are Russian; 2 are Italian; 2 are American; 1 is Polish; 1 is Scandinavian; 1 is English; and I confess I do not know to what nation Mr. Loeffler wishes to be assigned; he would honor America by calling himself an American.

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The concerts of the Kneisel Quartet were, as ever, of a high standard of excellence. It is to be regretted that Mr. Kneisel persists in giving these concerts on Monday night; for many first-nighters are thus debarred from the pleasure of attendance. The Kneisel concerts of the 12th season were as follows:

Oct. 26—Quartet, D major, op. 64, No. 5, Haydn; Quartet, A flat major, op. 105, Dvorak; Octet, op. 20, Mendelssohn. Messrs. Krafft, Ondricek, Zach, Schulz assisted.

Nov. 23—Quartet, C sharp minor, Sgambati; Paderewski's violin sonata in A minor; Quartet, G major, op. 18, No. 2, Beethoven. Mrs. Szumowska assisted.

Dec. 21—Trumpet Septet, Saint-Saens; Quartet, E minor, No. 4, Chadwick; Quartet A minor, op. 41, No. 1, Schumann. Messrs. Burmeister, Mueller and Golde assisted.

Jan. 4—Quartet, op. 59, No. 2; Sonata for violin and piano, Mrs. Beach; Quartet, E flat major, Mozart. Mrs. Beach assisted.

Feb. 1—Quartet, E flat major, Henschel; Piano trio, B major, Brahms; Quartet, D minor (posth.), Schubert. Mr. Harold Randolph assisted.

Feb. 15—Quartet, E flat major, Dittersdorf; Octet for two violins, viola, 'cello, two clarinets, harp, double-bass, Loeffler; Quartet, C sharp minor, op. 131, Beethoven. Messrs. Fourtau, Metzger, Schuecker and Golde assisted.

March 8—Trio, F major, op. 80, Schumann; songs, "Jung Werner," Brueckler; Quartet, G minor, Grieg. Mrs. Melanie de Wienzkowska was the pianist, Mr. Max Heinrich the singer, Mr. Proctor the accompanist.

April 5—In memory of Brahms: Quartet A minor, op. 51, No. 2; Adagio from Clarinet Quintet, op. 115; Piano Quintet, F Minor, op. 34. Mr. Joseffy was the pianist, Mr. Fourtau the clarinetist.

The works produced here for the first time were Dvorak's A flat major quartet (Oct. 26); Chadwick's E minor quartet (Oct. 21); Mrs. Beach's violin sonata (Jan. 4); Henchel's E flat major quartet (Feb. 1); Loeffler's Octet (Feb. 15); Brueckler's songs (March 8). All of these, with the exception of the songs were played for the first time in public.

The pianists were Mrs. Szumowska, Mrs. de Wienzkowska, Mrs. Beach, Joseffy, Randolph, Burmeister.

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The Boston String Quartet gave three concerts Nov. 24, Jan. 12 and March 17. The pianists in order of date were Mr. Stasny, Miss Little and Mrs. Paur.

A concert was given by the Adamowski Quartet, assisted by Mrs. Szumowska, March 16. The concert was devoted to works of Polish composers. Noskowski's Quartet in D minor was played for the first time in Boston. Chopin's trio, op. 8, was also played.

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The Handel and Haydn performed no new work. "The Messiah" was sung Dec. 20 (Emma Juch, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, T. E. Johnson, David Bispham) and Dec. 21 (Alb[illegible] Charles Kaiser, David Bispham). Mr. Lang was sick and Mr. Chadwick conducted both performances. "Elijah" was sung Feb. 7 (Mrs. Patrick-Walker, Miss Damian, Evan Williams, Frangcon-Davies). The program April 18 included the Overture to "St. Paul;" Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" (Ella Russell); J. C. D. Parker's "Redemption Hymn" (Gertrude Stein), and H. W. Parker's "Hora Novissima" (Ella Russell, Gertrude Stein, G. J. Parker, Watkin Mills). Mr. Parker in each case conducted his own work.

It is to be regretted that the officers of the society pay no attention to the revival of certain orotorios of Handel in Germany, which given in Chrysander's editions, have excited the admiration of the general public, musicians and critics. The fetish worship of "The Messiah" is still hot in Boston. But Handel wrote other oratorios.

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The Cecilia has given three concerts and will give one this week. Dec. 4 "The Spectre's Bride" was sung. The soloists were Mrs. Bradbury, G. J. Parker and Max Heinrich. The concert Feb. 4 was miscellaneous. Mrs. Beach's "Rose of Avon-town" was sung for the first time in Boston. Helen B. Wright sang the solo part and Mrs. Beach was the pianist. Beethoven's impossible "Missa Solemnis" was sung for the first time in Boston March 12. The chorus made a brave attempt. The soloists, Helen B. Wright, Lena Little, Frederick Smith, Arthur Beresford, were earnest and—perhaps necessarily—inadequate.

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There were three short seasons of grand opera. The Imperial Opera Company, managed by Col. J. H. Mapleson, deserved a better fate.

"Aida" was given Nov. 30, when Mrs. Bonnaplata-Bau (Aida,) Mrs. Parsi (Amneris), Mr. Durot (Radamès) made their first appearance in Boston. The other chief parts were taken by Messrs. de Anna, Pinto and Dado. Mr. Bimboni conducted. The performance of "Lucia," Dec. 1, was weak. Josephine Huguet, a pretty woman, a miniature and ineffective Lucia, sang here for the first time, as did Mr. Randaccio as Edgardo.

"Andrea Chénier," by Giordano, was performed here for the first time Dec. 5, and Darclée and de Marchi sang that same night for the first time in Boston in the fourth act of "The Huguenots."

The Damrosch Opera Company, Walter Damrosch conductor, was here for two weeks, beginning Feb. 1. These were the operas given: "Tristan," "Tannhaeuser," "Lohengrin," "Flying Dutchman," "Die Meistersinger," "The Ring of the Nibelungen," "Fidelio," "Carmen." Lilli Lehmann reappeared. Her voice showed the ravages of time, but she was still admirable as an actress. Mrs. Gadski, Paul Kalisch, Riza Elbenschuetz, Lange, Fischer, Stehmann Mertens also reappeared. Carl Somer, the baritone, made his debut here as Kurneval, Feb. 1. Camille Seygard made her début here as Carmen, Feb. 3, when Salignac, as Don José also made his debut in this city. Ernst Krauss, tenor, made his début here as Tannhaeuser, Feb. 4. Susan Strong made her début here as Elsa, Feb. 5. The performances, as a rule, were far inferior to preceding performances of German opera; the operas were mounted shabbily, and the stage management was crude.

The Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company was at the Mechanics' Institute the week beginning April 5. The operas were "Siegfried," "Faust" (2), "Lohengrin," "Carmen," "Martha." Fella Litvinne sang for the first time in Boston April 5, as Bruennhilde. Mr. Von Hubbenet and Mr. Bispham appeared here also for the first time that night, as Mime and Alberich. First appearances here in parts were Jean de Reszke as Siegfried April 5; Calvé as Marguerite April 6—10; Bispham as Frederick April 7; Ed. de Reszke as Wotan April 5; Plunkct April 9; Marie Engle as Lady Harriet April 9; Mantelli as Nancy April 9.

This season was all too short. The features were the marvelous Marguerite of Calvé, the Wotan of Ed. de Reszke, the Mephistopheles of Plancon, the Don José of Salignac, the Frederick of Bispham, the Erda of Miss Olitzka, the Micaela of Clementine de Vere. The conductors were Messrs. Mancinelli, Bevignani, and Seidl.

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"Au clair de la lune," a dramatic episode in a prologue and two acts, by Max Hirschfeld was produced for the first time on any stage April 19 at the Castle Square. The chief singers were Clara Lane, Hattie Belle Ladd, Martin Pache, J. K. Murray, W. H. Clarke.

Balfe's 'Satanella" was revived at the Castle Square March 29, when Carrie Roma sang the part of Satanella.

"Brian Boru," by Julian Edwards, was performed for the first time in Boston Jan. 11. The chief singers were Amanda Fabris, Grace Golden, Max Eugene, S. I. Slade, Jefferson de Angelis.

"Half a King," founded on "Le Roi

de Carreno, music by Ludwig Englander, was performed for the first time in Boston Jan 4, at the Tremont. Lulu Glaser, Christie MacDonald, John Brand, Clinton Elder, Francis Wilson were in the company.

"Simple Simon," by R. A. Barnet, music by Messrs. Sloane and Tracy, was produced for the first time on any stage by the First Corps of Cadets Feb. 8 at the Tremont. The chief parts were taken by Messrs. N. H. White, Stutson, Hawkins, Fox, Lane, Barrows, Drew, Cole, Perkins, Foss, Hersome, Hansen, Chase.

"The Lady Slavey" and "The Geisha Girl" were given for the first time in Boston Sept. 5 and Feb. 1 at the Hollis.

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A series of "Vocal Chamber Concerts" was given under the management of Miss Terry and Wilhelm Heinrich. Selections from Grell's mass for 16 voices were sung for the first time in Boston March 31.

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Miscellaneous Concerts: Mrs. Inez Sprague, soprano, with Boston Festival Orchestra, Music Hall, Nov. 17; Mr. Rotoli's Roman Mass at Tremont Temple, Nov. 18; Eliot Hubbard, tenor, assisted by Mr. Blaess, 'cellist, Nov. 30. Bronislaw Huberman, violinist, made his first appearance in Boston Dec. 11, in Music Hall; he played the Mendelssohn concerto and pieces by Bach, Wagner and Sarasate; he was assisted by Miss K. R. Heyman; he gave another concert the 19th, when he was assisted by Mrs. Szumowska. Felix Winternitz, violinist, assisted by Miss Corea, Dec. 12. Stephen Townsend, baritone, assisted by Mr. Fiedler, violinist, and the Verdi Quartet, Dec. 14. Richard Burmeister gave a piano recital in Steinert Hall Dec. 19. Mrs. Sherwood gave a concert Dec. 15 in Association Hall, when Miss Gerda Nelson, pianist, made her debut. She gave another concert Jan 5. Max Heinrich gave these concerts in Steinert Hall: Jan. 5, Jan. 18, when Miss Julia Heinrich made her debut; Jan. 25, when he sang new songs by Chadwick; April 13. Miss Suza Doane, pianist, and Albert Gerard-Thiers, tenor, gave a concert in Chickering Hall Jan. 6. Martinus Sieveking gave a piano recital in Steinert Hall Jan. 9.

Miss Aagot Lunde, assisted by Miss Laura Webster, gave a concert in Steinert Hall Jan. 14. Archie Crawford, baritone, Jan. 20; Miss Florence Hartmann, contralto, Jan. 21; Mrs. Szumowska, pianist, Jan. 27; Miss Aus der Ohe, pianist, Feb. 9, 16; Miss Zella Cole, pianist, Feb. 6; Mrs. Lillian Lord Wood, pianist, Feb. 10; Miss Olive Mead, violinist, Feb. 16; Miss L. C. May, pianist, Feb. 18; Charles Gregorowitsch, violinist, and Xavier Scharwenka, pianist, Feb. 27; Miss Marguerite Hall, contralto, and Juanito Manen, violinist, March 1; Julius Schendel, pianist, March 4; G. M. Nowell, pianist, March 16; Teresa Carreno, March 13, 20; Mrs. Grace F. Stults (a concert of her compositions), March 22; Mr. and Mrs. Kronberg, March 30; Plunket Greene, April 20, 21; Miss Gertrude Miller, April 20.

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And here is a list of the more important first appearances in Boston:

David Bispham, "The Messiah," Dec. 20. Mrs. Bonnaplata Bau, as Aida, Nov. 30.

Albert Chevalier at the Hollis, Oct. 12.

Durot, tenor, Radames, Nov. 30. Darclée, as Valentine (fourth act), Dec. 5.

Charles Gregorowitsch, violinist, Feb. 27. Mr. Von Hubbenet, tenor, as Mime, April 5. Josephine Huguet, as Lucia, Dec. 1. Carl Hallr, violinist, Apollo Club, Nov. 24. Bronislaw Hubermann, violinist, Dec. 11.

Ernst Krauss, tenor, as Tannhaeuser, Feb. 1.

Fella Litvinne, Bruennhilde, April 5.

De Marchi, tenor, Raoul (4th act), Dec. 5. Juanito Manen, violinist, March 1.

Parsi, contralto, Amneris, Nov. 3.

Randaccio, tenor, Edgar, Dec. 1. Ella Russell, Handel and Haydn, April 18.

Inez Sprague, soprano, Nov. 17. Carl Somer, baritone, Kurnewal, Feb. 1. Camille Seygard, Carmen, Feb. 3. Susan Strong, Elsa, Feb. 5. Julius Schendel, boy pianist, March 4. Salignac, tenor, Don José, Feb. 3.

Alice Veriet, soprano, Apollo Club, March 31. Clementine de Vere (in opera), Micaela, April 8.

Melanie de Wienzkowska, pianist, March 6. Evan Williams, tenor, Apollo Club, Feb. 2.

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One of the most important events of the season was the opening of Steinert Hall. This beautiful and comfortable hall—which was needed sadly—was dedicated Dec. 16 by a concert given by the Kneisel Quartet and Mr. Brermann, pianist. The program included Haydn's D major quartet op. 64, No. 5; Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, and Schumann's piano quartet.

Philip Hale.

May 3 97

Of all the humiliations piled upon our sex, there is none so cruel as to be loved or married for our fortune. The worst husband is to be respected while he pays your bills. It is hard to despise a brute, who, after all, likes you well enough to provide for you. That is why the wives of laboring men are rarely unfaithful. They can feel—even while they are kicked—that they were chosen for themselves—not for their dowries.

A correspondent asks, "Why do you not say something about the heroic struggle of the Greeks? Have you no sympathy with a down-trodden race?" Of course, we have sympathy with all down-trodden races—the American included. We do not say anything about the war, because we do not know how it began, who began it, or how it will turn out. At first we followed the example of Mr. Dooley of the Chicago Evening Post: "So I found a map in th' newspaper an' started f'r to thrace th' evints iv th' war. Now me map was all right th' first day an' I had th' Pass iv Mill Mooney an' th' City iv Larissa properly pegged; an' on wan side iv th' mountains was Oroocodato an' a well-ar-rmed an' risolute army iv special correspondents, while on th' other side was Edam Pat Shaw an' other mimbers of the Pat Shaw fam'ly in command iv three divisions iv fanatical newspaper correspondents, singin' barbaric war songs and sendin' tillygraph message collect. But th' nex' day there come some new towns into th' scrap. There was th' town iv Artie, where th' sce-gars come fr'm, an' that wasn't in my map. Thin come Isalvoney an' Sallzarnica an' Nozeroes an' Litochareon an' Boozeville an' other towns that was left out iv th' gee-ography."

Not that we have followed Mr. Dooley's example in all things. When Mr. Hennessy asked him: "Who d'ye think 'll win?" Mr. Dooley replied: "I've got me money on th' Turk. I know his habits is not what they ought to be, his relations with th' fair sex bein' frivolous an' widespread, but he's been up again th' worst iv it f'r a long time. I think if some iv thim long-haired missionary men come to my town an' I was a Turk, an' they thried to tell me that th' religun iv me father was sindin' me to hell, which it was, I'd hand thim th' top row iv bricks fr'm the chimney if it cost me me life."

We realize, however, that the Turk is an admirable soldier, and his courage is fanatical. The strength of the Turkish army was shown in the Turco-Russian war, and Mr. Dooley is worldly prudent.

There is one feature of this unfortunate strife that excites the heartiest admiration; it is the return of the Greeks from towns of the United States to fight for their beloved country. You may say, "Any decent man would do the same thing if his fatherland was in danger;" but the question then becomes, "What is the proportion of decent men in a nation?" The self-sacrificing patriotism of these returning Greeks is a proof that the far-famed Grecian spirit is not purely legendary or the invention of poets.

"But what has this rigmarole to do with the first paragraph?" Nothing, absolutely nothing, young ladies and gentlemen. As we were reflecting on strife, foreign and domestic, all sorts of thoughts chased each other, and we caught a few.

Take jealousy, for instance. One of the most wonderful exhibitions of dramatic power ever seen in this city was the performance by Tamagno of Othello in Verdi's opera. The genteel Jean de Reszke, in his most delicately passionate perfumed part, seemed like unto a Dresden figure after Tamagno had shaken the stage by the might of his genius. Boston did not care much for Tamagno or Verdi's opera. This same Tamagno made his first appearance in Paris April 14 as Othello. And now read the short account written by a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette: "As one who has seen in theatrical Paris all that was worth seeing within the last twenty-five years, I may say that the pitch of enthusiasm provoked by the unique art of Tamagno has surpassed every expectation. Neither Verdi's presence at the premières of 'Falstaff' and 'Otello,' nor the one thousandth performance of 'Faust,' nor the revival of 'Romeo and Juliet,' with Patti and Jean de Reszke, has produced anything near the impression created by the superb acting and singing of Tamagno, and the oldest abonnés do not remember such tempests of applause, so many recalls and such an emballement on the part of the Parisian public. So great was the effect produced that it was decided spontaneously to offer Tamagno les palmes académiques, a distinction bestowed on artists and men of letters; but to mark well the sense of his admiration, M. Félix Faure gave Tamagno the insignia in gold instead of in silver, and the rosette instead of the ribbon, which at the same time means a higher grade, that of officer de l'instruction publique. This was a charity performance, but the famous tenor remains for three performances more, and promises to return next year. Tamagno and the other artists sang in Italian, an unprecedented event in the annals of the Opéra, and a fact which is likely to do more to promote a good understanding between France and Italy than all the performances of the European Concert."

The following paragraph was written in good faith by a young man who preferred the term "journalist" to "newspaper-man". It is in truth a pleasing puzzle. "Of course no place of greater interest will amuse the listener of such a lecture as that presented with giving that one some idea of how they carry on their affairs in their own way and to show this effect another picture was shown in which the burial of the dead was brought to view."

Never put the bellows on the table. If you disobey this rule, Death will enter the house.

May 4 97

There's a penny goes for pepper, too, as you shall understand,
Twopence soda, starch and blue, and a halfpenny for sand,
Sevenpence for candles, a halfpenny for matches,
And a penny worth of corduroy, I bought to mend your breeches.

If you will read the whole of this charming ballad of the Heart and Home, with its chorus,

So she reckon'd up and told him, and showed him quite complete,
How five and twenty shillings were expended in a week.

You will find no mention of expenditure for perfumes, except tobacco and gin. The sturdy wives of London tradesmen did not at the time of this ballad drench themselves with scents.

A prominent lawyer asked us recently if a heavily perfumed woman is necessarily a Colognial Dame? We regret to say that such women do not confine themselves to comparatively inoffensive Cologne water; they are too often strong-bodied, muskular.

Yes, yes; this is weary, weary work, as the North of England farmer said after the twentieth glass of cider when he felt no compensation of exhilaration. Let us talk about the gorilla now among us—but surely not "in our midst," as an impassioned scientist declared yesterday. This Troglodyte is not the first of his kind to visit Boston. In 1846 the Rev. John Leighton Wilson, founder of the Gaboon Mission, obtained two skulls, "which were followed by skeletons, fragmentary and perfect. He sent No. 1, measuring, when alive, 5½ feet in height and 4 feet across the shoulders, to the Natural History Society of Boston. His colleague, Dr. Thomas Savage and Prof. Jeffries Wyman called the new animal by the old name of gorilla, suffixing it to the 'Troglodytes' which Geoffroy de Saint-Hilaire, reviving Linnaeus had proposed in 1812." Capt. Burton tells the story. And in 1847 Dr. Savage published in Boston "A Description of the Character and Habits of Troglodytes Gorilla and of the Osteology of the same, by J. Wyman, M. D."

There are heroic differences of opinion concerning the habits and the character of the gorilla at home. Burton lays down the rule, "The larger the Simiad, the less sprightly it becomes; and those most approaching man are usually the tamest and the most melancholy—perhaps, their spirits are permanently affected by their narrow escape." He could find in Gorilla land no authentic case of manslaughter "by our big brother."

Burton makes these modifications in du Chaillu's famous book. The gorilla is not king of the forest; he fears the leopard; he does not choose the gloomiest woods, but prefers thin woods; his "tremendous roar" is a hollow apish cry; the color of the eyes is brown, not "light grey;" he does not run on his hind legs, but is essentially a tree ape; he never gives a tremendous blow with his paw, nor does he attack with the arms; he is a coward.

H. M. C. writes to the Journal: "I wish to inquire if the custom of blowing tin horns by the small boys on the first day of May is practised in any other town or city in the United States besides Concord, N. H. When the practice commenced, or why it is continued is something past finding out. It has been handed down from one generation to another and the May Day tooting horns have been doing service this year as usual, and thus disturbing the slumbers of those who wish to sleep."

We do not know whether any other town in the United States enjoys the May Day advantages of Concord, N. H., but the origin of the practice is not past finding out. The custom was undoubtedly brought with them by emigrants from England. Thomas Hearne in his preface (1724) to Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle says: "'Tis no wonder, therefore, that upon the jollities on the first of May formerly the custom of blowing with and drinking in horns so much prevailed, which though it be now generally disus'd, yet the custom of blowing them prevails at this season even to this day at Oxford, to remind people of the pleasantness of that part of the year, which ought to create mirth and gayety, such as is sketch'd out in some old Books of Offices, such as the Prymer of Salisbury, printed at Rouen, 1551, 8vo." And Aubrey in the 17th century left this manuscript memorandum: "At Oxford the boys do blow cows' horns and hollow canes all night; and on May Day the young maids of every parish carry about garlands of flowers, which afterwards they hang up in their churches."

H. M. C. should rejoice at the noise rather than be disturbed by it. Prof. Johannes Rinderwurst, a very Artesian well of thought, declares that noise, like curiosity, is a healthy sign. "The lowest tribes are moping and apathetic as sick children."

Our correspondent adds, "I should like to know the origin of the word 'shebang.' I once heard a doctor of divinity, who was noted for his use of slang, use it in regard to his house." The word is applied to any place where one is permanently or even temporarily located. It is said to have originated during the Civil War, "and is probably a corruption of the French 'cabane,' the name given to a hut, used by Louisianian troops." In Western Massachusetts early in the sixties, the word was singularly restricted. It was applied specifically to disreputable houses, and regarded as a low and vulgar term. There are some who claim that shebang is a variation of the Irish shebeen.

May 5 97

"Even the Homeric Penelope, whom you so often quote, seems to have been very rich." "That," said Mrs. Harrowby, "is why Odysseus returned to her. He was afraid she would marry again and take her fortune out of the family! Homer understood human nature, my love."

It is with great pleasure that we quote the following lines from the advance notice of a passionate press agent. Observe, please, the irresistible force of the argument. "Why is this play popular? Because all the world loves a lover. Consider for yourself. When was the sweetest moment of your life? When you poured out your big heart to the woman you loved—when with a little murmuring cry she closed her eyes on your breast and whispered, 'Dearest Bertie, yes!'"

Mr. J. D. Rockefeller proposes to have a floral clock near his humble cottage at Tarrytown. Mr. Rockefeller does not like to be reminded of the shop when he is in the country, and this clock need not be oiled.

If you are what is known as a hustler, your only thought during your morning toilet is whether you shall be late at the office. But if you do not spend your life in pursuing the hands of the clock, you have time for sundry reflections. Take, for instance, the simple operation of brushing the teeth. Every morning for a year you have said to yourself, "I must go to the dentist." Then the transition was easy to, "I wonder when Jones will pay me that $100 he borrowed two years ago." We are all creatures of habit in thought and association of ideas.

Mr. Brunetière appears to be nothing more or less than a common scold. His latest attack on Zola arouses the indignation of even Le Temps, one of the most conservative newspapers in Europe. According to the visiting Frenchman there is only one French author worthy of consideration. His name is Molière, and he died some years ago. It was Landor who put into the mouth of Petrarch these bitter words: "Among authors, none hath so many friends as he who is just now dead, and had the most enemies last week. Those who were then his adversaries are now sincerely his admirers—for moving out of the way, and leaving one name less in the lottery. And yet, poor souls! the prize will never fall to them."

We find this same tendency to praise the dead at the expense of the living in nearly every walk of life. Was it not Mr. Reed who said, "A statesman is a dead politician"? Rembrandt, Titian, Velasquez are wonderful; but Whistler—"an eccentric person, not without talent." And there are honest people who really believe that any line of Shakspeare is superior to the best line of Pinero; that every page of Beethoven's music is inspired.

The Italian's walk through the Metro-

politan Sewer recalls the terrible adventure of Jean Valjean. But the Italian had no Marius to carry, and when he emerged he found a friend waiting, and not Javert.

It appenrs that Dr. Moxom proposes to raise the people of Springfield from the slough of ignorance in which they have for many years lived happily to outward view, but mentally like unto the beasts that perish. Dr. Moxom proposes to begin his heroic work by lecturing on Browning. After the inhabitants are able to answer the easier conundrums of the poet, Dr. Moxom may introduce a Meredith primer. The good Transcript pats Dr. Moxom with one hand, and Springfield with the other, and expects to "see public discussion there take higher form than the relative terminal advantages of Springfield and Hartford, etc." We await with interest the position taken by the Republican on this new and important political issue. Springfield was once famous for its armory, skates, and waffles. It may yet be known as Browningsville.

"Wagner was a theosophist." He was a good many things; why not a theosophist? But when Mr. Basil Crump speaks of Wagner's "true, unselfish work," he provokes inextinguishable laughter. If ever there was a selfishly ambitious man, his name was Wagner. His correspondence with Liszt puts this dominating characteristic as in a lime light.

Poor Bramacharin Bobhabhiskshu! When he was hissed off the stage at the Woman's Congress in San Francisco, he should have consoled himself by the thought that free speech is one of the privileges of true Americans and not Hindus.

May 6. 97

Another kind of waste is hero-worship—waste more especially for the hero than for the worshiper. In fact, we mostly treat our heroes as barbarous nations in South America have been known to treat their deities, namely, with frequent flagellation. You process to admire a man very much; you ought, therefore, to be very careful of his time, his energy, and his patience; and yet, in the process of hero-worshiping, you often compelve to waste for him large portions of these precious commodities. You begin, perhaps, by telling him, that though you are a stranger and have no right to intrude upon him, yet you cannot resist telling him that he has done rightly here, or that he has done wrongly there, or that there is something that he might do that would benefit the world largely, and redound to his own credit. In short, you are copiously suggestive, and the unfortunate man has to read all your suggestions.

The union painters of this city may well be happy over the establishment of the eight-hour day. The light is best from 8 A. M. till 4 P. M., and there are few sitters who have the endurance to stay in one position over eight hours, whether they are painted as statesmen with a purple, tasseled curtain and a thunder storm behind them, or as philanthropists in the act of signing a check.

May 6, 1870, Mr. Edmond de Goncourt was sore distressed by the sickness of his brother Jules, for he knew the inevitable result; and he made this singular memorandum: "In my misfortune I am hard-hearted toward other unfortunates, and for the first time. When I met a beggar, I say 'I have nothing for you' in a merciless way that astonishes me." And have you not—you who so often a good Samaritan—have you not felt under the same condition the same hardness and brutality toward the poor or the suffering? Perhaps this comes from the spirit of perversity. You say to yourself, "Now, if ever, should I be gentle and generous;" and then the Demon compels you to extravagant foil. Or the sight of the misery of others wounds your vanity; you say, "What right has he to suffer in my presence; am I not the chief of sufferers today? What impudence for him to compete with me in woe! Get out, miserable vagabond! How dare you with your petty trouble intrude on my grief!"

There is excitement in New York lite because the name of Mr. F. W. Vanderbilt is on the list of jurors summoned to serve in the Dutchess County court. "Will he serve?" "Will he be excused?" "Will he pay a fine?" But why should not even "multi-millionaires" be put to some good use? We remember the thrill of pride in the Back Bay when Mr. J. M. Sears consented to serve here as a juror. His conduct was extolled as heroic; and when he handed out cigars to his fellow-jurymen, strong men wept.

The Hon. Walter Pepys believes the name should be pronounced Pepy. Peps is the traditional pronunciation at Cambridge, England. A writer in Notes and Queries is of the opinion that the name in the diarist's own day was pronounced Papes.

A Cretan legend runs thus: "After God had created the world He carried in His apron flowers and stones. The flowers meant happiness, the stones misfortune. These God scattered equally over the earth. But, when passing over Crete, a corner of His apron burst, and only stones fell over Crete, which has ever been and ever will be unfortunate in consequence."

The Musical Courier at the close of a biting article on Brunetière entitled "That Absurd Frenchman," asks "Why should we be pestered with these tenth-rate men? There would be a grim justice in sending W. D. Howells to Paris to lecture on American tragedy and read excerpts from 'Samson.'"

How many of you can answer this question propounded by the Public Library officials to the candidates for the custodianship of the East Boston branch: "Explain briefly 'era of good feeling'"? Why not ask them the difference between the Pythagoreans and the Pythagorites?

It looks as though Russian comic papers exchange with Sniggery Bits, Coughdrops, Punch and other exhibits of English humor. Witness this extract: "What, Vanyousha drunk again? I thought you only got drunk on the great holidays." "Today is a great holiday; my mother-in-law has gone away." . . . (It is usual in Russia to put a series of full stops at the end of a printed joke, to express the pause during which in real life the company contemplate it before deciding how loud to laugh.)

Elder Boutelle of Lynn is said to be "the oldest living divine of the Adventist faith." If you look in the New English Dictionary, edited by Dr. Murray, you will not find the word "Adventist;" nor will you find it in any English dialect or slang dictionary. The word is an Americanism, born here, and still confined to this country.

"Balance of Power." What crimes are committed in thy name! Twenty-five years ago Winwood Reade, a brave explorer and the author of a most dismal book, "The Martyrdom of Man," wrote these words: "To preserve the Balance of Power was an excellent policy in the Middle Ages, when war was the only pursuit of a gentleman, and when conquest was the only ambition of Kings. It is now suited only for the Highlands of Abyssinia.

May 7. 97

Fourth Concert of the Cecilia Closes Its Twenty-First Season—A Miscellaneous Program—Miss Aus der Ohe, Pianist, Assisted.

The fourth and the last concert of the 21st season of the Cecilia was given last evening in Music Hall. Mr. Lang conducted. There was a large and applausive audience.

The program included part songs by Battishill, Elgar, Miss Lang, Brahms, Rheinberger, Tschaikowsky, Illiffe; the folk song, "From a by-gone day," and a "Crucifixus," by Lotti. The pieces by Battishill ("Amidst the Myrtles"), Elgar (Spanish Serenade), Tschaikowsky (Legend) were the most interesting, although the rhythm of the serenade was not caught at first, and the pianist, Mr. Phippen, and the chorus were at cross-purposes. The charming song by Battishill, and Tschaikowsky's plaintive Legend, with its frequent suggestions of plain-song, were especially well sung. Full justice was not given to Rheinberger's "Water Fay" by either conductor or chorus, and the intonation of the latter was impure. Who in the world translated The Drinking Glee by Brahms. Observe this shiftless work.

"Oh ye gracious ones, Charmenten!
For the answering Echo's swing.
Hear us, jovial Musikanten,
To ye all our homage bring."

And, pray, what does this mean?

"Each one sips, thinks of his fairest,
And who no 'one-only' knows;
And he drinks to all the rarest,
Cheer to Beauty all that blows."

"Cheer to Beauty all that blows"! This reminds me of those magnificent lines:

"Eternal silence laughs along the shore,
And spectral negroes bleach upon the floor."

Miss Lang's part-song, "Bonnie ran the Burnie down," is without rhythm or color; a dull thing, clumsily written, amorphous.

* * *

Miss Aus der Ohe played with breadth, solidity and frankness the inevitable Toccata and Fugue in D minor, written by Bach for organ and transcribed by Tausig. She also played two of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, the first of them, F major, a piece of flabby sentimentalism, the second the familiar Spinning Song, which she gave with such crispness of rhythm that she was recalled. She added a waltz by Chopin, which she played in accurate, metallic fashion. Later in the evening she played a trifling Berceuse by Ijinsky, her own superb Etude, in which she displayed amazing brilliancy, and a Rhapsodie of Liszt, which called forth thunderous applause.

Philip Hale.

In St. James's in calling the morning is spent,
In St. Giles's the landlord calls for his rent,
In St. James's the Queen holds a drawing-room gay,
In St. Giles's Mr. Smith holds a garret all day.
In St. James's the togs are got out very bright,
In St. Giles's they're got out every Saturday night,
In St. James's they sleep on down pillows and snore,
In St. Giles's the same, but it's down on the floor.

Does any sane man believe for a moment that the Ways and Means Committee was influenced in its consideration of the propriety of a statue to be erected at public expense to Gen. Banks because it remembered he once happend to be "a poor bobbin boy"? On the other hand, does any sane man believe that because a public man was once "a poor bobbin boy" he should, on account of that very fact, be honored by a statue?

The erection of a statue to a public man is a serious affair. The question, "Is he worthy of such honor?" is the first one to be asked. He may have been a student at Harvard; he may have been a printer's devil; he may have been "a poor bobbin boy"; he may have been an idler in his youth; but all this has nothing to do with the one decisive question.

It is easy to compose a pathetic scene in a novel, or a loud article in a magazine by contrasting Dives lunching on turtle at Birch's with Lazarus feeding on garbage in a cellar. But the poor man loses nothing because another man is rich. The Communist might as well denounce one man for enjoying excellent health, while another man is a victim to consumption.

And so the will of the late Howard Potter is in no way the business of the community. The disposal of the property concerns only the family—which of course includes Mrs. James Brown Potter——and Mr. Bellew.

To W. L.: The street in Paris now sadly, horribly famous was named Jean Goujon, after the sculptor and architect (1515-1572) who was killed on St. Bartholomew's Day as he worked on a scaffold decorating the Louvre. The street was laid out in 1823.

"No sort of inspection seems to have been made in advance by municipal or police authorities or by the Prefect of Police. The structure was very combustible." And are there no halls, inns, churches in Boston that are known to everyone as man-traps? We have in mind a hall that holds from 2500 to 3000 people. It is often crowded with citizens and citizenesses of all stations in life. The stairs are long, narrow, with many snug accommodations for a blockade. If there should be a fire, the loss of life would be appalling. But the lessons taught by a calamity are soon forgotten. By the way, do you remember there was an explosion of gas in Boston about two months ago? Men and women were killed and property was destroyed. There was hot indignation for—almost a week.

A woman in Boston wishes a divorce because her husband "hates work." She should be more tolerant and philosophical. Sloth is the natural state of man.

Ten to one the delegates to the Universal Postal Congress have already received letters from passionate collectors begging stamps.

The Tri-Mount Theosophical Society should not be discouraged because the audience at the last meeting was only 10 in number—six women and four men—"and one of the men went out early." One of the Select Sentences of Sextus, the Pythagorean, is this: "You should not dare to speak of God to the multitude."

The report of the convention of the National League of Musicians at Kansas City is put appropriately under the head "Labor Troubles."

An American in Paris—we see him now, as he tries through patriotic motives to enjoy an "American drink" at a café frequented by his countrymen—says he has found the loadstone, the one thing desirable and irresistible, the "clou" for the Paris Exhibition of 1900. He is prepared to reproduce the railway smash spectacle which was given at Crush City. The Daily Messenger adds: "He feels sure that a real live railway smash would be a great attraction at the exhibition, and it will be the fault of the selection committee if his idea is not adopted. Old engines and ancient rolling stock, he remarks, are not wanting in the country, and he predicts an enormous success for the spectacle. But our friend does not indicate where he proposes to hold this show. The nearest suitable spot we know of is the famous review ground at Chalons, and the Exhibition Committee may possibly find that this is hardly contiguous to the exhibition, so that Paris will perhaps have to go without the railway smash after all."

May 8. 97

Names are serious things. The name of the Emperor of Japan is never known to his subjects during his life. And the people of Ancient Rome never knew the true and proper name of their own City, which is, indeed, among the things that have utterly perished. It was concealed as the most awful of all mysteries, lest if it were known to the enemies of the City, they might by force of charms and incantations deprive it of the aid of its tutelary Gods. Names are serious things, so serious that no man since Adam, has been able, except by special inspiration, to invent one which should be perfectly significant. Moreover, there are many more things in the World than there are names for them.

Again there is dispute concerning the proper name for Greater New York. There is but one name, and is it possible that it will be rejected? It is a glorious, sonorous, characteristic, historical name. Manhattan; or if you prefer, Mannabatta. Walt Whitman knew this long before Gov. Black could hold a pen.

"I was asking for something specific and perfect for my city,
Whereupon, lo! upsprang the aboriginal name!
Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient;
I see that the word of my city is that word up there."

The names left by the aborigines have been too much neglected, or openly flouted by the genteel person.

"Natural breaths, sounds of rain and winds, calls as of birds and animals in the woods, syllabled to us for names;
Okonee, Koosa, Ottawa, Monongahela, Sauk, Natchez, Chattahoochee, Kaqueta, Oronocoo,
Wabash, Miami, Saginaw, Chippewa, Oshkosh, Walla-Walla."

Here is Boston, for instance. In the Back Bay we find homage to genteel England, from Arlington to Hereford. Apartment-houses are snobbish in their titles. And why should private or public taverns in Boston be known as the Tuileries or La Touraine?

When Block in 1614 coasted the northern shore of Long Island Sound he discovered the Connecticut River and named it Fresh. He explored Narraganset Bay and named it the Bay of Nassau. Fortunately in these instances there was a survival of the fittest.

Good news from New York! Mr. Huneker assures us that "Henry Barnabee, the Boy Wonder of New England, has just signed a lease for 10 more years on life."

A dramatic department has been added to the Musical Courier (N. Y.). It is edited by two brilliant, sympathetic, fearless young men, James Huneker and Vance Thompson. The issue of May 5 contains, besides other extremely interesting matter, a study of Hauptmann's "Buried Bell" and the art of Agnes Sorma, the Berlin actress, who just closed her short engagement in New York, a discussion of the Frohmantic theatrical trust, a savage and refreshing attack on Brunetière, an essay on Hamlet by Paul Bourget. "The Prompter," a department that enlivened the late Recorder, appears again, and the gossip about Odette Tyler, "a peculiarly American type of gracious girlhood," and young Mr. Woodruff, "pretty, effeminate and self-conscious," will amuse those who saw "Secret Service."

An advertisement reads: "A new conjugation—good, better, the good Mr. Best." H—m! Let's see. Hasn't "conjugation" something to do with verbs, not adjectives?

The English radicals have been avenged. Emma Albani sang the national anthem at the annual meeting of the Primrose League.

Mackerel are already plentiful, and the season is said to be unusually promising. Eat them freely, and leave meat for a season. If the smell distresses you, follow the example of the French of the time of Louis XIV. Broil the fish with fennel, and it will be perfumed. Compare Milton—"A savory odor more pleased my sense, Than smell of sweetest Fennel." Fennel is also good for bleeding at the nose.

They liked perfumed food in those days. The cook always had musk and amber in the hand. Thus capons were stuffed with musk sugar plums; green walnuts were sprinkled with rose water; certain dishes were dashed with

soot, rissoles, fritters, and eggs were always scented.

may 9. '97

ABOUT MUSIC.

Brahmsiana---Likes and Dislikes of the Composer.

An Opinion by Hazlitt—Lilli Lehmann Extols Old Days.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Players and Singers.

There has been talk concerning the enormous price paid Calvé for concert appearances. Hazlitt said many years ago, "It has been usual to raise a very unjust clamor against the enormous salaries of public singers, actors, and so on. This matter seems reducible to a moral equation. They are paid out of money raised by voluntary contributions in the strictest sense; and if they did not bring certain sums into the treasury, the Managers would not engage them. These sums are exactly in proportion to the number of individuals to whom their performance gives an extraordinary degree of pleasure. The talents of a singer, actor, etc., are, therefore, worth just as much as they will fetch."

These people are luxuries—like unto terrapin, old lace, scarce editions of books. If you want them, you buy them, even though you know at the time your action is extravagant.

* * *

The Handel and Haydn Society has acquired by some mysterious mental operation the belief that "The Messiah" is distinctively a Christmas oratorio. To the Royal Choral Society of London the oratorio is singularly appropriate for Good Friday. The amount of it is that, as it was written not for any special day but for charity, so it may be given with propriety on any Sunday, feast-day or week-day. But what an excellent idea it would be to put it on the shelf for two or three years. Toujours perdrix—as our Canadian friends say.

* * *

The foreign music papers are full of stories about Brahms.

He was fond of literature, German and foreign, and especially fond of history. Up to the day of his death he was working on a Military History of the Franco-Prussian War!

Here are instances of his grim humor. His heavy piano touch was well known. Once he was playing with a 'cellist, who said to him: "But I can't hear myself!"

"You are in luck," replied Brahms.

On another occasion a singer besought him to give her a manuscript song, written especially for her. "You will sing my posthumous songs," was the amiable answer. His admirers kept begging him to write an opera. "If I had written a first opera that had made a fiasco, I should certainly write a second; but I cannot make up my mind to write the first. It seems to me the same thing as marriage." And once when he was more caustic than ever, as he took leave of the company, he said, with a smile: "If there is anyone here whose feelings I have forgotten to hurt, I hope he will excuse me."

Brahms was very fond of German art and artists. He corresponded with Menzel, the Berlin painter, and he had a high regard for Klinger at Leipsic. He was not free from national prejudices; he hated Englishmen and was fond of Italians. He enjoyed Switzerland, and in earlier years went each summer to the Lake of Thun; later he visited the Austrian Alps in summer.

He admired Goldmark and was close to him. He was reluctant to give an opinion, however, concerning "The Queen of Sheba" (although he was instrumental in organizing a banquet to the composer after the brilliant success of the first performance), so that a Vienna wit one evening parodied Brahms's manner of compliment as follows: "Yes, gentlemen—Goldmark—hm, hm—one must allow that it is an opera, hm—I was present, gentlemen—hm, 'The Queen of Sheba'—Goldmark—there is no doubt, gentlemen, it is an opera, the first performance of which I saw—'The Queen of Sheba,' hm, hm—delicate point—hm, hm, Karl Goldmark." There was laughter. Brahms, in the face, arose, somewhat pro- and answered: "It is possible, gentlemen, that I said this; if I did, I [illegible] to you, I expressed my con-

The last operatic performance he saw was that of Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth." He was very weak when Strauss's "Goddess of Reason" was given for the first time, but he sat in Hanslick's box until he felt so sick that he left at the end of the second act. A great admirer of Marcella Sembrich, he called on her and apologized for his absence from her concert.

The clergyman, Dr. von Zimmerman, said at the funeral that Brahms cared for three things as much as his art: his German Bible, for he was a staunch Lutheran; children, who, known or unknown, rich or poor, were always near him and trusted him; and poverty, which he relieved generously and modestly, although in his own expenses he was almost miserly.

His funeral was celebrated with great pomp. One hundred and eighty-six wreaths were sent. The procession from the house, Carlsgasse 4, stopped at the draped door of the building of the Musikvereln. There were addresses, and Brahms's chorus "Fahr wohl" was sung. At the church in the Dorotheengasse the choir sang Mendelssohn's "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath" and the Male Society sang Reissiger's "Wanderers Nachtlied."

Brahms left no signed will. He had intended to make the Society of Friends of Music, Vienna, his chief legatee, and there was a draught to this effect. His property amounted to about $70,000, which was deposited in a Berlin bank. His musical library and his autographs were to go to the same Vienese society. Some weeks before his death he gave the majority of his manuscripts to the librarian of this society. As he died intestate, his heir is the city of Hamburg, where he was born; but the authorities of that city are disposed, it is said, to waive their claim to the property. His nearest relatives were his step-mother and a step-sister, for whom he had long provided. He left a legacy of 15,000 florins to his nurse, Mrs. Truxa. There was little of value found in his unpublished work; there were a few songs and a choral book. It was his wish to be cremated, but he was buried near Beethoven and Schubert.

* * *

Cosima Wagner wrote an extraordinary letter to Hans Richter in acknowledgment of the news of the death of Brahms, in which she said: "My long absence from the whole world of concerts has left me wholly unacquainted with the compositions of the deceased. Owing to the peculiar nature of my life, with the exception of one chamber music piece, no one of his works which have attained such reputation and praise has been heard by me. * * * But I have not remained ignorant as to how noble his feelings and position were with respect to our art, and I know his intelligence was too great for him to ignore what perhaps interested him little and his character too noble to allow any hostility to appear."

In this connection it is interesting to note that Brahms regarded "Carmen" as the greatest opera of late years.

* * *

Raabe and Plothow of Berlin have published a little pamphlet by Lilli Lehmann, entitled "Auf der Festbühne in Bayreuth 1875-1876," which first appeared in the Berliner Tageblatt. It is a wail over the lost glory of Bayreuth, which she first saw in 1872. Yes, they were indeed glorious days, when Lilli and her mother first stopped at the tavern "Sonne." Listen to her. "At table d'hôte were the fat, old landlord and his wife and a Bavarian Captain. A good soup, a piece of beef with horse radish sauce, a meal pudding, and a glass of beer cost only 60 pfennig (15 cents) and were very good." Yes, it is very different now, Lilli. You were younger then, and your voice was fresher, and your figure was slighter.

The book gives an entertaining account of the life led by the singers with Wagner before the foreigners descended in swarms, before the temple of art became a raree-show. The attacks of Lilli upon Cosima and the modern performances are amusing and no doubt true in large measure.

Another little pamphlet by her, published by the same firm, is "Was ich über die moderne Gesangskunst denke." This proclamation of her ideas about singing deserves more serious consideration than I can give it today. Her views are of extreme interest to all who sing and listen. I propose to quote freely from the book next Sunday.

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Prof Dr. J. Wolff, music director at Bonn, died April 4.

Spinelli's opera, "A hasso porto," pleased in Breslau.

Katherine Fisk is engaged for the Hallé concert, Dec. 2.

Streets in Vienna are to be named after Bruckner and Brahms.

Giordano's "Andrea Chénier" met with great success at Moscow.

Arthur Sullivan will compose a cantata for the Leeds Festival of 1898.

"Tannhäuser" was given for the first time in Africa at Algiers, Mar [illegible] 25.

A ballet, "Dilara," music by Van Dammé, met with success at Ghent.

August Ehrlich, music director at Dresden, died about the middle of April.

Hariclée Darclée, Luisa Tetrazzini and Ibos are in the opera company at Madrid.

They did not care much for Isidor de Lara's opera "Amy Robsart" at Mayence.

Lillian Blauvelt sails for Europe June 2. She will sing in London, and later at Bayreuth.

Mr. Lohse has given the complete wardrobe of the late Mme. Klafski to Mrs. Nordica.

Mrs. Mantelli, Cremonini, Ancona and de Grandi will begin a concert tour early in October.

Wormser and Adorer's ballet, "L'Etoile," will be produced at the Paris Opéra the 15th.

Xaver Scharwenka, at the end of his concert trip in the West and Mexico, will sail for Europe.

A string quartet by Ragghianti, whose early death was a loss to music, was performed lately at Liege.

Agnes Witting, a singer who met with success in England, has moved from Dresden to London.

"Yannha," a three-act lyric drama by Charles Nouguès, a 22-year old amateur, was given at Bordeaux.

Gustave Mahler, conductor at Hamburg, has been engaged as conductor at the Imperial Opera, Vienna.

Giuseppe Pacini, brother of the famous singer Regina Pacini, will manage the San Carlos Theatre at Lisbon.

Mrs. Roger-Miclos, the celebrated pianist, is resurrecting in Paris the works of Friedrich Wilhelm Rust (1739-1796.)

Puccini's "La Bohême" was produced for the first time in England at Manchester by the Carl Rosa company, April 22.

A spectacular ballet by Armand Silvestre, music by Messager and Pugno, will be produced at the Marigny Theatre, Paris.

Dr. Garrett, organist of the University of Cambridge, died April 9. His anthems are well-known in this country. He was 62.

Halévy's "Fée aux roses" first performed at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, Oct. 1, 1849, was revived at the Théatre-Lyrique last month.

Mrs. Bergliot Ibsen, daughter of Björnson and daughter-in-law of the dramatist, made her début as a singer at Christiania April 5.

Siegfried Wagner, they say, has composed a comic opera in three acts. Otto Lessmann says that any opera by Siegfried will be comic.

The 19th annual concert complimentary to Mrs. Lizzie Gallison will be given in Berkeley Hall, Berkeley Street, Monday evening, the 17th.

Geraldine Ulmar sailed for Europe April 10. She will devote the summer to the study of music in Paris, and return to America in the fall.

The first act of "Nita," an opera by Legrand Howland, an American, was performed in Paris, April 20. Miss Minnie Tracey sang the chief part.

Edward German conducted his Romeo and Juliet suite at the Crystal Palace April 10. The music was written for Forbes Robertson's revival of the play.

Carl Prill, violinist, will leave Leipsic in the fall to be the first concertmaster at the Vienna Opera House and a Professor at the Vienna Conservatory.

Admirers of Vieuxtemps, with Marsick at their head, propose to raise a statue to him. A concert was given for this purpose at the Paris Conservatory, May 2.

Martucci refused an offer to succeed the late Bazzini as Director of the Milan Conservatory. He prefers to remain at the head of the School at Bologna.

Rachel Hoffmann, the Belgian pianist, will give concerts in this country next season. She won the first prize at the Brussels Conservatory in 1889, at the age of 16.

Franchetti's "Monsieur von Pourceaugnac," a comic opera founded on Molière's comedy, failed at la Scala, Milan, when it was produced for the first time.

Lord Rayleigh states the lowest number of vibrations per second which has been ascertained as audible by the human ear to be 24. The highest is about 20,000.

Teresina Tua has asked Guillaume to make a bust of Lambert Massart, her teacher, and she will give it to the Paris Conservatory, where he taught for nearly half a century.

A symphonic poem, "Life a Dream" (after a poem by Grillparzer), by an American, James K. Pleasants, was performed at an invitation concert, Berlin, April 12, for the first time.

"Rip Van Winkle," a romantic opera comedy in three acts, libretto and music by Jules Jordan, will be produced for the first time on any stage at Providence May 24, by the Bostonians.

Mr. David Bispham sailed for Europe April 29. He will return in September for the Worcester festival. He will join the Damrosch Operatic Company at Philadelphia in November.

Fred Solomon and Helen Bertram will be among the principals of the Metropolitan Opera Comique Company, which will begin a series of light operas at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, May 15.

"Die Haliliger," a tragic opera in three acts, founded on a novel by Perfall, music by Friedrich C. Koch, of Berlin, formerly 'cellist in the Opera orchestra, met with success at Cologne.

Verdi wishes to be buried in a garden of his villa of Sant' Agata by the side of his wife. The Prefect of Plaisance has been asked by him permission to build two modest tombs to receive their bodies.

Vincent d'Indy now knows fame. His opera "Fervaal" has been parodied. The parody, "Fer-h-val," at the Alcazar, Brussels, by "Vindy Cincens" (Nazy wrote the music) is said to be intensely funny.

A new opera, "Jacqueline" [illegible] by Cain and Adenis, music by G[illegible] Pfeiffer, will very likely be brought out before the 1st of June at the Opéra Comique with Mrs. de Nuovino in the chief part.

Marie Halton sailed April 28, on the Paris, for England. She will return in September to appear in a new comic opera entitled the "Typewriter Girl," which will be produced at the Broadway Theatre.

At a concert of American composers given in Berlin April 17 pieces by Ernest Carter, Otto Floersheim, Edmund Hertz, Charles Hulton and Arthur Nevin were given. The pieces were not relished by Otto Lessmann.

A concert of chamber music will be given by Miss Alice A. Cummings, pianist; Thomas C. Cummings, violinist; T. H. Cabot, 'cellist, and Sullivan A. Sargent, bass, in Union Hall, Brookline, Saturday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

A Libera me by Samuel Rousseau for voices, organ and orchestra, gave much pleasure April 16 at a Paris Conservatory concert. The piece in its original form for voices, organ and strings was first produced at Saint-Clotilde in 1883.

The directors of the Scottish Orchestra, conducted first by Henschel, then by Kes, have lost money, and will not resume concerts without a further guarantee of £8000. The original subscription was £24,000. The loss is estimated at £20,000.

Teresina Tua, the Countess Franchi-Vernay, played a concerto by Bruch at a Paris Conservatory concert April 16. It was in 1880—when she was 13 years old—that she took by unanimous vote the only first prize awarded that year for violin playing at the Conservatory.

"Miss Duff (Mlle. Dayrold) of Boston is thus spoken of by a Cannes paper: Mlle. Dayrold made a successful début as an artist of authority and conviction. She is a good comedian, as well as the possessor of a very agreeable voice." She sang the part of Marguerite.

Wellingsboro', England, boasts a child phenomenon in Master Eddie Child Furness, who, at the mature age of five and a half years, has just passed the Trinity College local examination in pianoforte playing with honors, having gained full marks for studies, solo and scales.

Advanced pupils of Mrs. Abbie F. Hervey and Miss Margaret House, assisted by Robert A. Seaman, Miss Gertrude Rogers, Mrs. Edith Bridges, Miss Mary Hinds, Miss Angenette G. Nickerson, John Hawes and others, will give a concert at Union Hall Wednesday evening, at 7.45 o'clock.

The Musical Courier of New York has added an extensive dramatic department to its entertaining columns. This new department will be managed by Mr. James Huneker and Mr. Vance Thompson, whose names are a guarantee for brilliancy and freedom from the fetters of conventionalism.

A new mass in D minor by Adolph Samuel was performed at the Ghent Conservatory April 17 for the first time. The composer has built the mass on themes of plain-song respected absolutely in their melodic march and rhythmic structure, but he has not shunned chromatic harmonization.

A concert for the benefit of St. Stephen's Industrial and Rescue Work will be given in Steinert Hall Tuesday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock. Miss Marguerite Bromley, soprano; Miss Alice Robbins Cole, alto; Miss Alice K. Gleason, violinist, and Mr. Schuëcker, harper, will take part in a diversified and interesting program.

"Gernot," an opera in three acts, libretto by Gustav Kastropp, music by Eugen d'Albert, was produced for the first time at Mannheim April 11. The libretto was criticised harshly. The music is said to be an improvement on d'Albert's two preceding operas. The chief singers were Mrs. d'Albert, Mrs. Sorger, Miss Heindl, Kromer, Mart, Krug, Erl.

Ernesto Rossi's new opera, "Halmalo," will be produced soon at the National Theatre, Rome. These singers have been engaged for the spring season: Sopranos, Lina Cerne-Wullmann, Elvira Marconi, Adelina Bizzini, Esperia Santoni, Amalia, Belloni; tenors, Angelo Brasi, Luigi Colazza; baritones, Bellati, Pitoni, Zarone; basses, Malatesta and Alberto Stagno.

The words of the Greek national hymn were written by Denis Salomos, an Ionian poet, born in 1790, and who died at Corfu in 1857. They are taken from his Ode to Liberty. The music was written by Nicolas Mantzaros, who was born at Corfu in 1795. He studied under Zingarelli at Naples. After his return to his country he taught music gratuitously, and in 1840 founded the Philharmonic Society which still bears his name. He wrote three masses, symphonies, smaller pieces, books on theory and studies of Monsigny and Méhul. He died in his native town in 1872. A street of Athens is named after him.

The testimonial concert to be tendered to Mrs. Bertha Kelterborn Monday night, at Turn Hall, No. 29 Middlesex Street, promises to be a distinct success. The concert will be given under the auspices of the Boylston Schulverein and Boston Turnverein. The program will include a chorus by Abt and many selections from Kreutzer's delightful opera, "Das Nachlager in Granada." Mrs. Kelterborn will sing songs by Brahms; Mr. Kuntz will play violin pieces by Mackenzie and Schubert, and there will be two movements from Beethoven's serenade, op. 8. The solos in the excerpts from the opera will be sung by Mrs. Kelterborn, Eliot Hubbard and Clarence Hay.

The Pall Mall Gazette speaks thus of Paderewski's playing at the Queen's Hall, London, April 9: "Paderewski took the pianoforte part in Schumann's Concerto in A minor and in Liszt's Concerto in B flat. The triumph of this extraordinary artist was of course a foregone conclusion, yet, we imagine, it was not quite the kind of triumph that was anticipated. Men have sneered, and have been largely justified in sneering, at the 'inner meanings' of Schumann; yet here was M. Paderewski most ardently engaged not only in [illegible]

been, but also in truth manifestly proven that master to be a saint, a prophet, and a mystic. For the moment, that is to say, we thoroughly believed him. We saw Schumann, as it were, surrounded by a halo, mysteriously hinting at an ominous future, and memorializing old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago. Was it indeed Schumann who was speaking to us? One cannot say. We do know, however, that in the hands of this magician we were transported to any land that he desired. This indeed was a veritable Arabian Nights entertainment. With Paderewski the lights shone, gleamed, danced, and were darkened. A poet has said that the miracle of the Arabian Nights is the withdrawal of the universe into the compass of a ring. That was the miracle which Paderewski wrought last night; he pursued the thoughts 'that wander through eternity' and bound them between the limits of a bare half hour. For the time he created for the reverent listener a country of dreams, and he illuminated it with a light that never shone on sea or land. In the Liszt Concerto he persuaded us feelingly that Liszt was a great composer. Could genius further go?"

The Pall Mall Gazette of March 29 published this thoughtful study of a phase of Wagner's art. It was suggested by a Lamoureux concert in London March 27: "Often he plays Wagner with inimitable comprehension, as in the most exquisite rendering of the Siegfried Idyll of Wednesday afternoon. Here, though the excellence is of a different quality, he rivaled conductors so greatly versed in Wagnerian lore as Mottl and Richter. Perhaps, however, it may be conceded that with certain of Wagner's compositions his clearness—not his perfection—of phrasing is against him. In part of that wonderful musician's work the native element of discord in which he swam, as a fish in water, seems to be certainly not disimproved by a slight obscurity of sound ranging from instrument to instrument. The harshness, in a word, is softened, and the haze in which the 'middle of the notes' becomes enwrapped gives to them a romance and a warmth that are certainly often wanting to M. Lamoureux's crystal clear and deliberately refined method of playing. Nevertheless one feels it a weakness to concede even so much; for the uncomfortable point arises: Did Wagner himself contemplate any advantage to be derived from an orchestra not playing him with perfect attention to the exact phrases as he wrote them? At first the listening world reviled his work because of the largely discordant element through which he wrought out his loveliest effects by the splendor of his contrasts. Is it not then something rather like a remnant of that original opposition in human nature which impels one to lean upon the somewhat vague theory of a 'continual murmur' between the instruments to account for a fleshly sympathy alien to Wagner's own principles? We fear so; for, as we have said, in certain selections where this discordant element is altogether absent, Lamoureux's playing of Wagner was supremely beautiful. Who knows but that by a little discipline of ear, and a resolution to accept Wagner as he lives in his scores rather than as the imperfections of great orchestras under great conductors show him to be, we might be induced to accept Lamoureux, here also as elsewhere, as among the greatest musical interpreters of our time? We confess that it seems an ungracious policy to lay a tax upon perfection; but with Wagner alone among the great the world has had perpetually to confess the weakness of the flesh, however willing the spirit, and even criticism seems still to confess here a trace of that weakness."

May 10. '97

The Bastille Column or St. Paul's at noon,
Where crowds may see your glossy frock-coat fly,
And wax pathetic o'er the exotic spray
That slips the button-hole in middle air,
And twinkling after, lights upon the mess
Of limbs and oozing blood that late was you.

In other words, the man that knows his life will be written owes a duty while he is alive to his future biographer. He should take care to furnish startling episodes, to be a picturesque character. Thus if he proposes to commit suicide, he should be spectacular in the act. If he is on a burning or sinking steamboat, he should strike a heroic attitude and exclaim in trumpet tones, "Save the women and children first!" then he can afford to gird himself quietly with a life preserver and leap overboard with an eye to a sustaining plank.

The subject should see that he has a suitable background, that he is well lighted. He should not be content to live in one town. The college professor says to his class, "Kant during his whole life never went 15 miles from Königsberg, and yet he shook the world;" but what a poor, thin subject the famous metaphysician was to his biographer. Placid domesticity is to be abhorred. There should be a dazzling vice, followed, of course, by dramatic repentance. Even William Wilberforce played faro at Brookes's and paid £8000 for an election to Parliament before he saw the error of his ways. Perhaps it would be going too far for the subject to commit murder, for in this case the biography would be classed with the lives of eminent singers and highwaymen; but he should do something desperate. There should be some ground for scandalous charges, to which the biographer may refer darkly in a foot note. How much more entertaining is the life of Nell Gwynne than Evelyn's Life of Mrs. Godolphin, that blameless lady with a low-necked dress! What would De Quincey be as a human being without his opium and his acquaintance with Ann and the Malay? Hazlitt would be merely an essayist addicted to tea and worship of Napoleon, were it not for his infatuation for Sarah Walker, the daughter of a lodging-house keeper, the glassy-eyed girl "who went onwards in a sort of wavy, sinuous manner, like the movements of a snake." We are convinced that George Washington was not the prig that prudish biographers have described. A man may be prominent in a club or in government, and yet handicap the man who finally takes his life by his culpable negligence to provide fat material.

Old Chimes was much distressed at hearing that a young man of his acquaintance had been fired by his employer. "Why did he fire him in May? Why did he not wait until the Fourth of July? Then there would have been a certain appropriateness in the action."

M. B. L. writes to the Journal: "The first year that we lived in Concord, N. H., curiosity prompted me to ask the same questions that H. M. C. did, regarding the May-day horn-blowing. The late Hon. P. B. Cogswell, for so many years editor of the Concord Monitor, than whom there was no better authority on Concord history and people, told me that so far as he knew the custom was a purely local one, and in its origin dated back to Colonial times, when the town was known as Rumford. Very early on May-day morning, parties of young men on horseback would rendezvous at a place on the outskirts where mayflowers abounded, and, coming back, their horses garlanded with evergreen and ladened with huge bunches of the spicy arbutus, they rode in procession through the streets blowing horns—much after the manner described by Aubrey, only that the 'posies' were hung as May-baskets at the doors of fair maids. Later generations gradually discontinued the morning ride, but the small boy still invests in a horn for May-day as religiously as he does in firecrackers for Fourth of July. Newcomers naturally object to having their morning nap cut short, but older residents are easily tolerant of a practice that recalls their own youthful days."

L. H. R. writes: "Concord, N. H., is not the only town in the United States that has known the custom of blowing tin horns on the first day of May. I am told that the custom prevailed and still prevails in Lynn, Mass."

The following beautiful story shows the advantage of wearing good clothes on Sunday. Adelheidis, a gentlewoman of Bingen on the Rhine, because of a dangerous fall as she went to church in her finery, became a nun, had raptures in her sleep, during which she learned the Latin tongue so that she could dictate it to others.

"Brahms was merciless toward forward amateurs and professional musicians devoid of talent. Whenever such a one called on him, he would sit on the piano-lid to prevent any attempt at playing to him." We are beginning to believe that Brahms was a great man.

"Pop, what is promptness?"
"Promptness? Well, it is a bad habit of always being on time and getting tired to death waiting for people who are not."—Chicago Record.

May 11. '97

THE POPS.

As an Intelligent Foreigner Saw Them.

Impressions of M. Aristide Chose, Sociologist.

Questions That Will Admit of Many Answers.

The twelfth season of the Promenade Concerts began last evening at Music Hall under the management of Mr. Fred. R. Comee. Mr. Max Zach was the conductor. In spite of the unfavorable weather there was a large audience. The program was as follows:

Marche Hongroise from "The Damnation of Faust"....Berlioz
Overture, "Le Roi l'a dit"....Délibes (First Time.)
Waltz, "Snowballs"....Ziehrer (First Time.)
Selection, "Wizard of the Nile"....Herbert (First Time.)
Ballet Music, "Fernmors"....Rubinstein
I. Dance of Bayadéres.
II. Candle Dance of the Brides of Kashmire.
Prelude to Act III. of "The Cricket on the Hearth"....Goldmark (First time at these concerts.)
La Colombe....Gounod
Prelude to "The Mastersingers"....Wagner
Entrée Triomphale des Boyards....Halvorsen
Overture, "Pique Dame"....Suppé
Waltz, "Artists' Life....Strauss
March, "Austria"....Zach

I took M. Aristide Chose, the intelligent foreigner, with me to the concert. M. Chose is an earnest student of sociology, a man interested in music and its effects on the human system. For some months he has been pursuing his studies in Boston.

He was first of all much interested in the transformation of the hall. He wondered where the scene at the back of the stage came from, and how the trees grew downward from the ceiling. Then he looked at the program. "Why," he asked, "do you in Boston insist on giving an 'e' acute to Delibes? He was a charming fellow, and I knew him well; but in his most passionate moments he never dreamed of accenting the 'e' in his name."

He listened to the music. He smoked. He drank beer. He looked observingly, but not impertinently, at the men and the women on the floor and in the galleries. After the Prelude to "the Mastersingers" he gave me the result of his experience.

"This is all very interesting, and I confess I am surprised at finding such an entertainment in Boston. You take things so seriously here. You are fond of lectures. You sit at the Symphony concerts as though you were in pews, and you read program books which I do not understand—you know I am not a professional musician—while the orchestra is playing. There is no restaurant life here, and the streets are deserted early in the evening. I repeat, I am surprised to find Bostonians drinking and eating and smoking and listening to music that is not advertised as educational.

"When I lived in Berlin I used to go to Blise's—it was ten or fifteen years ago. The concerts were frequented by members of 'The Orchestral Knitting and Roast Veal Association.' Families would sit at tables and eat their supper. The women would knit. 'A plate of red cabbage, an adagio of Beethoven and the foot of a stocking.' The hall was a sort of matrimonial bureau. There was wooing over plates of roast veal while the orchestra played and the mothers knitted, as the women of Paris did at the foot of the guillotine during the days of the Revolution. I do not see the same family life here tonight. Are all the young women I see bent on matrimony? And, by the way, I see young women in pairs, without escort, in the galleries, and young men and girls without chaperons on the floor. You would never see that at Blise's. Of course it is different in America; it is just as it was in Palestine, when, according to the Rabbi Yochanan, 'A young man and a young woman could walk together in the street and no harm came of it.'

"I don't understand why some of the audience should be penned in. Such distinction, it seems to me, lessens jovality. But I forget; democracy in America is simply a word in political terminology.

"And why does everybody stare at a table in the centre? I should think it would be very annoying to the lady with the young boys. And yet, she shows no signs of annoyance.

"The merriment is a little corseted. Don't you find it so? Perhaps it will be livelier later in the season. At present it seems to me that the people do not lay aside their fronts—pardon me, if I do not express myself clearly in your beautiful language. Each appears a little afraid of the neighbors, as though the woman at one table was watching the man at the next table, to see how many cigars he smoked or how many bottles of beer he ordered. This may be only imagination. To me there is too much evening dress. Is there a Committee of Inspection and Examination at the door? Still, I confess, it is a surprisingly gay scene for New England. Heredity is a powerful factor in life, and it is hard to shake off inherited conventionalism.

"The orchestra is excellent, and I like your conductor. He must be Viennese. I wonder why he chose such a dull waltz as 'Snowballs.' Nor did I care for the overture by Delibes. The opera is charming, but the overture is without distinction, and so is that Prelude by Goldmark. The ballet music by Rubinstein and that piece by Gounod pleased me exceedingly. I am glad the 'Colombe' music was repeated; to be sure it is not great, it is not remarkable, but it is so melodious, it is so daintily orchestrated, it is so unmistakably by Gounod.

"Now at Dresden and other German towns concerts like this are given in the open air. At Dresden on the terrace I could sit and watch the boats on the Elbe and drink Pilsner and hear music and smell fresh air. Again I forget; your climate is against such enjoyment. How many pretty women are here! More than I ever saw in Dresden or Berlin or Munich. But they seem so afraid of being natural. What a pity that for two or three hours you Americans cannot forget your business, your cares, your vexations, and the opinions of your neighbors.

"What is the program for Tuesday? I think I shall study Boston, as I see it here; until the season is over. It is much better to be here than to try to read by the light of your water gas books by eminent Bostonians. However, I wish the beer were cheaper."

Now the program for tonight is as follows:

March, "Princess Ninetta"....Strauss
Overture, "Oberon"....Weber
Waltz, "Meerleuchten"....Ziehrer
Selection, "La Fille de Madame A got"....Lecocq
Prelude to Act I., "Lohengrin"....Wagner
Serenade Rococo (for String Orchestra)....Meyer-Helmund (First time.)
Retraite Croate....Gabriel-Marie
Two Hungarian Dances....Brahms
Overture "Barber of Seville"....Rossini
Waltz, "Kaiser"....Strauss
Mazourka, "La Mousmé"....Ganné
March, "Puppenfee"....Bayer

Philip Hale.

The angel of death passing once by Solomon in a visible shape, and looking at one who was sitting with him, the man asked who he was, and, upon Solomon's acquainting him that it was the angel of death, said, He seems to want me; wherefore order the wind to carry me from hence into India; which being accordingly done, the angel said to Solomon, I looked so earnestly at the man out of wonder; because I was commanded to take his soul in India, and found him with thee in Palestine.

At the Porphyry Club they were talking about death. The frightful accident to the Leona following close the frightful accident in Paris had turned the conversation. The flaming juxtaposition of delicate and perfumed women and steerage passengers induced the Pedant to quote the Horatian line "Pale Death with impartial foot strikes at the hovels of the poor and the towers of Princes." There was random talk of ways and means of dying: from the poisonous fly to the rat-trap placed by Chinese torturer about the head of the victim.

Old Chimes, who had sat so quietly that he seemed asleep, said with more than his customary seriousness, "I think Death, as a rule, works in too clumsy a fashion. It is not dying itself that is so terrible; it is the attending train of circumstances: the smell of the sick-room, the whiffs of medicine, the intrusion of the commercially decorous, the disposal of the 'remains.' Then, too, so many diseases are ridiculous or grotesque in the detail. Familiar as we all are with death, we are still unfamiliar with it. It seems to me there might be a more awe-inspiring method of weeding out the population of the globe. Suppose, for instance, that human beings were removed from our sight by a death-cloud. Suppose, Thudicum, you were walking home with Brown and Robinson, and just as you were by the corner of Boylston and Clarendon Streets you felt a sudden chill and saw the death-cloud descending. You three would be in a Channel fog for a moment, and when it was light again you and Brown would find that Robinson had disappeared forever. Or the cloud might have removed the newsboy across the street. In either case the job would be done neatly; there would be no dispute over burial or cremation; there would be no question as to the disposition of watch or jewelry or bills or coins. The cloud would absorb or carry away everything. And since you knew from boyhood that the cloud must some day take special interest in you, and since you had often seen its visits, I think you would lead a life of decency and honor, so as to be in readiness. Think, too, what a test of courage would be presented by this visitation. You and Robinson might stand the ground boldly, while Brown would try to run into an apothecary's or the Brunswick Exchange. But if the cloud were in search of Brown his flight would be futile."

And then the Pedant answered, "Are you sure, Mr. Chimes, that your idea is original? Did not Plattner in Mr. Wells's strange story see a shadowy arm and hand reaching for a rate collector and insurance agent, who lay on the bed, 'lank, with ghastly white face terrible upon the tumbled pillow'?" "No sir," thundered Old Chimes, "I never read a story by Wells. I knew Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, and Wells, the phrenologist, but I don't believe either of them wrote stories."

B. A. writes to the Journal: "I detest the word 'bright' used to describe a brilliant talker or writer, and yet I see it constantly in the newspapers. Is it not an Americanism?" Oh, no. Steele did not hesitate to speak of "a bright conversation," nearly two centuries ago.

and the word is used without compunction by English writers today. "Bright" in the sense of "zealous," however, is an Americanism; but instances of such use are, we believe, rare.

You may have observed that Old Chimes used the word "Exchange." This word is an Americanism, and an atrocious one. Whenever we see it on a bar-room sign, we recall the comment of Richard Grant White on the word "sample-room." "Very worthy and well-behaved and even intelligent men do keep bars and taverns, but if they do, let them say so. When I see 'sample-room' over a door, I feel a respect for a bar-room, and as if I could take to my heart a man who owns that he keeps a grog-shop."

The Berlin correspondent of the New York Times speaks of "Lortzing's new opera 'Undine.'" This opera was first produced in 1846. The composer died in 1851.

The late Duke d'Aumale was an indefatigable patron of the drama—and playactresses. Our old friend, Mr. Edmond de Goncourt, drew this pen sketch of him in 1874: "There is only one word to describe him: he is the type of an old Colonel of light cavalry. He is of trim elegance, with seamed face, with grayish tuft, bald, and with a voice cracked by giving commands. His complexion is yellowish, his eye is a bird's eye gray, and when he listens wrinkles form above his nose. The conversation which ranged from Milanese cookery, from 'risotto' to the punchinello of Naples, gave him an opportunity of showing a knowledge and a learning that Princes do not possess as a rule. * * * He is simple, a 'grand seigneur,' and at the same time a good fellow."

may 12. 97

The sun was slumbering in the west, my daily labors past;
On Anna's soft and gentle breast my head reclined at last;
The darkness closed around, so dear to fond, congenial souls;
And thus she murmured at my ear: "My love, we're out of coals!"

The New York branch of the National Household Economic Association has extended its "field of inquiry." It now aims to give "an intelligent understanding of correct plumbing and drainage in dwelling houses." Truly a baffling task; one that would even stagger a sanitary plumber. The Association would be wiser, were it to confine its attention to such problems as "How to remove grease spots" and "Are doughnuts healthy?"

It appears that in Syracuse a permanent cooking school has been established, where mistresses and maids pay $10 a term. "Scholarships are given." We boarded once in a house kept by the President of a cooking school. There was high thinking, and there was plain living. The star boarder was so thin that he received flattering offers from the managers of dime museums.

The young women at Sage College are angry because President Schurman alludes to them as "denizens" of Sage. Hoity, toity! One of the meanings of "denizen" is "indweller or occupant of a place." The dictionary says this word is "used of persons, animals and plants." Surely the students belong to one of these three classes.

"Ball players are wonders," said President Hart the other day. "Years ago, when I was at Louisville, we gave Pete Browning a gold watch in appreciation of his batting. I presented Pete the watch. He took it, gazed at it a moment and said: 'Where's the chain?'"

We see nothing extraordinary in Mr. Browning's question. He was undoubtedly one of the many who tell the time of day by their "gold watch and chain."

"The late William T. Best arranged hundreds of pieces for his instrument, the organ." Caustic critics say he disarranged them.

Prince Constantine is indeed a managing editor. When a correspondent of a New York newspaper described the reception given the Prince at Larissa as "cold," the Prince struck out the adjective and substituted the word "enthusiastic."

This reminds us that the prophetic editor is not he who utters prophetic blasts of warning or foresees unerringly the course of events. It is he who accentuates the speech received in the newspaper office before it is delivered with "applause," "great cheering," "profound sensation," "tremendous enthusiasm."

Whether "The Tempest" be given according to the version of Shakspeare or Mr. Daly, or in operatic form, this query of Chorley is always pertinent: "Who can present the invisible Ariel on the stage, save as the outburst of a fountain or as a flash of volcano fire, or as lightning, or as the shooting of a star? A mime must do it; and however well it be done, the dream is gone. The mime flying on stiff wires, be she, he or it ever so tiny, ever so musical in voice, ever so tricksy in action (a combination not the easiest in the world to realize) lingers long behind imagination; or else, makes a gross piece of elf-work before an unpoetical—not therefore necessarily a coarse—public."

That witnesses in a murder trial should be compelled to stay in jail months after a verdict has been rendered is an incident of chromo-civilization.

The crime of stabbing Luigi Molinari is aggravated by the fact that Mr. Molinari was defending a righteous principle. He declined to be introduced to a fellow countryman in the street. One of the greatest of modern social evils is miscellaneous introduction. Do you yourself not suffer even now from the thoughtlessness of a friend? Are you not obliged to bow dubiously to a man whose name you do not remember? You have been doing this for three years, because Mr. Auger argued, "I know Smith and I know Jones; they do not know each other; they should." But you didn't care to know Jones, and no doubt Jones reciprocated the feeling. Few have the courage displayed by Mr. Molinari in declining. It is not likely he had any personal objection to Mr. Revono, for he did not know him. He simply wished to choose his friends. His instinct was right; for Mr. Revono insisted on knowing him and, instead of presenting his card, selected a more intimate method of appeal by dagging him in the abdomen. Think what Mr. Revono might have done to him, if Mr. Molinari had allowed the introduction!

Mrs. Eugene Cowles seems to be under the impression that her husband is a bass deceiver.

Is it true that the Hon. P. A. Collins regards a public dinner as a big bore? It is not the dinner that is always so terrible; it is the after-dinner speaking. Old Chimes said the other day that a successful after-dinner speaker must be without sense of humor. This seems a paradox; but the old gentleman argued that if the speaker has a sense of humor he would never take himself seriously, and in the middle of hifalutin he would burst out laughing or juggle a bottle on his nose. Now you may say, "But there's Mr. Depew." It is true that Mr. Depew appreciates the humor of others and he has an excellent memory; but his speech at the Irish Fair in New York leads one to ask whether he himself is truly and inherently humorous.

The Lancet (London) insists that an inspector should be appointed to seize any materials intended for the preparation of ice cream that prove to be unfit for food. Ptomaine poisoning, caused by ice cream obtained from barrows in the street, is not of rare occurrence in London. And in Boston and New York no summer passes without similar cases.

may 13. 97

The solitude I love and commend is especially but to retire my affections and redeeme my thoughts unto my selfe: to restraine and close up, not my steppes, but my desires and my cares, resigning all forraigne solicitude and trouble, and mortally shunning all manner of servitude and obligation; and not so much the throng of men as the importunity of affaires.

He was suspended from a street car strap. His feet may have touched occasionally the floor, but he was short and slight and he swayed to and fro, as the corpse of a malefactor from a wind-swept melodramatic gibbet. A fat woman was trying apparently to bore a hole through him with an umbrella handle. The zealous conductor banged against him. The car stopped near the Public Library. Deep thinkers, laden with books, with lead pencils sticking out of coat pockets, swarmed into the car which was already scatless. Straps were at a premium. The short and slight young man no longer swayed. He was packed like a sardine in a box. And yet he made one fierce clutch with his idle hand. Neighbors scowled, but the struggler was imperturbable. He knocked off a Derby hat, he stepped on corns, he reclined for a moment on the voluptuous breast of an elderly and spectacled clergyman. He finally triumphed, and, holding a shabby book in air, he began to read, and he began to smile a peaceful smile. He read with an absorption that irritated. The book was Zimmermann on Solitude.

A local contemporary recommends "Norwegian sand cakes" for luncheon. But is Norwegian sand any more luscious than Cape Cod sand? We are willing to admit the superiority of German and French asparagus over the American species; English mutton is much better than even Heiderberg mutton; but there is no turkey in the world as good as Cape Cod turkey, and we do not believe that Norwegian sand is as palatable or wholesome as the sand of Osterville, Manomet, Hyannis or Provincetown. No true New Englander will allow Norwegian sand cakes on his table or frequent a restaurant where they are sold.

There is unconscious irony in the statement that Mrs. Reiss, who drowned herself in Central Park Reservoir, "earned her living by writing for the papers."

Mr. Julian Story must be a good deal of a painter after all. In his portrait of the Prince of Wales he has "brought out distinction in the face."

"Home is where the heart is." That's the reason why so many homes are broken up.

The Rev. John M. Marsters is right. In the ideal Dramatic College there should be special attention paid diet and gymnastic exercise. "The price of board ought not to be more than $5 a week." We think $3.25 a more suitable price; for the school should be one of discipline and preparation for the hard work of the profession. The gymnastic exercise is indispensable to the success of acrobatic comedians, who are the favorites of the audiences of the period. There should be daily practice in "walking on railroad ties"; and there should be a practical course in civil engineering so that the playactor may be able at a moment's notice to lay out a lunch route.

Yvette Guilbert prefers Schiller to Goethe.

We are glad that Mr. Sidney B. Everett is glad because he will be Consul at Batavia, Java. It is indeed a delightful island, provided with northwestern monsoons, growing excellent materials for punch (arrack, sugar, cloves, nutmegs, mace), and with waters stocked with fish so accommodating that they present themselves to the natives to be taken or not as they may incline. And yet it was only yesterday that someone spoke of Java as a "barbarous" place.

When we talk sonorously about the degradation of barbarians or the "atrocious" habits of Turks or Hindus, we forget the fact that conscience is a geographical and chronological incident. Captain Burton once said, "What easier than to prove that there is no sin, however infamous, no crime, however abominable, which at some time or in some part of the world has been or is still in the highest esteem." We were reminded of this by reading an account of the inhabitants of Java, visited by Lewis Wertomannus in 1503: "The inhabitantes of the sayd Ilande (they I mean which feede of fleshe) when they see theyr parentes so feeble by age, that they serue for no vse, but are tedious both to them selues and other, they bryng them to the market or fayre, and seli them to the Anthropophagi, which vse to eate mans fleshe. They that buye them, kyll them out of hand and eate them. Likewyse when any young person among them falleth into any suche sickenesse, that by the judgement of theyr wise men he can not escape, to the ende that he should not vnprofitably lynger in paynes, his brethren and kynsfolkes sell hym to the Anthropophagi. When my companion, beying detested with these cruell maners, shewed in countenance that he detested this horrible inhumanitie, a certayne merchaunte of the inhabitantes sayde thus unto hym: O Persians, no sacrifice can redeeme your sinnes, in that you giue so fayre fleshe to the woormes to be eaten."

may 14. 97

Quarrels have long been in vogue among sages;
Still, though in many things wranglers and rancorous,
All the philosopher-scribes of all ages
Join, una voce, on one point to anchor us.
Here is the gist of their mystified pages,
Here is the wisdom we purchase with gold—
"Children of Light, leave the world to its mulishness,
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness;
Berries were bitter in forests of old."

Do you remember the letter written by Artemus Ward about Boston? He called on the editors of the Atlantic Monthly; he chatted with the landlord of the tavern where he stopped; he conversed with hackmen; he made excursions to Concord and Lexington; wherever he went, with whomever he talked, this question was invariably put to him: "Have you heard the Great Organ?"

Yes, there was a time when Boston was very proud of that organ, as it was once proud of the Common.

The organ was removed from Music Hall in 1883—fourteen years ago—and no decent instrument has been put in its place. Oratorios suffer in performance because there is no adequate organ. The conductor of the Symphony concerts in unable to produce certain celebrated works—as Saint-Saëns' Third Symphony—because there is no organ worthy the name. And the owners of Music Hall, some of whom are said by their friends to be "fond of music," do not care. They are deaf to entreaties, prayers, objurgations. They are no more solicitous concerning the absence of an organ than they are disquieted concerning the shabbiness and inconveniences of the hall itself.

We are delighted to find occasionally in street cars and in the streets whiffs of sandal-wood instead of musk. The other day we were thrown into delightful propinquity with a chemical blonde, and as she readjusted her sleeves after payment to the conductor the odor of sandal-wood sweetened the fixed air. We remembered the exciting book by Ballentyne, and thought of the funeral ceremonies of the Hindus. We urge strenuously the re-establishment of this perfume. For sandal-wood is also salutary in cases of palpitation of the heart (which it sometimes provokes), fevers, weakness of the stomach, hot vertigo, gout, erysipelas. You will be prudent, if you import it yourself from Malabar, and you will save money if you buy it by the picul.

The Evening Standard (London) of April 27 published this thrilling news: "Good-bye to petticoats once for all. I am very pleased with the knickers. G. D."

James Huneker thus gossips in the dramatic department of the Musical Courier: "At last Colonel 'Gus' Pabst is to marry the right girl. His engagement to Miss Lemp, the daughter of the brewer, is rumored. Now Margaret Mather can drink St. Louis as well as Milwaukee beer. I noticed on the programs of 'Cymbeline' large display advertisements of Pabst's Milwaukee beer, and I thought that it hinted at reconciliation, but I was mistaken."

Gouty people should not be inflamed by the tax on tea. Mr. Edward Berdoe declares that they add to the cause of their miseries every time they take a cup of tea or coffee, because they increase the store of uric acid in their blood.

You remember Poe's horrible story "Hop-Frog." He lifted the main idea from Froissart. A play with the same title and founded on the story was produced at the Eldorado, Paris, April 30. The authors are Vanor and Brémontier.

"More Songs from Vagabondia" did not please the Pall Mall Gazette. "'Robert and Richard,' says the nursery rhyme, 'were two pretty men; they lay in bed till the clock struck 10.' This is the impression created on us by the work of Messrs. Carman and Hovey; they give way to a little harmless self-indulgence in poetical reverie and think themselves very desperate fellows; though Mr. Meteyard has done his best to make them, at all events, not 'pretty.' Mr. Bliss Carman is a strong writer, but this book will not add to his reputation: it is silly and affected. There is no clue as to individual authorship. The whole volume is sauce without meat; absurd words, forced rhymes, tortuous expressions, and but little wholesome feeling to back them. There are sonorous lines and striking phrases scattered through the book, but there is none of the hammered hardness of true craftsmanship. * * * Mr. Meteyard's designs are confined to the cover, and we must honestly advise our readers to imitate his example."

The fact that President Faure escaped the private view of a Salon at Paris by making a tour in the West, while his wife and daughter relieved him of the official duty toward artists, recalls a story about Père Grévy, whose "path through the galleries was strewn with mangled victims," for he indulged himself in brutally frank criticism. "I call that an execrable daub!" he exclaimed once to his personal conductor, whilst a sudden chill fell on the group around him. "Whose is it?" whispered the President to the Minister in attendance, observing that there was something wrong. The latter indicated by a gesture the eminent conductor himself, whereupon M. Grévy, putting on his air of rustic joviality and cunning, stretched out his hand to the painter and cried, "In our country when we are going to buy an article we always run it down." The apology was accepted, and the Presidential collection was enriched by another masterpiece.

may 15. 97

Why should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve, our mother, learn'd to sin.

How proud we are, how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new;
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before.

One of our objections to the pen built

...Mr... ...in frequenters of ...the Pop concerts is that the sitting within the rails leads to incongruous dress: ...by this we mean that the supposed and paid for distinction of locality induces otherwise estimable men and women to wear their best clothes, to the injury of true enjoyment.

We do not refer now to the man who contracted the clawhammer habit at an early age. There are males who invariably don evening dress for dinner, as others wash their hands and brush their hair. For such to appear at a Pop concert in day dress would be an affectation. Nor are they often taken for waiters.

But look, rather, at Sparrowhawk, who sits there with his wife. He said to his faithful spouse at breakfast, "We are going to be among the swells, and we must dress accordingly." To him the donning of a dress suit is an event. ...left the shop earlier than usual, ...that he would have plenty of time ...the adjustment of studs and cravat, ...for wiping off the vaseline from his ...nt leathers. After he was dressed ...was not content with the admiration ...his wife; he found it necessary to ...into the kitchen to examine the ice ...st, and he was deliberate in his ...vements so that the serving maid ...ld take in his full splendor. He ...od in the street-car, although there ...s room to sit; he stood majestically, ...for the sake of his trousers. During the concert he was ill at ease, con...ous of his clothes, fearing the awk...dness of waiters or the carelessness ...a neighbor. He did not enjoy him...; for instead of throwing off care ...put on care. And as there were ...veral Sparrowhawks in the pen, the ...nosphere was charged with formali... There was no temptation to in...lge in chaff, not even the kind rec...mmended by the late Dean Goulburn ...om the pulpit: "Let your pleasantry, ...y younger brethren, resemble the ...ruscation of the summer lightning, ...mbent but innocuous."

Our French neighbors would have seen ...Sparrowhawk that night a man ..endimanché" and correspondingly un...mfortable. Now there are occasions ...r wearing your best clothes. The ...ince of Darkness—who is a gentle...an—was punctilious in this respect ...hen he visited his snug little farm, ...e earth.

...nd how then was the Devil drest?
...he was in his Sunday's best:
...is jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
...nd there was a hole where the tail came through.

But he was perfectly at his ease, for ...e switched his long tail, "as a gentle...nan switches his cane."

Do not be offended, Mrs. Mawworm, ...y this quotation from the works of an ...minent Unitarian divine. Satan has ...nany disguises and many suits of ...lothes. He undoubtedly invented the ...oothpick shoe. And we have seen him ...n scarlet, corseted, with flaring hat, ...elicately perfumed, daintily gloved, ...vith discreet revelations of stockings ...nd flounces. For Satan is not always ...a male. Read Cazotte's "Le Diable ...Amoureux." Remember heroic St. An...thony.

...nformality is the essence of enjoy...ent at a Pop. It is not necessary for ...man to go so far as to put his feet ...n the table or sit in his shirt-sleeves; ...ut there should be no thought of Mrs. ...rundy. Least of all should there be ...ny attempt on the part of frequenters ...o turn the pleasant concert into a so...al function. In certain beer-halls of ...Munich you will see laboring men, ...vomen of rank, students, merchants, ...wells, professors, serving maids, sit...ing promiscuously and without dread ...f each other. True democracy of feeling ...s not always a characteristic of a re...public. The most snobbish aristocracy ...s that which is known as the untitled. ...f in a clawhammer you show plainly ...hat you are conscious of your dress, ...ave it for the opera, which is the most ...retentious form of musical entertain...nent.

There is a family residing in the up...er portion of Randolph County con...isting of two mothers, four fathers, ...ne grandmother, six sons, one grand...ather, three daughters, three sisters, ...ix brothers, five husbands, three aunts, ...wo nieces, seven uncles, six nephews, ...wo wives, one mother-in-law, three ...isters-in-law, one son-in-law, six ...randsons, two granddaughters, and ...here are only ten in the family.—...Moultrie (Ga.) Gazette.

...This is the way the Pall Mall ...azette glorifies an ordinary incident ...n a Police Court. "Music, heavenly ...aid, not so young as she was, with ...er golden hair hanging down her ...ack 'in girlish profusion,' enters the ...outhwark dock, singing 'Annie ...ooney.' She has, the attendant warder ...xplains unappreciatively, 'been at it' ...her prison cell all night. She came ...om the workhouse to that cell be...use she persistently refused to recog...ze the raison d'être of the former institution. To her it was a place wherein to lie in bed and sing. When the workhouse took her out of bed and dressed her as though she had been a queen of the old régime, she proclaimed herself an operatic sovereign, with nine broken ribs, and hands unfit for scrubbing floors. When the allegation as to the ribs had been traversed, music declared, in recitative, that she never had worked, and never meant to. Which, in fact, was about the state of the case. When they removed her she sang, 'She was a dear little dicky bird,' Which is certainly the case also."

may 16. '97

ABOUT MUSIC.

Random Thoughts of Lilli Lehmann on Her Art.

Catholic as a True Artist, She Sneers at German Critics.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players and Pieces.

I said last Sunday that I would quote today from Lilli Lehmann's "War ich über die moderne Gesangskunst denke." The pamphlet is only six pages long, and yet there might be wordy and warm discussion over many sentences.

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She believes that the art of the singer is always the same, so far as technique is concerned; but the singer of today learns less than in years gone by. To sing the operatic music of Mozart, Bellini, Donizetti and the early Verdi it was necessary for the singer, male or female, to have a generous compass, and to be accomplished in coloratura. Wagner came and swept away ornaments, embellishments, florid passages of every description, and now when each note has its syllable, the lazy and the ignorant think all they have to do to triumph in Wagnerian music is to enunciate distinctly. Thus we find Wagnerian singers who cannot execute a turn decently and glory in their inability, fearing the reproach—not of ignorance, but of being a bravura singer. Mrs. Lehmann believes it is necessary for a soprano to sing Mozart well if she wishes to sing Wagner well. She refers to the severe demands made by Wagner on the voice, admits them, and reminds the reader that Wagner wrote with the thought of a concealed orchestra. If conductors and players and singers would only pay attention to the dynamic indications of Wagner! She cites an instance, the announcement by Brünnhilde to Siegmund of his approaching death. "The scene is imagined, as though the revelation were in a vision; all the answers to Siegmund's questions are marked in the orchestra pp; but what usually happens? The orchestra thunders forth in these very places as though it sounded the Last Day."

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She insists that she is not an extremist, that a singer should not be a bigoted partisan. There is room for all great men. That which is truly great and beautiful will live, that which is trifling or artistically great by process of manufacture will pass away.

And then she suddenly digresses and talks about the ephemeral glory of the singer. Tradition is the uncertain preserver of a singer's fame. "As in every art, so also in song are there few veritable artists." The public, constantly deceived by ignorant managers and ignorant directors, is educated systematically in ignorance; it loses all sense of values and power of discrimination.

And she says the critics—ah, the unfortunate, ill-used critics!—aid in blinding the public to the truth by their honey-daubing. For the public often feels that this is good or that is bad, but, without courage of opinion, it prefers to believe that which it reads in print. "In ten newspapers you will read the most antipodean opinions concerning a work or a singer; and if you compare them you must perforce laugh out loud. Criticism also tries to earn its livelihood—especially in Germany." This reminds me that Lilli's taunt is strengthened by the charges made lately against certain critics in Berlin, and not many years ago the practices of the brilliant Ludwig Hartmann were exhibited in a Dresden court.

And then she repeats the old charges. The majority of critics can neither sing nor play; the patient work of years is dismissed in an epigram, and a wretched composition is raised to the skies. But these charges are unfounded, especially in German. The critics in Berlin who praised or censured Lilli when she was most active in the opera were Gustave Engel, Urban, Ehrlich, Dorn, Ed. Taubert, each one of them an accomplished musician. Lilli makes an exception—she found critics who were artists and impartial, and where do you think she found them? In the United States. Here it is true were warm admirers, who wondered in print at everything she did in song or action. Some of my colleagues in New York have already their reward on earth. But what a pity oh my colleagues, that Lilli did not call you by name!

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The majority of people, says Lilli, have false ideas concerning methods of singing. Some think the Italian, some the German the better. "Each school when it is good is founded on one and the same basis." A very sensible remark; but how few German singers have any method at all. Mrs. Lehmann believes that a good singer should be able to sing the music of Wagner and coloratura passages; "she who cannot is not to my mind an artist. I except no one." She adds immediately, "The only difference between ancient and modern education in song is this: formerly the pupils studied action and song for six or eight years; now they are 'finished' in a year.

"Singing great exercises, sustaining broadly tones, exercising in deep and long breaths, all this is out of fashion; 'Practising scales tires me,' says one; yes, but the one who can sing good scales will find everything else easy, and that is the secret of keeping the voice young and fresh till you are very old. My mother told me 'No one will give you a pfennig for singing without notes and in tune, for that ability is taken for granted; when you have sung a trying part, your voice should be so fresh at the end that you could sing the part right over again; and you must always have a semitone more, above or below, than is required by the composer.

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The singer should know how to rest as well as practise. Two hours a day—hours faithfully and intelligently employed—are enough. You should not go often to parties or suppers. Early to bed and plenty of sleep, exercise in good, fresh air, nourishing food—and everything done in moderation; for moderation is of mighty weight in the career of an artist, as in life itself.

The word artist is used too commonly. The critic and the public should hold it a sacred word, a title of honor, and only those who have struggled for years should receive this decoration. You cannot be an artist at sixteen or eighteen years. The singer must portray love, suffering, hatred, revenge, pity, shame. How can a young maiden portray these? Yet the directors seek constantly young women, whose bodies are not yet mature. In their endeavor to succeed these singers overstrain brain and voice and body.

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Mrs. Lehmann says she sings gladly all parts that are truly noble and beautiful. Dearest to her is Fidelio. Then comes Donna Anna, and next, or rather side by side, is Isolde. "Isolde exhausts all womanly feelings; she is to me the fullest woman, even if she is a sinner; I can see clearly into her mighty love, bitterness, suffering—and this is the highest that a singer can demand of a part. It is not a part, it is a human being. I love Mozart as sunlight in which I warm myself, which I drink in full of happiness. Wagner often tears heart and mind in pieces; it is the life of a great mortal with its heights and depths. And we have more to thank him for than his works; through him has an intellectuality entered into music that enables us to understand much in Beethoven and especially Gluck that otherwise might not for many years have been comprehended."

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And what is her last word of advice? "To give counsel to young singers is dear; that is, you give your best and it is not regarded. One thing is first of all—industry—and again, industry. Add voice, talent, perseverance, much ability in all directions, a healthy body, limitless devotion to art—then in time there can be brave results."

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A thematic catalogue of Saint-Saëns' works has been published.

Brema sang again at the Monnaie, Brussels, the last week in April.

An operetta, "Miss Brown," by Charles Kohler, has been produced at Linz.

Miss Gertrude Gardiner of Brookline will play the piano the 18th at a concert in New York.

Tschaikowsky's Pathetic symphony has been performed at Rome under the direction of Sgambati.

Bruckner's Te Deum was given with the 9th Symphony of Beethoven at the last Nicodé concert in Dresden.

Benjamin Constant will paint on the ceiling of the new Opéra Comique in Paris, Mignon, Carmen, Manon.

Mrs. A. Sophia Markee of Boston sang at Worcester last Monday evening at an organ recital with much success.

Sina Altschuler, a girl of four years, made her début lately as a pianist at Dvinsk (Russia) with enormous success.

"De Wind," a cantata by Leo Van Gheluwe, was given lately at Bruges. It was composed for the Prix de Rome in 1865.

Miss Elsie Lincoln will give a recital of songs written for and about children at the Tuileries Saturday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

Melba sang lately at a party given by Mrs. Marchesi in Paris. Among the numbers was the inevitable mad scene from "Lucia."

Maurizio Bensaude, a baritone who visited Boston in the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau company, is singing at the Constanzi, Rome.

Paris doctors say electricity is good for the voice. "Franklinisation," as they call it, affects the intensity, the range, and the timbre.

César Franck's Symphony pleased the audience at Barcelona, although the intelligence of the conductor and the skill of the orchestra were not conspicuous.

Saint-Saëns in a letter dated Las Palmas, April 4, says no theatre equals in all respects the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth.

There were 18 competitors for the Cressent prize in Paris. The successful men were Henri Hirschmann with his "L'Amour à la Bastille" and Léon Honnoré, with "Roudra."

In certain German cities "L'Africaine" was sung to celebrate the fourth centenary of Vasco de Gama's voyage. In Vienna the opera was given under the auspices of the Imperial Society of Geography.

There will be a free organ recital at the Mission Church of St. John the Evangelist, Bowdoin Street, by Mr. Wm. Stansfield, Sunday evening, immediately after the service. The program will consist of compositions by W. T. Best, Salome, West Storer, Haydn and Gounod.

Miss Helen W. Potter, soprano, Miss Lucie A. Tucker, contralto, Miss Grace Clifford, reader, Miss Minna Gaul, pianist, and the Apollo Male Quartet will take part in a concert at the Union Hall Wednesday evening. The concert will begin at 7.45 o'clock.

Portions of César Franck's "Beatitudes" will be performed at the next Rhenish Festival, June 6, 7, 8, at Aix-la-Chapelle. Richter will be the conductor. Pieces by Beethoven (among them the Missa Solemnis), Schubert, Brahms, Richard Strauss and Wagner will be also performed.

A six-year-old Russian boy, named Henri Kartun, played the piano in Pleyel Hall, Paris, April 28. His program included Beethoven's sonata, op. 49, two waltzes by Chopin and pieces by Bach and Haydn. His musical intelligence excited even more wonder than his technical skill.

There will be a festival of chamber music by Beethoven and Brahms at Bonn from the 23d to the 27th. The Joachim Quartet, the Heerman Quartet, the clarinetist Muhlfeld, the pianist Borwick, Silvinski and Barth, and the singers Marcella Pregi and Charlotte Huhn will take part.

The program of the concert given yesterday afternoon in Union Hall, Brookline, by Miss Alice A. Cummings, pianist, Mr. T. C. Cummings, violinist, Mr. T. H. Cabot, 'cellist, and Mr. Sullivan A. Sargent, bass, included Rubinstein's Trio in B flat, Greig's violin sonata in G minor, Bargiel's Adagio for 'cello, and songs by Schubert, Niedermeyer, Haynes and Reeve.

The Ménestrel says of Nordica, who sang last month with little success at the Paris Opéra, "The voice is agreeable and is not destitute of a certain freshness. Unfortunately when she wishes to force it and to give it the breadth necessary in the part of Elsa, it loses in quality, and, what is worse, in purity of intonation. She should not attempt the part of Valentine, for the proposal to bring her out in it at the next reprise of 'The Huguenots' is full of danger." Le Guide Musical speaks of her in kindlier fashion.

Mary Howe-Lavin, the well-known soprano, who has been attending strictly to operatic work the past two years in Germany, returned home this last week for a rest until August, when she will go to Berlin to fill engagements in some of the principal opera houses of Germany, and later in St. Petersburg. She will not make any regular concert tour while home this time, but will be heard Monday night at Lowell, Wednesday at Manchester, and later in the month at Northampton, and one other city. In these concerts she will be assisted by her husband, Mr. William Lavin, the tenor.

May 17. 1897

And our name shall be forgotten in time, and no man shall have our works in remembrance, and our life shall pass away as the trace of a cloud, and shall be dispersed as the mist that is driven away with the beams of the sun, and overcome with the heat thereof. For our time is a very shadow that passeth away, and after our end there is no returning.

You read on the bulletin board the announcement of the death of a fellow townsman, and you find yourself wondering whether your name will ever appear there in black characters, to be gaped at by idlers, noticed carelessly by the motorman, scanned by creditors. You wish you could see how it will look; you would give a dollar to hear the comments provoked; for you cannot persuade yourself that your name is not sufficiently important for display.

And even if you are a man of shining parts, and reasonably sure of newspaper attention after your death, now in the body you would really like to see the obituary article that will sum you up and dispose of you. In every newspaper office there is a dead-house,

and the lives of persons of distinction, musicians and play actresses, philosophers and pugilists may be found there even while the subjects are rejoicing in their strength. If Prof. Skuewski discovers a comet, or if Tornado Jack knocks out Dismal Jemmy, the fact is added to the copy by the impartial and calous recorder.

You are a prominent citizen. Your obituary notice is ready for insertion. If you do not recover from an operation, if you drop in the street, 'twill be the work of a moment to prepare you for the press. Why do you not insist that a proof of this inevitable article should be sent to you—say, once a month.

For be sure of this: no obituary article, unrevised by you, will suit you or do you justice. We see Col. Hustler, who died yesterday, reading the carefully prepared article that appeared this morning in the Daily Tootler. We hear his running comment. "There was no need of insisting so vehemently on the lowliness of my origin. I thought no one remembered about my first business adventure. They glossed over my third failure nicely; 'he, too, fell a victim to the prevailing financial stagnation.' I see they remember my practical assistance in election time, for they speak of me as 'public-spirited' and 'always ready to put his shoulder to the wheel'—yes, and I had to grease that wheel. What's this? No mention of the fact that I was once named by a Cape Cod paper for the Governorship? And there are mistakes in the story of my Masonic record. Stupid! Inexcusable! And that praise at the end seems to me singularly cool and perfunctory. I'll stop the paper. Oh! I forgot!"

Even if you should see a revised proof each month, the article when published would not be wholly satisfactory; for you would twist and turn the language each month, you would strengthen a compliment, substitute a warmer adjective, leave out an incident that might reflect on your judgment.

Perhaps the most curious feature of your thought of bulletin boards is the belief that you must necessarily die in your own town. The Arabians name the five keys of secret knowledge: one of them is the time of the day of judgment; another is, where any person shall die; and these and the other three are known to God alone. You will find them all in that chapter of the Koran which is entitled "Lokman." We told last Tuesday the story of the Angel of Death and the frightened man who begged Solomon to order the wind to carry him to India. This story may well be read as a gloss to the chapter.

No true Bostonian can imagine that he may die in some other city; just as to a New Yorker, life in Boston seems incredible, impossible. Force of circumstances may compel a Bostonian to visit St. Louis or Birmingham or Keokuk or Montreal or London. In any one of these cities he would be able to preserve his dignity and talk downward. But surely Providence would not subject him to the indignity of dying out of Boston. Why, the mortification itself would be enough to kill him!

But suppose you are after all deceived; you were important chiefly to yourself; there was no bulletin about you. Console yourself by the thought that many fellows, pretty in their day, are forgotten. There was Mr. Clinch, "whose single voice, as he had learned to manage it, could admirably represent a number of persons at sport and in hunting, and the very dogs and other animals." We know not the death-day of this gifted person. Then there was the man who stood before the inn-fire and said to every new comer, "Do you know, sir, who I am?" And when the answer was invariably "No, sir, I have not that advantage," he would reply, "I am the great Twaimley, who invented the New Floodgate Iron." Do you know what this iron was? The merit of the invention consisted in a sliding door, like a floodgate, to an ironing box, flat irons having till then been used for smoothing linen, or box irons with a door and latch. And yet there was no bulletin announcing the departure of Mr. Twaimley.

May 18 - 1897

Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds; yea, expect both wind and storms sometimes, which when blown over, the air is the clearer and wholesomer for it.

The talk was concerning cowardice—from blackmail to the scenes at the late memorable fire in Paris. And a college professor—a man of about forty years—said, "Here is an example personally known, I may say personally conducted. I heard my wife this morning asking the serving maid this question, and she asked it in italics: 'Did you break that tumbler?' The maid said, 'No, I didn't.' My wife was uncharitable enough to doubt her answer, and she repeated the question, adding, 'If you didn't who did?' Now it happened that I broke the said tumbler the night before, while I was meditating an examination-paper and pouring beer at the same time. Do you know, the temptation to keep still, to let the girl suffer was almost irresistible. I waited fully three minutes wrestling in spirit, before I summoned up the strength to say in a conciliatory tone, 'Why, Jane, I broke it last night. I am very sorry. How much did it cost?' For the first time I understood the conduct of young Rousseau, who stole the pink and silver ribbon of Mademoiselle Pontal and then accused pretty Marion, the cook, of giving it to him. And for half an hour after my confession, I plumed myself on my bravery and righteousness."

There was silence until the Professor was out of the room. "What a queer and useless confession to make here in the club," said Mr. Auger. "The Professor must have been drinking," added a charitable physician. "It is evident that you gentlemen have never seen the Professor's wife," murmured the Earnest Student of Sociology; "I understand she's a woman of considerable force."

We heard the other day an extraordinary instance of blackmail in Boston. The victim had done nothing for which he should have felt shame, remorse, or apprehension. And yet he paid money because the circumstances of his adventure might have seemed to his enemies or the evil-minded discreditable to him. Blackmail is in nine cases out of ten a lucrative business because and only because the estimable citizen is afraid of what people may say or think.

This timidity of the individual soon becomes the timidity of a city or State, and so we find the bravery of a Judge or Governor applauded, yea, hailed as mirifick, when this bravery is merely the doing of duty, sworn duty. Now there may be a devilish bravery in violating arrogantly an oath, but has it really come to pass that the simple performance which the performer knows is right, just, necessary, and in the long run expedient for himself, is regarded by fellow-citizens as Thermopylaean courage?

Gen. Washington is still great enough to outlive oratory in his honor.

"Father Kemp and his Old Folks," published in Boston by the author in 1868, contains much that is entertaining reading. Not the least interesting page is the conclusion, which ends as follows: "Although I have swung my baton before a large choir in upwards of 6000 concerts, my word upon it, I never knew a note of music, and cannot distinguish a minim from a demi-semiquaver. I flatter myself, however, that I can beat time with the most accomplished impresario." Ah, Father Kemp, the impresario seldom beats time; he is more likely to beat the audience or his company.

On page 107 Father Kemp describes the Houses of Parliament, London. "The building covers eight acres of ground, or, as that interesting writer, 'Carleton' of the Boston Journal expresses it, an area larger than a great many corn-fields or potato-fields in New England."

When you look at the word in cold type, does it not seem like carrying Anglomania pretty far to denominate the crew or the team of a small college or trade-school "'Varsity"? University, or 'Varsity, bodies are so called in England to differentiate them from the college organizations. Our use of the term is meaningless and idiotic.—Time and the Hour.

Mr. Huncker, who loves and admires Mrs. Gilbert, objects to Mr. Daly's "exploitation of her faded, final years." He says in the last Musical Courier: "One of the most pathetic sights I ever saw on a public stage was Mrs. Gilbert's appearance in Mr. Daly's production of 'The Critic' a few years ago. While Dixey capered and Miss Rehan mouthed, this poor old woman—tricked out in weeds—danced a grotesque dance. She was over seventy years of age. She had been a good and commendable artist, and there in the dusk of her life she was set the task of capering like a zany. It was a brutal exhibition. No public save Mr. Daly's public would have tolerated it." Yes, Mr. Huncker, and in the year of our Lord 1897 and in the city of Boston poor Mrs. Gilbert again went through the motions of a dance. And no one in the audience cried "Shame!" although many were saddened by the sight.

May 19. 1897

The bell of a muffin-man is a melodious sound as compared with the human voice shrieked as it is by such venders as parade our streets. I consider the most discordant sound possible is that of the human voice distorted as it now is by those plying their trade.

Summer noises now awaken the dwellers in flats. As the mercury climbs, so windows are opened more and more for what is humorously known in the city as fresh air, and early in the morning the voice of the huckster arouses the sleeper to another day of action. The sleeper is thus reminded rudely that the legacy left him, or the public honor awarded him, was only a dream. The irritation of disturbance is aggravated by the stupidity of the huckster. The cry, for instance, is "Hi-yah! Rhubarb and fresh peas! Hi-yah!" But no sane person wishes rhubarb for his breakfast, either as sauce or tincture. Not that we underestimate the value of rhubarb, whether it is grown near home or in Ladakh or Cabool. In Cabool, it grows spontaneously under the snowy hills of Pughman, and it is eaten both raw and cooked. Some Indian doctors once practised there, and waited for the fruit season, when the people would probably be unhealthy. Seeing this rhubarb in May and June, the doctors left abruptly, pronouncing it a specific for the catalogue of Cabool diseases. We admit cheerfully the hepatic, stomachic, and deobstruent properties of the plant, but we do not wish it on the breakfast table. If the huckster would only cry "Coffee and rolls," or "Bacon and eggs," or "Bromo-seltzer," or the morning after an occasion of State or national rejoicing "Cock-tails and grape-fruit," the man in bed might feel spurred to rising. And then the tone-production of the huckster is as a rule so unpleasantly crude! There should be a training school for these morning vocalists, and a license should not be granted until each is able to show a certificate of examination by a committee of three well-known musicians, with Mr. B. J. Lang, of course, as Chairman.

Then up rose the King of Siam—"and he said he was delighted with the St. Gothard tunnel." To many it is an awful bore.

It is good news to hear that Prof. Charles Eliot Norton has accepted the Presidency of the Society of the Arts and Crafts. This town is sadly in need of vigilant supervision of crafts as well as arts. Ready made trousers are treacherous as to their seats—especially when they are the seats of the mighty; shoe-strings break even in the delicate fingers of beauty; the cordwainer has lost his cunning; there is need of a better five-cent cigar. Consider, too, the hideous stations building on the Common. Such architecture as is displayed in these stations might have been crowned in the Stone Age, but it is grotesque in 1897. Now that the Society of the Arts and Crafts has chosen 17 officers and will choose eight more next Friday, we may look confidently for happier days.

Why should Mr. Chapman be treated at Washington as an opéra bouffe prisoner? Is it true, then, that there is one law for the rich, another for the poor? Persian rug, chiffonier, easy-chair, nursery refrigerator, silverware, soups and fancy dishes from the Arlington—all for the express use of a man who snapped fingers at the majestic visage of the Law. We forget—there is one penalty to which he is subjected; he will be obliged to go out of his cell to use the telephone.

The voice of the English beggar again comes across the Atlantic. This time he holds the hat in Stoke Poges.

"The curtains were drawn aside in the centre of the stage and there the Champion sat in all the splendor of evening dress. He was given an ovation." Was the ovation just handed to him? Or was it presented on a silvern salver by a kneeling admirer? Or was it borne in a charger like unto the head of John the Baptist? Did Mr. Sullivan put it in his pocket, or pin it on a lapel of his coat, or toss it carelessly aside, or eat it?

Maj. Ulysses, a Bostonian, who after expansion for many years in the Oriental sun now spends his time in contemplation of the twilight life of this city, writes to the Journal as follows: "A short time ago His Excellency Li Hung Chang caused a young tree to be planted near the tomb of Gen. Grant, for whose memory the great Chinaman has a deep veneration. Whereupon our mighty press, pathetically heading its paragraphs 'Leaves of Maiden Hair,' proceeded to inform the American public that the tree in question was known to the Chinese and Japanese as 'Gingkobiloban,' but that its scientific name was 'Salisburi adiantifolia.' Now there is some danger that serious parents, who already know a similar tree on the Common, may soon point it out to their ingenuous offspring as a 'Gingkobiloban' with a proud consciousness of speaking both Chinese and Japanese. And the danger is increased by the fact that for a truly comforting word to aged ladies 'Gingkobiloban' could give odds to 'Mesopotamia,' if it were not supremely ridiculous, which 'Mesopotamia' isn't. But here are the facts: Among foreigners in the East this beautiful tree is known as the 'Maiden Hair Tree' from the marvelous resemblance of its leaves, in shape and veining, to those of the maiden hair fern. The Japanese name of the tree was Gingko. Then there came along an early scientific Johnnie who created the botanical genus of Gingko, and named this species Biloba, because the leaves have two distinct lobes. Later on, came another scientific Johnnie, who did not know what the other fellow had done, and he called the thing Salisburia adiantifolia. This later name has had to yield scientific precedence to the earlier one, and, in botany, Li Hung Chang's tree is properly known as Gingko biloba. But I am puzzled to guess how that final 'n' got tacked on."

May 20. 1897

The sun and stars that float in the open air;
The apple-shaped earth, and we upon it—surely the drift of them is something grand!
I do not know what it is, except that it is grand, and that it is happiness,
And that the enclosing purport of us here is not a speculation, or bon-mot, or reconnoissance,
And that it is not something which by luck may turn out well for us, and without luck must be a failure for us,
And not something which may yet be retracted in a certain contingency.

After the Society of the Arts and Crafts has elected all of its officers, its first duty should be the reprinting of Thomas Fuller's chapter, the Handicraftsman, chapter XXXIV. in "The Holy State and the Profane State." This little essay should then be distributed among all workmen. Section 7 is of special worth. "He seldom attaineth to any very great estate: except his trade hath some outlets and excursions into wholesale and merchandise; otherwise, mere artificers cannot heap up much wealth. It is difficult for gleaners, without stealing whole sheaves, to fill a barn. His chief wealth consisteth in enough, and that he can live comfortably, and leave his children the inheritance of their education."

There is more need of reform in the crafts than in the arts. There was a time when a craft was an art, when the handicraftsman was indeed an artist. The father, a skilled workman, handed down his ability and cunning to his son. The son looked forward as a boy to the day when his skill would be recognized, and honor the family name. But in this fleeting period of eternity the father has loftier (as he thinks) ambition for his son; or if he wishes his boy to follow his own calling, the boy, a victim of superficial education, is ashamed of the shop; he wishes, forsooth, to be a lawyer, a doctor, something that is genteel. The father humors him. The boy studies law. His mind is not adapted to it. He struggles through the examination, practises with little success, becomes a ward politician. Or as doctor, he aids in reducing the population, and thus has an economic use. He is a square peg in a round hole. A good mechanic, or bookbinder, or cordwainer, or gardener has been spoiled, and some clumsy-handed, fat-witted person has taken his place.

And the general public suffers thereby. You do not find boots as well made, as comfortable, as durable. The carpenter's job is not as thorough and artistic. A leaf comes out of the freshly bound book. The sleeves of your coat are not right. The sense of pride in work and the feeling of personal responsibility are fast disappearing. Machinery, the great leveler, will give you certain things which at first sight are cheaper than those made by hand; but you find the articles are not as durable, and you do not derive the same satisfaction from ownership.

A pair of boots or a pair of trousers or an umbrella should be as highly esteemed as a work of art as a statue in honor of some hustler, humbug or truly great man. If the Society of the Arts and Crafts can make these words again synonymous, the names of the founders of the Society should be carved on a wall of the Public Library. For, curious to relate, in this country, which claims to be an ideal democracy, working with one's hands is thought by many Americans a pitiable occupation, the last of resources. "There is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero," shouts Walt Whitman, and many do not understand the meaning. Perhaps the pride of Vatel, who stabbed himself because there was not enough fresh fish to serve at the King's banquet, was enormous, yet it sinned in the right direction, and Dukes and Princes, yea the King himself, wept at his death and praised his honor. And Aeropus, King of Macedonia, blushed with pleasure

he was complimented on the ex... of the lanterns made by him.

...e prima donnas as often come ...in humble homes as from homes of ...xury." You are too cautious in your ...atement, Mr. Winship. An over-...helming majority of prima donnas ...me from the humblest homes, and ...ne of the most celebrated were gut-...r snipes.

...enator Mason of Illinois speaks of ...lendid" gentlemen. He undoubtedly ...s "lady friends."

...s it possible that Mr. Altgeld has ...t his nerve? No sanitarium can re-...re it in its original and awful grand-...r.

...he Hon. Bob Fitzsimmons sat in the ...erved gallery to listen to the speech ... Senator Mason. And Senator Ma-...n adapted his speech to the under-...anding of the listener.

...o E. C. S.: There is no reason why ...s Emilie Briggs should not be a ...helor of divinity. The word bachelor ...this use may be and has been ap-...ed to women. And in Ben Johnson's ... "bachelor" meant a maid or single ...an, as well as an unmarried man.

NEW BOOKS.

...oncluding Volume of Mr. Saintsbury's Literature.

...hirty Strange Stories" Which Are Not All Strange.

Peculiar and Incoherent Life of Miss Laura Keene.

...E FLOURISHING OF ROMANCE AND ...E RISE OF ALLEGORY. By George ...tsbury. Charles Scribner's Sons. New ...rk.

...his is the last volume of the series ...tled "Periods of European Litera-...re." It is an interesting and extremely ...uable book, which treats of Latin ...diaeval hymns, chansons de geste, ...Arthurian Legend, the classical ro-...nce, the making of English and the ...ement of European prosody, the ...man folk-epics (as the Nibelungen-...), the literary poetry of Hartmann ...Auz, Wolfram von Eschenbach and ...ther von der Vogelweide, Reynard ... Fox and the Romance of the Rose, ...rise of the drama in France, with a ...y of Adam de la Halle's Robin and ...ion, the Icelandic Sagas, the Pro-...ical poetry and the literature of the ...insulas.

...r. Saintsbury has not only the cour-... of his convictions concerning vex-... points, historical and linguistic; he ...o has the courage of expression. ...us, speaking of the coldness or even ...tility of such men as Brunetière and ...nson toward the chansons de geste ...their own country, he ends with: "I ...e read many chansons and many ...gedies, but I have never read a ...nson that has not more poetry in it ...n ninety-nine French tragedies out ...a hundred." On many pages are in-...nces of the fine appreciation that ...racterizes this critic; as when he ...tes from an English poem of the ...e of Edward I.:

'Blow, northerne wynd,
Send thou me my suetyng,
Blow northerne wynd, blou, blou, blou,"
..., northerne wynde, blou, blou, blou."

... adds: "Here is Tennysonian verse ... hundred years before Tennyson. ... 'cry' of English lyric is on this ...thern wind at last; and it shall ...er fail afterward."

... his discussion of the Arthurian ...end, Mr. Saintsbury does not deny ...eltic origin to the probable person-...y and exploits. But in the develop-...t which evolved a whole library of ...ance from the scanty faits et gestes ...rthur as given by Geoffrey he finds ... Celtic origin; on the contrary he ...s the characteristics of English lan-...ge, English literature, English poli-... His discussion of the Nibelun-...ed will be of much interest to ...dents of Wagner, and his eulogy of ...Icelandic sagas should awaken the ...ntion of dramatists and librettists ...this vast storehouse. (By the way, ...long kisses of Kormak and Stein-...d are vividly Wagnerian). In his ac-...nt of Provencal poetry Mr. Saints-...y makes no allusion to the erudite ...k of Ferdinand Wolf "Uber die ...," nor does he refer to Rowhoth-...s singular account of the Trouba-...rs.

...he following reference to Mr. Tick-...is of local interest. "There can ...nothing ungenerous in referring— ...oris, not invidiae causa—to one of ...very best literary histories of this ...y century, Mr. Ticknor's Spanish ...ature. There was, perhaps, no ... of his time who was more widely read, or who used his reading with a steadier industry and better judgment than Mr. Ticknor. Yet the remarks on assonance and on long monorhymed or single-assonanced tirades, in his note on Berceo, show almost entire ignorance of the whole prosody of the chansons de geste which give such an indispensable light in reference to the subject."

Mr. Saintsbury might well have omitted certain self-signed certificates to his own reading, industry and general and special fitness for his appointed task.

THIRTY STRANGE STORIES.

THIRTY STRANGE STORIES. By H. G. Wells. Edward Arnold, New York.

Mr. Wells is not an unknown man. Indeed, he has been "discovered" repeatedly by enthusiastic reviewers, who keep sweeping the horizon with field-glasses. He has been alluded to as "the coming man." But there are so many men who come and do not stay.

These stories are of widely differing worth. In some of them there is the deliberate attempt of the Fat Boy in Pickwick: "I'll make your flesh creep," says Mr. Wells; but the reader sees him at work and observes the perspiration, and he is so busy watching the author that he forgets to have complimentary gooseflesh. In some of these stories, as "The Cone," there is too much reliance put on horror excited by cruel physical suffering. The suggestion of creepiness in "The Red Room" is far more effective. "The Stolen Bacillus" in idea was anticipated by Erckmann-Chatrian. Delightful is the fancy displayed in "The Purple Pileus" and the humor of "The Sad Story of a Dramatic Critic," which is truly a capital tale. Chang-hi's grin in "The Treasure in the Forest" is to us more than the details of pseudo-science in which Mr. Wells takes an unholy pleasure. It is a pity that the man who can write such fanciful sketches as "Under the Knife" and "The Plattner Story," who can indulge in such refreshing humor as "The Rajah's Treasure," should show too often an inclination to that which is simply horrible and cruel. Mr. Wells is dull only when he labors in Jules Verne's vineyard or shakes a raw head and bloody bones in your face.

LIFE OF LAURA KEENE.

THE LIFE OF LAURA KEENE, by John Creahan. The Rodgers Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

This biography is best described by the author in his preface: "The present work is entirely the result of accident."

This book is pretentious and indiscreet. It is arranged without order and swollen preposterously by impertinent padding. Here is an example of the author's methods. Chapter XV. is entitled "Laura Keene's Religion." A page is devoted to Macaulay's famous description of the Church. Then follows Byron's opinion of the Church. There is an attack on the strong-minded woman and female clubs. Poor Agnes Robertson is lugged in by her pretty heels. There is a discussion concerning the wealth or poverty of Miss Keene; we are told that her life was insured, and that Mary Anderson tried in vain to buy for $3000 a point lace flounce owned by Miss Keene. There is talk about Booth's bankruptcy and Lester Wallack's benefit. Nearly 70 pages are taken up with an account of the daughters of the actress, and uninteresting, for the most part, letters written by them to the author are quoted by the page. To the historian or the critic of the drama, the book is of little value, on account of its vagueness and disdain of dates. To the general reader the task of finding the grains of wheat in the bushel of chaff will be too irksome. There are 14 illustrations.

May 21 · 97

"We'll have a banquet, Sir, fit for the gods!" I told him good plain vittles would soot me. If the gods wanted to have the dispepsy, they was welcome to it. We had soop and fish, and a hot jint, and growsls, and wines of rare and costly vintige. We had ices, and we had froots from Greenland's icy mountins and Injy's coral strands; and when the sumptuous repast was over, the agree'ble man said he'd unfortinitly left his pocket-book at home on the marble centre-table. "But, by Jove!" he said, "it was a feast fit for the gods." I said, "Oh, never mind!" and drew out my puss; tho' I inwardly wished the gods, as the dinner was fit for 'em, was there to pay for it.

The Journal has received a pathetic letter from Vashti Strain, who is evidently cumbered about much serving. Here is an extract: "My husband's income is $2500, and my only legacy was a portrait of my great-grandmother Lucinda and the History of Rindge, N. H. We are occasionally invited to dine at the houses of rich men, or at houses where the host has an income of at least $10,000 or $15,000 a year. Now I feel uncomfortable about accepting such invitations, for we cannot possibly return them with any self-respect, or pleasure to the guests; for we have only one servant, who is cook, chamber maid, and waitress; our table furniture is simple; and we cannot afford to order extravagantly at the market or the wine merchant's. I do not feel like accepting such invitations, but my husband Leonidas says, 'Nonsense! We might as well eat those dinners as anybody else, and why should you feel bound to invite the Midases or the Plutos in return?'"

This letter is pathetic because it shows a spirit tainted—the word is harsh—let us rather say, disquieted by snobbishness. For hospitality, dear Madam Vashti, is not an affair of book-keeping. Augustus Amory Midas, Esq., invites you and your husband to dine; he does not just before going to bed enter your share of the expense of the dinner against you, or at the end of the year see whether you have balanced the account. He is a good-natured fellow, often bored, often dull. You and your husband amuse him. You bring novel ideas, unaccustomed speech. He cannot buy your company in a shop.

And if you like Midas—and he's not a bad fellow in spite of his money and unfortunate education — why should you not ask him to your flat? You would appear in a ridiculous light, if you should try to rival his feast, and he would be uncomfortable, for he would see and deplore the endeavor. Suppose you ask him and Mrs. Midas—she taught school, and is still precise—to dine with you. Give them a lentil soup, a bit of fish or lobster, a plain roast, or even chops (if they are of surpassing excellence), asparagus, a well-dressed salad, cheese, coffee. You can afford occasionally such a pleasure; and ten to one Midas would not think the less of you if you omitted the fish. Does the question of wine bother you? Mrs. Midas in her heart does not approve of wine at table. If Midas were put on the rack and questioned as to his preference, he would shriek out "Beer!" If you are bound to give him wine, put a bottle of sound burgundy on the table; but if you are sensible you will have beer served in pewter, beer cool and in abundance, and it will impress Midas if Leonidas open the bottles at table. If Midas does not enjoy himself, if he does not envy you your plain life without pomp or fuss, if he does not beam as he smokes a pipe—for you cannot afford cigars fit to smoke—he is not the man we think him to be. Bluff him a little; it will do him good; he will respect you all the more.

We know a man who will invite no one to his table because he cannot offer his guest champagne. He is a snob, the cheapest kind of a snob.

A dinner of many courses is an abomination. A dinner that is a prolonged attack on the stomach is as barbarous as the sudden gorge of a savage.

Madam Vashti, we commend to your earnest consideration Thackeray's "Little Dinner at Timmins's," sundry chapters in "The Book of Snobs" and "Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew," Nos. 7, 8, 9.

Good music is a great educator. Bad music is debilitating and debasing. That was a wise man whom old Fletcher quotes as saying: "Let me make the songs of a people, and I care not who makes the laws."

No, Mr. Mead, the wise man said nothing of the kind. The wise man "believed that if a man were permitted to make all the Ballads, he need not care who should make the Laws of a Nation." And ballad here means a popular song, celebrating or scurrilously attacking persons or institutions. There is no reference to the character of the music. The reference is to the spirit of the text.

Why do the Turks want Thessaly? It is inhabited chiefly by witches and sorcerers, who are able to bring down the sky, turn the waters into hills, extinguish the planets, restrain the sun from his natural race. A Thessalian by magic song can bring down the moon, and skim its malefick humors from the grass. There are Thessalian old women who take out the hearts of men asleep, and replace them with sponges. Then when the man passes by running water the concealed wound opens, the sponge falls into the water and the body is without life. See Apuleius and Lucan for a discussion of these well known facts.

Yes, it is a glorious thing to send money from Boston to the Greeks, the Armenians, the Hindu women, the Watuta and the Wanyamwezi. It was Thomas Fuller who said, however, "I like not this charity reversed, when it begins far off and neglects those at home."

The Copenhagen correspondent of the Daily Mail says: "Gen. Smolenski is cold-shouldered by his officers." Alas, there is such a verb, used chiefly by newspapers, although it is also found in one of Hood's poems. Why should not other verbs be formed from popular or slang expressions, as "Gen. Smolenski is ice-pitchered, marble-hearted, icy-mitted by his officers?"

And might not a man say with propriety that he is cold-footed by an anaemic wife?

To S. P.: You have lost the wager.

The right form of the word is "Ketchup." "Catchup" is a mistake, and "Catsup" is hopelessly wrong. The word is Malay, and is "Kechap," in Dutch transliteration "Ketjap." It means "to smack with the lips."

This reminds us that Mr. Charles P. G. Scott, an authority on Malayan words in English, is also a humorist. Witness this note to his discussion of "Kris." "It has ever been the sweet office of Art to mitigate the asperities of Murder by improving and beautifying its weapons; and, in our Western civilization, at least, no one, however poor, need go without a beautiful implement of slaughter. But in the Far East, as in the West, these apparent contemplations of death are often for ornament rather than for utility."

May 22 · 97

Often have I thought with myself, what disease I would be best contented to die of. None please me. The stone, the colic, terrible as expected, intolerable when felt. The palsy is death before death. The consumption a flattering disease, cozening men into hope of long life at the last gasp. Some sicknesses besot, others enrage men, some are too swift, and others too slow. If I could as easily decline diseases as I could dislike them, I should be immortal.

The Earnest Student of Sociology called on us yesterday. We were delighted to see him, stopped cutting off coupons, and handed him a cigar, saying, "You'll like it. The Duke of Medina Sidonia sent us 10 boxes last Christmas from his private stock as a token of his appreciation of our essay on the origin of the phrase 'To walk Spanish.'" "Thank you," answered our learned friend, "but I have given up smoking. The truth of it is, I have not been well."

And then he told us this pathetic story: "Six or seven months ago I thought my neck was chafed. I paid no attention to it, until one day after I had applied myself with extraordinary vigor to my Treatise on the Female—eight vols. folio—with illustrations—I felt a sharp burning and on examination found a dull red patch on my neck near the collar band. I went to a doctor. He looked me over and said, 'You should go to a specialist, a dermatologist. You have eczema.' And he charged me $3 for the information.

"Now, I had no idea that I was eczematously inclined, for my ancestors, though humble, were decent people, according to report, and my skin has been singularly, effeminately clear. I went to a specialist, an allopath—for I always remember President Lincoln's story, when homeopathy is mentioned. He was a very pleasant young man, and when I entered he was reading a German publication, the Archiv für Dermatologie. He looked at my neck, pulled my head down, ran his fingers through my hair, said, 'Ah, yes; our old friend.' He told me to abstain from beer, recommended mineral waters, wrote out a prescription, and charged me $3.

"I used the prescription. The patch grew. I went to other specialists. Each one wrote out a prescription, and I paid each one $3. Here is a list of some of the remedies I tried: Fowler's solution, ointment of white precipitate, green soap, oil of cade, chrys-arobin, Hamburg tar, arsenauro, ichthyol. And still the patch grew.

"And one morning as I jumped out of the tub I noticed a red-blotched track that curved gracefully from a hip to one side of my neck. In despair I went to a homeopathic physician. He looked me over. He asked, 'Have you tried local applications?' Then, answering his own question, he said, 'They are of no use; they will drive the disease into the system.' He asked me about the habits of my grandfather. I told him he kept a grist mill, wore a wig and used to smoke his pipe every night at the store. He entered these facts in a thick book. He asked me about my father. I told him he was a Republican who did not use tobacco in any form, was fond of playing patience, and lost his money in a lumber yard, said to be situated somewhere in North Carolina. He entered these facts in a thick book. 'Did your mother have any bad habits?' was his next question. 'No,' I answered, 'except that, like many New England women, she worked too much about the house.' He then put a powder on my tongue, gave me a vial of little pills, told me to take three pills three times a day, and to drink neither coffee nor tea. He said, 'Report to me in a week.' I paid him $3.

"I called at the end of a week. He looked at my neck, wrote in the thick book, and said, 'I think it looks better. Does it itch?' I said 'Yes,' and I paid him $3.

"I visited him five times. Each time he said, 'I think it looks better.' He kept giving me pills. Each time I paid him $3. And the patch grew. And the track was still red-blotched.

At last in despair I consulted a young man who had just returned from Vienna, where they make rolls. I told him my sad story. He smiled and said, 'My dear sir, eczema is a baffling disease, and there is little to be done for it. It is a nervous disorder, the result of intense concentrated mental application. Women seldom have it. I could prescribe lotions and ointments, but they would afford only temporary relief. My advice to you is to stop mental work and try a change of climate.' And I paid him $3.

"Stop work! Try a change of climate! And how does he think I shall support myself? Yet I am now happy in the knowledge that my complaint is an indisputable symptom of mental activity. If I confine myself to a few paragraphs, I hardly notice my affliction. If I write an elaborate article on sewerage or a chapter of my magnum opus, I am as one distracted. Thus am I enabled to formulate this proposition: The square of eczema varies directly with the cube of thought.

"Perhaps I am thus associated with the geniuses of the world. No doubt Bacon, Shakspeare, Molière, Descartes, Spinoza, Kant, Goethe—all leaders in thought were tempted to scratch as they wrote. The dull red patch is a decoration, a glory. If it should disappear, publishers might not accept my copy; and I should distrust my own ability. By the way, you never suffered from eczema, did you?"

We looked suspiciously at the Earnest Student of Sociology. What did he mean by that question? Was he guying us? No, it could not be. His nature is gentle, and his face at that moment was cherubic. But before going to bed that night we searched anxiously for a redeeming patch. Alas, we found not even a trace. Is it possible that the rule formulated by him is without exception?

may 23.97

ABOUT MUSIC.

Messrs. Runciman and Blackburn Discuss Grieg.

Whiteness Distinguishes Grieg's Music—Its Nationality.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Players and Singers.

There has been considerable discussion of late in England concerning the precise talent of Grieg. I say talent, for I do not believe the most passionate admirer of Grieg would claim for him the high attributes of genius.

This discussion was provoked by a concert conducted by Mr. Wood in London, May 1.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn thus admirably characterizes the music of Grieg: "His work has the fascination, the pale beauty of moonlight. The great world of music is seen, under his influence, as forests and fields appear in the light of the moon. Distances change, forms take upon themselves a mystery, sadness becomes more inexpressible, the shadows grow threatening, the brightness shines intensely, yet does not betray the daily commonplaces to the observer. It is a fanciful comparison, but it alone—the idea of moonlight—seems to express the peculiar quality of this dim and lovely music."

But there are various kinds of moonlight. There is, "the vitreous pour of the full moon, just tinged with blue;" there is the "nuit de lait" sung by Jules Laforgue; there is the white of the moon that is spectral, disturbing, for, as Herman Melville has reminded us, there "lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of this hue (white) which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood."

A striking example of this whiteness in Grieg's music is found in Solvejs' song from "Peer Gynt," which is simplicity itself, yet disquiets by its faint, elusive sadness, a sadness more hopeless in suggestion than any desperate complaint with raging accompaniment.

Some years ago, in a study of Grieg, I wrote: "It is not improbable that Grieg's passion for nationality will narrow through monotony his final audience." I said this almost hesitatingly, for Grieg is a man of our own day and generation, and it is not always safe to be dogmatic concerning contemporaries. With pleasure I find Mr. Runciman in the Saturday Review of May 8 writing: "If the truth must be told, Grieg, delightful for a few minutes, becomes a trifle of a bore in a couple of hours. * * * There is to be reckoned a perpetual sameness of flavor, the ceaseless predominance of a Scandinavian element. Grieg, as we all know, wishes to be a national musician—heaven help him. * * * There is not a bar of his that has not this distinctive Norwegian flavor. But tho flavor is everlastingly the same; and one can tire of it. Moreover, one always thinks of it as a flavor and easily realizes that the music into which it is infused is in reality as effeminate, as characterless, as unnational, as Gade or as Mendelssohn. The true national composers—for example, Weber and Wagner, Borodine and to an extent Tschaikowsky—did not infuse a flavor, always the same flavor, into their music: they were themselves truly national and they wrote music as full of character as their own countries' rocks and streams and woods and mountains. Grieg's compositions make one think of a confectioner's shop window, wherein are cakes of divers shapes and hues, but all heavily dosed with one flavoring. This simile, however, is in one respect unfair to Grieg. A flavoring added to confectionery implies something sweet and sickly; whereas in the case of Grieg's music it is the musical basis which is sweet and sickly, and the Scandinavian flavoring which is fresh, pungent and communicative of a sense of the open air."

Mr. Runciman says in conclusion: "Far be it from me to depreciate Grieg. While the Grieg boom raged I might possibly have underrated him; but it is long since over and forgotten, and my desire is only to criticise him fairly, thus rescuing from the amateurs who write 'criticism' in the dailies, and make him ridiculous by comparing him preposterously with the gods of music. If we allow that he is a drawing-room composer of a fine sort (and let it be remembered that Chopin, at best, was only the prince of drawing-room composers), that his music is pretty and charmingly piquant, skillfully made and raised to the highest drawing-room level by its freshness and breeziness, that it does actually sometimes express mild human emotion, that within its extraordinarily narrow limits it has never been surpassed, then we have not only said as much of him as may justly be said, but given him a high place among musicians living and dead."

* * *

Nationality in music is a pleasing cry to some, especially the folk-lorist; but when nationality is the dominating characteristic, that music will fly with difficulty over the boundaries of the land that inspired it. The talent of Benoit would undoubtedly be appreciated to fuller extent if he were not so fanatically Flemish. When composers of the first rank use national tunes, these tunes do not stand between the genius of the composer and the hearer. These tunes that thrill by power of association and tradition the people of the country are without this inherent force when they are exported. Like unto beers of Munich, they must be fortified when they are sent across the boundaries.

The history of music knows nothing more ridiculous than the attempt of certain otherwise estimable Americans to found an "American school of music" on American folk-songs. There are no such songs. It has never been proved that the negro brought one tune from the Gold Coast or Congo. There are no tunes in that region that are anything like tunes learned from camp meeting leaders and "the young Missus," and distorted in the reproduction. The Dvorakian-Krehbilian Congo-Indian-Bohemian-American folk-song is one of the finest examples of maresnests in the history of music.

* * *

Here is the account published in the Pall Mall Gazette May 7th of the first of the Jubilee Concerts:

"Last night, under the direction of Prof. Bridge, what was called a 'Grand Commemoration Concert, in honor of Her Majesty the Queen's Reign of Sixty Years,' was given by the Royal Choral Society, assisted by such eminent vocalists as Mme Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Daniel Price. It was a very pleasant, a very agreeable concert. The first part was composed of the National Anthem, a choral piece called 'The Queen's Song,' by Mr. Eaton Faning, the magnificent Coronation Music by Handel, and a new setting of Kipling's 'Flag of England,' by Prof. Bridge. Let us first speak of the latter work. The literary inspiration, as everybody knows, is full of bouncing vigor, full of the right, the kindling kind of noise, and of this Prof. Bridge has by no means fallen short. The 'winds of the world' sing out their note not uncertainly. If there is a fault in the setting it is that the dramatic value of the mere wording is too closely—and, therefore, too obviously—followed. If the north wind blow or the east wind roar, Dr. Bridge makes haste to acquaint you with the fact; his brass calls from the deep and the drums re-echo the call. Apart from this very obvious criticism we may praise with moderate fervour this musical setting of a very fine poem. That setting has spirit, intelligence, and a fine literary instinct. It has movement and spirit; it is, on the whole, well scored, and if it does not ever touch you into any sudden surprise of beauty—which is, let it fairly be said, the final test of great art—it is at all events sound, musicianly, and inspiriting, and not unworthy of the poem. Mr. Eaton Faning's setting of Sir Edwin Arnold's not very subtle 'The Queen's Song' was a curiously commonplace foil to the Coronation Music, which was sung pretty well—quite well enough for ordinary purposes. The comparison was, however, curious enough, and led one across disagreeable speculations upon what is called 'musical progress.' Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise,' which filled the second portion of the program, was sung really well by the Royal Choral Society."

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Ysaye will visit this country next season.

Carl Zerrahn will sail for Europe the 25th.

They liked "Andrea Chénier" at Moscow.

Robert Schwalm of Königsberg is now a professor.

Materna's "last farewell" to the public was at Vienna April 22.

It is rumored that Horatio W. Parker has finished an oratorio.

George Devoll of this city has been singing in concerts in Paris.

Hervé's "Petit Faust" has been revived at the Variétiés, Paris.

Mr. Runciman declares Mr. Lamond to be one of the first pianists in Europe.

De Anna, the baritone, sailed for Genoa, May 15. He will return next fall.

A chime of bells is to be put in the tower of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, Paris.

They say Johann Strauss will turn Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell" into an opera.

Jacob Fielde's statue of Ole Bull was unveiled in Loring Park, Minneapolis, May 17.

The ballet composer, Peter Herter, celebrated in Berlin April 24 his 80th birthday.

They say Leoncavallo's "Bohême" succeeded at Venice, "in spite of an evident cabal."

Arthur Beresford will sing in a concert company with Clementine De Vere next season.

Levi of Munich has finished a new piano score of "Don Giovanni," with Italian and German text.

The tenor Giesswein of Hamburg has been engaged for three years at the Frankfort Opera House.

"Hänsel und Gretel" has been given at Manjoni's Theatre, Milan. The audience did not take it in.

Salvatore Meluzzi, director of the Capella Giula in St. Peter's at Rome, died April 16, 82 years old.

Speidel and Singer of the Stuttgart Conservatory have been decorated by the King of Wurtemberg.

Antonie Mielke, well known in this city, sang at the last concert of the Antwerp Symphony Society.

Liszt's "Legend of Saint Elizabeth" was given for the first time as an opera at Darmstadt, April 19.

A pupil's recital of the Daudelin School of Music will be given in Association Hall Tuesday evening.

The Royal Orchestra of Berlin will perform next season all the symphonies of Beethoven. Poor Berliners!

The only new work produced at the Vienna Imperial Opera last season was Messager's "Chevalier d'Harmental."

Augustus Hyllested's Symphony for orchestra and double chorus was performed for the first time in London May 4.

Franz Drummel will play piano concertos by Brahms, Stenhammer and Schytte in one concert at Berlin next season.

Otto Lessman growls at the enthusiasm of the Berliners over Colonne, and finds him no better than Bilse as a conductor.

The first bassoon of the Munich Opera orchestra celebrated lately the 50th anniversary of his first night of service.

A new two-act opera, "Agnola," by K. J. Schwab, was produced lately at Augsburg, and met with a friendly reception.

The concert at Paris for the Litolff monument netted $2800. This sum is called "enormous" by Musikalisches Wochenblatt.

Mr. S. Tudor Strang of Philadelphia will give an organ recital at Harvard Church, Brookline, Tuesday afternoon at 4.30 o'clock.

Octavia Hensel (Mrs. G. A. Fonda), author of "The Life of Gottschalk," died at Fonda Vera, Ky., May 12. She was 60 years old.

César Franck's "Beatitudes" has been given with success at Freiburg. Shall we never hear this remarkable work in Boston?

Otto Bendix, formerly of Boston, gave a piano recital in San Francisco May 6, in which pieces were played in memory of Schubert and Brahms.

Richter and Siegfried Wagner will conduct the "Nibelungen" performances at Bayreuth, Motti and Seidl the performances of "Parsifal."

A chamber music recital will be given by the N. E. Conservatory String Quartet, assisted by Mr. Edwin Klahre, pianist, Wednesday evening.

Josef Hoffmann is home again in Berlin after his Russian concert journey. He played no less than 17 times in St. Petersburg with great success.

Ivan Caryll, representing George Edwardes, has made an offer for "L'Auberge de Tohu-Bohu," now running at the Folies Dramatiques, Paris.

John Dunn, a fiddler of London, played in Berlin toward the end of April. He is described as having a good left hand and nothing else.

The Vienna Tonkünstlerverein distributed May 7, in memory of Brahms, 1000 florins among needy musicians and those left in need by departed musicians.

"The Wizard of the Nile" was performed for the first time in this country in German (originally translated for Vienna) at Terrace Garden, New York, May 19.

Fannie Bulkeley, who was here in "Lost, Strayed or Stolen" last December, sang lately in New York at a reception given by Mr. Tom Karl to Mr. Ben. Davies.

Seventy thousand francs will be distributed in prizes next month at Marseilles to winners in competition of orchestras, singing societies, brass instruments, etc.

Hermann Bischoff, reviewing a performance of Beethoven's Missa solemnis at Munich, April 26, declares that Heinrich Porges, the conductor, is not a conductor of ability.

"La Jarretière," an operetta in one act, libretto by Barré and Bilhaud, music by Banés, was produced at the Eldorado, Paris, April 30. The story treats of jus primae noctis.

Mrs. Dyna Beumer, the Belgian soprano, who will visit the United States next season, gave a concert in London May 5, with marked success. She was assisted by Miss Nadia Silva, a violinist.

On account of the horrible accident in Paris, Niiksch substituted for the C Minor Symphony the Heroic Symphony of Beethoven (with the Funeral March) at the concert given at the Cirque d'Hiver May 9.

Eugene Cowles hurt his thumb, while examining the trigger of a gun on the stage of the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, May 19, so badly that he could not sing in the performance of "The Serenade."

The Roxbury Musical Society will close its fourth season with a concert of part songs at Germania Hall, Roxbury, the evening of May 28. Pieces by Barnby, Pinsuti, J. C. D. Parker and others will be sung.

Mr. Pizzi has discovered a mass composed by Donizetti for the funeral of Bellini. It will be performed in August at the Cathedral at Bergamo. He has also found an overture, 12 quartets for strings, a symphony, and other orchestral pieces.

The Stern'sche Gesangverein, Gernsheim conductor, will perform these works next winter in Berlin: Beethoven's Missa solemnis, the second and third parts of Schumann's "Faust," choral works by Bruch and Gernsheim, and Handel's "Deborah" (Chrysander's edition).

Roberto Stagno, the tenor, whose death is announced, sang here under Mr. Abbey the season of '83-'84. These were his appearances: Dec. 28, 1883, Manrico; Jan. 1, 1884, Enzo, in "Gioconda;" Jan. 2, Count Almaviva; Jan. 4, Lionel; March 5, Robert the Devil; March 7, John of Leyden, in "The Prophet."

The Sängerverein of Königsberg offers in honor of its 50th anniversary, through the generosity of Dr. Walther Simon, a prize of $500 for the best musical setting of Goethe's "Meine Göttin." The piece must be a cantata for male voices and orchestra, and it must be submitted by Dec. 31, 1897. The judges will be Wüllner, Rheinberger and Bruch.

Villiers Stanford's ballad, "The Revenge," failed dismally at Berlin, conducted by the composer at a concert of the Philharmonic Chorus, April 23. Lessman speaks of the work as long spun-out, without thematic development, without organic structure, undistinguished as to melody, with phrases that would suit any text as well as Tennyson's, cheap as to modulations, and commonplace as to orchestration.

Mr. Floersheim writes to the Musical Courier from Berlin that when the Tragic overture was placed on the program of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Weingartner, after the death of Brahms, the committee of the orchestra waited upon Weingartner and told him the men would not play the overture under him unless he would agree to take approximately the tempi taken by Brahms and von Bülow. Weingartner humored them.

Giuseppe Pozzi of Milan has constructed a "harmonicon" with twelve tones or modes, which affords this advantage, that by means of a single position of the major and one of the minor there is furnished the twenty-four modes, and the transposition of musical pieces is obtained from the twelve major and twelve minor scales without any study of the instrumental register being needed. The invention is patented and applicable to any keyboard instrument, such as the harmonium, piano, etc.

The Journal published May 9 the statement that Mr. Carl Prill had been engaged as the first concert master at the Vienna Opera House next fall. The authority for this statement was Musikalisches Wochenblatt, Leipsic, April 15, page 235. It is there stated distinctly that Mr. Prill is to be first concert master. We have received the following communication from Mr. Edward Rosé of the Boston Symphony Orchestra: "Allow me to state that the place of the first concert master and solo violinist is kept by my brother, Arnold Rosé, since 1881, while the position of the second concert master is intrusted to Mr. Joseph Hellmesberger, Jr. As a matter of fact, Mr. Prill will occupy the place of the third concert master."

The Berlin police had been especially strict in their regulations this year about concerts to be allowed on Good Friday. The programs had to pass Censur beforehand, and for a soloists' concert which took place at the Philharmonie that same evening the police struck out—the romanza in F for violin, by Beethoven. The music critic on the Police Department evidently is no Beethoven crank. Concertmaster Bieuer, who was to have performed this number on the program, substituted Bach's air on the G string, the word air disguised under the title of adagio, lest the police might take umbrage at the "air," which is not always free here in Germany. Then, when the audience were wildly clamoring for an encore, Bieuer played—the Beethoven romanza in F, and thus the police were fooled after all and everybody was happy.—Musical Courier.

Antoine Arensky's First Symphony in minor was performed May 1 for the first time in England by the orchestra under Mr. Henry Wood at the Queen's Hall, London. The Pall Mall Gazette has reviews it: "The work suffers from a somewhat distressing monotony which haunts it from beginning to end. The composer sets down an idea of a certain definite value, and proceeds to work it out with something of the resolution of a Beethoven; but whereas Beethoven—to take him as the highest example of this musical method—brought to his task an extraordinary versatility and a prodigious ingenuity, it would seem that M. Arensky, lacking this peculiar sense of variety, contents himself more or less with a certain arid repetition. Apart from this serious disqualification the composition, ambitious, weighty, careful though it be, lays itself open to the criticism that, possessing many virtues of undoubted excellence, it lacks the central virtue of genuine inspiration. It reminds one of a man of sterling and solid character and decent attainments who has been persuaded by his friends to pose as a genius. A sort of Schumann effect of piccolo-screaming is, moreover, a positive disfigurement in the last movement, and—as will happen with all sustained effort on the part of one not yet accustomed to a long and patient flight—the scherzo is pitiably fragmentary. We do not condemn Arensky by this work; he is extremely clever, and has a sound sentiment of good traditions; but in this instance he has, as it seems to us, overstrained himself, has attempted too difficult a task."

A Chicago exchange thus sums up the work of the orchestra last season: "In a general sense the work of the orchestra has not varied greatly from that of former years. The new concertmeister was a disappointment and the violin section suffered through his most obvious lack of authority. But this portion of the orchestra never was brilliant, and consequently the difference between this season and last was not striking. Possibly some changes may be hoped for that will bring this part of the orchestra into comparing distance with the first violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Since the orchestral association pays for the most competent musicians there is no reason why they should not be obtained. * * * Mr. Thomas seems to prefer a broad and overpowering sweep of dignity, and his reading is so uniformly influenced by this preference that there is often far too little contrast in the performances. He seems to be absolutely terrified at the thought of bizarre effects or elastic readings of any kind. The consequence is a sensation of monotony, splendid in its way, but still monotony. * * * With all respect for Boston, Chicago does not care to play second fiddle to that admirable city. Six years marked by the most liberal expenditures, under such an experienced and able director as Mr. Thomas, ought to realize the perfection of grand orchestra playing. If such is not the result, however admirable the work may be, there can be no harm in attempting to discover the reason. There is no doubt that a majority of the men in the orchestra are equal to any that could be obtained, but if the minority is ineffective it is obvious that the results cannot be satisfactory.

The Berlin correspondent of the New York Times describes "Haschisch," a one-act opera by Oscar von Chelius, performed for the first time in Berlin, April 22: "The libretto is by Axel Delmar. There are the Bey of Tunis, and Hama his wife, Abdul, the deaf mute of the seraglio, and a Voice, the voice of the priest calling the muezzin. Then there is Paolo, an Italian painter whom the Bey has called to Tunis, a part played by Herr Sommer. Paolo tells the Bey he cannot paint unless he has a beautiful face to encourage him, so the Bey kindly lends him one of the wives, Hama to wit, as it is the fashion of jealous Orientals on the operatic stage to do. He is also a most just Bey, for recognizing, when Hama and Paolo have fallen in love with each other, that it was partly his fault, and considering that to have ordered a picture at all was a sin against the Koran (as expounded by librettists for the opera) he does not bowstring Paolo neither does he sew Hama in the traditional sack and shoot her without prayers into the Gulf of Tunis with a weight at her heels. He is so enlightened a Bey as to have been to Berlin and heard Hauptmann's 'Sunken Bell;' at least he has taken the poorest idea out of the fifth act of that fairy tale. He produces three beakers filled with Hippocleency or Falernian, or whatever it is that Beys of Tunis drink on the stage, and bids the couple choose each a beaker. Thus, in the words of the Bowery, the Bey is a 'dead sport.' He gives them a chance. Luckily for him, Hama chooses the goblet drugged with haschisch, for he has many wives, but only one painter. So Hama has the pleasure of a swan song, and the Italian, like certain crusaders lately returned from Abyssinia and Greece, resolves never to go to Africa any more; the audience makes the same sort of resolution—not to that variety of Africa, at any rate! There is just enough Wagner in the music to disgust the Wagnerians because ti is not enough for them, and makes the anti-Wagnerians weary because it suggests the culte." The opera has been performed nearly 100 times in other cities.

Higher music, especially concerts and performances by individual singers, pianists and violinists, is a glut on the Berlin market. The reputation of Berlin as a musical metropolis brings many professionals here to study, and their expenses have to be paid by special performances; how to fill the house is a serious question, solved in all sorts of ways by the artists and their managers. If they are American, the American colony, beginning with Embassy and Consulate General, are attacked with circulars and private letters; tickets are, if necessary, placed at pensions and boarding houses, for it is necessary to get back at least a portion of the inevitable outlays; then the critics of music for the leading papers are besieged in various ways for an appearance and a favorable verdict. Lately the easy virtue of some of these critics has been criticised aloud in a fashion that has found an echo not only in the press, but in the law courts. One critic has had his ears boxed in a restaurant by a hot-headed virtuoso; complaints are made that even the acceptance of a douceur on the part of critic has not caused the latter to perform his part of the contract and praise the musician. The advice given in a Dublin theatre to a man who was throwing another over the gallery is applied here with a change: "Don't waste a musician! Kill a critic with him!" The advice has been taken, and two prominent musical critics have been denounced in the press by an infuriated victim; one has rejoined by a suit for slander; the other has yet to be heard from. If the musicians speak the truth, a good half of the musical critics in Berlin are as venal as those of Paris. A charge of this kind which appeared last month over the signature of Dr. Kerr in the Frankfurter Zeitung, one of the best papers in Germany, which gives special attention to American news, has caused the critics of some score of Berlin papers and those that write for journals in Munich, Hamburg, Cologne, Breslau, and other cities to unite in a solemn protest demanding that Dr. Kerr should give names and permit the villains to be hunted down. There seems little doubt that there are some offenders on the Berlin press, but the extent to which bribe taking is carried has been exaggerated through the well-known irascibility of the musical guild.—New York Times.

THE DAY OF HIS YOUTH. by Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

We admire warmly the talent of the Miss Brown of "Meadow Grass" and "The Road to Castaly." In the former she shows herself a keen observer of Nature. Her study of country life is as free from photographic hardness as it is from romantic sentimentalism. There is knowledge of elemental and primitive emotions. There is no attempt to describe the passion of sex. It is a book that gave us the right to expect a larger and more ambitious work, though we doubted at the time whether she would ever surpass the tale of the old man who was overwhelmed by the sight of the sea, a tale that for its strength and artistic simplicity is worthy of Turgenieff or Maupassant. "The Road to Castaly" strengthened and riveted our admiration. "The Day of His Youth" is, therefore, the severer disappointment.

Here Miss Brown essays to treat a story of man's passion for woman, and on nearly every page she shows that she is groping in the dark along an unknown road. A man's wife dies in childbirth. The widower takes the boy to the woods, where he rears him. He asks his eight-year-old son these questions: "Shall we fashion our muscles into steel, our skin into armor? Shall we make our eyes strong enough to face the sun by day, and pure enough to meet the chilly stars at night? Shall we have Nature for our only love? Tell me, sir!" The boy answers: "Yes, father, please!" which was perhaps as sensible an answer as he could make under the circumstances. When the boy was 20 years old the woodboy met Zoe Montrose, yellow-haired and pale, with shoulders "like the birch tree." She was diving off a raft at night, and young Francis plunged in, grasped her dress and steered her ashore. A correspondence followed. His letters remind us of the monologues of our old friend Pierre in Herman Melville's extraordinary romance. Zoe's letters were written apparently with one eye on Francis and the other on a publisher, for she had been an "intermittent literary hack." Francis, wildly in love, follows Zoe to Boston. He stops at the Tremont House and is much impressed by the convenient grave-yard. He becomes dissipated and spends a night in Music Hall listening to the Passion Music as performed by the Handel and Haydn. Zoe inherits a fortune and marries Captain Merton. The father of Francis dies of pneumonia at Concord, N. H.—truly a dismal fate. Francis goes to the woodland home, sets fire to the cottage, and, after collecting the insurance, ministers to the poor in a "sordid" street of Boston. Zoe, "after five years of marriage and two of acute invalidism," writes Francis to run over to Europe, to find the materialistic Captain Merton—"his bankers are Baring Bros."—and bring him back to her so that her husband can see her die. He does all this, and, returning on a slower steamer, jumps overboard to rescue a dog. He saved the dog and sank. "There must have been, said the ship's doctor, some lesion of the heart." Then two pages are quoted from "Beauchamp's Career." And Miss Brown concludes by hoping to see the soul of Francis in "some bright star-passage."

Now there are passages in this book that are poetic in thought and expression; but there are many more that are simply hifalutin. The character-drawing is neither distinct nor impressive. The passion is, alas, hysteria. We observe with pain that Miss Brown has a high opinion of club dinners—this was seen before in her story in a late Chap Book—and that she couples Emerson and Ruskin. We also observe that the father of Francis said "the 'cello is like a woman singing." The woman, then, like May Yohe, must have had an extraordinarily limited compass.

It is hard to believe that a woman of the indisputable talent displayed in earlier books wrote "The Day of His Youth." There is the desire, the yearning, the endeavor to treat passionately a passionate subject. But there is more genuine passion—burning and noble in restraint—in Miss Brown's little poem "Destiny" than in all these one hundred and forty-three pages.

may 24. 97

He who says that truth is not always to be told, and that it is not fit for all minds, is simply a defender of falsehood; and we should take no notice of him, inasmuch as the object of discussion being to destroy error, we cannot discuss with a man who deliberately affirms that error should be spared.

Mr. Ronald Jugson finally found rooms that suited him. They were in a house high on Beacon Hill, a house on Mt. Vernon Street. The bedroom overlooked an apology for a garden. Trees sweetened the air, and birds made a fuss in the morning, calling attention to their early rising. The jar of the street car was far away. And Mr. Jugson considered himself fortunate.

He was a priggish man, and was in many ways a very Betty. He insisted on oatmeal for breakfast; he wore rubber overshoes if rain threatened; he went to bed invariably at 11 o'clock, and if he were undressed a little before 11, he waited in his night-shirt until the hands pointed exactly at the hour before he put out the gas. And if there was anything he abhorred, it was the smell of tobacco.

The first night he spent in his new quarters, he noticed soon after he got into bed the odor of an extremely good cigar; for, prig as he was, he knew the difference between cabbage and Havana. The odor was none the less disagreeable to him. Where did the smell come from? Through the window? There was no one in the garden. There was no one on the same floor with him. He was under the impression that only women were on the floor above. He knew some women smoked cigars—witness George Sand and Teresa Carreno; but he remembered the faces of the women he saw at dinner that night, and he almost laughed as he thought of them puffing clouds of smoke. 'Twas very annoying. But he at last went to sleep.

The next morning he spoke to the landlady. "No, Mr. Jugson, curiously enough, there's no one in the house who smokes. Not that I object to it; indeed, I rather like the smell of a good cigar. Smoke all you want to." That night Mr. Jugson sniffed about the bed-room. Not a trace, not a suspicion of smoke. It must have been his imagination. No sooner was he in bed, than he was nearly strangled by tobacco smoke. It was as though someone had blown it in his face. Thick, pungent, was the smoke. Was he the victim of a joke? He jumped out of bed, struck a match. Not a bit of smoke. Why should there be? And yet the smell was so powerful he opened a window. That night he tossed and coughed, and coughed and tossed. By daybreak the room was odorless.

Pale, irritable, he went to the breakfast table. After he had eaten his sanitary meal, he spoke to the landlady and told his adventure or fancy or hallucination. She looked at him sharply. "I don't understand it, Mr. Jugson; I don't understand it. The lodger before you was a great smoker, but we cleaned the room most thoroughly after he died. He was a very gentlemanly man, and we miss him. He died last week of cancer of the tongue."

Philosophical and melancholy reflection of an ex-manager of a theatre: "It is a surprising fact that during my long career I never saw a singer, male or female, whose health was generally very delicate and precarious, sick the day of a performance for his or her benefit!"—Le Menéstrel.

The Daily Messenger (Paris) refers to the Bradley Martins as "those curious persons from America."

Mr. Edwin O. Sachs of London has compiled the following dismal statistics: "Early this week (May 8) I chanced to be completing a record of some 1200 important fires in theatres, music halls and other places of entertainment. My records have been in preparation since 1890, with a view to illustrating the absolute necessity of safe planning and construction in buildings of this description. I was wondering how many fatalities would have to be recorded during the short period while these lists were under revision. Up to the day of the Paris fire my list told me that there had been a loss of nearly 22,500 lives at the 1234 fires of which I have particulars, and which date from 1569 A. D. These statistics have now already been suddenly changed in the one night. Until the 4th of May there had been 172 important fires at places of public entertainment in Great Britain during the last 300 years, with a loss of scarcely 200 lives."

It was as long ago as 1639 that Thomas Fuller wrote about Turkey: "We have just cause to hope that the fall of this unwieldy Empire doth approach. It was high noon with it fifty years ago; we hope now it draweth near night; the rather, because luxury, though late, yet at last hath found the Turks out, or they it." Today the Sick Man appears to be in tolerable good health, thank you.

It is the practice of certain enterprising firms to watch the record of births and to give the baby or its mother soap and other toilet articles. A London firm sends out this notice after a fit lapse of years: "Madam, as your little daughter's birthday" (the sex is always carefully noted) "approaches, and thinking that you may require some present for her in commemoration of the event, we inclose a catalogue of our toys." The document concludes by "wishing her many happy returns of the day."

may 25. 1897

And where the swag so bleakly pinched
A hundred stretches hence?
The thimbles, slangs, and danglers filched,
A hundred stretches hence?
The chips, the fawneys, chatty-feeders,
The bugs, the boungs, and well-filled readers;
And where the fence, and snoozing ken,
With all the prigs and lushing men,
A hundred stretches hence?

Old Chimes received yesterday a queer circular. Through his courtesy, we are able to give the exact contents.

WELSH, RABBIT & CO.
DEALERS IN HAIR GOODS.

Respectfully call the attention of the Burgling profession to their fine and extensive line of

WIGS, BEARDS and MOUSTACHES,

suitable for disguises. Appreciating the delicacy of the vicissitudinous transactions of their customers, they will observe the strictest privacy and regard all dealings as confidential.

Cracksgentlemen and cracksladies who intend to leave for Canada under circumstances calculated to obtain publicity in the newspapers will be given cheerfully

A LARGE DISCOUNT

on all purchases made if they will agree to mention the name of the firm, Welsh, Rabbit & Co., to the Deputy Sheriff. Reference is made, by permission, to Arthur Cadger, Esq., Deer Island, Mass.; John Swipes, Esq., Concord Reformatory; Leary Hellfinch, Esq., N. Y. Central R. R.; Miss Moll Mugger, Queer Street, Troy; and, in fact, all former patrons.

TERMS, STRICTLY CASH ON DELIVERY.

And Old Chimes said, "The same afternoon I was a-talking with Nicolas Andréiévitch Pavlichtcheff, a Crimean gentleman, who has been put up at the Porphyry. He has developed an ingenious theory after patient study of our trust systems. He believes that it is not a crime to steal from anybody who is worth more than a million. For instance, Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Havemeyer is fair game for burglar, footpad, pickpocket, Hungry Joe, thimble-rigger, subscription solicitor, college-treasurer, until he is worth only a paltry million of dollars. After he is reduced to such a circumstance, theft of any kind from him should be punished severely and summarily."

"This reminds me," continued Old Chimes, "of a story I heard lately about a tanner, who is very prosperous and wealthy. He was sitting in his office contriving a scheme by which his income might be increased—he schemes even when he embraces his wife or kisses his eldest daughter—when a clerk rapped and said a man wished to see him on important business. The visitor was a Professor of chemistry at a fresh-water college. His coat was carefully brushed and rusty; his stove-pipe had been treasured for some years; his face was worn, and his hands were nervous. 'I have a process, sir, by which I can tan hides and save you many hours and much expense.' The tanner was at once all ears. He was singularly courteous. 'Now, Professor,' he said after a confidential conversation, 'you go down to our chief tannery, where we have a well-stocked laboratory. Every facility will be given you and you will have a chance to show the result of your process with convenience to yourself. I do not need to assure you that there will be absolute secrecy, and you will be undisturbed. Suppose you go down tomorrow.' No sooner had the professor left the office than the tanner telephoned his partner. The chemicals in the laboratory were all weighed carefully. The door was locked. The next day the professor arrived. He was shown to the laboratory. He was given the doorkey. He made his mixture and tanned a hide or two. After he left, the chemicals were again weighed and the partner noted which had been used and the respective amounts. The tanning was eminently satisfactory; but the head of the firm wrote to the Pro-

fessor that he could not experiment further with him, for the result showed there was nothing in his process. And today that firm is still experimenting with the chemicals they know the professor used."

Old Chimes showed no signs of going. We inquired after the health of his favorite niece, the peerless Miss Eustacia. His face brightened. "Yes, she's a charming girl. I wonder why she does not marry. To be sure, she is fastidious, and at the same time she sometimes frightens the conventional by saying what she thinks. She told me last week that her idea of hell was a large town inhabited solely by shy people."

Curse-cards are a novelty which have lately been introduced into Prussia, Saxony and Alsace, though they first originated in Calvin's land. The manner in which the propagandist employs the curse-cards is said to be as follows: He or she starts in the early morning by filling his or her pockets with the form in blank. When in omnibus, tram, or train Language is heard, then the user of the blank words is invited to fill in the blank forms, and he binds himself for a stated time to refrain from "swear-words," or to do penance in pfennigs for indulgence in the same. In Switzerland 39,800 of these cards have been distributed and, as the prospectus gravely remarks, "in a country where three great European languages are spoken, the system will have invaluable results in enabling the religious statistician to estimate the prevalence of violent language among the nations of Western Europe." The benefits of the curse-card have yet to be proved.——Pall Mall Gazette.

May 26. 97

For over all there hung a cloud of fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

A correspondent wishes to know the "true meaning" of the story about Mr. Ronald Jugson told in this column the 24th. "I suppose the landlady was afraid Mr. Jugson would smoke too much, and therefore warned him by telling him of the fate of the former lodger who died of cancer of the tongue." Why, of course, B. T. P.; and two and two make six and a half!

No, B. T. P. Mr. Jugson firmly believes, and we have no reason to doubt him, that his bedroom was haunted by the "projected suggestion of tobacco smoke," the outward token of the lodger's unhappy death. He could not sleep there. He does not charge the ghost of the lodger with deliberate malice in disturbing him. It is not improbable that the ghost was not actually in the room. An inveterate smoker in life, he thought, perhaps, in some distant planet, of the room where he spent so many happy hours in smoking; and influenced unconsciously by him the saturated walls under favorable conditions gave out the pungent odor. Remember, too, that Mr. Jugson, who abhorred tobacco in any form, was a peculiarly sensitive subject.

"Do you believe in haunted houses?" B. T. P. may ask. We believe in them in moderation. Mankind has not lost interest in them; for John H. Ingram's "Haunted Homes of Great Britain" has reached at least its fifth edition. This delightful book tells of haunted houses —from Allenbank, where Pearlin Jane patters about on high-heeled shoes, to Yorkshire——Hall where a dark-haired and very white-faced little girl in her nightdress touches suddenly awakened guests with an icy cold hand. Walls are often phonographs and receivers of strange sights and strong perfumes. Why may not a violent physical or mental action be stamped under certain conditions on a sensitive surface, be preserved, and under the same conditions give back years after or a week after the sounds, sights, perfumes?

Whatever may be the explanation of the phenomenon in the room of the Mt. Vernon Street house, Mr. Jugson moved into another street. It may be that the spirit of his predecessor was incensed by the thought that Mr. Jugson abhorred the plant he had loved too well, and therefore determined to drive him out. The landlady tells us that an elderly maiden who now occupies the bedroom has not as yet suffered any inconvenience.

Suppose you have lived in one and the same suite of rooms for 20 years. Do you think that after death you will take no interest in those rooms; that you will have no curiosity concerning your successor? You are an ardent prohibitionist. Could you after death look with composure on the brewing of a punch on the very table which quivered under your written denunciation of the demon Rum?

Philosopher Dooley discourses pleasantly in the Chicago Evening Post concerning Europeans. They're a lot iv prominent Irishmen outside iv Ireland. Th' Prisidint iv th' Frinch at wan time was a man be th' name iv Pat McMahon, a brave an' thrue man. Whin he was fightin' f'r th' Imp'ror Looey Napoleon, a man I didn't like, though I shtud up f'r him again th' Germans, Mack wint clean through th' inimy's army an' got up on a hill. Th' Imp'ror was afraid har-rum wud befall him an' he sint f'r him to come back. Mack answered: 'Gee soo,' he says. 'Gee rest,' he says, which is th' Frinch f'r 'I've got this far an' I'm goin' to stick.' They were always a gr-reat fam-'ly f'r stickin', th' McMahons. Another distinguished Irishman doin' th' best he cud away fr'm home was th' Jook of O'Malley, that died th' other day in Italy. He was a cousin iv Tommy O'Malley, th' plumber that Shaack thried to do up, but he didn't belong to th' Market Sthreet gang."

An Italian almanack, "Il Pescatore di Chiaravalle," contained the following prediction for May, 1897: "A great fire may bring misery upon a number of families. A whole nation is in mourning for a personage of importance. Many human lives perish by an accident. A great number of Princes are on their travels."

This is the way that Judge Reuben S. Safford of Madison, Ga., marries the negro victims brought before him: "By the authority vested in me as an officer of the State of Georgia, which is sometimes called the empire State of the South; by the fields of cotton that spread about in snowy whiteness around us; by the howl of the coon dog and the gourd vine whose clinging tendrils will shade the entrance to your humble dwelling place; by the red and luscious heart of the watermelon, whose sweetness fills the heart with joy; by the heavens and earth, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

The Sabbath Alliance of Scotland is disturbed seriously by Sunday golf. According to one authority, who squints toward liberalism, there is no serious 'Sabbath desecration" so long as a person merely uses his legs; but he declares that the moment the arms are brought into play the Sabbath is desecrated. In the annual report of the Sabbath Observance Committee of the Free Church of Scotland Sunday golf is the subject of special animadversion. "It is to be feared," says the committee, "that thoughtless and selfish people are now coming more and more to take the law into their own hands; and that this public game of pleasure is being indulged in on the Lord's Day in defiance of the public sentiment and conscience of the community. It is of no use to argue with such persons or to appeal to their nobler nature." The committee, however, warns Sunday golfers that "some day they will find out their mistake, and will have to pay a dear price for their infatuation and folly."

May 27. 97

Let us all be happy, and live within our means, even if we have to borrer money to do it with.

A correspondent from whom it is always a pleasure to hear writes to the Journal as follows: "A friend of mine had occasion to ask the Pope some question in Catholic Church polity. The Pope answered promptly, but desired to know what gave rise to so simple a question. 'A statement made by Miss Brewster,' was the answer. 'Ah,' said the Holy Father, 'Miss Brewster, she's a convert, she's a member of the American colony, they know Catholic matters much better than I.' But here's the Hamerican colony in Lon'n, giving Mr. Bayard a piece of plate made by the Whiting Manufacturing Company of New York, and bearing a long inscription, in which Mr. Bayard is called 'First Ambassador of the United States of America to' what? 'The Court of St. James's.' Now Mr. Bayard was not acceredited to any court, and had he been accredited to the English court, it would not have been called the Court of St. James's. The reason is plain. The court is not kept at St. James's. Nobody calls it the Court of St. James's, except American novelists, who teach truth by fiction; and those who learn history from fiction. The American Society in London has had bad luck, in not finding out what the court is called, and worse luck in not knowing to whom Ambassadors are accredited. It is well to be a flunkey; but a man cannot even be a flunkey who calls an English Bishop Mr., or imagines that Ambassadors are sent to 'the Court of St. James's.' The American Ambassador in London is accredited to Queen Victoria only. In 1697 William and Mary kept court at St. James's; probably Americans have read Macaulay (who stands as 'high' and sells about as well as Dickens), and imagine that no change has taken place since William and Mary gave up Whitehall, that place having been destroyed by fire."

The same correspondent propounds this question of interest to all sociologists: "When a man in Chicago is found to have a book that was stolen from your library, should he prescribe the conditions under which he will allow the police to keep the book?"

We learn with considerable apprehension that there is a proposal to change the present standard of the Boston Terrier. According to the standard of today he is short-coated, with a flat skull, short muzzle, thick neck, legs rather wide apart, any color except black, mouse or liver, and he conveys "an impression of determination, strength and activity." We are all accustomed to this Terrier, at work in caucus, or ruling in office. Is not the standard high enough? Drill, ye Terriers, drill!

The third mate of the T. F. Oakes testified that when he began to show symptoms of scurvy he got the water in which asparagus had been boiled and drank it. In Berlin asparagus water, hot, is sold in restaurants, wine cellars and beer halls. Taken in the morning it is supposed to clear the head, settle the stomach, regulate the system, after a protracted social session. It is the clam juice of Berlin. The taste is at first singularly unpalatable.

The latest portraits of Gen. Weyler are not unlike newspaper cuts of Mr. John E. Russell. And yet the latter is a gentle shepherd, while the former is a ravening wolf.

We like to think of Mr. Fitzsimmons watching with boyish glee the veriscope, the unimpeachable witness to his prowess. Hark! Hear the exultant cry from the box! "Look at those wallops I'm putting on to his head. Here's where I nail him on the solar plexus."

And let us listen again to Mr. Dooley philosophizing in the Chicago Evening Post: "All over Europe ye'll find mimbers iv th' rulin' race holdin' good places. They are jooks an' gin'rals an' princes, th' best in th' land. Ye talk about th' soft things we pick up in this counthry, but I tell ye, th' Irish are ivrything in Europe, except in Garmany, where they refuse to go. Some day whin I get tired iv Chicago I'm goin' to France to look up a second cousin iv mine, that is a gr'reat man over there. He was in th' risin' thirty years ago an' he had to lave between days, so he sthruck out f'r France, where Stephens was livin' an' issuin' bonds f'r th' new raypublic. He was as likely a man as ye iver set eyes on —six feet two in his stockins, weighed fifteen stone without as much fat as ye'll see on a brick wall, an' had an eye that was black be nature always an' sometimes be raison iv th' art iv his frinds. He was a killin' man with th' ladies, an' whin he wint to France they appreciated his graces iv manner. He took to th' ar-rmy an' th' imp'ror iv th' Frinch spotted him at wanst an' rushed him to th' front iv all his rigimint. He became bodyguard iv Looey Napoleon an' I heerd that wanst he kicked Monsier Thiers down th' steps iv th' palace f'r making free with th' name iv Dooley. Some day I'm goin' to Paree an' I'll look him up. If he ain't a jook or a earl be this time I don't know th' man. He was very push-in' an' he cud lick most anny cabinet that sthud in his way. Th' Jook iv Dooley!"

The London Telegraph tells us that Hannah Brewer, who has been delivering letters in the village of Bitton as postwoman throughout the sixty years of Victoria's reign, and is now seventy-two years of age, has just given up her work, after accomplishing in her rounds of daily delivery no less than 250,000 miles. She began delivering letters in the hamlet as a mere child, when these reached Bitton by mail coach and a London letter cost 11d. She has been granted her half-pay pension, which, with her savings, will serve to maintain her.

may 28. 97

Nothing, perhaps, so eminently shows the superiority, the crowning greatness of the human animal—a fact so well attested in many cases—as the power of man to subsist for a time without cash. He is a self-wonder while he does it; nevertheless, the miracle is performed. Shut a cat up in an empty, mouseless garret, and one by one her nine lives will go out. But take money from man, and still, still he lives. Perhaps, some how, the carnivorous, omnivorous animal becomes an air-plant, and so feeds upon the atmosphere about him. Such men get over days, and weeks, and months, and wonder how they have so successfully traveled thus far to the grave. They must rub their hands, that they have cheated what seemed to them a vital principle of nature.

The Pedant praised the zeal of the schoolmaster who preserved and kept familiar the names of ancient towns and heroes by bestowing them on villages and cities in New York: Ilion, Syracuse, Palmyra, Pompey, Seneca—the list is long. "Surely," he said, "the practice was more ingenious than the paltry habit of surrounding a town by villages bearing the names of the cardinal points."

Old Chimes heard him patiently, and then lifted up his voice: "Yes, today there is a feebleness of invention in onomatology. They that in years gone by gave sonorous names to demons—from Arracatorra to Zamcapatujas—were richer in imagination. Here is Hatfield, for instance, the name of a town in several States. Suppose it be divided. The first thought of the namers of the new section is North Hatfield, or East Hatfield. And thus do men throw away opportunities. See what could be made out of Hatfield, if it were properly and symbolically subdivided. The old families, the swells, should live in the district known as Plughatfield or Silkhatfield. Strawhatfield would be a delightful summer resort, near the depot, free from mosquitoes and malaria, with excellent water and drainage. Furhatfield, on the contrary, would be a winter resort for consumptives, with pine air and sheltered walks and sitting places. The lower classes should be confined to Slouchhatfield, and the sports would gravitate inevitably toward Dicerfield. Business men might prefer the suburb Pothatfield, and the opera house should stand in Gibusfield."

The railing at the Pops grows larger and larger year by year, and to a sensitive observer it seems as if the occupants of the inner space looked with more and more condescension on those without. But shall a mere railing subjugate the spirit of a proud city? If it is respectable within the rail, it is respectable outside; and if it is not respectable outside, it is not respectable within.——Time and the Hour.

The French Government was right in insisting on an address in French by Gen. Porter. It wished to know the quality of our Ambassador's lingo, whether he used the tongue "R", and how he treated the mute "E". After all it is well for an Ambassador, Minister or Consul to know at least two languages: that of the country he represents, and that of the country to which he is sent. We know an American who had served as Consul from 10 to 15 years in a German city. Even in the last year of his service he was unable to order in German a simple meal at a restaurant.

"Ex.Gov. Waite is going to emigrate to Texas". The State will continue to lack "water and good society."

These messages from Mahatmas to rising young Theosophists remind us of Artemus Ward's visit to the Medium in London. "The Mejim was just then assumin' to be Benjamin Franklin, who was speakin about the Atlantic Cable. He said the Cable was really a merrytorious affair, and that Messagis could be sent to America, and there was no doubt about their gettin there in the course of a week or two, which he said was a beautiful idear, and much quicker than by steamer or canal-boat. It struck me that if this was Franklin a spiritool life hadn't improved the old gentleman's intellecks particly".

It was on May 28, 1895, that Daudet told de Goncourt of a talk with Henry M. Stanley in London. The talk drifted toward religious feelings and aspirations. Stanley said his one religious thought was the prayer of his childhood. And then leaving French—which he spoke very badly—he was eloquent in English, saying this prayer came to his lips whenever he saw danger on sea or land or in the sky.

Birds' nest soup is now within reach of the humblest. It costs only $1 50 a portion. It should be served at the end of the meal.

Courage Pauline! 'Twill soon be June and then you can be wedded without fear of augury.

Marry in May
Rue for aye.

And do you ask the origin of such credulity? It came down to us from the ancient Romans. Plutarch discussed the question long ago, "Why did not the Romans marry in the month of May?" and he gave several answers. Perhaps because April was consecrated to Venus and June to Juno, "who are both of them the goddesses which have the care and charge of wedding and marriages." Perhaps, because in May they celebrated the greatest of expiatory sacrifice. Perhaps, because they offered oblations to the dead in May. "But may it not be rather, for that as some do say, this moneth taketh that name of Majores, that is to say, ancients: like as June is termed so of Juniores, that is to say yonkers. Now this is certaine that youth is much meeter for to contract marriage than old age: like as Euripides saith verie well:

As for old age it Venus bids farewell,
And with old folke, Venus is not pleas'd well.

may 29. '97

Tell me who your tailor is—so that I can avoid him.

A prudent man is chary in recommendation. Thus is he frequently misunderstood. He is, therefore, called unsympathetic, disobliging, selfish, mean. Yet if he should give the desired information, ten to one he would be called harsher names and might suffer from vehement hands.

You are a good-natured man. You board on Beacon Hill at a house wh

[illegible] food is served and conversa-
tion is genteel. You sit at the right
hand of the landlady, a comely per-
son, and shine there like a star. Mr.
Eugene Dobson from Illyria Centre
brings a letter of introduction to you
from a fellow whom you dislike hoart-
ily. Mr. Dobson, a fine specimen of
the omnivorous eater, asks you plump
the question, "I say, do you know of
a first-class boarding-house?" You are
a good-natured man—poor ass!—and
you say "Certainly; I'll take you up to
dine this noon; they have lunch at
one; but you can tell from that how the
are runs. The landlady is not your
ordinary boarding-house keeper. She be-
longs to a very good family; she
was unfortunate in her marriage—I be-
lieve her husband was an eccentric
man who disappeared mysteriously—
even now she receives visits from the
Sniggleworths and the Wigginsons."
You take Dobson with you. Dobson
eats enormously and seems to enjoy
himself. As your guest, he sits near the
landlady. You see her looking on him
with favor, for he has the vulgar
beauty which triumphs over intellectual
attainments. He hands her a coarse,
ready made compliment, and she tee-
hees and simpers like a young miss
who is conscious of a short dress. Dob-
son slaps you on the back when you
leave the house; "Much obliged, old
man; first rate tuck; and isn't she a
worker!" He appears at dinner. He
talks across you to Mrs. Meadowgrass,
who watches his plate with tender care.
She answers you at random. She
does not smile at your play of fancy.
Dobson eats and talks. At the end of
the week you leave the boarding-house
and Dobson shines in your seat.

Or you yourself keep house, and you
recommend a boarding house which to
the best of your information and be-
lief is good. Dobson tries it. The next
day he greets you coldly, and says,
"Is that your idea of good food? Did
you ever eat there?" The next week
he cuts you dead.

Never recommend a tailor or a den-
tist to an acquaintance. If you disre-
gard this advice, you will lose the re-
spect of the acquaintance or you your-
self will not be as well treated in future
by either of the workmen. If you are
given to miscellaneous recommenda-
tion, you may as well go a step fur-
ther and because you like Brown and
Jones who are strangers to each other
insist that they should meet through
your mediation. The result will be that
Brown and Jones will not hit it off and
each will glare at you.

Answer us truly, Miss Eustacia; have
you never regretted recommending one
of your dear friends to a dressmaker?
Is the following story incredible? Mrs.
Youngflat by accident discovers a dress-
maker of taste and willingness who is
extremely moderate in price. This
dressmaker lives in an obscure street.
Mrs. Youngflat is at last able to dress
becomingly at a low figure, which de-
lights her and her low salaried hus-
band. Her friends admire her gowns.
Her vanity is flattered, her kindliness is
touched by an appeal from Mrs. Gush-
ington, "Where in the world did you
get such an exquisite costume?" Mrs.
Youngflat swears her to eternal secrecy
and gives her the address. Now Mrs.
Gushington has plenty of money, and
when she learns the prices charged by
the dressmaker, she looks surprise. She
gives many orders. She tells in strict-
est confidence—her sister, sister-in-law,
cousin, and two or three intimate
friends. The dressmaker is mortal.
Then Mrs. Youngflat goes to her in
the spring for a street-dress, she finds
her careless, indifferent, no longer
prompt—and no longer moderate in
price. Her orders now seem insignifi-
cant to the woman who once was grate-
ful for work. Mrs. Youngflat's new
dress is almost a failure. And all this
because she was good natured.

Mr. Havemeyer regards the verdict
as "satisfactory to every decent man."
But, first Mr. Havemeyer, what is your
definition of "decent?"

"In high life nobody is kissed on the
mouth" says a local social oracle. To
the great majority of men studies in
low life will be all the more popular.

Dialogue heard at a variety-theatre:
A—"You ought to take the gold cure."
B—"I did, but they flim-flammed me."
A—"How's that?"
B—"They gave me brass, and it wore
off."

It would appear from the fierce at-
tacks on the honest and brave mission-
ary who spoke his mind about Brer
Rockefeller that the Lord is always on
the side of the rich, and that the voice
of Revelations crying "See thou hurt
not the oil" spoke in behalf of the
Standard Company.

It was on May 29, 1894, that Dr. Mi-
raut told Mr. Edmond de Goncourt
of a singular adventure in Frankfort.
He often accompanied a physician of
the city on his visits of dissection.
One day the autopsy was of a rich
banker whose children wished to keep
themselves from the diseases of their
father. After the autopsy was over the
physician, a professor of pathology,
read to the assembled men of the fam-
ily his notes, which said to them,
"Look out for such and such organs!"

A lawyer said to us yesterday, "I
never see a pretty woman with a man
in a street car but I wonder how she
could have married him or can think
of marrying him. I have no doubt," he
added, "if she looks at me at all, she
wonders whether any woman would or
could marry me."

"It's a wonder to me," said Mr. Hen-
nessey, "that these gr-great men didn't
stay in Ireland an' help liberate th'
counthry."

"No wondher at all," repiled Mr.
Dooley. "There wasn't room f'r thim
an' they wint where their talents cud
shine. Ireland is full iv great men.
D'ye suppose this here O'Donnell cud'he
soaked his frind an' got away with it
if it was in th' County May-o an' not
in Spain, an' if th' man's name was
O'Connor instead iv Comas, an' if
they'd been other O'Donnells an' O'Con-
nors standin' by? Faith, in less thin
a minyit that jook wud've been undher
a pile iv statesmen as high as th' roof,
an' whin he come out he'd be a belted
earl, as Shakspeare says. A man has
to be a good man to live in Ireland,
but a very ordin'ry Irishman 'll do to
rule in foreign lands. Why don't ye
r-run f'r office, Hinnissy?"—Chicago
Evening Post.

May 30 '97

ABOUT MUSIC.

Distant Glimpses of the Opera at Covent Garden.

Some Debuts There With Varying Artistic Results.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

The opera season at Covent Garden opened May 10, and quotations from the reviews of leading London critics are of interest to all that are pondering the operatic problem.

It will be seen that the casts are neither "ideal" nor "star;" indeed, they would no doubt incite grumbling in this town, where opera is regarded by too many of the rich and fashionable as a musical entertainment contrived and arranged for the appearance of certain "artists," who, for some inscrutable reason—sometimes because they happen to sing well—are favorites of the "patrons and patronesses."

The season opened with—"Faust," Gounod's "Faust." What a familiar sound this has! Here in Boston we were accustomed to think of this opera in connection with the de Reszkes, the amiable Melba or the genteel Eames, three-voiced Scaichi, the immortal Bauermeister, and some one obliging enough to take the part of Valentine. But Calvé played, sang, was Marguerite, and the old "Faust" with the old, approved cast, seemed a vain and futile thing.

* * *

At Covent Garden Emma Eames was Marguerite; Bonnard, Faust; Plancon, Mephistopheles; Stella Brazzi, Siebel, and Noté, Valentine. Mr. Runciman says, "Certainly nothing less lifelike could be imagined than 'Faust' on the opening night, or such parts of 'Romeo and Juliet' as I was able to hear on Tuesday night; and the best that could be said after these exhibitions was that Italian opera must now show cause why it should not be removed and buried by special order of the local sanitary authority." Another says: "Mme. Eames lacked warmth in her acting and sang in a manner unworthy of her present attainments." The chorus was bad as respects precision and pitch, they say, and the opera was mounted shabbily.

Jean Noté, who made his début in London that night, was born at Tournai May 6, 1860. He took the first prize at the Ghent Conservatory and made his début as Ashton at Lille in 1886. He was engaged at the Paris Opera in 1893.

* * *

"Romeo and Juliet" was given May 11. Frances Saville, who sang here in '96—alas, only as Micaela, Mistress Ford—made her début in London. Mr. Blackburn wrote as follows of the performance:

"Miss Saville, who sang sweetly, if somewhat coldly, was an attractive Juliet. She is not the Shakspearian ideal, but neither is Gounod's Juliet. The Shakspearian ideal, and there is no reason really, from a dramatic standpoint, why her version should not, in these operatic circumstances, be every whit as good as another's. Vocally she was as pretty as well could be. Her voice, flexible and sweet, is more than adequate for the very real difficulties of the part. The Romeo was a newcomer, M. Scaramberg. His voice is attractive, true, and instinct with dramatic sentiment. He belongs as far as we can see at present—to the class of singers who, rising quite high in their achievement, astonish one because they rise no higher. It may be that M. Scaramberg will rise higher. At present this is his precise position: he sings well, but you feel that he might sing better. As to the rest, M. Gilbert is always a splendid Capulet, Madame Bauermeister is never anything but delightful as the Nurse, and Plancon's Frère Laurent was little short of perfect—full, as it was, of gravity, solemnity, and significance. The chorus was better than on Monday night, and Signor Mancinelli conducted his band with his customary skill."

In view of the recent reports concerning Miss Saville's disposal of affection, I am surprised to hear that she sang "somewhat coldly."

Nor are these remarks of Mr. Blackburn on Gounod to be passed by lightly:

"It is not a little curious, when you come to think of it, that Gounod should begin our season for us on two successive nights. The fact might lead to speculation if one was not quickly pulled up by the thought that the whole arrangement was fortuitous. But fortuitous or not, it is interesting. Gounod stands apart from all musicians as a man of the world who possessed infinite tact and dexterity, and who, by a kind of business-like instinct of art, knew exactly how to write for the pleasure of the world, the pleasure, that is, which thinks of nothing but the agreeable things of life, and which knows next to nothing of the heights of happiness—in the anything but cant sense of the word—which are achieved by the contrast of pure discord with pure harmony, once more in the larger and untechnical senses of the terms. Wagner and Bach, Mozart and Beethoven: these four had learned and had appreciated that intimate secret of art; but Gounod, whether he learnt it or not, whether he knew and understood it or not, avoided the pain which its seduious discipleship would have exacted both from him and from the world. So he wrote his 'Faust,' he composed his 'Romeo et Juliette,' and the world, spared from misery and the labor of learning, applauded mightily. And therefore, as we have said, fortuitous or not, the fact that Gounod has started the opera season for us in London is easily intelligible; but it is, moreover, matter for a little regret. For though we may have the grand art later, at present we have to be contented with work that was built for contemporary enjoyment, even though that contemporary public is now retiring behind those closed doors which will never more open."

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Mr. Runciman, who did not take so cheerful a view of these first two performances, recovered his spirits the 12th, when "Tannhäuser" was the opera. "The management apparently awoke to the gravity of the situation and endeavored to redeem it by a performance of 'Tannhäuser,' which was good all round and really excellent in many details. Mrs. Eames, though announced, did not sing the part of Elizabeth, 'owing to sudden indisposition.'" Listen now to Mr. Runciman:

"Van Dyck alone, with his glorious energy, dramatic instinct and stage tact, would have made the performance move along; and Miss Pacary (Elizabeth) and Madame Brazzi played up to him in the most loyal and handsome fashion. Van Dyck's voice, of course, is not all it should be; that dead, hard quality rather annoys one at times; but it was certainly in much better condition than it happened to be when I heard him at Monte Carlo a few weeks ago, and forgot for the moment the height he could rise to when faced with a really great work. And besides his positive merits, Van Dyck has a commendable number of negative ones—he lacks the defects of the average or Covent Garden tenor almost to a startling degree. He never ogles his lady friends in the boxes; he is not afraid to turn his back on the footlights; he has forsworn the prolonged high note. Altogether, his Tannhäuser strikes me as the best ever heard at Covent Garden. Of M. Noté, the newly imported French baritone, little can be said. His voice is not unpleasant, but he uses it recklessly; his stage appearance is far from being in his favor—chiefly on this occasion because he tried to make up like an Italian tenor, instead of like Wolfram; and his understanding of the part was very weak."

Mr. Blackburn says of Noté in this part, he "seems to care everything for his singing, but very little for his sincerity as an actor; he frankly looks to his audience for applause, and when he is not immediately wanted, he clean forgets that he is simulating a part."

To go back to Mr. Runciman: "Miss Pacary undertook to sing Elizabeth at very brief notice, and sang it with considerable charm. Moreover she acted well in a limited way, save in the last act, where her acting was as detestably stagey as make-up was melodramatically vulgar. Madame Brazzi's Venus was an agreeable contrast to the seventeen-stone Venuses of previous years; and it is to be hoped that after her success the Covent Garden management will no longer, as heretofore, consider it necessary to scour Europe in search of prima donnas whose proper place is in a Fat Woman Show."

And who conducted this brilliant performance? Mr. Seidl, of course, who was in London. Oh, no. Our old friend, Mr. Mancinelli, the admirable Mancinelli.

* * *

But Mr. Seidl did conduct at a Covent Garden concert May 8, and this is what Mr. Blackburn said of him:

"And as we have refrained from laying any particular stress on the achievement of the newcomers who sang on Saturday, so we need say little of the work of Herr Seidl, who took his share in the conducting on this occasion. Among other things he brought off a performance of Beethoven's 'Leonore' overture (No. 3, in C major) very cleanly and neatly. It did not strike us as being a very great interpretation, but it was carefully and vigilantly done. Herr Seidl did not ride on the storm like a Motti, or guard the destinies of Creation like a Richter, but he took very great pains; he made point after point with the success of a man who had thought out his plans very patiently, and had labored greatly and effectually to bring them to a satisfactory issue. It was a perfectly legitimate and well-earned victory."

* * *

Do you remember Miss Susan Strong who was such a bad Elsa last February? She sang Aida May 13, and Mr. Blackburn liked her. "Her beautiful voice, powerful and true, was extremely effective, and her acting was vigorous and sincere. We look forward confidently to the time when Miss Strong will stand, as at present she deserves to stand, among the very foremost of operatic singers. But she must beware; her temperament is so keen, so full of that artistic completeness, which exists just for the moment, that she needs to give herself pause, to restrain her emotion, lest, with the very excess of passion, she wears out her splendid vocal quality."

We saw none of this unbridled emotion in Boston. Perhaps the climate of London is more favorable to the art exhibition of Miss Strong.

Mr. Blackburn liked Ceppi, the Radames, "the fortunate possessor of a singularly fresh, sweet, and true voice. His earnestness and sincerity were no less satisfactory than his vocal accomplishments."

And Mr. Blackburn blew the horn of praise most boisterously for that curious operatic apparition, Marie Brema.

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Richard Strauss has finished two choral pieces for 16 voices.

Emma Eames may sing at the next Worcester (Mass.) festival.

Calvé sailed for Europe the 26th. She will not return next season.

W. H. Sherwood will leave the Chicago Conservatory next September.

"The Geisha" in German pleased mightily the Berlinese the end of April.

Michael Banner, the violinist, is engaged to Miss Julia M. Levy of New York.

Ernst Krauss, tenor, has been engaged by Walter Damrosch for next season.

Barron Berthald has been engaged by the Carl Rosa Opera Company for next season.

Mr. Esposito, a pianist who was last heard in London in '91, reappeared there May 6.

"Das Letzte Lied," a one-act opera by Ed. Schweizer, was produced with success at Graz.

A young Austrian, Bella Nolle, who sang lately at Breslau, is said to be a singer of great promise.

Mr. Van der Stucken has been reengaged to conduct the Indianapolis May Festival of next year.

They say the Castle Square Opera Company, now at the Montauk, Brooklyn, has been turning people away.

Neither Wagnerites nor anti-Wagnerites cared for "The Flying Dutchman," produced for the first time in Paris last week.

"Marion," by C. Flinsch, a one-act opera, showing the influence of "Cavalleria Rusticana," was produced at Darmstadt May 7.

Chickering & Sons, New York, have engaged Seidl's orchestra for six concerts next season. The prices of admission will be low.

Marguerite Macintyre will make a tour of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Roumania, next fall. She will appear in opera and concert, and sing in French, German and Italian.

Julius Klengel, the distinguished 'cellist, will give concerts in America next season under the management of Henry Wolfsohn. Mr. Klengel was born at Leipsic Sept. 21, 1859. He is first 'cellist of the Gewandhaus Orchestra.

The Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin, conducted by Nikisch, stood during its performance in Paris, May 9, of the Funeral March from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. The success of the orchestra was otherwise very great.

Ernest Lockwood, the English harper, who died April 21 at the age of 57, was the brother of Augustus Lockwood, the harper, who was once with Thomas's Orchestra and afterward a member of the Munich Royal Orchestra.

Dyna Beumer, who will visit this country next season, sang with great success at Antwerp April 25. She sang airs from Monsigny's "Belle Arsène" (1773), "Reine Topaze" by Massé (1856); variations on Carnival of Venice, and Eckert's Echo Song.

A concert will be given at the Boston Conservatory of Music Thursday evening. Mrs. M. F. Barnes, Mrs. Wason, Miss Alice Newell, Miss Monks, Miss Cunningham, Miss Harvey, Miss Spaulding and Messrs. L. E. Hay, F. M. Newell, Walter, and Connelly will take part in it.

The only works of Brahms known to the Antwerp public before his death were the Hungarian Dances and his Love poems (quartet and piano, four hands). In one week after his death, his Academische Fest overture, his Trio in B major, and his Second Symphony were played.

William H. Gardner and Philip Greely, author and composer of the Journal song, "I Love You, Dear," have written two new songs in the "Gardner-Greely" series. The first is a cradle song, with 'cello obbligato, "Lullaby Dearie," and the other, a waltz ballad, entitled, "When All the Rest Forsake You."

The bands in Antwerp that competed for the privilege of giving summer concerts in the public squares were obliged to play before a committee of musicians the first Torchlight March of Meyrbeer and a piece drawn at random from five chosen by the committee. Four bands were allowed to give the concerts. Each must give 18-20 concerts with at least 40 players. The first will receive for each concert $19; the second $18; the third $17, and the fourth $16.

Mr. S Tudor Strang, an organist of Philadelphia, played the following pieces last Tuesday afternoon at the Harvard Church, Brookline: Prelude and Fugue, B minor, Bach; Canon in F sharp, op. 39, No. 3, Merkel; Handel's 10th concerto; Wolstenholme's Question and Answer; Thiele's variations in A flat; Guilmant's First Meditation, Funeral March, op. 17, Adagio and Scherzo, from 5th Sonata; Cantilena in A minor, Grison; Fantasy on "O Sanctissima," Lux.

Mr. Frederick W. Bancroft of this city is giving his series of Song Lectures at Manning Hall, Brown University, Providence, with distinguished success. The third of the course, "Irish Songs and Song Writers," was given last Tuesday evening, before a large and enthusiastic audience. The Providence Journal of the 26th, in an appreciative review, said: "The evening proved fully as enjoyable as those of the two previous lectures. Throughout the evening Mr. Bancroft used the piano and his sympathetic tenor voice to illustrate the text of his lecture. Singers and song writers of Ireland were described, and some of their songs rendered delightfully."

Among our Queen's many virtues her accomplishments are apt for the time being to be forgotten. It is therefore with a keener interest that the elder generation will be reminded, and the younger informed, by the Costa relics now on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, of her Majesty's proficiency in the arts of the drawing room. Although an amateur, the Queen has been no half-hearted performer, for from the programs of the royal private concerts left by Sir Michael Costa we find that on one evening she sang no fewer than five times, and on occasion sang in duets and trios, not only with the Prince Consort, but with such artists as Rubini and Lablache. This is a performance of which few but the most accomplished amateurs of today would be capable. Indeed, Mendelssohn himself has borne enthusiastic testimony to the Queen's excellence as a vocalist. Modern music-lovers will also welcome the timely reminder afforded by these same programs of the gradual success of the Prince Consort's efforts to abolish the baneful convention by which everything not Italian was excluded from musical consideration.—Daily Messenger (Paris).

Mr. Algernon Ashton gives the following list of famous musicians who have died within the last 15 years: Joachim Raff (1882), Theodor Kullak (1882), Friedrich Kücken (1882), Friedrich von Flotow (1883), Richard Wagner (1883), Robert Volkmann (1883), Friedrich Smetana (1884), Franzt Abt (1885), Ferdinand Hiller (1885), Sir Julius Benedict (1885), Friedrich Kiel (1885), Franz Liszt (1885), Alexander Borodin (1887), Sir George Macfarren (1887), Jenny Lind (1887), Henri Herz (1888), Stephen Heller (1888), Giovanni Bottesini (1889), Adolph Henselt (1889), Franz Lachner (1890), Victor Nessler (1890), Niels Gade (1890), Wilhelm Taubert (1891), Henry Litolff (1891), Léo Delibes (1891), Robert Franz (1892), Charles Gounod (1895), Peter Tschaikowsky (1893), Hans von Bülow (1894), Anton Rubinstein (1894), Benjamin Godard (1895), Franz von Suppé (1895), Ambroise Thomas (1896), Clara Schumann (1896), Anton Bruckner (1896), Waldemar Bargiel (1897), and Johannes Brahms (1897). "Truly, a formidable list! And how many new composers of note have appeared upon the scene since 1882? Apparently not half, nay, not one-quarter, the number that have died! Yet the world at the present moment seems to be fuller of well-known living musicians than ever before. How is this apparent paradox to be explained?"

The Mottl concert of last night (May 11) was royally distinguished by the performance of a great portion of the second act of "Parsifal," a work which, owing to the necessities of copyright, is heard very rarely in this country. Now is no occasion or time to discuss the value of this, the greatest by far of Wagner's compositions; but it is to be recorded that a singular delight was provided for the audience by Herr Mottl, who conducted with a vitality, with a vigor, and with an instinctive insight into the meaning of the music which could not have been surpassed. Richter, of course, conducts Wagner most nobly, most adequately; but even he does not give to his strangely fine music the intimate life, the glowing color which seems, as it were, to be shed from Mottl's baton. Richter in his own way fashions an [illegible] that is irresistible; but where he seems to put on show the finest sculpture conceivable, Mottl seems to create a living, breathing figure that speaks, moves, and has its being—the one has the perfection of plastic art in his fingers; the other may have faults, but they are the faults that belong to real and genuine life. Mottl's "Parsifal" had certain faults—faults of extravagance, anxiety, and exertion; but they were quite pardonable, for they were absolutely inessential.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. William Schuyler wrote in the Criterion (St. Louis) May 22 as follows: "It seems as though America will soon supplant Italy as the country from which high soprano coloratura singers come. Of the rising young cantatrices that can gambol at their ease on the lofty 'leger lines' and can sprinkle showers of glittering notes over their enraptured audiences the majority are Americans. To be sure, many of them masquerade under Italianized noms du theatre; but they are Yankees all the same. Foreign critics are attempting to explain this high-flying invasion of Young America by climatic or geographical reasons; but the real reason is this: American women are accustomed to be 'on top' in everything they undertake, and to skim lightly over the most complicated difficulties. Any experienced American husband knows all about it. And why should the difficulties of scales, trills, or cadenzas be any exception to the rule? The American feminine in Europe studying music is sometimes quite a puzzle to the belated foreigners who are not up to the high-tension electricity of our Western life. Our young girls learn quickly—too quickly; their sharp intuition gives them speedily a sort of bird's-eye view of a subject, and then they think they know it all. They rush from one teacher to another, and, when they have piled up a sufficiently large list of famous instructors, assault the world as artists. As for learning anything thoroughly from top to bottom, that is drudgery far beneath their volatile ideals. They have often very limber fingers and agile 'sky-scraper' voices, and personally are altogether charming; but depth of passion, and that grand repose which is the heart of all great art-work, is never attained by them. Therefore we have produced no truly great American prima donna assoluta, and our one great pianiste, Bloomfield-Zeisler, is a Jewess. When our American women are not allowed to have their own sweet and airy way so much we may get some real work out of them. Of course, they have infinite capacity. No American male would dare to say otherwise."

Here is a curious story from the Pall Mall Gazette which may interest singing teachers: "A music-master named Mr. Hugo Beyer of Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, brought an action for alleged slander against Mr. Henry Russell, a former pupil. The words complained of were said to be a reflection upon the plaintiff's ability as a music-master. The defendant denied the alleged slander, yet admitted certain words, which he pleaded were privileged, and, further, that they did not bear the interpretation of the slander implied, and denied malice. Mr. Carson, in opening the case, said that the plaintiff had for the past six or seven years been in this country carrying on the profession of a singing master. In his earlier days he obtained a knowledge of his profession in Stockholm, and he was sent by the King of Sweden to study music in Paris and London. He had since numbered amongst his pupils very many of the most distinguished singers of the day. He commenced teaching in the year 1890, and in the following year was introduced to the defendant, Mr. Henry Russell, who was then a young gentleman of 20 years of age, anxious to be trained in the art of singing with the view of ultimately adopting the profession. He became pupil to the plaintiff for a term of seven years. The defendant continued up to the autumn of 1895 a somewhat irregular pupil, and shortly after he became pupil to the plaintiff commenced, with the knowledge of the plaintiff, to take in pupils himself. The plaintiff some time afterwards remonstrated, but went no further. About a year ago two ladies—a Miss Hope, who had been on the stage, and known as Mrs. Reed, and another young lady—were invited to lunch with Mr. Russell, and at the meeting the slander was alleged to have been uttered, the object of the defendant being, counsel contended, to so disparage Mr. Beyer that they might give up the idea of taking music lessons from him. Counsel here read the alleged slander, which consisted of a statement to the effect that when defendant became a pupil of plaintiff, he tried his voice, and said that if he took lessons from him he would become a second Lassalle; then he took lessons for five years at a cost of £700; then he consulted other masters who laughed in his face and said that he had no voice and never could be a singer of any class. He further alleged that the plaintiff had swindled him. A further alleged slander contained the words, 'I have ascertained that Mr Beyer is a well-known swindler in Sweden, and neglected and starved his wife and left her alone in that country.' Counsel went on to read letters and testimonials which contained high eulogiums on the plaintiff's ability as a singing-master, and contended that the words plaintiff complained of were used for the purpose of injuring the plaintiff in his profession."

may 31 1897

Pensive, on her dead gazing, I heard the
Mother of All,
Desperate, on the torn bodies, on the forms
covering the battle-fields gazing;
(As the last gun ceased—but the scent of
the powder—smoke linger'd;)
As she call'd to her earth with mournful
voice while she stalk'd:
Absorb them well, O my earth, she cried—
I charge you, lose not my sons! lose
not an atom;
And you streams, absorb them well, taking
their dear blood;
And you local spots, and you airs that
swim above lightly,
And all you essences of soil and growth—
and you, my rivers' depths;
And you, mountain sides—and the woods
where my dear children's blood trickling, redden'd;
And you trees, down in your roots, to bequeath to all future trees,
My dead absorb—my young men's beautiful
bodies absorb—and their precious, precious, precious blood;
Which holding in trust for me, faithfully
back again give me, many a year hence,
In unseen essence and odor of surface and
grass, centuries hence;
In blowing airs from the fields, back again
give me my darlings—give my immortal heroes;
Exhale me them centuries hence—breathe
me their breath—let not an atom be
lost;
O years and graves! O air and soil! O my
dead, an aroma sweet!
Exhale them perennial, sweet death, years,
centuries hence.

But in sentimental recollection, in the thought of the glory once splendid and now mellow, let us not forget the horror of war. We talk glibly of the cruelty of the Turks, blinding ourselves to the fact that war, as General Sherman said, is hell. The Civil War, in which Christians were arrayed against each other on Christian soil, "was not a quadrille in a ball-room". Walt Whitman, who knew full well the secrets of the hospital and the inner soul of Northern or Southern combatant, declared that the interior history of the Civil War will never be written; "its practicality, minutiae of deeds and passions, will never be even suggested; the actual soldier of 1862-'65, North and South, with all his ways, his incredible dauntlessness, habits, practices, tastes, language, his fierce friendship, his appetite, rankness, his superb strength and animality, lawless gait, and a hundred unnamed lights and shades of camp, I say, will never be written—perhaps must not and should not be".

And to some the name of the Seventh Regiment is memorable because the name of Fitz James O'Brien is entered as Captain on its regimental roll of honor.

There are certain fallacies that are still popular: for instance, that the borrower is the servant of the lender; that the just never suffer from insomnia; that barkeepers never drink.

The relations between Yale, Harvard and Cornell are now so beautiful—thanks largely to Mr. Lehmann—that it would not be surprising if Yale and Cornell should let Harvard win.

How near to each other, after all, are the ancients and moderns! Cato was of opinion that the use of kissing first began betwixt kinsman and kinswoman, howsoever near allied or far off, only by that to know whether their wives, daughters or nieces had tasted any wine. Today there are husbands, sons, nephews subjected to such tests.

What an exciting moment it is to a sensitive man when the conductor, taking my ten-cent piece, without any act of possession on his own part, as it were, only makes himself the medium of my charming neighbor's making change for me by dropping direct and warm from her fair hand her nickel into mine! I feel almost authorized to touch my hat, thank her and claim a respectful acquaintance!—Time and the Hour.

H. M. C., who asked us some time ago about the origin of horn-blowing May Day in Concord, N. H., writes to the Journal as follows: "I saw a statement in a New York paper not long since that the sounds of some musical instruments have a tendency to increase the growth of hair on the heads of the players, while the sounds from other instruments have a tendency to make the musicians bald. It was stated that pianists and violinists usually have hair in plenty, while those who play brass horns are usually deficient in hirsute adornment. Now, if this is true and not fishy, can you cypher out why the tones that come from a brass instrument should discourage the growth of hair any more than those evolved from strings? And if a player on a brass horn should turn violinist would the hair be likely to grow on his bald pate? But there is no doubt that the sounds evolved by a company of boys with May horns have a tendency to make 'each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine.'"

June 1. 1897

My palace is of smoke and rain,
And from the widnow I look forth
And see a blurred, tumultuous train
Glide through a tunnel to the north,
Beaconed by lantern-lights of blood.

My palace is of storm and flood,
And through the window-panes I see
The white stars miming oracles
To the dead sand and sleeping sea—
Stars sign and cry aloud like bells.

My palace is of black basalt.
The stars which mimed in the blue vault
Have passed with dark, averted cowls.
I see the city's fitful light
(Lamps winking like the eyes of owls).
Men, mad with dreams, shout to the night.

"No gentleman," said Old Chimes at the Porphyry, "I do not think the Election Committee should reject summarily Mr. Weaverkin because he has been described as a bore. There should first of all be diligent inquiry as to whether he be a harmless, domesticated bore, or that terrible monster, the fierce-tusked bore of prey. Every man has within him the potentiality of boredom. The degree of evolution is largely a matter of tact. If Mr. Weaverkin is simply a prattler on a hobbyhorse, you may listen to him for a moment and then say, virtually, 'There, that will do,' and Weaverkin will blink, admire you, and touch the bell; and, if you are a kindly soul, you will honor his invitation. But imagine for a moment Mr. Whacker in this club. Can't you see him, with his cruel eyes, his shining tusks, standing near the hall door, ready to rush upon his victim? He will not wait for you to hand your umbrella to the boy; the attack is instantaneous. He roots in your body and mind. It may be the tariff, it may be the comparative marching of the Seventh Regiment and the Cadets that irritates him; but remember irritation is his mood. The domesticated bore is almost always good natured and generous; the bore of prey is without a redeeming quality. Adonis, the hero of sweetness and light, for love of whom Venus herself did sicken, was killed by a bore."

The cigar-tray is passed to you by young Smirker, who calls loudly and ostentatiously, "What ho!. Without there! Cigars!" You look the cigars over; the price varies, from 25 cents or 30 cents straight to 10 cents (three for a quarter). You know Smirker's salary is small, and you feel sure he is uneasy over the selection made by you and others. What is your duty? Should you be considerate and take a ten cent cigar, the cigar you usually smoke? Smirker's smile of gratitude will repay you. Or should you punish him by choosing a twenty-five cent cigar, and then leaving it half smoked on the ash-tray? The man that is sneakingly accustomed to cheap cigars is often exposed by the luxury of his acceptance when he is invited.

"And what is so rare"—
Please stop right there.

It is a pleasure to note the economical spirit of Mouzaffer-Eddin, Shah of Persia. He has only 60 wives. His reckless predecessor left 1720 widows, more or less disconsolate.

Authors often suffer because their books are not read under favorable conditions. You should read Knut Hamsun's grim novel "Hunger," while dinner is preparing. "An Essay on the Principle of Population" by Thomas Malthus is best appreciated when it is read in a room of a summer hotel on a rainy day, or in a flat near a flourishing public school.

"Beatrix" writes to the Journal as follows: "Let me contribute a paragraph about kissing. I was amused lately to see two friends—women—parting for the night. One put up her mouth in kissing attitude, the other hesitated and then presented her cheek, not without condescension, although the former woman was the far more desirable. If the kisser had had her wits about her, she would have turned her cheek, so that the plain surfaces would have met. It seems to me there may be such a thing as snubbery in kissing."

This is a delicate subject, Miss Beatrix, and we do not care to discuss it at length. The woman who gave her cheek possibly had an excellent reason for refusing her mouth. She may have suddenly remembered that there was a trace of garlic in the salad, or she may have made a foolish promise to her lover, or she may have had a cold in the head. On the other hand, as you suggest, her action may have been dictated by snobbery.

We confess we are more interested in the osculation code of man and woman. There was a startling freedom in England of the 16th century, or else Mr. Nicander Nucius of Corcyra, who made report from personal visit, told the thing that was not: "They (the English) display great simplicity and absence of jealousy in their usages toward females. For not only do those who are of the same family and household kiss them on the mouth with salutations and embraces, but even those who have never seen them. And to themselves this appears by no means indecent." Buckle said he could cite innumerable passages to show that kissing in England of the 17th century was as common as shaking hands is now. Fallace in "Every Man Out of His Humour," speaking of the irresistible charms of Mr. Fastidius Brisk, bursts out with "How full he hits a woman between the lips when he kisses!" And your friend, Miss Beatrix, might be more gracious to him than to any woman, for Mr. Brisk is an eternal type and Fallace was only blunter in speech than are her sisters of today.

There may be great charm of color in Philip Burne-Jones's picture, "The Vampire," which was set to words by Mr. Kipling, late of Brattleboro, Vt., but as revealed by the illustrated papers, the picture seems singularly com-

morrow. The young man looks like a rising young floor-walker, and his lady friend has the beauty of a fashion-plate heroine.

"WALKING DELEGATE."

Its First Performance at the Tremont.

Serious Attempt at the Light and Nimble.

As a Result — Tedious Respectability.

"Alabama" at Castle Sq. —Shows Elsewhere.

"The Walking Delegate," a comic opera in three acts, libretto by Charles Emerson Cook, music by Lucius Hosmer, was performed last night at the Tremont Theatre for the first time on any stage. Mr. John C. Mullaly, excellent musician and admirable conductor, led. The cast was as follows:

George Washington Tree.....Oscar Girard
J. Singleton Bell.....Walter S. Hawkins
Columbia Hale.....Laura Joyce Bell
Hi-Fil .....Gus Daly
Hon. Barnabas Brooke.....Thos. E. Clifford
Fidelia Brooke .....Josephine Knapp
Dolly Brooke .....Mabelle Wallace Howe
Woo-Mee .....Christie MacDonald
Ding-Dong .....J. C. Miron
Old-Hyson .....J. B. Meschaert
Young-Hyson .....Peter M. Lang
Mum-Tung .....James Gilbert
Sed-So .....Percy Bowles
Oo-Long .....Valentine Martin

The performance was not over until a late hour, and this lateness was not due to hitches, tedious waits or the presence of the encore fiend. The operetta is too long. There are too many set songs, which are sung to the injury of the action; there is too much dialogue that is of little interest; there is too much music.

The motiv of the libretto is the worship paid their ancestors by the Koreans. Such a motiv should be peculiarly sympathetic to Bostonians.

And, indeed, it would be a pleasanter task for me to draw parallels between Koreans and Bostonians or digress concerning the rights of ancestors than discuss this operetta. In fact, I should prefer to inquire elaborately as to whether Korea should begin with a "K" or a "C."

But Messrs. Cook and Hosmer treated their operetta seriously—indeed, Mr. Hosmer showed symptoms of a passion for romantic opera—and their work should therefore be treated with respect.

* * *

I wonder how it would strike a Christian traveling in Korea if he should see there an operatic performance in which beliefs and ceremonies of his own religion were ridiculed.

Here in Boston, where there is such pathetic worship of ancestry, similar worship, which is the only form of religion among the educated classes in Korea—I gleaned this fact just now from that invaluable work, the Encyclopaedia Britannica (Books that have helped me)—seemed to the large and applausive audience absurd and laughable.

* * *

The hero, however, is not a Korean of high or low estate—he is a fine specimen of perhaps the ripest fruit of American civilization. He is a Walking Delegate, a being more powerful than even a janitor; indeed, he is almost the equal of the omnipotent Wapentake, invented by Victor Hugo in an acute attack of Anglophobia.

As a comic opera hero, however, he is subject to the customary vicissitudes of operetta life. Of course, before the final fall of the curtain, he has a scene of intoxication, and also a scene of fright. He is also provided with a topical song, which was a form of verse dear to Aristophanes, and Athenian encore fiends.

Then there is the dashing soubrette with twinkling feet and slender ankles; there is the elderly female, who tracks men like a tiger that has not tasted human flesh for years, (W. S. Gilbert gave us enough of this offensive type); there is the lyric soprano; there is the sentimental tenor, who, when the action is ti[illegible], obliges by joining in concerted music.

* * *

Mr. Cook, however, has invented one character that has been hitherto unknown in operetta or politics; he has invented the pious consul, the pious American consul who sings a Sunday School song with a rich baritone voice and a prolonged wobble of the last tone. The consul sings this song to the admiration of his elder daughter, and unseen persons assist with a chorus. Such an exemplary person should not be subject to removal every four years. Let us hope that Secretary Sherman will remember the name of Barnabas Brooke and keep him in the office he now adorns.

* * *

Is Mr. Cook's story entertaining or dull? This is a fair question for you to ask. I confess I found the operetta dull. The motiv is good enough, but the handling is not skillful. Mr. Cook has an unfortunate habit of announcing at the end of one scene what he proposes to do in the next. The element of surprise is thus carefully eliminated. The action for the most part crawls; and the scene among the tombs—the intoxication—the fright—all this is familiar, too familiar. I like Mr. Cook's lyrics far better than his dialogue, which is often wordy and trite. His verses flow gracefully; his use of rhymes is often happy; and in these verses he shows a sentiment and a mild humor that are not apparent in the dialogue. But he must go to work at once and boil his libretto down, if he wishes to hold the audience.

* * *

The most distinguished feature of Mr. Hosmer's music is the orchestration, which I am told is his own. It is refined, discreet, expressive. If Mr. Hosmer made the score I congratulate him; if he did not, I congratulate the man who did. Mr. Hosmer shows true musical feeling in certain numbers of the operetta as well as in the orchestration. But I fail to see in this work any marked display of instinct for operetta. When Mr. Hosmer is most effective, he is not writing comic opera. There is neither the abandon, nor the recklessness, nor the necessary dash of musical daring that approaches closely vulgarity. And as I said before, there is too much music. Mr. Hosmer should assist Mr. Cook in the task of condensation.

* * *

The performance was reasonably smooth, and each one in the company labored faithfully in the attempt to bring success. The chorus contained pretty girls, and the orchestra—an excellent one—was under firm and intelligent control. Mr. Girard was as funny as he was allowed to be by librettist and composer; the professional worshipers were terribly in earnest; Mr. Clifford sang his song effectively—with the exception of the final wabble; Miss Knapp and Miss MacDonald gave much pleasure. Composer, librettist and Mr. Seymour were called before the curtain. And still, in spite of the earnestness of the merrymakers, I found the opera, as a whole, tedious, very tedious.

Philip Hale.

June 2.

The dramatic instinct to which the life of towns is necessarily unfavorable is kept alive in the country by the smallness of the stage and the fewness of the actors. A village is an organism, conscious of its several parts, as a town is not. In a village everybody is a public man. The great events of his life are of public as well as of public significance, appropriately, therefore, invested with public ceremonial. Thus used to living in the public eye, the actors carry off their parts at weddings and other dramatic ceremonials, with more spirit than is easy to a townsman, who is naturally made self-conscious by being suddenly called upon to fill for a day a public position for which he has had no training.

Eight families live in the apartment house across the street, the house built of yellow bricks. The house that sprang up as in a night. The members of these families are most estimable persons. The men regular as to business habits, the women faithful spouses, prudent mothers, or exemplary spinsters. And in this apartment house an old woman died the other day. There had been "a general breaking up of her system for some time," her sister said; and finally there was nothing left to be broken. Two days passed before the dwellers in the other suites knew of the visit of Death to the apartment house of yellow bricks; and only one person in the house—and she was an old woman—called in neighborly fashion to offer help.

This story—one we believe of common occurrence in large towns—was told us by Mr. Archibald Minnow, who rooms in one of the suites of the apartment house of yellow bricks. Mr. Minnow came from a village in Vermont to study at the Institute of Technology. He was shocked by the callousness of his neighbors in the house. "Why," he said, "in my town if anything of that kind had happened, mother would have cooked extra pies and doughnuts and sent them in; and all the people would have gone over that day to see the corpse. Here, they don't pay any more attention to the folks in trouble than if they were dogs."

Mr. Minnow, ingenuous youth, has not yet learned that the interest which seems to him kindly is to the highly civilized an impertinent intrusion. "Leave me alone with my dead!" is the first wish of the mourner in the flat; for nowhere is there such isolation as in a crowded apartment house. We remember being at the house of a Vermont farmer thirty years ago, when the eldest son was shot accidentally and was expected to die. He was calm. He acquitted the boy of blame, and said the accident was the result of his own carelessness. He gave away his watch and some trinkets. While he was thus waiting death—but he did not die—while there was wonder why the doctor did not come, the mother with tears streaming down her cheeks insisted that the family and guests should eat dinner. They sat down, for they were a mile or two from even a farm house, but the guests had little appetite. The mother kept pressing them to eat. Finally she gave a moan, and stammered out, "Jim's a-dying, and somehow the victuals don't give satisfaction." And when help came from the neighbors, there was pressing to eat, there was fresh cooking.

Mr. Minnow, we regret to say, is not familiar with the classics, or he would remember that the ancient Romans worshiped Angerona, the goddess of silence. Her statue represented her holding a finger to her mouth; and special honors were paid her, and her aid was especially invoked in times of mourning for the dead.

It is along the Gold Coast that the death of a person is solemnized by a conjunction of condoling and carousing. In Abyssinia the mourners dance. When Mr. Minnow said bitterly, "If there had been invitations for a dance in the suite above the corpse, I don't suppose the party would have been given up," he was unacquainted with these foreign rites. Otherwise he might have drawn ethnological parallels. But Mr. Minnow is interested only in engineering.

Cheyenne Indians are on the war path. You can tell them when you see them—that is, if they do not see you first—by their tribal sign, and thus escape danger by taking refuge in a shop or calling for a hack. The Cheyennes, Paikanavos, or Cut Wrists, draw the lower edge of the hand across the left arm as if gashing it with a knife.

Make no contracts on the 10th or 15th of June. They are unlucky days.

The Paris Journal tells this story about the behavior of certain men at the Bazar de la Charité fire. The scene was one of the best-known Parisian drawing-rooms, and the hour 6 P. M. Several well-known ladies were the occupants of the room, gossiping on the events of the day. Among them, one of the heroines of the catastrophe, a lady who was able to get out without being too badly injured—or, rather, too badly burned—for she bears marks of another character. Enter a young man of the most amiable type, and elegantly got up. The usual salutations, but suddenly a pause, when the voice of the lady saved from the disaster was heard to say, "Sir, I ask you to withdraw immediately, and if you want an explanation I am ready to give one before these ladies." Sudden exit of the gentleman. This, says the Journal, is an authentic scene of yesterday, and one which is likely to be repeated tomorrow and for some time to come.

We call the attention of Old Chimes, who discoursed yesterday about bores, to a note of Sir Walter Scott: "The Alfred, like all other clubs, was much haunted with boars—tusky monsters, which delight to range where men most do congregate, as they are kept at the spear's point pretty much in private society. A boar, or bore, is always remarkable for something respectable, such as wealth, character, high birth, acknowledged talent—or, in short, for something that forbids people * * * to cut him dead. * * * Old stagers in the club know and avoid the fated corner and arm-chair which he haunts, but he often rushes from his lair on the unexperienced."

June 3. 97

I said to the barber:

"Cut my hair close."

"I understand," said the barber, "you want it shorter in front than behind."

"Cut my hair very close," I said, "so there will be no mistake."

"I understand," said the barber. "Do you wish to part it?"

Angry, I left, without siting in the chair. And yet I shall have to go back there.

The reception given by Mr. W. W. Astor, the untitled (as yet) aristocrat, at Carlton House, was not unlike, in splendor, the ball of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, to which Mr. Timotheus Molony was invited.

O Pat[illegible] such Jukes, and Earls,
Such fashion and nobilitee!

* * *

And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
And violins did fiddle there.
And when the Court was tired of sport,
I'd luve you, boys to think there was
A nate buffet before them set,
Where lashins of good drink there was.

And yet there is a fly in Mr. Astor's pot of ointment; there is a moth in his hereditary fur-coat. For in spite of his splash and splurge, he is not taken seriously by all the men of London town. This little speech of the Saturday Review must sound in his ears each morning as he rises indolently for the perfumed bath: "We hear that £25,000 has been given in one cheque to the Princess of Wales's fund for a jubilee dinner to the poor of London. Of course this gift was also to be anonymous, but now it is announced that the donor is Mr. Lipton, the well-known provision merchant, and the announcement is probably justified, for the language of the letter that accompanied the gift was so clumsy and awkward that we took it to be the language of Mr. Astor; still it may well be that of Mr. Lipton."

What are they drinking out West? The sky is not only full of air ships; it is the battle ground—near Duluth—of armed and desperate men. And in another section of that once happy country dynamite balloons furnish afternoon entertainment. All this reminds us of a paragraph by the ingenious Jules Renard: "In spite of our desire to have wings, we can never fly. It is well that we cannot: the air would quickly be unbreathable."

Mr. George Bernard Shaw in the course of professional duty went to see "Secret Service." In his review he first plumes himself on the fact that he kept his head, and he then remarks: "The hero, by the way, is a spy; and why the intelligent gentleman (the only sensible man in the piece) who objects to him should be execrated as a villain, whilst all the rest rally round their betrayer and want to shake his hand repeatedly, is more than I can quite understand. I cannot even plead for him that—

His honor rooted in dishonor stood;
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true;

for he first spies on the South, and then, at the critical moment, betrays the North for purely personal reasons. Altogether an unredeemed rascal. But Mr. Gillette plays him with so manly an air that the audience does not stop to ask what it is applauding; and everybody seems delighted. I confess I was disappointed; for I am an admirer of Mr. Gillette's 'Held by the Enemy.' * * * His 'Secret Service' is certainly not to be compared with it." The other comedians praised by Mr. Shaw are Miss Odette Tyler and Mr. W. B. Smith.

Mr. Shaw, indeed, is in fine humor this season. Perhaps it is all on account of the Queen's Jubilee. "The American Constitution," he says in answer to a rash man who disagreed with him, "in declaring all men equal, does not mean that the President of the United States is an exact fac simile of Mr. Edison, or that Mr. Fitzsimmons cannot beat Mr. Corbett at fisticuffs."

That man or woman in dread anticipation of a surgical operation should commit suicide is after all neither surprising nor inexplicable. The operation may be slight and without danger, and yet many who plunge the knife fearlessly into their mouths at dinner cannot endure the idea of its exploring other portions of the body though it were guided by a skillful hand. The mania of surgeons for carving something that has never yet been carved enlarges the natural fear. The proposed patient says to himself, "There's no knowing what that fellow will do when he has a chance. I may prove to be an exceedingly interesting subject and he may wish to write a monograph on 'Case No. 19,564', illustrated with fine plates of 'Before' and 'After.'" The nervous student shudders at the removal of the necessary appendix of his life work and remembers that Celsus justified the Egyptian physician who by dissecting criminals alive discovered that the nerves are the organs of sensation.

And thus some men have died at the mere thought of the surgeon's knife, a pathetic form of suicide. Dooley, the philosopher of the Chicago Evening Post, would not include such unfortunates in his censure. "To me," says Mr. Dooley, "suicidin' is a kind iv play actin'. Th' man that kills himsilf always has th' thought sthrong in his mind that he will be prisint at the ceremonies, lookin' on like a man in th' gallery iv th' Lyceum Theatre. It's a sort iv pride with him. He'll be standin' back somewhere an' hearin' th' remarks iv th' people as they come upon th' corpse. 'Poor man, why did he do it?' 'Twas a turrible thing, but I suppose he had nawthin' to live f'r.' 'Well, he was a brave man, so he was,' an' there he is lookin' on with a satis-

[illegible] smile on his face while they carry himself tinderly to th' home where his wife is weeping an' tearin' her hair because she put too much sugar in his coffee that mornin'. If he on'y knew that a man can't be in th' hearse an' march in th' pro-cession, too, perhaps he'd think twict befure he jumped wanst."

June 4. 97

Will you permit, me, Sir, a slight indiscretion?
—No sir.
—How old are you?
—[illegible]
—What did you pay for that cane?
—Twenty-nine years.

Do not sneer and sniff at the man who, sitting near you at the public table, puts sugar and vinegar on his lettuce and then cuts the leaves into little pieces with a knife. It was only a few years ago that you learned of the existence of other dressings and were told that the leaves should be broken, not cut. Even now you are hardly reconciled to the taste of olive oil.

And if a man should put sugar in his claret, it is not therefore beyond doubt and peradventure that his lair is in Wayback or Chicago. Nor be in a hurry to say that the practice—we admit to us intolerable—is a vile Americanism. The English of the 17th century—and they were mighty drinkers—added sugar to their claret, and sometimes they added water. When Sir Humphrey Davy visited Norway in 1824, he was surprised to see that at dinner people put sugar in their wine. To him wondering the host replied, "We think in Norway that good wine cannot be spoiled by sugar, and bad wine is improved." The most famous example of sweetening wine is given by Mary of Scotland, who bathed in it during her confinement in England. This reminds us of a story which is so good that it would make you laugh if you were in the woods, all alone, by yourself. On second thought, we shall save it for the Christmas number.

Mr. Adolphus Crush told us the other day that there is no excitement like unto the suspense while a pretty woman deliberates what seat she shall take in a street car. "In an open car," said Mr Crush, "whenever I see her I move gracefully, if I happen to be at the end, so that she may sit near me; but, do you know, nine cases out of ten she prefers to climb over the feet of a fat man or the bundle of a washerwoman. I have seen her prefer to wedge herself into a seat where four men were sitting. I don't understand it. I am a mark for anxious mothers with children, who twitch and paw and thirst for miscellaneous information, and if a peculiarly, extravagantly ugly woman climb into a car, she invariably tries to sit by my side."

Love is a sort of uneasiness
That benders a man in his beesiness.

The fire escape at Music Hall appears to be an escape from life instead of for life.

"Jean de Reszke's horse won the Warsaw Derby." Perhaps Mr. de Reszke can now afford to reduce his charges as a singer.

Miss May Sinclair, the author of "Audrey Craven," thus reveals feminine character in a commonplace act: "Beware of a woman who kisses you on both cheeks; it's too much for friendship and too little for love."

The publishers of Francis Thompson's "New Poems" should offer a prize for the shortest solution of this problem proposed by the poet:

Caught
Beyond human thought
In the thunder-spout of Him,
Until they being dim
And be
Dead deathlessly.

"A Montreal man and a Boston woman journeyed to Stoke Poges, the scene of Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' for the sole purpose of being wedded in that historic place." They took a gloomy view of marriage from the very start.

And did the rector of the Stoke Poges church touch them for his shingling fund?

This is sad news from Cornell—I Yell—Cornell. The discovery has been made that some of the men on the crew have been passionately addicted to strawberry shortcake.

Here is a story that will interest the members of the Society for the Relief of Female Domestics. Ada Wilton claimed in an English Court £2 6s. 8d. for one month's wages and one month in lieu of notice from a Mrs. Stallbrass. The mistress answered that she did not owe it, that the plaintiff stooped only a week, and that she could not stand the plaintiff because work was neglected for reading and writing. Here is some of the evidence:

Defendant—Oh, you wicked girl! Were you not busy writing a novelette?

Plaintiff—What if I were? I did not neglect your work.

Defendant—I saw the beginning of it. The title was "The Vengeance of the Viscount."

Plaintiff—And a good title, too.

Defendant—And what did you say when I spoke to you?

Plaintiff—Spoke! Do you call it speaking? You uttered shameful imprecations.

Defendant—Eh! What?

Plaintiff—Oh, of course, you don't understand! You swore. Did I not tell you I had been used to ladies? At the end of my month I said I was to go. I could not stand a woman who did not sound her "h's."

Defendant—Your Honour, she was most insulting. She used to sniggle when I spoke. She used to say: "Please speak English. I don't understand Whitechapel." * * * When I told her to go she said she did not care, she would leave there and then. She said she had found a publisher, and she would beat Marie Corelli."

Plaintiff—I never used such slang. I said I would outvie Marie Corelli. I have found a publisher.

June 5. 97.

He came commissioned for the fates
Of awful Mead and charming Bates;
There he essay'd the vengeance first,
Then took a dismal aim, and brought
GREAT GOUGE to dust.
GREAT GOUGE to dust! how doleful is the sound!
How vast the stroke is! and how wide the wound!
Sion grows weak and England poor;
Nature herself with all her store
Can furnish such a pomp for death no more.

There! What do you think of that for poetry? No; it is not original. It was written by Dr. Isaac Watts in threnodial spirit, and the Great Gouge, thus mourned, was the Rev. Thomas Gouge, an eminent Nonconformist, who propagated religion in Wales and wrote "The Young Man's Guide to Heaven." Raise your right hand. Did you ever hear of Gouge or his Baedeker? And yet he was a good man, and when he had an income of $750 he gave $500 to the poor and lived on the balance. And did you ever hear of "awful Mead" or "charming Bates?" But Dr. Watts honestly believed that Nature itself felt the shock of Mr. Gouge's departure, just as he thought when Mr. How should die, the world should also end, and so he sang:

Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size;
Or burn this worthles globe, and take us
to the skies.

Now Dr. Watts, "soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him," thought that he had at least one foot on the rock of truth; and yet religion did not die with good Thomas Gouge, nor did the globe burn when Mr. How expired without the synchronous descent of Elisha.

We hear the same ideas expressed today, although not perhaps in such ludicrously bombastic words. A public man dies—the nation will go to the dogs. The head of the firm is removed—there is no one fit to succeed him. The poet's golden voice is choked with dust—the Muses surely will kill themselves upon his tomb. And yet the world jogs along, and the seasons succeed each other properly and in order, and the new broom sweeps so clean that people wonder at their patience with the one now in the dustbin of Time. "Those greater and stormy passions do so spend the whole stock of grief, that they presently admit a comfort and contrary affection," says Jeremy Taylor; and we find Thomas Fuller attributing real but moderate grief to the ideal widow, a sorrow that is no storm but a still rain: "indeed some foolishly discharge the surplusage of their passions on themselves, tearing their hair, so that their friends coming to the funeral, know not which most to bemoan, the dead husband, or the dying widow; yet commonly it comes to pass that such widows' grief is quickly emptied, which streameth out at so large a vent; whilst their tears that but drop, will hold running a long time."

Again the wife of the President of the United States is presented as "the leading lady of the land." The President, as many of his predecessors were, is indeed fortunate in his wife; but why should there be an attempt to establish firmly the snobbery of the quoted phrase? Let us not forget that it is the President who should take off his hat to the people, and not they to him. For, after all, this is a government by the people, for the people—with the kind permission of the trusts.

The success of thieves in New Haven reveals the fact that Prof. Marsh of Yale College keeps bees, or at least tries to keep them. Some months ago a thief st[illegible] a red-hot stove, induced, no doubt, there' [illegible] attending performances of farce comedy. The theft of a bee hive should not excite wonder. Nor is it surprising that the learned Professor should keep bees. Mr. Paur keeps hens; Mr. Bonner keeps horses, and Mr. MacDowell, the composer, has a dog that feigns death if you mention the name of Brahms to him. But the bee is peculiarly interesting. The bees alone of all animals descended from Paradise; alone among animals they ascend alive into heaven, for the bee personifies the soul; and thus in the East great men are buried in a tomb sprinkled over with honey or beeswax. In the Engadine they believe that the souls of men emigrate from the world and return into it in the forms of bees. If you wish to play at sorcery eat a queen-bee and then you will be able to endure torture without making confession. If one should die in your family, you should put crape on the hive, just as when there is a marriage you should put a piece of red stuff there. Solin said long ago, "A bee cannot live in Ireland, and if you take Irish earth and carry it to another country, and spread it around the hive, the bees will leave the place, because the earth is maleficent to them." We do not swear to the truth of this statement, although we have not consulted leading beemasters. But why should not bees be kept in flats? They would cheerfully contribute to the breakfast table, and they would be delightful companions for the dear children.

"The United States battleship Massachusetts could lie just off Boston Light and wreck the entire business district of the city in less than two hours." There are battleships of other countries which could accomplish nimbly the same feat. And this is one reason, Mr. Reuben, why the United States should have a powerful navy.

Why do the people who sit inside the railing at the Pops look as if they were off on a slumming tour? It is only a matter of 25 cents and an early application.—Time and the Hour.

June 6. 97

ABOUT MUSIC.

Mr. Hosmer's Share in the "Walking Delegate."

Stones Thrown by Mr. Runciman at Berlioz.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

However you may speak of Mr. Hosmer's music in "The Walking Delegate," you must admit the musical spirit in which he worked. For my own part, I see in this operetta little or no display of marked natural instinct for comic opera; but I recognize gladly the musical fastidiousness of the composer, as well as his uncommon sense of discretion and color in the orchestration.

Nor is it surprising that Mr. Hosmer should not show pronounced stage instinct.

In Paris, for instance, it has for years been the ambition of young composers to win renown in the theatre. You could make easily a long list of French musicians who have bent their energies to this task. Even Fétis, the pedagogue, sighed after such success; even Franck, the devout and mystical César Franck, forgot the church for a season in the contemplation of the opera house.

And many of the composers who succeeded in grand opera were by no means ashamed of beginnings in operetta.

Bizet wrote "Docteur Miracle" and "Sol-si-ré-pif-pan"; Chabrier wrote "L'étoile," on which the libretto of Francis Wilson's "Merry Monarch" was founded; even the austere Ambroise Thomas wrote operettas and ballets from 1837 to 1855.

* * *

Or look at the early training of some of the leading French operetta makers now living. Audran, the son of the singer, took a prize for composition at the severe Ecole Niedermeyer, was a chapel master at Marseilles; and he has written music for the church.

Lecocq was a pupil of Halévy, and at the Paris Conservatory he took a first prize for harmony and a second prize for fugue.

Victor Roger studied at the Ecole Niedermeyer; Gaston Serpette took the prize of Rome in 1871; Vasseur studied at the Ecole Niedermeyer, and was for many years—perhaps he is today—a church organist of reputation. Wormser took the prize of Rome in 1875; Missa took prizes at the Conservatory; Pessard took the prize of Rome in 1866.

Undoubtedly each one of these men dreams of a grand opera which will make his name immortal—each one has at least one such work in his portfolio; Wormser and Missa and Pessard have succeeded in higher dramatic flights; but no one of them could be persuaded that a good operetta is not an enviable work of art.

* * *

Our American composers study here or abroad, and their first thought is a symphony, a piece of chamber music, a piano concerto. Prof. Paine started with a mass and an oratorio; not till after he had established a sure reputation as a composer of eminently serious works did he turn his thoughts toward opera. Mr. Kelley wrote his "Macbeth" music—and it is a pity that it is not known here—before he tried his hand at "Puritania." Mr. Chadwick did not begin with "Tabasco." Mr. H. W. Parker, Mr. MacDowell, Mr. Arthur Whiting, Mr. Huss, Mr. Van der Stucken, Mr. Foote—has any one of them thought for a moment of an operetta?

There are exceptions: Mr. Woolf, who has composed symphonies, chamber music and part songs, has shown his experience with the stage and his instinct for operetta-expression in "Pounce and Co." and "Westward Ho!" and Mr. de Koven, although he has written orchestral pieces, is known chiefly as the composer of "Robin Hood."

* * *

There has been—there still is a curious prejudice in the breasts of some of our composers against comic opera as a form of musical art. There has been no encouraging or inspiring atmosphere; there has been no favorable soil. Managers, it is said, would shy at any American composer bringing a comic opera. Managers are often an ill-used race. I do not believe that any one of them would reject an operetta in which he saw a fair chance of success.

I think Mr. Hosmer was too serious in his task. It was natural for him to be anxiously fastidious in his first work for the stage. It was hard for him to refrain from showing that he is first of all a musician. And so there is too much detail in "The Walking Delegate;" detail that shows his own ability and judicious study under a very competent teacher; that distracts in comic opera and, alas, almost wearies by its ingenious nicety.

The first essentials of comic opera are frank, spontaneous, appealing melody; striking and varied rhythm; a sense of music that fits the situation. Mr. Hosmer is not without the gift of melody; but his one direct appeal was the song about the telephone girl, and to this the audience made quick and hearty response. There were few, if any, instances of striking rhythm, and neither in rhythm nor in melody was there a decided individuality. The harmonic build, however, and the orchestration were much superior to the technical exhibit in the average American comic opera, and these advantages are purely musical rather than musico-dramatic. I confess I do not know whether Mr. Hosmer attempted to use Korean color; for I never heard or saw any Korean tunes. I do know that when he wished to be effective in a dramatic sense, he too often overshot his mark, as in the entrance music of the big Four, which might have served acceptably in grand opera, but was without the serio-comic flavor indispensable to operetta.

* * *

I hope Mr. Hosmer will persevere in this direction. He has enough technical knowledge for the trade, and he can afford to dismiss this knowledge from the first place in his thoughts.

Let him study the power of rhythm. Let him seek directness instead of subtlety of expression. Above all let him recognize the worth of the audacity that is sib to vulgarity—the worth of canaillerie, to use a term dear to Brother Apthorp.

It would pay him to study the best operettas of Offenbach, a veritable master of melody, rhythm, and comic effect. Alas, the gay, sparkling operettas of the Master with the Evil Eye are seldom heard here, even in deodorized, castrated form. But thanks to the generosity of Mr. Allen A. Browne there is a complete set of Offenbach in the Public Library. The student must imagine the clever touches of orchestration as he reads the pale editions for voice and piano; but Mr. Hosmer has a pretty knack of his own at orchestration.

* * *

One reason why I delight in quoting from Mr. Runciman of the Saturday Review is because he throws his bricks at popular idols—and there are also unpopular idols—with such unerring aim, and because he chooses such heavy bricks. Every healthy boy likes to hear the crash of broken glass. He, therefore, riddles school windows in the country with stones or shot from a sling; and when he goes to college prowls at night round lamp-posts. When he reaches man's estate he engineers financial crashes or reads the Saturday Review.

[illegible] Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" for a man—a shining mark. You know the symphony; it was last heard here at a symphony concert Nov. 2, 1895, when Mr. Knessel played the viola solo. Mr. Runciman's article was provoked by a concert led by Mottl in London, May 18.

"Berlioz * * * tried to write the finest solo violin part imaginable in this symphony. It is undoubtedly a fine viola part; evidently every bar of it is by a master who knew how to get every inch of effect out of every instrument he wrote for; and gloriously played by Mr. Balling on the viola-alta, which is as much superior to the ordinary viola as the organ of St. Paul's is to a barrel-organ from Hatton Garden, it almost redeemed the rest of the symphony. But alas! it could not quite redeem it. The 'Harold' symphony is program music; and the program is an idotic one. We are surely all tired to death now of the Byronic pose; we can surely see that the Byron attitude toward life was partly an affectation and partly the result of an over-indulgence in alcohol and other nocturnal amusements; we can see that Byron was little more than a clever fellow who rarely wrote a line of poetry or anything better than stagey rhetoric, but who, when in an advanced state of inebriation, had a certain facility in delivering himself of smart sentences. The smart sentences are pleasant enough in their way; but when we are asked to admire Harold and his dull brain and dead feelings, and all the other indications of his physical, mental and moral decay, then we must draw the line. The creature is not higher but lower than average humanity; his gloom is not so much the result of 'the curse of thought' as of the curse of strong liquor; his incapacity of thought is physical exhaustion; his want of sympathay is native snobbishness. In fact, while he is an intolerable cad he is also so patently an utter fool that it does not surprise me that Berlioz thought it worth while to write a piece of music expressing his feelings or lack of them; Berlioz was so constituted that an idea rarely appealed to him unless it was the idea of a tipsy, raving lunatic, which the idea of Childe Harold most certainly is. And if the idea is absurd enough as presented by Byron, it is infinitely more absurd as presented by Berlioz. First we have Harold trying to experience a thrill amidst the moving splendors of mountain scenery; then we have him trying again as some pilgrims wander past, chanting their superstitions as they go; then he tries when a boor serenades the female boor whom he hopes to marry; and finally at a feast of bandits he goes so far as to try brandy and (so far as I can understand) dies of it. A brave program, is it not?—the life of an unhealthy, exhausted, impotent soul—a soul that has squandered in youth the grand heritage of vitality which enables us to create, each for himself, a beautiful and glorious world to live in. When we contemplate him the only emotion he arouses is pity for his tragedy; and since pity is not to be indulged in freely with impunity he should have been dissolved in a single short movement—something in the style of Gounod's funeral March of a Marionette would have served admirably. Berlioz, however, thought or rather willed differently; and he worked out his program with unrelenting thoroughness. Now one would care a twopenny Academic for the program if the music were beautiful, but is the music of 'Harold in Italy' beautiful? I emphatically deny it; there are fine bits here and there; the viola part is eloquently written, though the eloquence sometimes degenerates into shabby rhetoric; and Berlioz has undoubtedly the trick of uniting music which enables the true virtuoso to get incessant wonderful effects of color; but grand or moving or picturesque melodies and passages are entirely absent. The musical scheme of the work, like the literary scheme, is astonishingly childish. In neither respect did Berlioz get ten seconds ahead of his time; he wrote fugues which any one might have written, and was proud of them; his pilgrim's march is cut and dried as a school exercise; and his finale, where, according to Mr. Ashton Ellis, that savant Wagnerite, 'crime runs as fast as Candy,' is an incoherent series of blows. The whole and only possible effect of such music is a mad, unreasonable excitement, a kind of short-lived brain fever; and to produce this it requires to be played in a mad, unreasonable, feverish way. Unfortunately for Berlioz, fortunately for us, that way is not Mottl's. He played Berlioz with far more conscience than he has sometimes placed at the disposal of Beethoven; he made the most of details, and insisted on those noisy passages in the first movements, which ought to be got over almost before they can be understood—ought to dazzle like an unexpected lightning flash—being defined and phrased with the accuracy and sharpness that one wishes for in a Bach fugue. The result was weight and dreariness and weariness."

* * *

"The result of this leaping into the air and howling frantically is to fill me with wild desire to hear soon the Fantastic Symphony and the "Romeo and Juliet" of Berlioz, or even "Harold." I sympathize with Mr. Runciman in his denunciation of the foundation poem; but there is "Beppo"—delightful Beppo"—and there is "Don Juan," that marvelous work, read by youngsters as a flash book, by the middle-aged for worldly wisdom, by the old as a consolation for approaching death, by women—best not at all.

"Byron was not utterly a cad, or a fool, or even a hypothenuse. He was a child of the Regency, an incredible period. And as Mr. Henley says in his preface to the new edition which he is editing, Byron is the sole English poet [illegible] Milton, to live a [illegible] in the world at large."

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Maud Powell will spend the summer in Europe.

Adele aus der Ohe sailed for Europe June 1.

Alexander Bull may bring Grieg to this country.

Ysaye will fiddle for the Philharmonic Society Nov. 13.

Asger Hamerick's Christian Trilogy was sung in Baltimore May 24.

Karel Bendels string quartet in F was given for the first time in London May 13.

Mr. Frangcon-Davies will visit the United States again next spring.

Léandre Vilain, a Belgian organist, has been giving concerts in England.

Ella Russell will come to America again next season. Will she sing in Boston?

Jenny Lux, the daughter of Friederich Lux, is said to be an excellent organist.

Anna Held gets only $120 a night for singing at Trouville. No wonder she loves America.

Sonzogno proposes to bring out 24 operas, 10 of which are new, from Oct. 31, '97, to March 31, '98.

Mrs. Sophie Sedlmair of Vienna will sing in German at Covent Garden this month and in July.

An overture, "The Steppe," and a suite, "The Return" (for solo voices, chorus and orchestra), by Sigismund Noskowski, have been produced at Cracow with success.

Marcella Sembrich has been engaged by H. M. Hirschberg of New York for an operatic and concert tour. She will appear at the Metropolitan, N. Y., next October.

Renaud, baritone of the Paris opera, will create the chief part in Baron d'Erlanger's new opera at Covent Garden the 15th. He was born at Bordeaux in 1862.

E. C. Hedmont has bought the opera "The Prentice Pillar" by Guy Eden and Reginald Somerville. He has also bought the English rights of Franco Leoni's "Rip Van Winkle."

Wednesday night, the 9th, about 400 of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association will attend the Promenade Concert in a body. A special complimentary program has been arranged for their benefit.

Pupils of Miss Fay Simmons, assisted by E. F. Mingles, 'cellist; T. M. Dillaway, flutist; J. L. Dennett, organist; Mrs. Taylor and Miss Day, sopranos, gave a concert in Association Hall Wednesday evening, June 2.

The New Hamphire Music Teachers' Association will hold its eighth annual Festival at the Weirs July 19, 20, 21, 22, 23. Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, Mrs. Mona Clark, James C. Bartlett, George R. Clark, all of this city, and probably C. F. Dennée will take part.

Just as Emma Eames was the only one of the late Metropolitan Opera Company who acted with a fine commercial instinct when the Metropolitan burned, so now is she the only one who presses a claim against her late managers.

Piano pupils of Thomas P. Currier will give a concert in Association Hall Tuesday afternoon at 2.30. Miss Hurd, Miss Fisher, Miss Ward, Miss Smith, Miss Sargent will take part. The program will include pieces by Bach-Saint-Saëns, Beethoven, MacDowell, Chopin, Schumann and Liszt.

A recital will be given by advanced violin students and the violin sight-reading class of the New England Conservatory, assisted by a female chorus, piano players, harper, organist, three 'cellists and two members of the Boston Symphony orchestra Wednesday night at Sleeper Hall.

The brass and the wood-wind of the Philharmonic orchestra led by Mr. Nikisch lately at Paris and Liége were criticised unfavorably. The oboes are said to be especially mediocre. At Liége they accused the conductor of "a fatiguing preoccupation for great effects." Nor did they like his reading of the first theme of the C minor symphony in either Paris or Liége.

The music for the service of the Ancients and Honorables at the New Old South Church tomorrow morning will be furnished by Herbert Johnson's Quintet Club, the Salem Cadet Band, Mr. Babcock, bass; Messrs. Ambrose, Lester, Bartlett and Buffum, tenors; Mr. Van Vliet, 'cellist; Mr. Kennedy, violinist; Mr. Carr, organist, and Mr. Joseph L. White, baritone. Mr. Herbert Johnson has arranged music especially for this occasion.

A pleasing violin recital was given Wednesday evening at Immanuel Congregational Church by pupils of Miss C. Mabel Braman, the well-known soloist and teacher. The pupils were assisted by Miss Vora Burpee, reader; Miss Dora Damon, cornetist, and Miss Minna J. Gaul, accompanist. Solos were played by Miss Dolbeare, Miss Boutelle, Miss Freystedt, Miss Mowry, Miss Ripley, Miss Wilder and Miss Lunt.

The opinions in Paris concerning "The Flying Dutchman" of Wagner, produced there for the first time at the Opéra Comique, May 17, are conflicting. Many regard the opera as a deadly bore. Hugues Imbert, a Wagnerite, regards the libretto as better than the music. Arthur Pougin finds the libretto "pitiably weak," the monologue of Vanderdecken intolerably monotonous, the Ballad and Spinning Chorus delightful, the choral introduction of the third act worthy of Auber or Halévy. The duet, he says, is trivial in the old Italian style.

The writer of a letter, signed "Tiny Tim of the Yellow Clarionet" and published in the N. Y. Sun of June 3, gives interesting reminiscences of negro minstrelsy. "That Billy Birch was the last of the minstrels, old line or new; that the aim of minstrelsy of old was ever to typify slave life any more than any other darky life that could be caught; that it flourished best when the anti-slavery agitation was at its height; that it died because an influx here of former slaves from the South showed it to be a sham; that troupes of old were composed of males exclusively; that costume was never a factor; that the introduction of foreign dances and Dutch, Irish and other characterizations has been of recent date, and that white face on the negro minstrel stage is a modern innovation are all as far from possible demonstration as, I fancy, is the statement that Charley Backus sprang from the Fitzhughs of Virginia. Not the first of his name in negro minstrelsy in this city, he was a cousin of Gerrit Smith and the grandson of Dr. Backus, a Rochester clergyman and Seminary President. Stephen Collins Foster, it may be added, was the son of an early Mayor of Pittsburg or Allegheny, who was intimately allied by marriage to President Buchanan, and James Robert Sutherland was a son of a clergyman. This Bob Hart himself was at first a Methodist preacher, as I was once informed by a most reliable man, George W. H. Griffin, the minstrel basso, interlocutor and partner of George Harrington (Christy), Sherwood C. Coan (Sher C. Campbell), and Richard M. Hooley. There was no need to go South for models, for this city had its own slaves up to 1846—not legally after 1830, but from choice. There was never any ex-slave influx here. Minstrelsy was always most popular in those two cities, Philadelphia and New York, which were too wise to be ruffled by the slavery agitation. They were wont to support seven permanent troupes to the one by Boston, which called its first stationary band Ordway's Aeolians, by the way. So important was dress that it alone saved minstrelsy in 1844. It would have died but for costuming the first part and introducing into the olio laces that cost more per ounce than they do now by the pound. But for the darkened face, the negro would scarcely have been in it at all, what with plaintive Scotch and Irish ballads in the first part and simulated English and Italian opera in the second. All this established Dumbolton's, Kneass's, and Christy's minstrels. It was Kneass who cajoled Foster, a flageolet player, into writing negro songs, the first of which were failures. The son of an orchestra player, Kneass was a musician, but spry as a composer, wasting no time over changing some other man's melody by so much as a note, a la 'Ben Bolt,' which is German. The dark deed of organizing a minstrel troupe was done in a Catherine Street boarding house by four men who had wearied of individual dancing behind burnt cork on the tailboard of a circus wagon. Two were personally known to me, as also were a brother of a third and the two daughters of the fourth, one of whom became the widow of Edwin Adams, the tragedian; and I likewise knew tall Edwin P. Christy and Stephen Foster, scant of height and rather spare. As to the story that one of your correspondents was introduced to Foster at the very moment that Christy came in and offered him $15 to be allowed to put his name on 'Old Folks at Home,' and that Foster, hard up, jumped at the chance, take my word for it that, when professionals contemplate a cheat, they may give themselves away in the wine cellar, but are shady of spots so public as a music store, with sober ears acute. After Christy threw himself from his own window, Foster became very poor, but only once was life easier with him than when he clutched this suppositious $15. Foster was often Christy's guest. One saw all the songs of the other before any publisher ever caught sight. Christy's band had already made a success of 'O Susanna,' 'Nelly Was a Lady,' and 'My Old Kentucky Home.' George Christy had long been whooping up 'De Bobtailed Nag,' with his 'do-da, do-da-day,' and his stepfather had created a mild furore in singing 'Old Uncle Nedward.' Greater ease came later, 'Old Dog Tray,' 'Old Folks at Home,' and 'Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming,' the last of which was sung at Bryant's by a quartet in which were at times Wambold, Campbell, Tom Prendergast and William Percival (J. R. Thomas), brought $14,000 to Foster from all sources. 'Tray' was the most instantaneous of his great successes. One music firm alone paid him more than $19,000 for all the songs of his it published. There were many failures, for he wrote nearly 200 between 1842 and 1863. The sum Christy paid him for exclusive place on the title page of 'Swance Ribber' was nearer $600 than $15. No one can foresee the success of a song, and Christy could have got the place for a third of what he paid. In less than a year Foster was mad because he had not asked twice as much. To the day when an accident laid the composer up for the last, in a little room where the power house now stands, at Bayard and Bowery, nobody could convince him that his songs had not made E. P. Christy. One of the original four minstrels of 1842-43 was Daniel Decatur Emmett, author of the first of the three Dixies. Far ahead of Birch in entering into minstrelsy, the old fiddler and banjoist is either still living at the West, or must have died in 1890 or in 1895 for me to have missed his obituary record. A few months ago, for the first time in many years, I met and chatted with Sivori, who was with Christy's when Matt Peel, Sam Wells and Eph Horn were young, and later, but forty years ago at that, was with Bryant's, and was with that hand again in 1877. Is Dr. John H. Wheeler dead, too, that Birch should be the last? Has the Master Marks of my youth, slim Richard M. Carroll of later years, also escaped me? As the trolley whirls me along to post this, my eye catches a sign north of Harlem Bridge, 'Ice Cream,' and I know that at least J. H. Surridge is with us still. As I alight Gus Grote hops on. 'When have you seen Neil?' 'Not since election, but I heard from him a short time ago,' and so Neil Bryant, once employed in the offices of the Sun and Herald, when they were both in Fulton Street, is still in a department 'sit' in Washington, saving his country with the rest. Every now and then I drop in to see one dancer whom I saw play the tambourine at Barnum's Museum away back in '50, when Neil also there, was tugging at the concertina, and I know, just by the matchless way in which he dances, that Tony Pastor is the same chap, only twice as tall. At Tony's, when last there, I saw little Davie, who, right under our nose all the time in black face, is still boning, still drumming. The man who, with Dan Bryant, made 'Shoo Fly' famous, was a year or so later in beginning than Birch or Pastor, but he has been in it many years longer than Birch was. Almost every large city has some of the modest old-timers left, but none has a more retiring and yet never retired relic than he who founded the 'Reed Birds' from time to time, and managed them from the cradle up."

June 7. 97

I think I could turn and live awhile with the animals, they are so placid and self-contained

* * * * * * *

Not one is demented with the mania of owning things.

Mr. Barrowskeins was telling us yesterday about the trial and tribulation of moving. "My books gave me the most trouble," he said; "for I am very fond of them, shabby and ragged as they are. I said to myself as soon as Mrs. Barrowskeins decided that it was best for us to move, 'Now, I'll weed out my books.' I began systematically to examine the shelves. The first volume on the top shelf, left hand corner, was Comfort's 'German Course.' It was dusty, and it had not been opened for six or seven years. The irony of the title on the back is so delicious I determined to keep the book. Next were three editions of Lycophron's 'Alexandra' or 'Cassandra.' Why in the world did I buy them? I had read somewhere that this monologue was the most difficult book in the Greek language, and one of the most unintelligible in any language. There they stood, Latin edition 'G. Canteri, ill, Reichard, Lips, 1788;' the edition 'Rec Bachmann Lips, 1830;' and Dehèque's version in French, Paris, 1853, the only edition I can read, and which I have never read. Why did I not throw them away? I remembered the saying of De Quincy, 'Lycophron did as we now do in eclipses—he smoked the glass through which he gazed'—and the books were packed. Nor had I the heart to pitch Felton's Greek Reader into the waste basket. Lord! how I slaved over that text book at Exeter!

"A little blue book stood on the shelf. 'Rollo's Travels.' Did you ever read it? This is the beginning: Rollo's father was going to take a journey, and he was considering whether it would not be a good plan to take Rollo with him. 'You will find such a boy a great deal of trouble,' said his mother. 'True,' replied his father; 'I expect that.' 'And the expense will be considerable,' she added. 'Yes,' said Mr. Holiday, 'there will be some additional expense.' Do you know, Smithers, I sat down and read until I came to the place where Archie on the steamboat ran away with Jonas's compass. I happened to look on the flyleaf, and there was my mother's writing—an inscription to me in the old-fashioned Italian script that was fashionable in the fifties, and early sixties. And I found I had kept that book safely for thirty-five years.

"'McCulloch's Dictionary of Commerce,' 1850, was the other side of 'Rollo's Travels': it's a fat book. 'Of course you threw it away, as out-of-date.' I did nothing of the kind. I like the geographical distribution of 1850 better than that of today, and I suppose that if euphorbium was inodorous in 1850, it is today; and that gomuti or ejoo still grows in the Indian islands.

"And thus, Smithers, I went through my books, finding an excellent reason for keeping nearly all of them. I did part with one, 'Morals on the Book of Job by S. Gregory the Great'—but only because it was incomplete. I gave it to the janitor, who is of a pious turn of mind. And as a corrective I added a poorly printed Decameron."

Here is the first verse of Mr. McLellan's 'Gripman's Chorus" sung in "the Whirl of the Town:"

No ordinary murderers are we,
We're the highly trained assassins of the cable car.
While other men may murder two or three,
To kill them off by families we able are;
We like to scrape our victims off the track,
They look so funny when we scatter 'em,
It's a wonder that they manage to come back
We send 'em such a distance when we batter 'em.

Refrain:

Listen to the ambulance coming down the street,
When we cut his legs off, didn't we do it neat;
Didn't we cut his hair short, didn't we knock him far
When we biffed him in the collar with the merry cable car.

Our esteemed friend, the Historical Painter, is in despair. "The Dying Herder," he writes, "asked for a great thought; I am alive and I ask for a great subject. Chapman in his Cell does not appeal to me; neither does Havemeyer defying the Senate. I thought of painting General Martin in the Act of Resigning from Everything, but this subject should be treated as a lithia-water color. Will not an American do some heroic deed? Must I go back to the Bath of Jugurtha or Regulus in the Carthaginian Herdic?"

B. P. writes: "Your paragraph about the wedding at Stoke Poges reminds me of a friend who was married in a village of Northern Vermont. He took his wife on a wedding journey which lasted three days: One day to Boston; one day at Mt. Auburn; one day for the homeward ride. And he said he had 'a real nice time.'"

Mr. Runciman of London town asks why a grand opera chorus should invariably have dirty faces. "Great lords and ladies in the olden time may have been a little lacking in cleanliness; but realism in this detail seems misplaced; and I cannot help thinking that if the men were told to shave and wash twice instead of once in a fortnight, and the women to wash more frequently and pay some small attention to their hair, many scenes would gain in brilliance and effectiveness."

Let us listen once more to Mr. Dooley philosophizing about suicide: "F'r meself, even barrin' me belief that whin a man goes out that way he'll wake up in th' big smokehouse, I can't stand f'r th' suicide. 'Tis not that I think a man's a coward f'r r-runnin' away fr'm th' evils he knows about to those he don't know about but'll dam soon find out. I can undherstand how a marrid man can look longingly forward to a time whin he will have no wan to talk to him at breakfast th' night after th' meetin' iv th' camp. It ain't cowardly to r-run away fr'm wurrik, or shame or debts. 'Tis nathrai f'r human bein's to duck such circumstances. On'y I don't believe in r-runnin' too far. I know well a man ain't goin' to r-read his own death notice in bed th' nex' mornin'. They don't deliver the pa-aper in th' place where his ticket is bought f-r. Th' letter he writes will be misspelled annyhow, an' 'tis a thousand to wan th' pitcher th' rayporter digs up to print'll be a tintype that he had took at th' circus whin he was more or less in th' way iv havin' too much pink lemonade aboord, an' that he thought he'd desthroyed. No, sir; I believe in r-runnin' as far as Halsted Sthreet, but niver as far as th' lake."

June 8, 1897

The expression of a well-made man appears
not only in his face;
It is in his limbs and joints also, it is curiously in the joints of his hips and wrists;
It is in his walk, the carriage of his neck, the flex of his waist and knees—dress does not hide him;
The strong, sweet, supple quality he has, strikes through the cotton and flannel;
To see him pass conveys as much as the best poem, perhaps more;
You linger to see his back, and the back of his neck and shoulder-side.

Instead of discussing today certain [illegible] facts about the square of the [illegible]use, or investigating the truth [illegible]tatement that the Cretans are [illegible] reasoning amicably concern[illegible] life, death and the judgment, let us listen to Jules Renard's story of the strong man. You have seen this strong man in the village store or the city barroom. He is a Patagonian or a Wakamba, an American or a Frenchman. It is not easy to translate the pieces of Renard into English; for his singular clearness and equally singular suggestiveness are peculiarly French. This will be a paraphrase rather than a translation.

THE STRONG MAN.

They did not wish to believe him, but they saw he was indeed strong by the calm way in which he left the bench to go to the wood-pile. His step was resounding, and he held his head high.

And he took a long, round log, not the lightest, but the heaviest he could find. It still had knots, moss and spurs like an old cock.

At first he brandished it, and cried:

"Look. It is tougher than an iron bar, and, however, I—I who speak to you—am going to break it in two over my thigh, as though it were a match."

At these words the men and the women sat up as in church. Barget was there, who had just been married; Perraud, who is almost deaf, and Ramiet, who wouldn't lie for the world; I remember Papou was also there, and so was Castel, he'll tell you the same story: all were known fellows, who used to tell every evening their feats of strength and strike each other dumb with astonishment.

This evening, I assure you, they did not laugh. Motionless and mute they already admired the man. Behind them you could hear a child snoring in bed.

When he felt them mastered, truly his own, he struck an attitude, bent his knee, and raised the log slowly. He held it for a moment in the air at arms' length—eyes popped out of their heads, mouths were wide open—then he brought it down, han! and with one blow

broke his leg.

"The Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association will go to the Promenade Concert tomorrow night." It should be an easy task to arrange a complimentary and satisfactory program. The concert might begin with the overture to "The Portuguese Inn" by Cherubini or "The Hostess of Lyons" by Bousquet. There should be selections from Dufresne's "Hôtel de la poste," Prévost's "Hotel des Princes" and Arquier's "Hôtellerie de Sarzanno." Some one should sing or play the Rondo of the Pie from "Geneviève de Brabant," "the Roast Beef of old England," the air from Diaz's "Coupe du roi de Thulé," Schubert's "Trout," the Cider song from "The Chimes of Normandy." Nor should "The Isle of Champagne" be overlooked.

This reminds us that a liquor-firm out West, sending circulars to Boston, confounded a well known physician with a doctor of divinity and prefixed the physician's name with "Rev." It was for this reason no doubt that the sender called special attention in the margin of the circular to this paragraph: "All jugs packed in Plain Boxes, with no Marks or Brands on the outside by which Contents can be known."

It was on June 8, 1893, that Mr. Edmond de Goncourt, visiting the village of Thiers, saw in a factory men stretched out on the floor, as drowned bodies at the Morgue. They were knife grinders who worked the whole day flat on the belly, sharpening knives on a little grindstone placed below their heads. And in this horizontal work, as the circulation of blood was very imperfect, some of them had two or three dogs lying on their backs to keep them warm.

Is it possible that Albert Raymond Alvarez, the famous tenor, will visit America next season? So long as Jean de Reszke had anything to say about it, there was no prospect of hearing Alvarez this side of the Atlantic. Jean's illustrious rival—or superior, as some good judges say—sang for a long time in the French provinces before he appeared at the Paris Opéra March 14, 1892, as Faust. One of his warmest admirers is Melba.

We have received the following note from Mr. George W. Pierce: "At a meeting at which Quintilian and the sculptor were represented, just outside of the infernal regions, and I was present, it was decided that the best corrected Shaw Memorial motto would be

OMNIA RELINQVIT GAVDENS
SERVARE REMPVBLICAM."

Mr. Telsa talks about wireless telegraphy. But you may see now at the Cardiff Central Free Library the first message sent by Mr. Marconi's invention, and it reads as follows:

"Sent from Lauernock Point through a kite at an elevation of 220 feet, and received at Brean Down, May 18, 1897.

"Telegraphing without wires.

"Signor Marconi's invention.

"This is part of the first message sent by electric current without wires, recorded automatically by Morse inking apparatus, working by Signor Marconi's patent relay, sent a distance of eight and a half miles.

"(Signed) G. MARCONI."

Peace has its heroes. We saw two men wearing straw hats yesterday.

The Promenade Concerts.

Mr. Leo Schulz made his first appearance last night as a conductor of the Promenade Concerts at Music Hall. He was greeted warmly as he stepped forward to lead the opening piece, Meyberbeer's "Coronation March," and there was hearty applause throughout the evening from the large audience. Mr. Schulz has been known here since the season of '89-'90 as a 'cellist of commanding talent, a composer of serious aims and technical ability, an admirable all round musician. Last night he showed his understanding and authority as a conductor. Larger experience may bring more physical grace in the outward manifestation of his wishes, but the spirit and the musical feeling shown by him are indisputable.

The program included overtures by Auber, Berlioz and Suppé, a waltz by Strauss, selections from operas by Oppenbach and Wagner, the march from "Tabasco," and these novelties: "Arabella" Polka by Knecht, Wieniawski's "Kujawiak," arranged by Mr. Schulz; Loeschhorn's "Evening Rest" for strings and harp, and a pot-pourri on airs from "Prince Ananias."

Mr. Schulz proposes to set apart an evening in the week for soloists. Thus Thursday night Messrs. Ondricek, Schulz, Jacquet Hackebarth and Schuecker will appear. Wednesday evening a special program has been arranged for the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association. The program this evening will be as follows:

Wedding march.....Mendelssohn
Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor."Nicolai
Gavotte Cirkus.....Fliege
Selection, "Carmen".....Bizet
Overture, "Ivane soussanine".....Glinka
(First time.)
Prelude, Janie.....Dalcrose
(First time.)
Ride of the Hussars.....Spindler
(First time.)
Slavonic Rhapsody, No. 2.....Dvorak
Overture, "Martha".....Flotow
Waltz, "Vienna Beauties".....Ziehrer
(First time.)
Selection, "Mikado".....Sullivan
March, "Washington Post".....Sousa

June 9, 1897

SOUND AN ALARM!

Mr. F. S. Hammond of Boston proposes to change the climate of New England by damming the Strait of Belle Isle. He would thus abolish the east winds and give us the climate of New York and New Jersey.

This scheme may seem desirable to the superficial, who court eagerly that which is new; but why should the climate of New England be changed? Over a century ago the Rev. Jedidiah Morse, D. D., minister of the congregation in Charlestown, near Boston, wrote a "Geography Made Easy," dedicated "to the young Masters and Misses throughout the United States * * * with the warmest wishes for their early improvement in everything that shall make them truly happy," and on page 107 of the fifth edition we read "New England has a very healthy climate; it is estimated that about one in seven of the inhabitants live to the age of 70 years; and about one in 13 or 14 to 80 years and upwards." Would Dr. Morse have deceived anyone, especially tender children to whom he wished happiness? And remember that the climate which he approved was the climate of 100 years ago, before the introduction of scientific gentlemen who feel its pulse and take its temperature several times a day.

Some one—possibly a New Yorker—has alleged that the climate of New England is variable, subject to "deadly"—we believe deadly is the word—changes. We admit that the climate is full of surprises. But the largest element of wit is surprise, and Herbert Mayo once defined wit as felicity of expression. Therefore the New England climate is the felicitous expression of Nature. Neither Mill nor Jevons could pick a flaw in this chain of logic.

There is a sentimental side to the question. Think for a moment, how New England character has been influenced by the east winds and sudden transitions from heat to cold. Personality as well as character has been affected through generations. What has given the peculiar geniality of address and the suavity of manner to the Bostonian that makes him conspicuous in a cosmopolitan throng? The East Wind. Whence came the enthusiasm that excites envy from New York to San Francisco, from Ogdensburg to New Orleans? It came on the wings of the East Wind. Whence came the facial conformation and the unmistakable tonal inflections? Whence came the proud, catarrhal speech? There is but one answer.

If the Strait of Belle Isle be dammed, in the course of fifty years a Bostonian would be without personality or individuality. He would fall from his high estate and become as the pariah of Hackensack or the leper of Communipaw. And shall the strait be dammed? Sound an alarm! Let the East Wind blow its blizzard!

And again the old cry is borne on southwest breezes. "Mr. Cook administered a severe lecture to the crew."

MINE HOST.

Mine Host is now in Boston as a guest. The entertainer is entertained. Nothing is more touching than the confidence thus shown by one landlord in the cookery of another. Even the austerest hotel clerk is gentle and kind to the visitors.

This reminds us that the hotel clerk sprang into existence with the hotel. Did you ever hear of an inn clerk, or a tavern clerk? In the olden days the landlord looked after the guest, stood behind his chair for a moment when the meal was served to see if the cut was a favorite. It is not so many years ago that George Young thus made comfortable his friends—for all his guests were his friends—and made them feel his interest was personal. But in these days the personal responsibility is too often merely a tradition. A syndicate is as bowelless as a corporation, and the clerk of a syndicate is as impassive as Fate watching the arrival and departure of trains.

Yet there are landlords here in convention whom St. Boniface would gladly acknowledge as his legitimate sons. Landlords often run in families. Cultivate them. There are recipes handed down. The fish or game sauce that pleased your grandfather may please you. The punch that warmed the cockles of his heart may bring you into close communion with him. Generations of landlords know generations of guests.

If you ever have the opportunity, read Fynes Moryson's "Itinerary." Toward the very end of the sixteenth century he traveled through England, Scotland, Ireland and countries of the Continent. He journeyed when globe-trotting was ridiculed; he was told that "the vagabond Cain was the first traveler," to which he replied that Abraham, Jacob and Moses were great travelers by God's command. It was the custom then for a traveler abroad to pay at home £100 to receive £300 if he returned safely; and hence sometimes he would get a false testimony of his having been in some town. In this quaint "Itinerary" you will find descriptions of inns of the time. There would be several beds in one room, and two persons in each bed. "In all inns, especially in suspected places, let him (the traveler) bolt or lock the door of his chamber; let him take heed of his chamber-fellows, and always have his sword by his side or by his bedside; let him lay his purse under his pillow, but always folded with his garters." Even in those days "Masters of inns tyrannized over their guests."

The inn described by Fielding or Smollett was not without its discomforts as well as exciting adventures. The ideal inn is found in books by Washington Irving, Dickens, and Dumas the elder. And who would not gladly have lodged at the Garter even if the noisy followers of Sir John had broken his rest or the fat knight himself had snored unseasonably and portentously? Are elevators, telephones and electric lights a fair exchange for the individual comfort of the old-fashioned tavern?

One word more about the St. Gaudens inscription on the Shaw relievo. In Allen and Greenough's Latin Grammar (1879), page 193, we find this statement: "In a few cases the infinitive retains its original meaning of purpose. * * * In poetry and later writers almost any verb may have the infinitive, after the analogy of verbs of simpler meaning that take it in prose: as 'Furit te reperire (Hor. Od. I., 15), he rages to find thee.'"

e love of the good husband to his wife keneth not his ruling her, and his rul- lesseneth not his loving her. Wherefore avoideth all fondness (a sick love, to be sed in none, and pardoned only in the y married), whereby more have willfully rayed their command than ever lost it their wives' rebellion. Methinks the he- r is right enough served, which (as ny reports) put his head into the she- per's mouth, and she bites it off. And hat wonder is it if women take the rule themselves, which their uxorious husbands st surrender unto them?

For an illustration of this text let s listen once more to our friend Jules enard, whose story is again of uni- ersal, contemporaneous interest.

THE DOG'S OUTING.

Every Sunday after breakfast Pierre ays to his wife:

"Let us take a walk; you go one way ith the children, and I'll go another ay with the dog."

"But if you are willing," says his ife, "we'll go together."

"The dog runs too much," replies ierre, "and you can't keep up with im. Have a good walk. Come here, arlo!"

Carlo, delighted to be in the open, ambols on the sidewalk.

"Good dog!" says Pierre; "why wind ourself? we have plenty of time."

He enters at once a café on the cor- er; he fastens Carlo securely to a able-leg; he sits down opposite an old riend, who has been waiting for him o take a hand.

While his master plays, Carlo keeps till, licks his paws, draws them back when anyone steps on them, snaps at wasps, sneezes, and sleeps, without any ll-feeling, forgotten.

Hours pass. It is now evening, and even o'clock is about to strike. Pierre ooks feverishly at the clock. His wife nd children are surely back. The cup is ready.

"Just two hands more," he says.

Then:

"Good luck, and we quit."

Then:

"No luck, and I stop."

And almost standing, his fingers wet, e still cries:

"Hurry up; this is the very last!"

This time, it is the last. Pierre unties Carlo, and skipping along to his house so that he will be sweaty, he brings back his dog from the walk.

"Mr. G. Creighton Webb, son of Dr. Seward Webb of New York, has been appointed additional secretary to the United States at Queen Victoria's jubilee ceremonies." Mr. Creighton Webb, although he is in certain ways an extraordinary man, is not the son of his brother. He is a son of Gen. James Watson Webb, once the famous editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer. He was born in 1852, and graduated at Yale in 1876. He is a lawyer by profession. In 1893 he was appointed Secretary of the United States Legation at St. Petersburg. When we last saw him his whiskers were of wondrous luxuriance and beauty, fitting him to hold any diplomatic position, however exalted. He will make a profound impression at the jubilee ceremonies, and he kings of the earth will do him omage.

Discussions in the United States Senate are so amusing that the Senators are convulsed with laughter. The people of this country do not find the daily jocose delay amusing.

"It is dangerous to get mad when eating eggs." But sometimes the eggs drive one to anger—especially when they are the Saturday night eggs described by Oliver Herford, which have tried all the week to be good.

An easy-going, thoroughly amiable wife is after all not such a sweet boon to a literary man; for she suggests very little copy.

It would surprise many persons to know that there is a large section of Boston in which it is difficult for plain citizens to get reputable food. Costly viands may be had at the usual advanced rates; while utterly damnable and commonplace fare is dispensed at reasonable prices—but there is almost no place which satisfies decently cultivated though not fastidious palates. By decent food I mean such as is daily provided in Boston homes, and such as can very rarely be bought in Boston restaurants. There is a great tract of heathendom, dietetically speaking, running westward from the Common, expanding fanwise as far as the Fens, bounded by Boylston and Beacon Streets.—Time and the Hour.

The returns of accidents and casualties as returned to the Board of Trade by the railway companies of the United Kingdom were published May 25. Accidents to trains, rolling stock, and permanent way during 1896 caused the death of 8 persons and injury to 549 persons, as against a total of 17 killed and 487 injured in 1895. Under the heading of accidents from causes other than hose already mentioned, including those accidents arising from want of caution or misconduct, or at level crossings, and to trespassers, it appears that 556 persons were killed, and 1495 injured. Of these 88 of the killed and 1198 of the injured were passengers. Altogether, in 1896, 1008 passengers, servants and other persons were killed and 5877 were injured, as against 1024 killed and 4021 injured in 1895. Other accidents which occurred on railways, but in which the movement of vehicles used exclusively upon railways was not concerned, brought the total up to 1093 killed and 16,879 injured in the year 1896.

Is not the person that leaves carelessly, and without a word of warning, a loaded revolver within reach of a mere child more deserving of condemnation than the child who treats it as a plaything? And yet it is the child that is arraigned.

The Dreyfus case is to be reopened. There are many who—as in the Maybrick case—are not convinced of the guilt of the accused. Surely the unhappy Frenchman conducted himself throughout the trial and during his pitiable humiliation as an innocent man.

So there will be another weekly in Boston that proposes "to tell the truth." The trouble with the public is as it was with Pilate. "'What is truth,' said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer."

MR. CURRIER'S CONCERT.

Pupils of Mr. Thomas P. Currier, the well-known piano teacher, gave a pleasant concert yesterday afternoon in Association Hall. There was a good-sized and appreciative audience. Miss Hurd, Miss Fisher, Miss Ward, Miss Smith, Miss Sargent played pieces by Bach-Saint-Saens, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt and MacDowell. They all showed the results of faithful, intelligent and modern training. Nervousness may have in a measure affected the performance in an instance or two, but all displayed an unusually clear and agreeable touch. There were abundant examples of fine legato, excellent pedaling, and, in a word, musical phrasing.

June 10 .'97

Gerard de Nerval was seen walking in the Palais Royal, dragging after him, by means of a blue ribbon, a live lobster. To a friend who accused him of madness, he replied: "Why is a lobster any more ridiculous than a cat, or a dog, or a gazelle, or any other beast that will follow man? Then, too, I enjoy the company of lobsters. They are quiet, they are serious, they know the secrets of the sea, they do not bark."

C. E. writes: "Will you not call the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the cruel practice of serving broiled live lobster?" No, sir, we shall do nothing of the kind; for we like broiled live lobster. And we have just been told that they are killed before they are broiled.

Philosophers have argued and still argue that cruelty is the essence of love. For thousands of years cruelty has entered into the zest of the epicure. The mullet was brought to table, swimming and gasping, that the guest might be sure of the freshness of the fish. Read about the treatment of peculiarly delicate sows dear to the ancients. Think of the fate of the geese of Strasburg. Mr. Dick Humelbergius Secundus in 1829, expatiating on cruel practices in cookery, exclaimed, "'Tis true, we are not quite so barbarous, but that we throw our crabs alive into scalding water, and tie our lobsters to the spit to hear them squeak when they are roasted; our eels use the same peristaltic motion upon the gridirons, when their skin is off, as they did before; and our gudgeons take the opportunity of jumping after they are floured, giving occasion to the admirable remark on some persons' folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire."

But the height of cruelty is undoubtedly the practice of smothering a beefsteak in onions. We do not believe the lobster broiled alive or the crab thrown into scalding water suffers for long time; the shock is immediate and fatal. But think of a steak condemned to such a lingering death, struggling in vain against the lethal pungency. And yet would C. E. hesitate to order the dish this very noon—that is, if he be fond of it?

It is now one year four months and fifteen days since our dear friend and colleague the Heron-Editor died in the discharge of duty at the Minnawapatunka Hotel, Washtucket, and time has not yet brought consolation or forgetfulness.

It was on June 10, 1894, that Rodenbach heard this conversation in a corridor concerning his new piece. "Don't you find it dismal?" asked one. "Oh, it's not so bad; I'm in mourning, you know."

It was also on the same day that Toudouze repeated a story told him by Hector Malot about Maupassant's masterpiece 'La Maison Tellier." Malot, it seems, gave the idea of the story to Maupassant, who changed the ending—ruining it in Malot's eyes—by winding up with a revel.

And it was on June 10, 1895, that an experienced German woman said to a young friend of de Goncourt, "You Frenchmen love with your heads and not with your hearts."

A reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette alludes to Mr. Charles A. Ellis of Boston as "Mdme. Melba's lucky and very charming manager."

A private in the visiting Seventh Regiment was seen Memorial Day to salute a fellow-private. "What do you do that for?" asked a bystander; "he is a private; he is not entitled to a salute." "I don't give a damn what he's entitled to, but he's a millionaire in the town I came from," was the reply.

B. B. B. suggests the possibility of illuminating the Shaw alto-rilievo.

Let us hope that the Bull in the boat will fare better than the bull in the china-shop.

Why should there be an outcry against the removal of Mr. Bevignani, the opera conductor, from Covent Garden? He is one of the logyest, laziest conductors who ever held a baton.

Charley Hoyt for Governor of New Hampshire? He should be satisfied with writing farce-comedies; he should not wish to act in one.

Here in Boston if a man is vexed at any railway company, he relieves himself by idle vaporing, profanity (if he is a coarse person or a member of a Brahmin family), or he sometimes goes so far as to write a letter to a newspaper. The Italian companies have been in the habit of providing a complaint book, kept in the hall of the chief stations. The system was expensive, there was such a blowing off of human steam. Mr. Prinetti, the Minister of Public Works, abolished the old register and substituted a letter-box, which is to be kept at all stations for receiving all complaints. "None of these protests can be entertained unless written on stamped paper which the Administration provides ad hoc. The stamp, of course, costs money. Therefore the discontented traveler, instead of writing to the papers or pulling the alarm bell, has only to buy an indefinite number of these stamped forms and then to relieve his soul per the official letter box. There are so many grumblers in this sad world that the conception of a tax on grumbling is surely the genesis of a great idea. Italy has solved the problem of raising the wind without reaping the whirlwind."

CUPIDO REDIVIVUS.

The Stone that the parents rejected is become the head of the amatory corner. It has been said of late that love is merely a commercial affair without romance; that betrothals are regulated in Oriental fashion, with Circassian methods. Is it possible that in years past there were rope-ladders, devoted and practical lovers, horses waiting, pursuit, shooting the leader of the pursuer, marriage at Gretna Green? Is it possible that there was talk in earlier years of the forsaking of father and mother for the sake of love?

Suddenly in 1897 a story is told worthy of ballad or romance. The adventure, the tale of alleged drugging, with certain fact of court-martial and acquittal, the interest taken by outsiders as well as friends—all this seems of another age, a libretto for romantic music.

And the hero is not a sentimental German, a passionate Italian or Frenchman, a reckless Russian; he is an American, of the nation that is supposed to be given over to trade. Contrast with this romance that defies authority, the tame conduct of an Englishman, Mr. Woolhouse, who appeared lately in an English Court because he wrote his sweetheart, asking to be released from his engagement, saying that he might otherwise be compelled to do something rash, which might drive him into consumption. And what was his grievance? He feared the temper of his sweetheart. Is she a virago? Is she a persevering knagger? There is no evidence against her. Mr. Woolhouse brought two charges: (1) During a visit to her family she would not walk out with him; (2) She spoke to his brother about his keeping birds in his bedroom. As regards the walk, the weather may have been unpleasant; the dressmaker may have disappointed her; she may have feared an awkward meeting with a rejected suitor; she may have preferred the sweet seclusion of the parlor. And, pray, what sensible woman would encourage a man in the practice of keeping birds in his bedroom, whether they were canaries or parrots? The lark's singing place is heaven's gate, not a washstand. A dog is tolerable, and to be endured. Gold fish do not chatter. But is an objection to birds in such a room a proof of a bad temper?

The jury sided with the forsaken girl and estimated the worth of Mr. Woolhouse as a husband at £25, which seems to be a high price, when you consider that he is by profession a musician. Contrast the weakness of this faint-hearted Englishman for whom all things were smoothed, with the heroism of an American in the teeth of obstacles.

Dr. Cheever, delivering a lecture on "The New Surgery" before the Medical Society of the Commonwealth, had ample grounds for waxing enthusiastic over the marvelous improvement in the science. But is there not a tendency today to perform startling operations when there is no absolute necessity? Is there not danger of the establishment of this motto: "First carve; then diagnose"?

Mr. Edward Robinson believes that Grecian statues were painted. This is no reason, however, why John Harvard should be given a coat of crimson, and it is to be hoped that Harvard men in future will be guiltless of such vandalism. The punishment in this last instance was severe and salutary.

The death of Lord Monk-Bretton reminds the Saturday Review of a bitter speech made against him, a member of the Cabinet, by John Bright. "Dodson, you were put into the Cabinet to support Mr. Gladstone, and you don't even do that."

New York should now hold its peace. Pan is no more welcome at Central Park than the Bacchante at the Boston Public Library.

A wedding at which the "floral decorations" cost $10,000 is described by a contemporary as "a simple affair."

June 11. 97

O never sit down at the table
When the number is thirteen!
And lest witches be there
Put salt in your beer
And scrape your platter clean!

Sir Algernon West in an article on the change of English manners during the last fifty years comments on the fact that no one in polite society a half century ago spoke of his poverty or his digestion, and he says that today the conversation is hardly about anything else.

Digestion is a favorite subject of conversation in this country as well as in England, and it is a theme at formal or family dinner. It is not uncommon to find guest or host recommending a pill or a powder as a corrective of the very meal which is before them all; or a prescription will be copied and presented between the courses. Thus is appetite encouraged.

Again, you often hear dentistry discussed at table. The squeamish may protest, but why should not the conversation fit the occasion, as punishment the crime? Thus when liver and bacon are served, the conversation might be led tactfully to consideration of the proper treatment of cirrhosis, otherwise known as hob-nailed or gin-

drinker's liver, with an entertaining digression on alcoholic cirrhosis. Stewed kidneys are likewise suggestive. A roast should call attention to the cruelty practised in the slaughter-houses of Paris. Oysters should turn the mind to the latest remedies in typhoid fever. Even the condiments admit of the consideration of adulteration and the effect on the human system. Thus a dinner may be made an instructive as well as entertaining and gustatory social function.

Mr. Ashton Stevens of the San Francisco News Letter exclaims—or is not "shrieks" the better word? — "Talk about elevating the stage! Push off the rodden weight of men and women who soil the picture and mutilate the speech, and the stage will rise up with the buoyancy of a balloon. The dramatic art is robbing us of too many good plumbers, gasfitters and chambermaids."

But Mr. Stevens is gentleness itself when you put him by our old friend Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte. Turn your ear toward Mr. Harte. You need not strain it. "The British reviewer is an infallible Pig, who deals with reputations in extravagant and servile, venial excess, and disposes of all new and obscure writers with a Snobbish sneer." Wow!

Mr. Harte is ungrateful. Has he forgotten the tributes paid his essays by English reviewers? They patted him on the head and hurrahed for him when he was almost unknown in Boston. And now he turns and rends them, although he still quotes their praise in his advertisements.

Just about the time Mr. Harte was putting his scream into words, the Saturday Review published this praise of Hamlin Garland, whose name is a stumbling block to many Americans: "Hamlin Garland's book is a good book, in spite of its being written in American, in which language 'plead' (presumably pronounced 'pled') is the past tense of 'plead.' But in spite of its style, 'Rose of Dutcher's Coolly' is worth reading. It gives us a fresh notion of American life, and of country life in Wisconsin, of city life in Chicago, and it shows American woman from her own point of view. Its spirit is allied to the spirit of Whitman and Thoreau; in its pages even Chicago seems less like hell and more the abode of live human beings than usual. It reads like a piece of autobiography; and only an American woman could describe for us the growth of a strong, self-reliant, beautiful and thoroughly American girl like Rose. Rose's purity is not the prurient purity the Old World knows too well, nor is it the purity of innocent ignorance. It is simply an intense cleanliness and love of cleanliness. The filthy and the obscene cannot soil it. It gazes out wide-eyed on the world and rejoices in the beauty of nudity, in the body beautiful, and hates all that is coarse and unclean. It is not often that a woman has ventured to give expression to her delight in the animal and physical beauty of a well-built man so frankly as does Hamlin Garland. Rose is an interesting and attractive type, and any one who cares to study a very important side of American character should read the history of her adventures to the time of her marriage with the Chicago editor, who is a fine fellow and a real American, too. We confess we should have liked to know what she did after her marriage. We should think she would at once set to work and write just such a book as this."

Anton Seidl's hair has made a profound sensation in London. The owner and wearer of it said to a Pall Mall Gazette reporter, "People in London stare at me as though I were something from the backwoods, but it seems quite as strange to me that men should always cut their hair until Nature lends a friendly hand and removes the necessity."

Just as some collect coins or stamps, and others books, etchings or orchids, Mr. William Waldorf Astor is a passionate collector of noblemen.

It is a queer objection made to a statue of Robert Louis Stevenson in Edinburgh that the statue is to stand in the open air. If any man ever loved the open, it was Stevenson.

And now Nordica proposes to sue Mr. Grau. The joke of it is she has put her case in the hands of that well-known observer of contracts, Col. Henry Mapleson.

FOR A SISTER-IN-LAW.

What would be said here if Mr. T. B. Aldrich and some local athlete, provoked against each other by a flippant speech of a woman, should go out to Franklin Park, or possibly to Dedham, and fight a duel in the presence of Messrs. Arlo Bates, Barrett Wendell, F. P. Vinton and F. G. Attwood?

And yet Mr. de Régnier, who fought at Neullly with Robert de Montesquiou, is a poet of delicacy and refinement, a cutter and polisher of verbal cameos, a writer of exquisite prose poems, a man of singularly gentle nature. He is thirty-three years old, of frail physiognomy. He is reserved, almost timid. De Montesquiou is said to be the original of des Esseintes in Huysmans's "A Rebours"—although his friends deny the statement—and it is said that not content with gilding a pet tortoise he incrusted the back of the animal with precious stones to delight his own eyes as the poor beast crawled over the floor. His name is mentioned frequently in the journal of the de Goncourts, and you will learn there that he is a witty and tremendous swell.

Not long ago de Régnier married the daughter of the celebrated poet and Academician, de Hérédia; but it was the sister-in-law who was the cause of the duel. Was she in jest or earnest when she hinted that de Montesquiou had played the coward at the bazar fire? Was de Montesquiou guilty of heating women with his cane at the fire to make his own escape? These questions are not settled by the duel.

The irony of the affair lies in the fact that the gentle de Régnier was challenged because his sister-in-law sharpened her tongue. He—like unto the Congressman at Washington—had been silent, quiet, still, taciturn—yes, and "he hadn't said a word." Think for a moment to what this precedent may lead. Only daughters will command a premium in the French matrimonial market. The mother-in-law jest will at last be discarded, and the sister-in-law will furnish copy for the perplexed paragrapher.

Here in Boston, fortunately, neither poets nor lawyers, merchants nor laborers are subject to challenge on account of the indiscreet speeches of a sister-in-law, sister, wife or maiden aunt. If a disagreeable remark is made, the victim shrugs his shoulders and turns the subject. He does not go immediately to his room and send a sizzling note inviting mutual dagging or plunking. He is more inclined to pity the man than to crave his blood, and he again reflects on the problem of marriage.

June 12. 1897

POOR PAN.

Edmund Clarence Stedman in poetic vision once saw Pan in Wall Street, but he will not see the god in Central Park. The officers of that pleasure ground are more rigorous than brokers.

What is the objection to the statue, oh, ye Gothamites? Is it because the god is nude, to express his agility? In this case where are your gibes, your flashes of merriment against Boston? Has he a doe-skin over his left shoulder and a pedum in his right hand? Is he looking over his shoulder and laughing at his tail, or sitting on an eminence, playing on his pipe?

Or is the objection based on the awful suggestions of Arthur Machen in "The Great God Pan"? Or because his parentage is in dispute? For some say he was the son of Zeus and Thymbris, others claim he was the son of Mercury and Penelope, and there are other stories which need not now be repeated. Or is it because learned men have insisted that there were several Pans, and this is not the right one? Possibly because the Mendesians worshiped Pan in the form of a goat, the officers of Central Park fear the statue might be taken by the large German population as an advertisement of bock beer.

We do not believe in a theory advanced as a cause of the rejection that Pan gave the early Christians the idea of a personal devil with tail, horns, and cloven feet; and that the erection of the statue might be regarded as an act of Satan worship which would attract Diana Vaughan and other undesirable persons to this country. The most plausible reason for the action is this: Pan, according to many, was the inspirer of sudden frights and terrors. He gave fearful dreams. He struck great frights into armies. And so Pan has a double nature. In the Great Duke's gallery at Florence there is a terminal figure called Pan, whose face is that of a kind shepherd; he bears a goat on his shoulder and a milking vessel in his right hand. But there is a drawing of Pan Terribilis, truly a most unpleasant, scowling person with corkscrew hair and whiskers—see Spence's "Polymetis" (plate xxxv., No. 12). The sculptor undoubtedly chose this side of Pan's character. If the statue were placed in Central Park it would frighten horses and little children. Even bicycles would shy. We have similar statues of Pan in the Public Garden and in other public places, but the god is disguised and bears other names.

They also, the little people of History, were learning to read, taking care of their nails, lighting every night the dirty lamp; amorous, greedy, puffed up; mad for compliments and hand-shakes and kisses; living on local gossip; saying, "What sort of a day will it be tomorrow? It's getting wintry. This has been a bad year for plums."

We have received a letter from an anonymuncule, who wishes to know why we do not occasionally publish facts of interest or value. "There is poetry, for instance, in statistics."

We have one of the finest, if not the finest, line of summer facts in the United States. If the anonymuncule really wishes a few samples to take home and consider, we shall be happy to accommodate him hereafter in gross or retail quantities.

Once when Vespasian was at dinner, a strange dog, that wandered about the streets, brought a man's hand and laid it under the table.

The timber of the Dryobalanops Camphora is not inferior to any produced in the countries where it grows, for the purposes of house building.

Three stalks of asparagus at Ravenna used to weigh a pound.

Mr. Leo Schulz as conductor of the Pop concerts cannot refrain from playing 'cello with his left hand on his left trouser leg.

The Egyptians would drink hard without any disturbance, because it was a rule with them to have always boiled cabbage for their first dish at supper.

The crocodile is extremely sensitive. Instinct compels him to eat men, women, children and missionaries. After he is through his meal he weeps at the evil action committed by him and his regret lasts as long as his life. As the poet sings:

Mes toz jors mes apres le plore
Tant com il en vie demore.

Camlet is striped, watered or figured.

The Honorable John L. Sullivan weighs 263 pounds.

In whisky it is not the alcohol that intoxicates.

Sealing wax was invented by Alexander Hamilton in 1801.

These, oh anonymuncule, are only a few samples from the nearest bins. They will do for Sunday instruction. The coat of the student should be removed before the mind is concentrated.

June 12, 1893, Mr. Edmund de Goncourt was at the Casino in Paris. The piece was full of tirades against the education of young girls. The old gentleman heard a girl say to her mother, "Mama, don't look at me like that whenever they say anything improper on the stage—I am already sufficiently uncomfortable."

And on June 12, 1895, the Countess Puliga told Mr. de Goncourt, who listened with both ears, most astounding things about English women. She told of the complete transformation; the domestic creature no longer desiring marriage, tired of the idea of conjugal slavery, refusing to be the bonne of a drunkard, preferring female clubs, in which there are paintings representing a woman in hell and a woman in heaven—the former the woman of past centuries, the latter the woman of the future. And the Countess Puliga told him of an extraordinary English novel, "Sarah Grand" (sic) "which discussed the sexual question in marriage, and is far more erotic-medical than all my romances together." The Countess evidently thought "Sarah Grand" was written by the Heavenly Twins in collaboration.

At a "vegetarian banquet" in London the drinks were unfermented grape juice, clarified sweet cider, filtered pineapple juice, orangeade, pinorade, lemonade, iced cocoanut milk and fresh perry. We maintain, and maintain boldly, that a glass of sound beer or honest New England rum would have done less harm to mind and body.

There are epitaphs which are not pleasant for survivors, as: "At an advanced age and very rich, he left the city where he had made his fortune, to choose another dwelling place where he might escape taxation."

Is it true that the beautiful scheme of ventilation at the Public Library takes so much money to run it that it is not run? And is this the reason of the horribly bad air in Bates Hall and the delivery room?

The acrostic programs at the Promenade Concerts are ingenious and interesting. Why should they not be introduced at the Symphony Concerts? Thus at the first concert in October the program might be arranged so that the first letters of the composers should spell "Higginson," beginning with a piece by Handel and ending with one by Naprawnik. If this program should seem too long homage might be paid Mr. Paur. Here is one that might, of course, be varied:

Parry	Suite Moderne
Auber	Air from "Actéon"
Urban H.	Overture, "Scheherezade"
Raff	Symphony, "Im Walde"

James Huniker says that the ideal roof garden is yet to be built in New York. "It will be on the top of a twenty-story building and will be umbrageous and concealed by palms, a great pianist will play Chopin nocturnes, while the stars will sob thirstily as mortals sip wet drinks and chat of Plato."

King Humbert's gray hairs and the dye that was to cure them are the subject of an anecdote in the Berliner Tageblatt. The King favors the iron-gray of age, and sees nothing to object to in the years that lead to reverence and the silver hair. But Queen Marguerite was very zealous on the other side, and wished to see what Paris and the coiffeur could do in the work of restoration. She therefore thought of an imperial hair-dye. The King one day found on his dressing-table Medea's elixir, and he guessed whence and why it came. Queen Marguerite had a favorite poodle, white and fleecy, who was wont to pay her a morning visit every day; but on one of his duty calls, shortly after the elixir arrived, the faithful toutou arrived sleek and glossy as ever, but the snow-white fleece was changed for a garment of bluish black. The Queen was horrified at the change. "You poor creature," she cried, "how grotesque they have made you look." "And your husband?" was all the King said.

The annual report of the Public Library calls attention to one indisputable fact: a Public Library should have money enough to buy books. For a fine building, pictures, decorations, statues, busts, mural decorations are as nothing for library purposes when weighed in the balance against necessary books.

The Maher-Sharkey mill at New York was stopped because "the men were trained for it, vicious blows were struck, they knocked each other down, and there was indiscriminate slugging." But have not all these phenomena attended "friendly trials of athletic skill" in New York for the last two or three years? Why this sudden zeal in discrimination?

Prof. Thayer was zealous in urging physicians to effect legislation that will insure professional secrets for the doctor on the witness stand. And yet there is difference of opinion on this subject. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen states in article 117 of his Digest of the Law of Evidence: "Medical men and (probably) clergymen may be compelled to disclose communications made to them in professional confidence."

A correspondent writes to the Journal: 'Interested in the discussion concerning the phrase 'at the Court of St. James,' I wrote the Secretary of State at Washington. Mr. Alvey A. Adee, Second Assistant Secretary, answered as follows, in a letter dated June 7: 'The term St. James does not occur in either the commission or the letter of credence in accrediting our Ambassador to England. In the former the language used is, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Great Britain, and in the latter, To Her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India.'"

We respectfully call the attention of the police to the reckless scorching practised in Massachusetts, Columbus and Huntington Avenues every clear night from 8 o'clock till 11 o'clock. These scorchers do not pay attention to passengers taking or leaving street cars, or give them warning.

Robinson Crusoe paid no duty on his goatskin coat. Hence, the free traders say, there should be no duty today on goatskins.

Of course, it was Mr. William Waldorf Astor who paid the highest price at the sale of Wales's horses. 'Twill be a pity if he does not finally secure a peerage. He is working hard enough for it.

June 13, 1897

Perhaps the Turco-Grecian war was worth the pains if it revived interest in Victor Hugo's glowing "Orientales."

The York claimants should pool their issues with the heirs of the famous old Dutch woman. Real estate in New York is still valuable.

Capt. A. C. Anson says that Boston will finish on top. We seize this opportunity to state that Capt. Anson is the most remarkable base ball player now living, as well as an ornament to his sex.

Joseph Richardson left more than 30,000,000 after living with wife and three children on $1500 a year. And now the question is, are the legatees educated up to the use of such a fortune?

London is disappointed at Jean de Reszke's continual "indisposition." Since his horse won the Warsaw Derby, Mr. de Reszke can afford to be indisposed.

We regret to find a local contemporary saying that Miss Lathrop had no "gentlemen callers." Were her visitors men, just plain men?

To B. L. T.: No, "boom," as used in the lumber trade, is not a comparatively new word. Cotton Mather used it as long ago as 1702.

Somebody is inquiring into the origin of college cries. By the way, who invented the chromatic steam whistle?

Marlborough is very generous. He gives his wife's relatives the run of the palace.

How lightly words are used! Is anyone offended when he is called respectable? Yes, Mr. Mortimer of England. "To call a decent, intelligent man respectable," he says, "is to dub him genteel, and to label him so implies that he has reached about the lowest level of mental degradation." Look up "respectable" in any good dictionary and you will understand his rage.

A VESSEL OF WRATH.

The New York Evening Post made the following statements in its issue of June 5:

"Greater Boston is a city of about a million souls; but whereas German cities of 30,000 inhabitants have fifty or sixty operatic performances a year, Boston is unable to support two weeks of the best opera with the best singers and the best conductor in the world. Boston also drove away one of the greatest conductors of the century, probably because he was too musical for it."

And thus the derisive thumb is pointed at this city. It is undoubtedly a source of annoyance to our contemporary that it is here unable to employ its favorite weapon of genteel sarcasm by alluding to Boston as "Pete" Boston or "Eddie" Boston, with all the cruelty of quotation marks.

Let us summon up strength enough to examine the truth of the statements. "Boston is unable to support two weeks of the best opera with the best singers and the best conductor in the world." Now, this is hysterically vague. There were three opera companies here last season; to which does the Post refer? Who were the best singers? Mr. Finck, the music critic of the Post, would undoubtedly say Lilli Lehmann et al., for he is incrusted with German-American prejudices, and he admired the singing of even Mrs. Nikisch; but he surely is not willing to admit that Mr. Damrosch is the best conductor in the world, for such admission would be blasphemy against Mr. Seidl, who is the idol of Mr. Finck. Mr. Seidl was here; but is Mr. Finck ready to say in a clear, bell-like voice that Mr. Seidl then led for the best singers in the world? We can afford to smile at the first denunciatory statement, for it is vague, hysterical, and also self-contradictory.

The statement that "Boston also drove away one of the greatest conductors of the century"—why not "of all time"?—is false, and the author of it knew it was false when he made it. Mr. Nikisch—for the writer mentions his name—was employed by Mr. Higginson. When he was called to Budapest he treated Mr. Higginson in a peculiarly shabby manner. Mr. Higginson is a business man as well as a musical philanthropist. He found that Mr. Nikisch was trying to put him in an awkward position; he exercised his rights by the contract; he thereby wounded Mr. Nikisch in his most sensitive organ, viz.: his pocket. And all the people who knew the circumstances said "Amen."

These facts have been published again and again. But if the Post believes in the music of the future, it disbelieves or ignores the history of the past and the experience of the present.

Of course it is "outrageous" for natives on the northern frontier of India to rise against the English; but have you ever read the history of the English in India from the first deed of oppression?

The position of the Bram witnesses reminds us of Dr. Johnson's speech: "Why, Sir, no man will be a sailor, who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail; for being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned."

Isn't it rather late for serious Germans in Berlin to inquire into the merits of vaccination? And yet we remember that Kant, the sagacious, extraordinary Kant, was opposed to vaccination, fearing lest it would introduce the disease of the lower animals into the human organization.

OF SPEAKING PIECES.

The elocutionist is not always looked on with favor by the men and women on the dramatic stage. It was the eminent critic, Mr. Henry A. Clapp, we believe, who once spoke of a dramatic performance in Boston as showing "the deadly trail of the elocutionist"; and in social gatherings the young man or young woman who is afire to declaim, is often merely a subject for the caricaturist or the paragrapher. But since the statement has been made without contradiction that the recitation by a charming young woman of "The Chariot Race" from "Ben-Hur" led to a happy marriage, elocutionists will be treated with more respect and young women will no doubt rush into the profession.

Every little while there is talk about the decay of oratory in the United States. Perhaps it is true that the old-fashioned orator—you see him painted with a scowl on his forehead, a roll in his hand, a thunder storm in the distance, and a purple curtain with a tassel in the foreground—perhaps it is true that this glory of a nation is extinct. The pompous orator does not belong to the present period, which requires speed and brevity. When the occasion calls for a fitting speech, the orator is generally at hand. Hardly a week passes that some American does not show he has the ability to think quickly when on his feet, to invent the proper phrase at the proper time.

There are two reasons—we do not believe them fanciful—for the apparent neglect of what is vulgarly known as oratory. The character of towns has changed so materially within the last twenty-five years that the town meeting is no longer a rhetorical entertainment. There was a time when bursts of eloquence enlivened a discussion over a proposed bridge or the election of a School Superintendent. The towns where such eloquence shook the walls are now cities, or if they are still towns, the annual meeting is more or less a cut-and-dried affair. Again, we do not believe that speaking in the public schools is cultivated with such zest as it was by our fathers. There were few of them who could not recite pages of Pierpont's National Reader, or Porter's Rhetorical Reader. Does anyone today memorize the once famous passage beginning "Sir, it matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as Washington"; or the affecting page which opens with "The last time I saw Maria, was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay"? There were fewer books and newspapers in those days. The magazines had not assumed such formidable proportions, nor were they so distractingly numerous. Eloquence is only common where the books are few, but of the best and thoroughly known, or where the printing press is unknown.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Thoughts Suggested by Students' Concerts.

Mr. Steinhauser Could Not "Zee Zee Muzeek."

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

The Pall Mall Gazette of May 28 published a review of an orchestral concert given in London by students at Trinity College. The first sentences of this review are worthy of attention and discussion:

"A students' orchestral concert on a somewhat extensive scale was given last night at the Queen's Hall, where a very large and friendly audience had gathered together. One is often urged to place students' concerts upon a different level of criticism from that upon which one judges the ordinary daily concerts of the assured amateur or the more assured professional. This, we take it, is a great and grievous error. Students have their own private halls and private academies, where they are able, if they wish, to give their own private entertainments, and, again if they wish, to make much of one another. The moment they throw off this privacy and invite the public and the critic to share in a knowledge of their attainments, they thereby set aside for one moment those privileges which in private are rightly claimed for the pupil and the inexperienced artist. Therefore, with the proviso that this was a students' concert, it should take its chance with criticism like any other. Let it be said at once, then, that it was quite a respectable concert, with even one or two brilliant moments."

* * *

Students' concerts are not unknown in Boston. A teacher toward the end of the season, or after the season is over, sends out invitations to friends and critics. The pupils are expected to play or sing for the pleasure of their relatives, their own glory, and the future profit of the teacher. The critics are not always invited; but when they are asked, they are expected to say nothing except that which is pleasant; they are supposed to remember for the benefit of the students the old saw concerning the proper verbal treatment of the dead.

* * *

It is a mistake to ask critical attention of such concerts.

In the first place the players seldom do themselves justice. They have practised certain pieces or songs till they are well nigh sick of them, and if they are not nervous they are likely to play or sing in a perfunctory manner; for few at that age have the imagination, temperament, what-you-will, to create at a performance. If they are nervous, they are not nervous in the inspiring sense of the word, but they are handicapped, so that their technique seems crude and their phrasing amateurish. Thus a student who may have genuine gifts, who may play or sing certain things well, stumbles in the show piece and gives a false impression concerning his or her ability.

In the second place, the teacher may suffer seriously by the exhibition of the pupils. A piano teacher, for instance, has labored patiently in the matter of legato. His pupils, in a highly nervous state, are unable to control their fingers, and there is an unmistakable absence of legato. Or phrasing may be inartistic, or rhythm may limp. The critic notices these flaws. He does not search for them with a lantern. They are in the clear sunlight. How is he to know that the teacher has been a faithful laborer in the vineyard? How is he to know that the teacher writhes and squirms within at every sin of omission or commission? He has not been present at the lessons. He has not heard the teacher urge, encourage, protest, rage. It is easy to say that a teacher should not always be judged by his pupils. It is true that he is often unlucky in material given him. But, after all, how is a teacher to be judged except by the playing or singing of his pupils?

* * *

Now suppose the critic, asked by the teacher to attend the concert—"I wish you would say what you really think"—should go to the newspaper office and write a notice in which he should endeavor to tell the truth in kindly language. "Miss X played with considerable spirit, but her runs were uneven and her use of the pedal was careless. Miss Y has an agreeable voice, but her intonation was at times impure, probably on account of nervousness. Mr. Z showed genuine musical taste; the sonata, however, is at present beyond his technical ability." What do you think would be the result? The parents and the friends would storm; they might possibly write futile letters of protest to the editor in chief. The pupils would take the criticism to heart but not to mind; for they would not believe it to be true. The teacher would scowl at the offender, and speak bitterly of all the critics—until just before the concert of the next year.

If the critic is wise in his generation he will write a short notice, in which he will praise vaguely the players—he should not make any distinction—and puff the teacher to the skies.

If he is neither of heroic stuff nor worldy wise, he will stay away from the concert, giving as an excuse the death of a near relative, the return of periodic insanity, or a sharp attack of appendicitis.

* * *

A private concert given by students may be a source of pleasure to their friends. It may be of advantage to the players and singers in the giving of confidence. It will serve to keep the teacher before a limited and profitable public.

It is seldom, if ever, wise to give large publicity to such concerts, and it is surely a mistake to ask for honest critical expression of opinion.

It's a wise teacher that knows his own pupil.

* * *

The New York Evening Post of June 5 remarked, "Musical education makes the Germans musical. They do not perpetually run after prima donnas."

Germans run after renowned singers and pay high prices for hearing them, just as the Americans, or the French, or the Russians, or the English run after them. Whenever Patti sings in a German city the crowd is enormous, and "Home, Sweet Home" is sung with the familiar demonstrations before, during and after the performance. Last month Tamagno was the rage in Germany. The price of seats was raised, as in Berlin, from five marks to fifteen marks. Critics sneered and thundered; 'twas without avail.

The stormiest applause I ever heard from an immense concert audience was in Berlin. It was a tribute to Mr. Hugo Turpe, a deep-chested cornetist, who tooted window-shivering, heaven-assailing blasts through his short but deadly weapon.

* * *

Here is the record of an amusing case in court reported for the Daily Messenger (Paris) May 28 by its London correspondent:

At the Bloomsbury County court, today, before his Honour Judge Bacon, Q. C., Adnett Steinhauser, a German musician, sued Carl Vonkenstein, the conductor of the orchestra at the Savoy Hotel, to recover the sum of £2, being one week's wages in lieu of notice.

Plaintiff said he was engaged some two months ago by the defendant to play in the band at the Savoy. One night the defendant told him he had to go, and offered him £1 2s. 9½d., which was three days' work and a little overtime he had earned. Plaintiff did not know why he was discharged, so he refused to accept the money and brought this action.

Defendant admitted engaging the plaintiff as a musician in the band, as a weekly servant, but afterward found he was not suitable, so discharged him. Plaintiff then refused to do anything at all, so he had no other alternative than to discharge him at once.

His Honor: For what reason did you say you gave him notice?

Defendant: He vos blaying some pieces vich he could not blay, so I discharged him.

His Honor: Why couldn't he play those pieces; he was engaged as a competent musician, and for the first two months had apparently given every satisfaction?

Defendant: He could not blay dese pieces, so he said; but he could have blayed dem verra vell if he had choosed; but he voud not. Vhen I toldt him to blay vun vay he blays zee oder, and vhen I toldt him to blay zee oder vay he blays zee vun.

His Honor: And what effect did that have?

Defendant: It nearly put zee oders out of tune.

His Honor: What was he playing?

The defendant: He vos blaying zee violin.

His Honor: And was the music hard?

The defendant: Not verra hard; he could have blayed it if he had choosed; but he puts his back up.

His Honor (to the plaintiff): What have you to say to all this?

The plaintiff: It is all false. I vos not used to the muzeek, and so vhen he showt me vot I vos to do I toldt him I could not do it.

His Honor: But why could you not, if you are a thorough musician?

The defendant: I vos not used to such hard tings. I vos unable to creshendo just vhen he vanted me to. I vos not used to zee tick lines on zee muzeek, for you see (gesticulating wildly) sometime it vould be up here and sometime down here. I could not follow him so rapid as he vonted me to.

His Honor: It is only natural that the conductor of a band wants a musician who will keep in tune and his time, and certainly not one who refuses to work. The plaintiff first broke his contract by playing wrong, so I will give judgment for the defendant, the plaintiff to have the £1 2s. 9½d. which has been paid into court; but he must pay costs.

Philip Hale.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The Kneisel Quartet sailed on the Fürst Bismarck from Southampton June 10, after its series of concerts in St. James Hall. It is a pleasure to find this admirable club appreciated thoroughly by leading critics of London.

Thus the London Times of May 25 said in part:

"Probably the numerous attractions elsewhere, combined with the fine weather, prevented a large audience from going to St. James's Hall on Saturday, when this famous American quartet gave the first of a new series of chamber concerts. The program was an attractive one, and its performance left absolutely nothing to be desired. * * * Even with the spirit of the Joachim and Bohemian Quartets before one's eyes, it is impossible to conceive of anything more distinguished in its way than the performance by the Kneisel Quartet of the lovely intermezzo, by Grieg, and their breadth of phrasing is much going far to hear."

The same journal, May 31, said:

"In spite of an exceptionally good performance of Dvorak's quartet in E, op. 96, the feature of the second of the concerts given on Saturday by the Kneisel Quartet in St. James's Hall was undoubtedly their rendering of Beethoven's posthumous quartet in A minor. It is but a few weeks since Dr. Joachim and his colleagues brought out to the full the many beauties of this work, and had the Berliners not given the quartet it is more than possible that the performance on Saturday would have ranked as the highest achievement. As it was, the Boston players were heard to the utmost advantage in their performance, especially of the slow movement, deserving to rank very high among the multitude of wonderful achievements of the various quartet parties who have visited us during this memorable year. Players who can exhaust the possibilities of such a work are comparatively few, but among them must certainly be reckoned the Kneisel Quartet; higher praise it is impossible to give."

The London Courier, of May 21, said: "London is singularly blessed in the matter of chamber music, but such exquisite playing as that heard last Saturday at St. James's is rare. The ensemble is absolutely perfect, the tone marvelously full and rich, and the delicacy of treatment rendered more exquisite by the power and strength which underlies it. It is difficult to avoid extravagance in speaking of their playing, and it is impossible to criticise, for faults cannot be found."

The London Observer, May 31, is similarly eulogistic:

"The merits of their playing are unanimity of attack and expression, exquisite refinement and delicacy in soft and introspective passages, the rendering of the last named often possessing what may best be described as a poetical atmosphere."

The Daily News, the Glasgow Herald, the Morning Leader, Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper vie with each other in compliments.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The New England Conservatory Orchestral Class will give a concert Monday evening. The soloists will be Miss Stella Root, Miss Florence Sliter, Albert E. Wier and Willie Traupe.

Piano pupils of Miss A. P. Emery, assisted by Henry B. Coughlan, tenor, will give a recital Friday evening at 355 Boylston Street.

The Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin under Mr. Nikisch gave concerts in Geneva, Zurich, Basle, as well as Paris and Liége.

Tschaikowsky's one act opera "Iolanthe" was produced in Munich (for the first time there) May 20, with marked success.

Eugen d'Albert gave a piano concert at St. James's Hall, London, May 21. His program was composed of works by Beethoven (op. 110 and op. 111) and Chopin.

Mr. Frederick W. Bancroft is to give his Song Lecture, "Irish Songs and Song-Writers," June 14, at Burr & Burton Seminary, Manchester, Vt., in place of the usual Commencement concert. He has also been engaged to give two of his popular lectures at Ocean Park, Me., Aug. 9 and 10, before the Chautauqua Association.

Miss Ellen S. Cornell of Dorchester, a soprano of more than ordinary promise, who has been studying with constantly marked advancement under Mme. Axeline de Berg-Lofgren of this city, has sailed for Paris, where she will pursue her studies this summer under Pauline Viardot, Mrs. de Berg-Lofgren's teacher. She will return this winter to fill engagements and will then continue her work with her teacher in Boston.

George Lowell Tracy of this city, composer of much popular operetta, orchestral, band and vocal music, is putting the finishing touches to the orchestration of a new comic opera, "The Royal Twins." The libretto, which is by George T. Richardson of Boston and Paul West of New York, is said to present great opportunities for a comedian, and to admit of great magnificence in scenery and costumes. Negotiations are now in progress for a production of the work early in the season.

Algernon Ashton has written this appeal to a London newspaper: "In the south walk of the beautiful old Cloisters of Westminster Abbey there is a simple gravestone lying flat on the ground, bearing the following memorable inscription:

Muzio Clementi,
called
the Father of the Pianoforte;
his fame as a musician
and composer
acknowledged throughout Europe
procured him the honour
of a public interment
in this Cloister.
Born at Rome 1762.
Died at Evesham 1832.

This tomb, which ought to be held dear and sacred by every true musician, and which I myself have reverentially visited on countless occasions, has now become so worn and dilapidated that it is with difficulty one can decipher the inscription which I have just quoted. A complete renovation of this plain slab covering the remains of the immortal Muzio Clementi is therefore urgently needed, and I trust that the restoration may be taken in hand by the Westminster Abbey authorities without further delay."

Diego de Vivo is now the oldest living impresario who has been active mainly in this country. Max Maretzek was the dean of the operatic managers until his death a few weeks ago, and Signor de Vivo went down to his funeral on Staten Island in spite of the warnings of his physician, who forbade him to make the trip. "I will go if I never come back," said the signor, and he went. The prohibition of his physician was based on the fact that at the funeral of his old friend Napoleon Sarony, which took place about a year ago, De Vivo was so overcome that he had a stroke of apoplexy on his return and he was ill for several months. He is a veteran in the business of amusements, but he is not in the least of a pessimistic frame of mind, and nobody is more eager to praise present systems and artists than Signor de Vivo when he really sees merit in the matter. He is not given to comparison of present times with the past and the resulting unfavorable conclusions which the old-timers generally make. He thinks we are all doing very well at present, and as he walks up Broadway he views the passing crowd very cheerfully through his glasses. But he is positive about one discouraging point. He will not admit that the operatic impresario has much chance of accumulating riches for his old age.—New York Sun.

Miss Macintyre sang Elsa at Covent Garden May 29. The Pall Mall says of her, "She has still to unlearn the airs of the stereotyped prima donna before she will succeed very greatly in Wagnerian opera, since for this class of work it is absolutely necessary to forget that such a thing as Italian opera ever existed, whereas this is the first and foremost matter which Miss Macintyre insists upon remembering. In the prayer, for example, shortly after Elsa's entrance in the first act, her most deliberate appeal from very close quarters with the footlights to the distant gallery actually savored of the grotesque; and she generally neglected her surroundings far too much in favor of the audience. It is important to make this point emphatically, for there can be no doubt that the audience is altogether ungrateful for such attentions. On the other hand, when the imperative commands of Wagnerian drama caused her to forget the prima donna she showed a spirit, a sincerity and an earnestness which inspired one not only with admiration, but also with hope that better times were in store. As to her singing, it was in part excellent, in part a trifle weak. In her higher register she was powerful and telling; it was in her middle and lower register that this weakness was apparent. Still, we will not complain of her Elsa. With its faults, it has many positive excellences."

The influence of music upon the respiration, the heart and the capillary circulation, is the subject of a paper by MM. A. Binet and J. Courtier in the Revue Scientifique. Experiments were made upon a well-known musical composer, and the investigators endeavored to determine effects produced by musical sound alone, as distinct from those due to emotions aroused by pieces associated with dramatic incidents or words. Isolated notes, chords in unison, and discords were first tried. Both major chords, struck in a lively manner and discords quickened the respiration, the latter more especially. Minor chords tended to retard respiration. When melodies were tried it was found that all, whether grave or gay, produced quickened respiration and increased action of the heart. The lively tunes produced the greatest acceleration. Where the sound was wholly uncomplicated by emotional ideas, as in single notes or chords, the heart's action was accelerated, but not in so marked a degree as when a melody either grave or gay was played. During operatic pieces or those well known to the subject, the acceleration attained its maximum. The influence of music on the capillary circulation was tested by a plethysmograph attached to the right hand. The capillary tracing showed that a slight diminution of pulsation was usually produced by musical sounds, the effect being very small when sad melodies were played, but well marked when lively airs were played.—Nature.

Here is an admirable impression of Massenet's "Manon," by Mr. Blackburn. And the expression is as admirable as the verity of the impression itself: "Before any human being undertakes to hear Massenet's 'Manon,' at Covent Garden or elsewhere, he should be admonished to put behind him all remembrance of real life, all the most intimate issues of music, all things that touch the living, active, beating heart of mankind. In place of this intimacy, it behooves a man to buckle on an armor of artificiality. Let him not expect to be touched, to be moved, neither to regret nor to rejoice; let him dismiss, both in music and in dramatic art, all thoughts of this nature, and he may make himself happy for an hour or two. Massenet's puppets are nothing more than delicious figures of Dresden china imitating the poor little pomps, the poor little loves, the poor little ironies of this poor little human life of ours. This is in music the veritable art of Watteau. Men and women discuss passion, and interest, and the spring-tide and youth with an aloofness of sentiment and a prettiness of indifference that are altogether the intensest relief—for a moment, for an hour—from the common anxieties of existence. The music is most exquisitely pitched into this key of emotion, and, judged at that point, it is most charming and delicate. You forget as you listen to the sweetness the mimic sorrow, the pretended tragedy of phrase after phrase, that there is anything in all this world save pretty fiction and the simulated emotions of beings that never have been and never can be. And that is a justifiable effect."

June 14-97

SUNBEAMS FROM CUCUMBERS.

In the first chapter of his treatise, Vitruvius gives a description of an accomplished architect. It is not enough for the architect to be master of his trade; he should also be a geometrician, optician, philosopher, musician, lawyer, astronomer, astrologer, literary man, acquainted with history. And Vitruvius explains ingeniously the reason for his demands, which might otherwise seem preposterous.

We are reminded of these Vitruvian demands by the prospectus of a school in which "a course of practical training in musical journalism and criticism is proposed." "The course will include a general knowledge of all the chief works of the classical répertoire, a knowledge of musical form and its analysis, a practical knowledge of the instruments of the orchestra and their usage in modern works, a comprehension of the different schools of composition and of technical performance, practical exercises in writing criticisms and reviews, and all the routine of actual journalistic work."

Truly a beautiful and ingenious scheme for supplying the cities of the United States with fully equipped critics! But can such a scheme be carried out? We doubt it seriously.

Unless the student enter in his youth and apply himself until he is of tottering years, he will never be master of all these subjects. "A practical knowledge of the instruments of the orchestra"! How many teachers at this same school have "a practical knowledge" of orchestral instruments? How many months would it not take them to gain this knowledge? And this is only one of the specifications. The practised newspaperman will smile when he learns that "all the routine of actual journalistic work" will be taught in a yearly course, to classes limited to six pupils each. He remembers the fate of "schools of journalism" in which the student was supposed to learn the trade, from office-boy to general manager; to acquire the art of reporting a fire, writing impassioned leaders, or dodging an impending action for libel. He remembers—and he smiles.

No, no, men and brethren, a certificate from a music school will not make thereby a music-critic; nor will editors be satisfied in choice by the mere presentation of such a document. The art of writing criticism cannot be taught in a year, even to classes limited to six pupils each. It has been seriously debated whether professional knowledge of music is not disadvantageous to a critic. Surely Weber, Schumann, Berlioz often went astray and gave forth extraordinary opinions when they sat in judgment upon the works of their contemporaries. Years ago Rousseau said, "Genius creates; but taste selects, and a too fertile genius often has need of a severe censor who prevents him from abusing his wealth."

Nor is it too much to say that the critic is born and is then educated by experience. It is not given to everyone to criticise, even though he may have studied in a class limited to six pupils.

They unto whom we shall appear tedious are in no wise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labor which they are not willing to endure.

A young woman who is passionately in favor of teetotalism wishes to know which of these two mottoes is the more appropriate for her betrothed's room. (She proposes to embroider the one we choose).

"Jug not, that ye be not jagged;"
or
"Jag not, that ye be not jugged."

We invite correspondence on this vital subject from all those that feel the need of a waste-pipe for their intellect.

The old man that committed suicide lately in Connecticut by holding his head in a barrel of water is described by some as an octogenarian and by others as centenarian. Possibly it was this uncertainty that drove him to the rash deed.

Perhaps you do not read the Fireside Companion. If you do not, you make a serious mistake, for it is a well-spring of pleasure. We are pursuing eagerly from number to number the adventures of "The Girl-Wife" as told by Florence May Temple (this story will not be published in book form). The following extract reveals the hideous hollowness of Boston fashionable schools and society: "Vida was tall and stately. She had been three years to a fashionable finishing school for young ladies, and passed one winter in Boston with a rich aunt, who wished to have her handsome niece enjoy the advantages of good society. Of course, the consequence of this was that Miss Vida Chester was an affected, conceited young lady, with a smattering of all desirable accomplishments, and a thorough knowledge of none. She could shriek impossible operas, embroider

yellow dogs upon gray worsted foundations, paint unrecognizable scenery, and murmur broken Italian words. But she couldn't darn her own stockings; nor could she cook a meal of victuals if starvation stared her in the face."

B. B. B. writes to the Journal as follows: "The Disputatious Group has been expecting you to let loose the Inconoclastic Note in the matter of Latin Inscriptions (and on the side) Latin Prescriptions. What's the matter with giving us plain U. S. language? Just think how ridiculous this Shaw matter is. It is fair to presume that 90 per cent. of the people who will view the picture know nothing of Latin; hence the emotion the inscription is meant to create is lost even if the inscription be correct. The 10 per cent. who might, could, would or should be able to interpret it, cannot agree upon the correct form. There seems to be an opening here for a comic opera builder."

This reminds us that Mr. R. M. Bailey writes to the Journal: "Mr. George W. Pierce's witty emendation of the Shaw memorial motto, given in your issue of the 8th, removes the grammatical stain, but a poet like Mr. Pierce should not have been content therewith, since by simply changing the order of words in his corrected matter he could have converted it into a perfect hexameter, as follows:

"Omnia rempublicam gaudens
sevare relinquit."

A correspondent writes:

"Humiliating as the confession is, the fact remains that in England there are only a very few women who dress really well. The gowns of the average English woman, at the present time, are far too often marred by over-gorgeousness. She allows her dressmaker to load her bodices with imitation jewels, laces, furs and ribbons. She will even be persuaded to carry about on her head and shoulders several years' income, in the shape of diamonds, but she misses altogether that chic elegance and crisp freshness that exact rightness of tone, which seem inseparable from the toilette of the French woman, even though she may be merely a Paris workgirl, whose pretty head can boast no covering but that of her own daintily dressed hair. In fact, I am inclined to think that Daudet was right when, after staying for some little time in London, he gave it as his opinion that 'there was a sense of color and shade, of harmony and elegance, in the French woman' which he 'failed altogether to discover in her English sister.'"

This reminds us that Mrs. Daudet in her Notes on London makes frequent allusion to the want of fashionable elegance among English women, whose dress does not please her in any way. Is it not possible that she inspired the remarks of her husband? The only Englishman who made any impression on her was George Meredith.

There are persons so constituted that they disregard sound evidence and do not believe in the existence of mermen, mermaids, sea serpents, unicorns, griffins, satyrs or mantichors. And yet the last of May at the French Academy of Medicine Prof. Pinard presented for the examination of his colleagues the body of a child of the male sex, which might have lived, and which did live for several hours, and which was born in the Clinique Baudelocque, of which the professor is the director. This child, normal so far as the bust was concerned, presented this peculiarity, viz., terminated with a fish's tail. The feet were joined together.

Burglars ransacked a house in South Hornsey, England, a few days ago. The mates found on the dining room table the remains of a supper and the ends of some half-smoked cigars, and also the following poetical effusion, which was pinned to a piece of beef, intended for the Sunday's dinner:

My Dear Sufferers:
To balls and parties you feel you must go,
I not forget your humble, the pro.
I must take advantage of your frivolous ways;
I give less trouble in future, and leave doors open, he prays.

I must inform you, burglar-proof electric bells
The merest shams and the greatest sells,
And the best that a man could ever invent
I am sure I shall be able to circumvent.
BILL SYKES THE SECOND.

Hill talks of political ills and
es." Hill? David B. Hill? Is
still alive?

In honor of the Jubilee many will
knighted by the Queen." It is
be hoped that Mr. William Wal-
Astor will receive the reward
his labors.

June 15. 97

Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions;
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.

Not long ago we inveighed against the practice of telling dreams at the breakfast table. For this reason we now remember with gratitude Walt Whitman's arrogant lines,

"Do I contradict myself?
Very well, then, I contradict myself;
(I am large—I contain multitudes)."

Yesterday morning, half asleep, half awake, we were dreaming of our dear friend the Necktie Editor of the Providence Journal and his joy at first opening Emile de l'Empesé's treatise on "The Art of Tying the Cravat in 1001 Ways," when suddenly this sentence formed itself—but incompletely: "A four-in-hand is worth two——" For an hour we tried to finish it; all labor was in vain. We invite solutions, and to the man or woman sending the sentence in the most satisfactorily complete form we propose to give a silver ice pitcher with goblets or a picture of the Death Bed of Daniel Webster, framed neatly in black walnut, or the works of Mr. E. P. Roe.

We told our sleep-chasing to a dramatic critic as he was stranded on the bar—he was not trying to walk on it as did a gentleman in Charlestown last April—and he answered, "That reminds me of a dream I had some time ago. I thought I was at a dinner given to a celebrated actor, and I said to myself 'I shall be called on for a speech, and I must surely have a Shaksperian quotation ready.' Sure enough I was called. Without any preliminary 'Mr. President' or 'Gentlemen,' I delivered myself of this quotation:

"The leopard cannot change his spots,
Rough-hew him how we will."

Mr. George W. Pierce writes to the Journal: "The (naturally) long V in REMPVBLICAM forbids Mr. R. M. Bailey's hexameter, 'Omnia rempublicam gaudens servare relinquit,' published in the Journal the 14th."

Dr. Brady told his flock that if he should not return from the land of the midnight sun he "would meet them somewhere beyond the star-gemmed sky, by the Supreme Throne." The doctor always was a sanguine man.

"It is said that a well-known grammarian teaches his children to correct each other's grammatical errors by fining the child who makes the mistake and giving the fine to the one who detects the blunder. The plan is thought to be productive of good results." —New York Tribune.

We know of no scheme better calculated to make these children tattlers, brawlers and prigs.

Mr. C. W. Ernst sends the following interesting communication to the Journal: "The trial of the City Hall statesmen would puzzle most persons not familiar with Boston English. The trial turns on 'teams,' and a team means in Boston what it does not mean elsewhere. To be short about it, in general English team means a pair or set, in Boston it means a freight wagon. When the trial deals with single teams and double teams, it means wagons drawn by a single horse or a span of horses. This odd use of the word 'team' is hardly recognized by Bostonians as local and dialectic; but it is. The Park Commissioners prohibit 'teaming' in Commonwealth Avenue, meaning that freight wagons must keep out of the avenue, while carriages drawn by teams, or teams driven by gentlemen, have the right of way. When Boston went into the municipal ferry business, the City Council established a tariff of tolls, carefully discriminating between carriages (for persons) and teams (for merchandise). First among the teams figured 'carts and wagons drawn by one horse.' The Malden Bridge act, passed by the General Court in 1787, established a toll of nine pence 'for each team drawn by more than one beast.' An act of 1852 provides toll 'for loaded teams with one horse.' This local metonymy is not without reason. Up to the Revolution wagons for merchandise were rare in Boston, the usual mode of carrying freight through the streets being by horse and cart. From the earliest times a horse and cart, consisting of two parts, were called a team. An illustration occurs in the Town Records of Sept. 27, 1641, where team (meaning horse and cart) and cart are used synonymously. When wagons came into use, they were called teams, single when drawn by one horse, and double when drawn by two horses. Hence the odd expression, 'a team drawn by one horse.' The oddity is confined to Boston and vicinity, and does not appear to have reached New York. In fact, a New Yorker cannot understand the sign in Commonwealth Avenue, 'no teaming allowed,' when, in fact, the avenue is full of teams, that is, spans of horses. Boston people speak beautiful English; but there are traces of a Boston dialect, and the use of team in the sense of wagon is a conspicuous example."

Yet there is a dialectic use of "team" in England. Bailey's Dictionary, 1736, defines "team" as "any Number of Horses, Oxen, or other Beasts, put to draw a cart, wagon, or carriage of burthen; also a Flock of Ducks." Ash, 1795, gives substantially the same definition. But in Northumberland "team" means "an ox-chain, passing from yoke to yoke," and in Norfolk a "teamer-man" is a waggoner. In Connecticut "team" is used of a single horse attached to a carriage ("Dialect Notes" 1896, p. 426). We cannot find, however, any instance in England of "team" applied to the wagon or cart alone.

L'ENFANT'S MONUMENT.

The foreign delegates to the Postal Congress wonder, it is said, at the magnificent plan of Washington. They regard it as inconceivable that a man could look ahead as L'Enfant did, "and lay out a city which should meet the needs of the people a hundred years after his plans were made." The question is asked by them, "Where, among the monuments that abound here, is the one that commemorates the genius of the man who planned what will one day be the most beautiful city in the world?"

The history of the building of Washington is a curious one. When Gen. Washington made his choice of a site, in 1791, the city was laid out on a plot large enough to accommodate a million of inhabitants. Speculators from different parts of the Union undertook to build it up; to most of them the enterprise was disastrous. The owners of the land gave to the Government the ground for streets, spaces kept for public purposes, and one-half the lots into which the city plot was laid out. Nine years afterward Wolcott gave an entertaining account of the town. "The only resource for such as wish to live comfortably will be found in Georgetown. * * * There are, in fact, but few houses in any one place, and most of them small, miserable huts. * * * You may look in almost any direction, over an extent of ground nearly as large as the city of New York, without seeing a fence or any object except brick-kilns and temporary huts for laborers. * * * There appears to be a confident expectation that this place will soon exceed any city in the world. * * * No stranger can be here a day, and converse with the proprietors, without conceiving himself in the company of crazy people."

For many years the dream of L'Enfant was unrealized. In 1853 the charitable and pompous Alfred Bunn described Washington as "one of the dirtiest districts imaginable, facetiously called the 'City of Magnificent Distances.' * * * Still, standing on the steps of the Capitol, and looking over the gorgeous panorama spread out before the eye, it is palpable how splendid a place it might—let us hope in time it will—become." Its population then was about 40,000.

The dream of L'Enfant has at last come to pass, and yet, as the foreigner asks, where is his name honored in the city that he planned? Even his grave, a few miles outside the city, is unmarked, unhonored.

The city is his enduring monument, as St. Paul's Cathedral is that of its architect. It is not, unfortunately, the universal custom in this country to honor distinguished citizens by naming streets or squares after them. Monuments are not always given to the deserving, nor are those erected always a fitting tribute to the dead or an exhibition of the fine taste of the living. There is wisdom as well as cynicism in the saying of Schopenhauer: "To erect a monument to a man in his lifetime is as much as declaring that posterity is not to be trusted in its judgment of him."

Capt. Cook is a deep thinker. "If Yale should be beaten, it will be simply because another crew can row faster than she can." There is this to be said of Yale: if she exults in victory, she accepts defeat without public grumbling or vain excuse.

It is welcome news that the delivery system at the Public Library will be improved in the matter of asking and receiving. No one has, so far as we know, ever complained of the courtesy of officers and attendants, but the delay in Bates Hall is often vexatious.

The Pall Mall Gazette speaks of the late assault on Mr. Labouchere as "a trivial affair." It could not wound him more deeply.

It appears that there is animosity in Spanish-Cuban circles toward Consul General Lee. He was not sent there to teach the doctrine that blood is sweeter as well as thicker than water.

June 16, 1897

Oh, say, shall dull Romaika's heavy round,
Fandango's wriggle, or Bolero's bound;
Can Egypt's Almas—tantalising group—
Columbia's caperers to the warlike whoop—
Can aught from cold Kamschatka to Cape Horn
With Waltz compare, or after waltz be borne?

Mrs. H. Marie McDonald, "a handsome woman attired in an Elizabethan kind of costume," delivered at a meeting—or was it Congress?—of dancing teachers in New York the annual address upon deportment. She said: "Nothing is more ill-bred than a custom which has become all too prevalent of men backing their partners all over the room as they dance." Mrs. McDonald should then have recited the last verse of "Learning McFadden to Waltz," that charming Ballad of the Heart and the Hearth, from which we have quoted in happier times:

"When Clarence had practiced the step for a while,
Sure he thought that he had it down fine,
He went to a girl and he asked her to dance,
And he wheeled her out into the line.
He walked on her feet, and he fractured her toes,
And he said that her movement was false,
Sure the poor girl went round for two weeks on a crutch
For learning McFadden to waltz."

Ah, to have written this poem is more to be desired than Kaffir investments or the gold within the golden brick!

Gen. Weyler said "I don't care very much if the people of Havana don't eat meat." Is he a vegetarian in disguise? Spaniards, as travelers tell us, live chiefly on oily beans, cigarettes, garlic, tafia, fandangos and love, with the cuchillo or Albacete snickersnee beneath the scarlet lined cloak.

The people of Boston will be driven to vegetarianism if the price of meat persists in staying at such an absurd height. Beef and mutton cost more in this town than in any city of importance east of the Mississippi and north of the Potomac. The remedy is in the hands of the citizens. If they prefer to be robbed, you should not blame the dealers.

The late Charlotte Wolter was a remarkable actress. She lived happily with her husband, although he was a nobleman.

They are again praising the late Lady Burton for burning her husband's manuscript "The Scented Garden," although her act was one of the most outrageous pieces of vandalism known since the destruction of the Alexandrian library. "She burnt the manuscript, leaf by leaf," says her latest defender. The inference is that she read each page slowly, very slowly.

The Pope's poem has led some to wonder why the newspapers discuss the egg question at length. It is because the egg is a very serious matter. We doubt if even the egg from which Helen burst in radiant beauty would have brought as fair a price in the market as any warranted dozen. You will find in the volume of strange tales by Mr. H. G. Wells an egg that has just passed the line described as "flavory," a singular use of the word. The Almanach des Gourmands, published at the beginning of this century, says the egg is one of the sweetest gifts of Divine Providence to man, and it mentions 543 different ways of cooking eggs in France alone. It is the more surprising that it gives no clue to the proper length of time for boiling them.

A loud and lo g welcome to Swami Saradananda. We have chelas and mahatmas enough. What the country really needs in these hard times is at least one Swami to every 5000 inhabitants. To admit swamis free of duty is wise legislation.

Deep thinkers on the Pacific coast regard Mr. Ambrose Bierce as the greatest living littérateur. It will be interesting, therefore, to consider his short essay on the art of library criticism. "The regulation book-whacker," says Mr. Bierce in a fine burst, "is the anile, insulse, nugacious and hebetudinous fabrication of some celestial futilitarian who, sleeping through the six days of creation, awoke to a sluggish activity on the seventh, grabbed the first gob of mud that came to hand, fashioned it into an amorphous Thing, and finding all existing beasts subject to Man bespoke for it a narrow dominion over the tardy mule." Here are the sweetness and light lauded by Matthew Arnold.

An amiable and elegant woman told Mr. de Goncourt, June 16, 1893, that one of the chief amusements in Algiers was to visit an excavation in the rock near Bougie. Shaded by an enormous castor-oil plant, a smoker of kif smoked there all the day: and his eyes were fixed on a cage in which two little birds beat their wings, and he in ecstatic trance was imparadised.

Mr. Dooley of Chicago was in fine form last Saturday. "Moralities, as Duffy's son says that's at Saint Ignachius, is a rilitive matter. What's good manners back in th' dumps is bad manners in Ashland avnoo. A Bohemian thinks nawthin' iv marryin' his grandmother, but other people have betther taste. 'Tis like what me frind Father Kelly said to th' man that come to him to say he'd missed mass. 'Well,' says th' good man, 'if 'twas in th' ol' counthry ye'd be excommunicated, but,' he says, 'in partibus infidelibus 'tis another matther, an' I'll lave ye off this time,' he says, 'on'y don't let it happen again.' So, if th' poor an' unidjacated live amids. th' thievery an' corruption iv th' r-rich an' idjacated, its no wondher they decide wanst in a while to open a till or take a leather. But if th' bad example was taken away fr'm thim they'd be all right."

There is considerable comment in Italy because the present Italian Ambassador in Madrid figures in "Amata Desclée," a new play produced in Milan. Many consider it reprehensible to represent a still living man, especially when matters intimately connected with his private life are exposed to the audience. We remember there was an outcry here when President Lincoln was introduced in a melodrama some years after his assassination. Gen. Butler contributed to the amusement in "Evangeline."

"Sarah Grand's new novel will be a study of a woman's life from the cradle to the grave." And in how many volumes?

June 17. 97

Palmyra's prospect, with her tumbling walls,
Huge piles of ruin heap'd on every side,
From each beholder, tears of pity calls,
Sad monuments, extending far and wide.

Yet far more dismal to the patriots' eye,
The drear remains of Charlestown's former show,
Behind whose walls did hundred warriors die,
And Britain's centre felt the fatal blow.

To see a town so elegantly form'd,
Such buildings graced with every curious art
S[illegible] in a moment, on a sudden storm'd,
[illegible] with indignation every heart.

This is an excellent day for reading Herman Melville's "Israel Potter." In the famous battle Israel was a hero; he used to aver "that considering his practice in the woods he could hardly be regarded as an inexperienced marksman; hinting, that every shot which the epauletted grenadiers received from his rifle, would, upon a different occasion, have procured him a deerskin." And when after fifty years of exile, prison, hunger, slavery in brickyards, and misfortune of every kind, poor Israel landed in Boston, "he narrowly escaped being run over by a patriotic triumphal car in the procession, flying a broidered banner, inscribed with the gilt letters:

BUNKER HILL
1775
GLORY TO THE HEROES THAT FOUGHT!"

To-day is the f[illegible]t-day of good St. Botolph, who founded, just before his death, the Old Man's Home, which is delightfully situated near a corner of Newbury and Arlington Streets.

It is a perhaps inconsequential fact that Botolph, a Saxon word, is, according to Camden's Remains, contracted into Botall.

To quote Camden verbatim: "Botolph, Sax. contracted into Botall, Help ship, as Saylers in that Age were called Botescarles. In part it is answerable to the Greek names, Nauplius, Naumachius."

The Saint was always doing good. Someone gave him a piece of land, "a forsaken uninhabited desert, where nothing but devills and goblins were thought to dwell" (this may refer to the Back Bay in its early years); but St. Botolphe, with the virtue and sygne of the holy crosse, freed it from the possession of those hellish inhabitants, and built a monasterie on man's clubbe there."

June 17, 1895, was an off day with Mr. de Goncourt. "Sarcey treats me as a 'névrosé' that should be pitied! If it is he that represents health in literature, I congratulate myself on representing sickness." No, no, Mr. de Goncourt, this is not an excellent brand of repartee. It is logy, a cousin of "Is your father working?" or "How's your poor feet?"

"No player, caddie, or onlooker should move or talk during a stroke." In this golf differs from whist.

"Mr. Fanciulli, who refused to lead certain marches by Sousa, Memorial Day, will be dismissed from the service." They never fail who die in a great cause.

It rained the 15th, St. Vitus's Day; will it rain for thirty days together?

To those who complain of the thunder storms this month and wonder why they occur, we recommend the opinion of the Rev. Increase Mather, who, as pastor for many years of the North Church in Boston, was well asquainted with the climate: "It is not heresie to believe that Satan has sometimes a great operation in causing thunder storms. I know this is vehemently denied by some: the late witch-advocates call it blasphemy; and an old council did anathematize the men that are thus perswaded; but, by their favor, an orthodox and rational man may be of the opinion that when the devil has before him the vapors and materials out of which the thunder and lightning are generated, his art is such as that he can bring them into form. If chymists can make their aurum fulminans, what strange things may this infernal chymist effect?"

A contemporary claims passionately that character is revealed by the teeth. This reminds us of an old song in which are these lines:

"For she used to live in Shinbone Alley
And the boys all called her Snag-toothed Sally."

Can any one furnish us with the poem complete?

"Listener," don't you hear Mt. Washington calling to you for help?

F. F. writes: "Interested in the Shaw Memorial inscription, I happened to consult Larousse for information concerning the motto of the Cincinnati. I found this amazing version: 'Omnia vincit sero respublica,' which I suppose may be translated, 'The republic conquers everything too late.' Or does 'sero' here mean by or to or for 'whey'?"

F. H. M. writes, apropos of Mr. Ernst's recent article concerning the use of the word "team," "A young woman here asked at a livery-stable for 'a horse and gentle team that ladies could drive.'"

Mr. Ernst writes: "Your reference to the Northumberland use of team, in the sense of 'an ox-chain passing from yoke to yoke,' points to the original of the English use of team. It meant anything (chain, rope, yoke, etc.) that tied two animals together for work. For short, team soon came to mean a set of oxen, asses, or athletes. The Boston use of team for cart or freight wagon is interesting, in that it marks an advance in language, not an irregularity, much less any atavism. Our great scholars who measure Americanisms by the English standard put the cart before the horse."

June 15, 97

A body falling freely from rest acquires a velocity which is equal to the product of 32.2 and the number of seconds during which the motion has lasted.

A body falling freely from rest will, in a given number of seconds, move over a distance which is found by multiplying the square of the number of seconds by 16.1.

We publish today two accounts of falls from heights. They will be of especial interest to Prof. Langley, Prof. Thurston, Mr. Chanute, Mr. Hiram S. Maxim, Mr. James Means, and the readers of the Aeronautical Annual. All they that are in the habit of using elevators will find food for thought in these narrations.

The first was written by "Q" exclusively for the Journal. We publish it without note or comment, verbatim et literatim. It was written on the back of a calendar for April.

FELL A MILE.

we ware in a Bar room in Boston tellin Storys about falls Sayes Paddy Ryan I fell three Storys and never was hurt how was that Sayes Big Mike you Must fall easy I fell in a pile of shavens that Nothen says Andy Scanlon I fell a Mile and was not hurted why did you not say five Com on Boys sayes another it time to leave wait to I tell you says Scanlon thin youl believe go ahead the all shouted with the aprovel of the Man behind the Bar. well says he I was hoden Bricks at Harvard Collages I had to climb a ladder three Storys as I was going up a pair of horses and cariage drove up under the ladder the all got out and left the carige when I was to top one of the wrungs of ladder Broke and down I goes into the Cariage it was Covered one as it Happned away went the horses at full speed and never stoped till the reached Porters Station when taken out I was all right but the top of the Cariage was smashed and I was a Mile away from whare I fell let us have another Drink after that sayes the Bar man

We English the other story from the French of Jules Renard. It will be observed that the style is more artificial, but in each instance there is the flavor of indisputable truth.

THE TURKEY MAN.

After long observations of the flight of his turkeys, Jaques Feï said to himself one day:

"Why should I not also fly? This is not a bad idea when one has wings, and if I whish, one of my flock will lend me his."

But he first tried beating the air with his arms, and he flapped so fast that he made wind and dust all around him. His feet went of their own accord, and Jaques used them as though he were a swimmer.

Then he broke the two wings of a turkey who was about to die, and, fixing them solidly to his elbows, he began to fly.

He ran and bounded over the meadow, in the midst of the crazed turkeys, one of whom, wounded, kept whirling about, red with blood, and at intervals he sat down hard, to look about him.

"This is all right" he said; "now I can risk myself."

He chose an old willow on the bank of the river. It was easy to climb by means of the knots on the trunk. The branchless top was like unto a little natural platform.

Below, the muddy stream seemed to sleep a deep sleep, and with its light and quickly disappearing ripples to smile at its dreams.

"If I should miss the first time," said Jaques, "I should merely take a bath, and I can easily stand a fall to the bottom of this good bed."

He was ready.

The turkeys, glouglotting, stretched their necks toward him, and the one with the broken wings died on a patch of grass.

"One!" said Jaques up in the tree, with elbows spread, heels together, eyes toward the clouds which he would perhaps join.

"Two!" he said, with a long breath.

And without saying "Three," resolutely threw himself into the air, between sky and water, Jaques Feï, who watched turkeys and has not since been seen.

Zurich, Switzerland, is a singularly appropriate place for the meeting of Good Templars. The beer is very bad there.

Gen. Rebillot, 75 years of age, fought a duel the 16th. Is this a case of better late than never?

Now that Barnato is dead, the Barnett family bids fair to outnumber the Smiths.

The Saturday Review, which is always a-sneering at "the American language," published in an editorial article June 5 the hideous term "paintress". It may yet speak of "machinist" and "machiniste". By the way, we read in a contemporary that Mr. Clasper is "the premier boat builder" in England. We infer from this that he is the first in his business; but why does not our contemporary say so.

Time and the Hour calls for civet, for it finds Mr. Crane's "Third Violet" low, low, low, very low. Tony Lumpkin's friend was pained equally at any thing that was low.

E. H. wishes to know why the value of palmistry is not fully recognized and why the science is not taught in the public schools. It is taught in certain schools of the Commonwealth and in many States—with the aid of a ferule.

We now produce exhibit 843, and we take occasion to say that we shall not publish after today in this column any comment whatsoever on the Shaw memorial inscription. Miss L. E. W. writes to the Journal: "In Harkness's Latin Grammar, 1881-1886, page 307, please find this: 'In special constructions, the infinitive has nearly the force of a dative of purpose or end * * * Ex. 2, with transitive verbs in connection with the accusative: "Pecus egit altos visere montes"—He drove his herd to visit the lofty mountains.' 'He leaves all things to guard the State.' 'To serve' is not given among the definitions of 'servare,' the word used in the motto of the Cincinnati. May it not be that they knew what they wished to say, and how to say it as well as critics of the present time?"

PISTOLS AND COFFEE.

The recent duel near Paris—we mean the most famous, for there have been several the past month—has provoked much discussion concerning the necessity of such affairs and the comparative amount of danger to the combatants. Rochefort calls attention to the fact that in the time of the Second Empire the law against dueling was enforced more strictly than it is now under President Faure, and affairs of honor were settled by rapier or pistol with the utmost secrecy.

We laugh at the survival of dueling across the Atlantic, for we are a forgetful nation. It was not very many years ago that Buckle, considering the causes and effects of dueling, wrote as follows: "Of all the vices natural to a modern Republic, dueling is the most brutal and the most constant. It is the last resource of a baffled coward. It was entirely unknown to the generous spirit of antiquity, but is most frequent in the United States of America." In the city of New Orleans there were fought in 1834 more duels than there are days in the year; fifteen on one Sunday morning. Miss Martineau, who makes this statement, adds: "In 1835 there were 102 duels fought in that city between the 1st of January and the end of April; and no notice is taken of shooting in a quarrel." Nor is it so many years ago that duels between public men were fought in this country without exciting surprise.

When Buckle wrote that dueling was most constant in the United States his statement was probably supported by authority; but why should this vice be "natural to a modern Republic"? Was the practice unknown in England when he wrote? Look over the earlier volumes of Punch, and see the strong cartoons directed against the Duke of Wellington and other influential men who winked at dueling if they did not actually encourage it. Was there no meeting on the field in Germany? Read the biting attack of Schopenhauer against the custom. He claims that the whole code of "knightly honor" was utterly unknown to the ancients; for the simple reason that they always took a natural and unprejudiced view of human affairs. "A blow in the face was to them a blow and nothing more, a trivial physical injury; whereas the moderns make a catastrophe out of it, a theme for a tragedy." But he directs his argument against public opinion in German kingdoms and principalities; he does not point his moral by American practices.

Is it true that the tendency of civilization is to increase timidity? There are even now sporadic instances of the dueling habit in the South and the West; the shooting affrays in the far West seldom rise to the dignity of the duel; but the practice is no longer in fashion in the country at large. Has increased civilization brought with it increased timidity? Has the American sense of humor laughed away the code? Or is there not the sensible conviction that there are few private differences or wrongs which call imperatively for murder according to fixed and genteel rules?

June 19-97

ent age judges of the condition of a w judge of the condition of cata he sleekness, the gloss of their coats, e, in even what is called a respectable of with men of shallow pockets and principles, it is of the first importance ir success that, if they would obtain n hundred per annum, they must, at k as if they were in receipt of thir- hundred. Very many stoical priva- are endured for this great purpose. many a fine hungry fellow carries his r upon his back—his breakfast in his r his supper in his boots! The Hot- t is not the only human animal that f with the cost of bowels.

s profound reflection has nothing with any light thoughts that may s. And to several correspondents, ask the source of these paragraphs gate and why we do not assign to their respective authors, we this reply: We do not propose ratify wanton curiosity, and at me time we reserve the privilege casionally trying our own hand ese "quotations." Many have con- ed; from Jeremy Taylor to Vance pson; from Jules Laforgue to nus Ward; from Dr. Watts to the le poet of the variety theatre. me instances leading politicians wealthy merchants and scholars s Commonwealth have constructed aragraphs, at our earnest solicita- It is the tendency of the period rrah for any poem, prose article, e, statue, piece of music that is ork of anyone reputed great. We that the thought, reflection, sug- n printed at the head of this n should rest on its own merit. e is obliged to approve of it; no s obliged to read it. Long ago etermined to stand upon Josh 's platform, "which that gentle- defined to be the liberty of say- nything he pleased about any-

thout considering himself at nsible."

emporary was deeply moved Secretary Long wore a straw n he was on the battleship isetts last Thursday. "A plain n citizen, walking down to his a straw hat." What would emporary have had him wear? -cock? Something imposing eather in it? A Scotch cap? Secretary Long is an emi- nsible man. It was a hot day wore a straw hat. Whether was bought for the occasion from the family storage se is no one's business.

glish do not stand in such awe public men. The Bishop of d wrote a hymn for the Jubi- nksgiving service tomorrow. e Saturday Review praise it it is the work of a Bishop who tten one or two good hymns? "The 'Diamond Jubilee Hymn,' s to be inflicted upon church- s, * * is a miserably poor pro- * * * In the present exam- s Lordship has aimed at the ng commonplace, and hit it. He osen a trivial metre, full of dou- mes, which in our language are rly awkward and difficult un- the bands of a Swinburne; and s not a fine line or a suggestive it in the whole wretched piece of ei. It is too bad that so poor g should be practically forced by ity upon the clergy and people."

you express surprise, Miss Eus- because Mr. Peter Maher, the ac- ished pugilist, has procured a ge license. Pugilists, as well as mortals, long for life in its full- f experience. In their profession e is often of inestimable advan- witness Mrs. Fitzsimmons, who d and counseled her gallant hus- in the ring. And then it is well they should at times know fear.

Laurence Hutton was honored by ton with a degree, presumably as ard for literary success. Mr. n is a very aimable gentleman, n ornamental pillar in the Play- w York. He has compiled indus- y, and said pleasant things about oks. Can you put your finger on genious or memorable page of n? It is becoming more and of an honor to be undecorated ntitled.

be it from us to ignore the many of Miss Wormeley's translation lzac; but we cannot join in the hout, "Behold the standard Bal- English." Miss Wormeley in her s work suffered at times from England prudery, especially in her ent of the adventures of Lucien bempré and Esther. Controlled s sad affliction she expurgated. sure an admirer has substituted xpurgated" this beautiful phrase, interposes nothing between Bal- nd the English reader, nothing than the thin veil which the best of translators must always throw over his work." "Must always." Yes, as long as prudery reigns.

The United States once sent to England a Ministre who was deeply versed in poker. He spread the knowledge of the game throughout London. Do the English realize that Ambassador Hay has at least a theoretical acquaintance with the game? Some years ago he wrote a poem entitled, "Ye Gamboller." Here are sample verses:

With Kings and Queens, as well as Knaves,
Ye Gamboller doth Deal;
He lives on Stakes, but doeth not
Aught for ye public Weal.

Full oft ye merrie Gamboller
In gay attire is seen;
Ye sportive cuss doth love to Play
And Gambol on ye Green.

* * *

No storms appall ye Gamboller,
For winds he doth not reck;
For he is ever on ye Seize,
And traveleth on ye Deck.

* * *

Ever ye swifter passeth he
Ye more he lags behind,
And eke more sharply doth he See
When he is Going Blind.

Thomas Nast illustrated sympathetically this poem in his Almanac fo 1872.

SULLIVAN'S BALLET.

"Victoria and Merrie England" as Produced at the Alhambra, London.

The following description of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new ballet, produced at the Alhambra, London, May 25, is taken from the Pall Mall Gazette: "Under the title 'Victoria and Merrie England,' a grand national ballet, the scenario by Cario Coppi, the music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, was produced last night at the Alhambra. It goes without saying that no expense was spared over making the thing as gorgeous and as attractive as could possibly be, and it is also to be recorded that a very great triumph was secured. Indeed, from the beginning, the verdict was never for a moment in doubt. Both composer and the arranger of the scenario had wisely worked for a crescendo effect, so that the patriotic outburst at the end was the signal for storm after storm of applause. Rarely indeed has so completely beautiful a ballet in its scenario been put upon any English stage. We were taken through the agreeable open-air or jovial associations of many periods in English history, through a Druid scene, a coming-of-age scene, a May-day scene, a forest scene, including a representation of the legend of Herne the Hunter, a scene of Castle festivities, and finally the Coronation scene of the present reign, and a massing of troops, to express Britain's glory of 1897. Who could desire more? Sir Arthur Sullivan's music deserves both attention and serious criticism. It first impresses you as amazingly brilliant and clever, inexhaustibly fertile, and instinct throughout with the most singular ingenuity, humor, and resource. But to those who are inclined to leave it at that a few extra considerations may be offered. In the first place, it is necessary to remember the precise limits of the form with which the musician was supplied. The ballet is, of course, chiefly an excuse for these two things—dance and pictorial effect. The serious element of high drama—be it tragic, lyrical or sentimental—is withdrawn with the withdrawal of the written libretto, and the artist is compelled to the use of the lightest and most tripping measures, to strong and emphatic rhythms, and to the mere purely obvious ides of musical description. Anything like what may be supposed to be difficult melody—the melody, for example, of Isolde's Liebestod—is as entirely out of place here as a flower would be out of place in nature if covered with artificial fragrance, however exquisite the scent may be. The ballet, in a word, has for its object pure amusement; here is none of the pity and terror of the higher drama; difficulty and obscurity are here exiled. How to amuse within such limits, therefore, without any vulgarity, as a negative virtue, and with delicacy, refinement, humor and exquisite skill as positive virtues is the problem of the musician who undertakes to write ballet, and how difficult it is to amuse under those conditions the quality of a hundred recent quasi-variety shows in London has abundantly proved. That Sullivan has accomplished his task with this delicacy, this refinement, this humor, and this exquisite skill is no less than the bare truth. This is music veritably and charmingly at play. It is not trivial—and triviality is the accusation which the very serious person is likely to make against it—because being neither commonplace nor vulgar, but shining with a very original spirit, it exactly fulfils the far from trivial aims and ambitions of the composer. Delicacy, and the deliberate and right choice of a certain scale upon which to work cannot be identified with triviality. You might just as fruitfully accuse Henry VIII.'s Chapel of triviality because it is not as large as Cologne Cathedral. In every sense of the word Sullivan has succeeded in the composition of a national ballet. In the best meaning of the somewhat outworn phrase, the spirit of the thing is English throughout. One feels assured that Wagner, who [illegible] kind of national expression in music, and who, for example, praised Auber with so lavish an enthusiasm when that composer expressed the national spirit of his own French race and country in his 'Masaniello,' would have rejoiced in this music. It is, in a word, the frankest and most transparent expression of English sentiment and English feeling, fresh, free, and independent. With infinite humor Sullivan has laid hands upon national tunes here and there to point his moral and to adorn his tale; but admirably appropriate as these are, and delightful for the moment of their intrusion, it is not on these that the composer depends for his success in expounding and uttering the music just of these English fields and trees, skies and flowers, and this English bravery, and historical past. That has come because he has, through the strength of the influence to which he has surrendered himself, arrived at the sincerest expression of his own personality. Among the particular pieces in which this verdict finds its plainest reasonableness are the Morrice Dance, which flies with lightness, and which, like Shakspeare's Fenton, 'smels April and May' and 'talks holiday;' the Maypole Dance, a delightful running jig, twisting and turning in beautiful little phrases that twinkle with laughter; and a very graceful dance for nymphs—music once more which irresistibly recalls Shakspeare and his

Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.

A Fugue and Comic Dance in—curious audacity!—what may be described as fantastic counterpoint are among the triumphant humorous successes of the ballet, while the page immediately preceding them, the approach of the peasantry, is one of the loveliest fragmentary inspirations that have ever come from the pen of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The finale, too, with its massing and skilful combination of national songs, including, as a motive for the entry of the Volunteers, Sullivan's own famous 'For He Himself Has Said It,' from 'Pinafore,' and ending with the National Anthem, is as finely stirring and emotional a conclusion as could well be imagined. The whole of the Herne the Hunter legend is exceedingly brilliant, and the Castle scenes full of insight and vitality. But these are only particular examples of the general success which we have described. As to the performance, it suffices to say that it was worthy of the composer and his work. Signorina Legnani danced with more than her customary skill and grace, and Miss Julie Seale achieved a notable success as the Jester in the Castle scene. The ensemble was beyond praise; it was as perfect in every way; and the Coronation Tableau, a representation of Parris's well-known picture, was excellent in effect. The final scene deserved all the enthusiasm it evoked."

June 20, 97

WHITMAN AGAIN.

Mr. Laurens Maynard of this city has just published a singular little book entitled "Calamus." The title is familiar to all readers of Whitman as the title of a section of little poems in "Leaves of Grass" which sing the praise of manly friendships and encourage the establishment in this country of "the institution of the dear love of comrades." To some this section has been and is inexplicable. Raffalovich has given an explanation, which, although written in good faith and without the intention of injuring the memory of the poet, is nevertheless unpleasant. But this little book published by Mr. Maynard throws much light on the poems as well as on the lovable and generous nature of the poet himself.

"Calamus" is a series of letters written during the years 1868-1880 by Whitman to a young friend, Mr. Peter Doyle. This Irishman by birth, now fifty years old, was a horse car conductor in Washington when Whitman first became acquainted with him. In 1872 he worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad as baggage master, and we are under the impression that he is still a railroad man. No answers by Mr. Doyle to Whitman's letters are published in this book, yet, as John Addington Symonds said, "probably to most readers they would not appear highly interesting, for it is clear he was only an artless and uncultured workman."

The letters of Whitman are perhaps the most singularly intimate that have been written by man to man. They are parental, brotherly, sentimental but without mawkishness. Their naiveté is evidently without premeditation, for surely there was no idea of a future publisher. Whitman not only gave Mr. Doyle sane advice; he sent him clothes, books, money, and often no doubt at personal sacrifice; he tried in a quiet way to educate him mentally and morally. Read the letter, for instance, where he reasons with him against thought or even idle talk of suicide; his sturdy encouragement when Mr. Doyle lost his job—"Dear Pete, whatever happens, in such ups and downs, you must try to meet it with a stout heart; as long as the Almighty vouchsafes you health, strength, and a clear conscience, let other things do their worst." He tells him of his simple amusements, his trips to Providence and Denver, his desolation after his mother's death, his aches and pain, the "lovely broiled steak" and the "splendid buckwheat cakes" he relished so keenly; he speaks occasionally of his own works—as in a letter dated 1868, New York—"There is a pretty strong enmity here toward me and 'Leaves of Grass' among certain classes; not only that it is a great mess of crazy talk and hard words all tangled up without sense or meaning (which, by the by, is, I believe, your judgment about it)"; every now and then he gives a thumb-nail sketch of some sight in city or country; but the chief interest taken by him when he writes is in "Pete's" welfare.

There is a picture of Mr. Doyle taken with Whitman, and there is an interview with Mr. Doyle written by the editor, Dr. R. M. Bucke, one of Whitman's literary executors. The much-loved "Pete" appears to answer fully Symond's description, but though artless he is very honest, and though he may be uncultured, he has native shrewdness and force. "I do not ever for a minute lose the old man," said Mr. Doyle to Dr. Bucke. "He is always near by. When I am in trouble—in a crisis—I ask myself, 'What would Walt have done under these circumstances?' and whatever I decide Walt would have done that I do."

Mr. Doyle was not the only simple, hard-working man thus esteemed and cared for by Whitman. There were previous friendships equally warm and tender, as Dr. Bucke points out. Omnibus-drivers, horse-car conductors, pilots, ferrymen, train-hands, were always dear to the poet of democracy, who—oh ironical fate!—as a poet is held in highest regard by the aristocrats in literature. In the letters to Mr. Doyle there are constantly greetings and messages to Tom, Dick and Harry. The tremendous vitality of Whitman before he was stricken by the paralysis which was the result of his nursing wounded soldiers in the Civil War, drew him to men of sturdiness and out-door life. There was a rare magnetism in the poet that in turn drew toward him all those who were simple and honest, whether they were men of culture, laborers, or little children. There is deep meaning in the lines of his masterpiece:

"No shuttered room or school can commune with me,
But roughs and little children better than they.
The young mechanic is closest to me, he knows me pretty well,
The woodman that takes his axe and jug with him shall take me with him all day,
The farmboy plowing in the field feels good at the sound of my voice,
In vessels that sail my words must sail; I go with fishermen and seamen and love them."

And yet for this democratic life, and for the expression of such principles, Whitman was often mocked and derided. In certain ways his poetic thought was Grecian; and in his attachments for men and the openness of affectionate expression, he was also Grecian, a Greek of the earlier years, when warriors were inspired by the thought of comradeship. These letters to Mr. Doyle prove, if proof were needed, that Whitman's attitude was not a pose, that he lived daily that which he wrote and preached. In these letters we learn little of Whitman the poet, but we learn much of Whitman the man; and there is nothing that les-

sens our admiration for his character. In distress and poverty he did not whine: poor as he was he always had something to spare for others; wretched as he was in body he was thoughtful of the wants of those about him whatever their condition. No lover of Whitman can afford to be without this book. And to those who know him only by gossip, gibe or cool, indifferent review, "Calamus" will be a revelation.

"Camerado! This is no book,
Who touches this, touches a man."

ABOUT MUSIC.

Recent Concerts and Operas in London.

Mr. Runciman Talks of Brahms and Tschaikowsky.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

There have been many concerts the last month in London, so many that the critics of the leading newspapers have not pretended to hear them all.

Mr. Johann Kruse gave his first concert there June 1. There are musicians here who remember him well as the concertmaster of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin. He was born at Melbourne, whither his father had wandered from Hannover, March 23, 1859. It was about 1876 he went to Berlin to study under Joachim. In 1892 he went to Bremen. Of late he has been associated with the Joachim Quartet. If I remember correctly, Kruse was an excellent pianist, and when he first went to Berlin, he hesitated between the fiddle and the piano. Joachim was very fond of him from the beginning, and, indeed, Kruse has been a great favorite in Berlin. I recollect that when Rubinstein led his Dramatic Symphony in Berlin—'twas in November, 1883— he was delighted with Kruse's playing of the eccentric solo in the scherzo, and he praised him to the skies.

Great things were predicted of him. Has he fulfilled them? The Pall Mall Gazette speaks of his performance in London as it might have spoken of it 13 or 14 years ago:

"The first selection which Mr. Kruse chose was Spohr's Violin Concerto (No. 7) in E minor. Now Spohr knew exactly what he was doing when he wrote his violin concertos, and however seeming simple they may be, they have this extraordinary characteristic, that they probe very deeply indeed into the capacity of the player, for Spohr wrote not only as one who desired to hear good music played by the violin, but also as one who knew in a wonderful degree the exact power, beauty and limitation of his favorite instrument. Though, therefore, we cannot even make a pretence of caring about the music of this particular work, we are free to confess that, if it is to be regarded as a genuine test, Mr. Kruse came through it with infinite credit. His cool, clean manner of playing never gave a single point away: self-possessed, commanding, technically equal to labors even greater, he showed that though Spohr within his limits was capable of making the utmost exaction upon the instrument, he was altogether equal to that exaction. As an example of artistic beauty there remained, therefore, much to be desired; as an example of artistic competence we need not, however, look for anything better than Mr. Kruse's feat. For a second display of his powers he played the violin in Max Bruch's concerto (No. 1) in G minor, and left us still wondering as to the real extent of his powers. That he plays well, with remarkable finish, polish, and neatness, is perfectly certain; he never loses his head, seldom makes a slip, and always impresses you with a general sense of comfort in the soundness of his training and the clearness of his understanding. But he still left us in doubt as to whether he possessed any fund either of high musical inspirationor of that swift vitality which disturbs the senses and moves the pulses. So far, at all events, he has not played that kind of music which would know this greatest quality of all; but there is no doubt that he is a very gentlemanly player."

"A very gentlemanly player." Mr. Kruse is not the only one that answers this description.

* * *

Jean de Reszke sang the part of Romeo in Gounod's opera at Covent Garden May 25, and Mr. Blackburn spoke of his performance as follows: "What is there left to one to say about the excellence of this artist's work? Time was, indeed, when it used to be something at all events of a satisfaction to the ferocious critic to be able to say that however superb the singer, the actor had not yet arrived near perfection; and now he takes away from us our one melancholy joy. As an operatic actor, at all events, he has come as near perfection as need be. He has learned, by the most amazing methods of progress, how to attune his bodily action to the dramatic beauty of his voice, and as he happens to posses one of the finest voices ever vouchsafed to human being, the result is never in any doubt whatever. His Romeo is a beautiful piece of work, clean and intelligent, instinct, too, with passion and overpowering in its sheer strength. The music is, as we all know, among the most curiously artistic expressions in the world; it burns with emotion, and the sentiment of love. Even a great artist not quite in touch dramatically with the fullness of that sentiment might miss its perfection. But this artist did not miss one point. He gave the fullest interpretation of this exciting and sweetly sensuous art, just as in other parts—that of Lohengrin, for example, and of Tristan—he makes the most delicate differences in his right appreciation of the different spirits which inspire their various musical characters. Take it all in all, this is, or seems to be, the greatest possible Romeo; we, at all events, can imagine nothing better." Perhaps this praise is a little hysterical. De Reszke's Romeo is surely a fine performance, to our mind his most brilliant impersonation, far superior to his Siegfried or Tristan. But we cannot go so far in praise of his acting as Mr. Blackburn leaps.

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Mr. Runciman has growled about the opera season at Covent Garden. "The opera has done little to keep the musical critics and the ordinary public busy. 'Faust,' 'Romeo,' 'Les Huguenots,' 'Aida'—heavens, how sick we are of the eternal mill-round. To hear them once in a while is a pleasant way of passing an unoccupied evening; but fancy anyone putting off an engagement to hear them! Even 'Lohengrin' with an unwashed chorus and many of the finest portions cut, and 'Tannhäuser' done middling well, pall after a little while; and then one longs for 'The Mastersingers' and 'Tristan' and 'Siegfried,' and cannot satisfy the longing." Speaking of the substitution of "La Traviata" for "Tristan," Mr. Runciman remarks, "I know Mr. Higgins & Co. could not help this occurrence; such accidents are amongst the advantages of the star system which keeps a whole opera house, nay, a whole city-ful of slightly musical people, under the thumb of a deservedly popular tenor. Why should another tenor not be ready to play Walther? If a tenor in 'Faust' or 'Les Huguenots' cuts his little finger, another is quickly found, and we do not find 'Tristan' with Jean in it produced at a moment's notice to fill the gap. But if we expect to hear a fine and somewhat novel opera, and someone cuts his little finger, the chance of playing a bad, or at least hackneyed opera seems to be jumped at with inexplicable eagerness."

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Some time ago I called attention to the fact that when Tschaikowsky died no memorial concert was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; but when Brahms died there was mighty commotion. The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a concert with mourning program and a burial service in which Mr. Max Heinrich officiated as cantor; the Kneisel Quartet changed suddenly its program to lament in public over Brahms; and only an indirect interposition of a kindly Providence prevented a performance of the German Requiem by the Cecilia led mournfully by Mr. Lang.

There were some of us who reflected on the extreme partiality thus shown at the risk of being therefor pointed at as blasphemers and naughty persons.

I take great pleasure in now calling your attention to these words of Mr. Runciman, which were published in the Saturday Review June 5.

"Now that the season is over I can only devote a little space to the more important concerts with which it ended. The only thing one really wanted to hear at the first Richter was the Tschaikowsky 'Pathetic' symphony. The 'Leonora' overture, No. 3, has been played so often of late that it could not be considered precisely an attraction; the Brahms variations for orchestra on a tune of Haydn's are the merest rubbish; and the novelty, a 'Tone-poem,' by Richard Strauss, called 'Don Juan,' is not in the least a poem, and has little of tone—beautiful tone— in it. Indeed, it is a capital example of the fruits of the present craze for originality. One cannot tell at first whether it is the product of extreme idiocy or of extreme artfulness; but as to the entire lack of art no one can possibly have a minute's doubt. And since I do not care much whether a man is a charlatan or an imbecile, so long as he is not an artist and his music is played at Richter concerts, I will not endeavor to settle the question, but dismiss the 'Don Juan' 'tone-poem' as an uninteresting series of unlovely but rather difficult passages, with here and there a tune, as old as Haydn, thrown in for the sleepy persons in the stalls. As for Richter's version of the Tschaikowsky symphony, it was not, on the whole, better than Mr. Wood's; for if a few passages were finer distinctly some were not so good. Among those in which Richter got ahead of Wood was the opening of the first Allegro, where the crescendo and diminuendo came off with admirable finish and delicacy, and consequently most poignant effect. The remainder of the movement was distinctly beneath what we have grown accustomed to at Queen's Hall—the reason being, perhaps, that Richter does not estimate Tschaikowsky at anything like his true value. He brought off the conclusion of the third movement—not the earlier part—with a force and dignity that Mr. Wood cannot yet quite attain; and he secured some beautiful singing of the strings in the second movement by letting the band go through it freely and easily by themselves, instead of making their playing stiff, as it is apt to become in music written in five-four time when they are tied to the end of the baton; but the dirge which concludes the symphony was not nearly so moving as when Mr. Wood does it; and—this is an important point—Richter did not at any time show the care for faithful interpretation that he did in the wretched Brahms variations that followed. Now if the 'Pathetic' symphony is not worth not only these variations, but all the Brahms symphonies thrown in, never let it be played again. On the one hand you have beautiful work—on the other work that is ugly; on the one hand music that is expressive of genuine emotion—on the other music that expresses no emotion, because the composer had none to express; and yet because Brahms is already become a tradition, and had a consummate mastery of the technique of his art, he was treated as more deserving of care and fine playing than a master who is no tradition, who was not very far beneath Brahms in the matter of technique, and was infinitely above him in point of beauty, originality, freshness of atmosphere and pungency of expression. In Vienna, where Brahms used to be treated as the ruins of a castle are treated in a provincial town—that is, as an honor and source of income to the tradesmen—it does not matter if Richter does this sort of thing; but in London we do not want it, and Richter should understand that we had rather he put forth his whole strength with the fine and original master than with the unoriginal and dull master. As for the second Richter concert, the program contained so much Dvorak that I stayed away. But I was delighted to see that the public had to hear three long detached overtures played as a symphony, although there is no earthly connection between any two of the three; for I am tired of Dvorak myself and am anxiously awaiting the period when the public will get into the same condition."

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The Talmud tells us that when Solomon married the daughter of Pharaoh, she introduced to him a thousand different kinds of musical instruments.

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Plancon will sing in 60 concerts next season in this country.

Clarence Eddy played the organ at the Trocadéro, Paris, June 12.

Nápravnik's opera, "Dubrowsky," did not meet with much success at Leipsic May 29.

Eleanore Meredith will sing in Gounod's "Redemption" at the Worcester Festival, Sept 21.

Mr. T. Adamowski is described by a Paris correspondent as "a debonnaire young gentleman."

Leoncavallo's latest composition, "A Hymn to the Muses," is dedicated to the tenor, Van Dyk.

Franz Krolop, an opera singer since 1872 at the Berlin Royal Opera, died May 29 at the age of 57.

Weingartner, the famous conductor at Berlin, has again become "excited" and he must go—or he has gone—to a water-cure.

Blanche Marchesi Hoffman, Pugno, Sembrich, Gerardy, Guilmant and Leo Stern will visit the United States next season.

The andante and gavotte from a string suite by Mr. Arthur Foote were played at Mrs. Burmelster-Petersen's concert in London, May 28.

Mr. William Wolff, formerly of the Castle Square Opera Company, was married in Philadelphia June 15 to Miss Anne Fording Freitag.

Ysaye and Thomson will visit the United States next season. Each is reported to be engaged for 100 concerts at a net sum of $50,000.

Mr. Atwater, the London correspondent of the Musical Courier, asks, "Oh, why did Brahms write 24 variations on a theme of Handel?" The wonder is that Brahms did not write 48.

Georg Müller, who for nearly 29 years has been a leading tenor at the Vienna opera house, made his last appearance there May 30, as Raoul. His engagement began Nov. 1, 1868.

They enjoyed lately at Zeitz a Trombone Festival. There were 100 trombonists and they blew from morning till night. The walls of Zeitz are apparently stronger than those of Jericho.

Paul Listemann has signed a contract with the Clementine de Vere company for a tour during October and November, which will include 48 concerts. The first will be given probably in Boston.

"Chiffonnette," a pantomime by M. H. Williams, music by Marius Lambert, was produced June 6, 1897, at the Theatre des Ternes. Miss Booker, a young English woman, took the part of Chiffonette with success.

Miss Leonora Jackson, the young American violinist, played at the 11th Anhaltish Musical Festival, held at Cöthen, Germany, May 8 and 9, under the direction of August Klughardt, and was engaged at once for two orchestral concerts at Dessau next winter.

Mr. Charles A. Williams of Worcester is now associated with the piano-house of M. Steinert & Sons, and will take charge of the Worcester house. A new store will be built in that city for this celebrated firm at 308 Main Street, and it will be occupied next fall.

Mr. Max Zach of the Symphony Orchestra, well known as conductor of the Promenade Concerts, will lead a small orchestra composed of 14 Symphony men at Keith's New Theatre this summer. The engagement, which will be welcome to the frequenters of the theatre, will begin July 5.

The Musikalisches Wochenblatt (June 3) finds the success of the Boston Symphony Orchestra a compliment to Germany because Mr. Paur is a German, and "the orchestra is made up mostly of German players." Will the day ever come here when an American will lead an orchestra made up mostly of Americans?

The graduating exercises of the class of '97 of the Boston Conservatory of Music will be held Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Diplomas and certificates will be awarded and remarks will be made by Messrs. Chelius, Howard and Floyd. Eleven students will take part in the graduating exercises: Mrs. G. B. Wason, Miss Young, Miss Spaulding, Miss Owens, Miss Holbrook, Miss Lindh, Miss Chace, Miss Streiferd, Miss Merritt, Miss Morse and Mr. Connelly.

The Daily Messenger, Paris, tells this story of the death of a musician: "An itinerant musician well known in the Levallois-Perret district of Paris, Father Desargnaux, has just come to a very strange death after more than the average mortal's share of the ups and downs of life. For many years past the old man, who was bordering on 70, had earnt a penible living with the aid of his mandoline. Recently, however, by one of those strange freaks of fortune he came into a heritage of 100,000 francs. Père Desargnaux first of all took the precaution of purchasing the little shanty in which he lived in the Rue de la Révolte, and then gave himself over to having a real high old time. He never thought of returning home until he was practically drunk, and on Tuesday evening came home worse than ever. Then a fever set in, and quite delirious the old man got up on Wednesday morning and left his home, his costume consisting of his shirt and his boots. He had hardly staggered a few steps from his door when he fell down, his head falling into a small pond close to his habitation. Several persons who witnessed this at once ran to Desargnaux's rescue but it was too late, as he was already dead."

Mr. Blackburn speaks thus of "La Traviata," produced at Covent Garden June 4: "What are we to write upon the merits of 'La Traviata' at this time of day, 44 years after its first unhappy production, when the colossal proportions of the lady who took the part of Violetta sent stalls, boxes, and gallery into inextinguishable laughter at every reference to the fatal consumption which had wasted her to a shadow? They refused to believe the doctor, and shouted accordingly. Since that day, however, the opera has had a pretty vigorous spell of life, and if it cannot be said to live vigorously now, it at all events survives. It would be absurd to deny the charm of its many melodies, and the popular element of its sweetness, its richness, and its excessive prettiness. Further than this we cannot go. It comes under the category of the works which are written emphatically to amuse, and not to provoke thought. The motto of the Italian school was, of course, 'Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die;' and, despite the tragic motive of 'La Traviata,' Verdi here caught that spirit on the very crest of the wave, and he persistently succeeded in amusing where he should by rule be purging our souls with pity and terror. The other day we compared Massenet's 'Manon' to an artificial world of Dresden china. This world of Verdi's is artificial, too, but his puppets have some dim life stirring beneath their artifice, a life which eventually was destined to burst into the glowing vitality of 'Otello.' Still, whatever we may be inclined to think of the merits or demerits of 'La Traviata,' it nevertheless remains, even in its condition of mere survival, a splendid opportunity for the brilliant singer—however it may stand a quarter of a century hence; and of that opportunity Mdme. Saville amply availed herself last night. She sang the part of Violetta with most singular charm, and her acting, for the most part, was excellent. Now and then she reminded one regretfully of Melba—Melba whose sole public appearance in London this year is to be at the Queen's Hall next week!—but, on the whole, she was herself, original, pathetic, and charming. So far as weh ave been able to judge, it is by far the best thing she has yet done in London, and we seriously counsel all who care for this opera, or who, at all events, care for a brilliant interpretation of this part in the opera, not to miss Mdme. Saville as Violetta. The rest do not matter so much."

June 21. 1897

The air was thick—and in the upper gloom
The bat—or something in its shape—was winging;
And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,
The death's-head moth was clinging.

On Cape Cod or among the Berkshire Hills or near the Green or White Mountains you may see today houses sinister in loneliness. Windows are darkened by drawn coarse shades, or there are broken panes through which no exploring wasp or adventurous bottle-fly would dare to pass, leaving the secure sunlight behind him. Perhaps the side door is ajar, in which case it is more terrible than if it were locked and bolted; for what dark deed urged hasty flight or kept the curious from "setting things to rights"? The chimney is as dismal as a dead man's pipe. No one has stolen from the wood-pile near the shed. A weather-beaten wheelbarrow stands, decrepid, beneath apple-tree branches. The well bucket is lived in by slimy things.

Out of the kitchen window a maniac once stared and screamed at city people as they drove by. Or this house was the refuge of a fair woman whom rude village justice drove at night; she was naked and cold and ashamed when the sun spied her in the neighboring wood. Or perhaps the story was such as Jules Renard told us yesterday as we sat together and looked down a dreary cross street in the Back Bay.

They did not notice it imme... the lonely house, and they kept on ...ing there as though nothing had ...pened.

...rst of all, the unseen cricket stopped ...irping as ...on as the log was without spark.

Then the o...y hen who was walking ...aybreak in the yard mounted the ...eps, struck her beak against the ...or, stretched her neck toward the ...indow, and when the daily scraps did ...t fall, she went away.

The cat t...red of humping uselessly ...s back to feel in his fur a withered ...and, very familiar to him. He smelled ...e sunlight, mewed angrily, scratched ...e chairs and went back to the garret.

One night the rats nibbled the last ...umb in the box, uncovered the emp... sugar bowl and never came again.

The crouching spiders were ready to ...in their webs as soon as it were still. ...regularly occurring noise disturbed ...em.

But the clock stopped abruptly. It ...d not slacken little by little, its tic-...o weakening till the last tic-tac; ...stopped going like someone struck ...anding, who had no idea that he was ...k.

The heart of the house no longer beat. Neighbors pushed open the door and ...cked off the floor old Mary Ann, flat ...her face, who had died all alone, ...thout warning.

...H. M. writes to the Journal: "I ...ve not read 'The Girl Wife' by Flor...e May Temple in the Fireside Com...mon, but I read and re-read with ...e most eager avidity Rebecca Hard...g Davis's economic romances of New ...gland life and character. In a very ...ent one she makes a typical one of ...Cape Cod families so stingy to their ...machs that they 'do not consume as ...ch food in a month as a Maryland or ...nnsylvania household would eat in ...a day.' In 'An Ignoble Martyr,' here ...the bill of fare Rebecca would have ...readers believe to be characteristic ...rural New England. 'Presently the ...cked tea-bell would ring and he ...uld go in to a supper consisting of a ...e of cold soggy pie and a glass of ...d water. Tomorrow for breakfast it ...uld be more cold pie and a greasy ...ughnut; for dinner, potatoes and cold ...k only.' Rebecca deals out the cold ...ts about New England gastronomy ...h a most cold-blooded disregard of ...veritles."

...fter all this Reading highwayman, ...sked and pistoled, did something: he ...pped an electric car at full speed. ...tzsche would admire this man of ...ngth and action.

...he elephant, the sagacious beast, ...e today. You must not give the ele...nt tobacco, said Artemus Ward, ...if you do, he will step his great big ...t upon onto you and kill you fatally ...d.

...hey knew many interesting facts ...ut the elephant in the 14th century. ...was afraid of only two animals: ...mouse and the unicorn. The latter, ...o was hot-blooded, longed for the ...phant's blood, which was cold. The ...phant was exceedingly chaste, but he ...s passionately fond of mandragora. ...best way to catch him was to sta... two virgins in his favorite forest. ...soon as they began to sing, he ...uld appear and listen with delight.

...occaccio—we quote from him by the ...l permission of the Watch and Ward ...iety—enumerating the advantages ...oyed by a rich man counted among ...most enviable, the pleasure of own... monkeys and other entertaining ...sts, peacocks, hens, bees, elephants ...camels.

...st before the battle: "Halt!" ex...med the Turkish commander; "Ad...nt, call the roll." "Rudyard Kip...!" "Here." "Stephen Crane!" ...re." "Richard Harding Davis!" ...re." "All right! Let the word to ...ance be given."—Musical Courier.

June 22, 1897

Welcome now, Victoria!
Welcome to the throne!
May all the trades begin to stir,
Now you are Queen of England;
For your most gracious Majesty,
May see what wretched poverty,
Is to be found on England's ground,
Now you are Queen of England.

...us begins a ballad that was hawked ...he streets of London sixty years...

Says she, I'll try my utmost skill,
That the poor may have their fill;
Forsake them!—no, I never will,
When I am Queen of England.
For oft my mother said to me,
Let this your study always be,
To see your people blest and free,
Should you be Queen of England.

...d they sang songs about her mar... in 1840.

...suitors the Queen's had of class, clime ...and creed,

B... ...failed to make an impression in ...;
For, for Albert of Coburg, the rest off she packs,
Thus 'giving the bag' each, and keeping 'the Saxe!'
A fortunate fellow he is, all must say,
And right well his cards he has managed to play,
The game he has won, and no wonder, I ween,
When he played 'Speculation' and turned up the Queen.

Do you think the birth of the Prince of Wales in 1841 did not fire the muse of the street singer? Here are two verses from a popular song of that year.

Prince Albert he will often take the young Prince on his lap,
And fondle him so lovingly while he stirs about the pap,
He will pin on his flannel before he takes his nap,
Then dress him out so stylish with his little clouts and cap.

* * * * * *

Now to get these little niceties the taxes must be rose,
For the little Prince of Wales wants so many suits of clothes,
So they must tax the frying pan, the windows and the doors,
The bedsteads and the tables, kitchen pokers, and the floors.

These early Victorian ballads were crude, honest, and kindly, in spite of their occasional chaff. And now it is the turn of Mr. Alfred Austin, laureate. Every time he opens his mouth in official proclamation, Algernon Charles Swinburne is avenged.

Ella Wheeler Vesuvia Wilcox has performed a difficult feat. She has written two columns on Kissing without mentioning Miss Olga Nethersole.

A New York newspaper offers to aid in prosecuting any driver who recklessly runs down a bicyclist. Will it aid in prosecuting any bicyclist who recklessly runs down a pedestrian?

It is very easy and safe to call Mr. Barney Barnato names now that he is dead. Why was he not equally blackguarded when he was alive and rich and powerful?

"The custom of taking soup for breakfast has long been prevalent in France." Yes, at the breakfast that corresponds to the American luncheon or early dinner.

The Mark Twain Charity Fund is one of the most side-splitting features in the Great and Continuous Wild East Show.

An unconscious humorist employed by the New York Tribune says "the soil of the United States is distinctly unfavorable to the cultivation of snobbishness."

Mr. Huneker tells a story of Herbert Spencer playing billiards with an antagonist who ran out without giving the philosopher a chance to handle his cue. "Sir," said Mr. Spencer, "a certain ability at games of skill is an indication of a well-balanced mind; but adroitness such as you have just displayed is, I must inform you, strong presumptive evidence of a misspent youth."

Mr. Runciman wrote as follows in the Saturday Review, June 12, about the Kneisel Quartet: "The Kneisel Quartet—who are distinctly worth hearing—played it (Henschel's quartet in E flat) with finish and considerable beauty of tone; and the scratching to which the 'Pops' quartet has accustomed us was luckily altogether absent. But when they finished with Mr. Henschel and began with B flat (op. 67) quartet of Brahms it soon seemed time to go."

G. W. P. writes to the Journal: "The communication quoted June 21 under F. H. M.'s signature, is a libel on Cape Cod families' bounty. They do have things to eat! If you go out bird shooting before daylight upon the water and come back hungry, they give you cookies for breakfast, and once a week the hen is boiled with pork, which the family themselves (and their boarders) abstain from."

Philosopher Dooley of the Chicago Evening Post adds his tribute of Victoria: "Th' good woman niver done me no har-rm, an' beyond throwin' a rock cr two into an oranjey's procission an' subscribin' to tin dollars' worth iv fenian bonds, I've threated her like a lady. Anny gredge I iver had again her I burrid long ago. We're both well on in years an' 'tis no use carrying har-rd feelins to th' grave. About th' time th' lord chamberlain wint over to tell her she was queen an' she came out in her niety to hear th' good news I was announced into this wurrld iv sin an' sorrow. So ye see we've reigned about th' same lenth iv time an' I ought to be cillybratin' me dimon jubilee. I wud, too, if I had anny dimons. Do ye r-run down to Aldherman O'Brien's an' borrow twinty or thirty f'r me."

June 23. 97

The peacock has the voice of the devil, the head of the serpent, the walk of the thief, a breast of sapphire and an angel's tail. He rears his feathers full of eyes about his head and marvels at his great beauty; but when he observes the surpassing ugliness of his feet, he is ashamed, he lowers his tail, abandons his strut, and is no longer mindful of his fair appearance. And in like manner the man that does well can hold his head erect and proud; but when he studies Holy Scripture, where he learns the baseness of the human condition, it behooves him to look humbly toward the earth. The flesh of the peacock has an unpleasant smell, yet it is so hard that it never rots. They that fear the stinging of wasps make fans of peacock's tails.

It is with exceeding pleasure that we invite your attention to an idyl, written by an inhabitant of New Hampshire in the Flemish style. We withhold the name of the author, for we respect his request. We indeed commend his modesty. If his name were signed here, it might escape the exploring eye of Mr. W. D. Howells, but Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie or the Chap-Book would surely abash him by blasts of tromboned praise.

SHE SAID SHE HAD.

Some three or four years ago my wife and I were visiting friends in Newton Highlands, My sister took us out to one of the neighbors to see a peacock. We found the pea-hen but the peacock we found at a neighboring hen coop a-struting before the hens. The peacock's tail feathers are some four feet long, so when he arched his feathers, it made a spread eight feet wide, and it was a fine display and the peacock was very proud of it. The man who owned the hens came and let the hens out feed them but the peacock had a good deal of the dandy about him and he would not eat, but kept struting around among the hens my sister says to my wife did you ever see anything like it, and she looked up to me and said that she had a great many times Some three or four weeks after this the peahen got lonely and dispondent and thought that she too would take a walk out into the green pastures "where the living waters flow" wheather this was right or wrong there was a good deal of human nature in it but in crossing the railroad the cars ran over her and killed her The moral to this sad tradgedy is that peahens should alway stay at home and try and make it pleasant for the peacocks

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Will some one answer this question, propounded by a serious correspondent of the Journal? "is it possible for Religious People to find enjoyment that would suit the young as well as the aged. Rather than to take Part with those who has not yet confess their sins against God and if such a Religious Plays is know to you. Will you kindly inform yours many thousands Reader."

It was on June 23, 1892, that Dr. Blanche told Mr. de Goncourt of the law of ferocious Nature and the species of electric current which compel members of families in which there are mad men and women to come together and marry. Without naming names, he cited, as he and Mr. de Goncourt were in a railway carriage, hundreds of cases known to him as an alienist.

To C. E.: Robert Johnston Cook, better known as "Bob" Cook, was born at Cookstown, Pa., March 21, 1849. He was fitted for college at Andover, Mass. He entered Yale with the class of 1875, and was graduated as a member of '76. In January, 1879, he was admitted to the bar of Allegheny County, and practised till 1882, when he became business manager of the Philadelphia Press. He held this position for about 12 years. His lateest newspaper venture was with the Morning Advertiser (N. Y.), which was bought by the N. Y. Journal. It was in 1885 that a negro, who had been discharged for stealing, assaulted him with a hatchet, and drove the weapon into his skull. As Mr. Depew described it, "Cook first arrested the negro, and then removed the hatchet." The wound necessitated a serious operation. He was married in 1881, and has at least three children. At the dinner given in his honor at the Hotel Brunswick, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1887, Mr. Cook said, speaking of his undergraduate days, "When 14 years ago I sailed from New York to England, I did not dream that the result of that trip would land me here tonight. As I set sail on the broad Atlantic, there were in my pocket just three $100 bills, and even they were raised by the courtesy of Isaac Hartenstein, on old furniture and college traps. They represented the financial status and credit of the Yale Boat Club at that time."

"Mr. Julian Hawthorne says that if Harvard wins this race, and he knows she will, nothing will prevent him from going to Boston for Commencement Day." H-m! It was Victor Hugo who said "success is hideous."

The withdrawal of Young Griffo in the third round proves that the advantages of prison training have been overestimated.

June 24. 97

The ancients had no chimneys. The Japanese had no chimneys. The Persians have no chimneys. No chimneys exist in Tananarivo. Chimneys were not commonly used in England until the middle of the sixteenth century.

As we have remarked before, it is well for the mind and body to be awakened for the labor of the day by the music of mandoline, flute or some other softly sounding instrument. Nor at breakfast—when the meal is taken gregariously according to the barbarous custom of Americans—should there be disturbing, discordant conversation to untune one for the business hours. Nor should the stern problems of life, as discussed in the newspaper, present themselves aggressively. If the newspaper be read at breakfast—of course always with the permission of Mrs. J.—the eye should light on some agreeable gossip, or some singular tale of contemporaneous life. (Adam and Eve are our contemporaries, as are Orion, Messalina and Mumbo Jumbo).

We therefore welcome another contribution from that brilliant writer, "Q," who contents himself, so far as the public is concerned, with an initial. We are tempted sorely to reveal his name, which is well known in scientific, theological and sporting circles; for, as Goethe said of the learned Prof. Zwelstackdonnerwetter: "Er ist aber ein kluger Kerl." "Q," you may remember, is the gifted author of "Fell a Mile," which was published in the Journal of the 18th.

TOPEN A CHIMNEY ON A BALLON

we ware at the Mechanicks Exchang looken for work add some of them tellen what wonders the had done at theer respective callens Sayes a Hod Carier the worst Job I ever tackled was a Chemney two Hundred feet I hoded every Brick up I had eight thirty foot Ladders lasued to reach the top Sayes a Big Stone Mason that was no height to go how would like to go foar Hundred and fivty. who went that Sayes the Hod Man I did Sayes Big John on Ladders sayes the Hod Man. Not a ladder Sayes Big John on a kite Sayes a listner was the Chimney Brick Sayes another what was the Matter with it spoke another. give Me time and I will tell you all about it go ahead they all Said well they Chemney was in Fall River it was Built of Brick there was a free Stone Cap on top and it got Shifted Some how in a Storm the Chemney was about foar Hundred and fivety feet High the Company Sent for Me I knew I could Not get there with Ladders So I told them So they told Me I Must fix the top No Matter What the Cost Sayes I I will fix it if I should have to get there on a Kite away I went back to Boston and Consulted a Ballonest he said He would get Me there easy as He Knew Nothin about seeten Stone He would go as tender So we got there on the foarth of July as there was No Smoke an the Mill was idle we got reddy in Side He got a rope fastned to the Cage when the Ballon was filled I steped in the Cage with a pail of Cement a level and a Small Bar—Some water we had Bags of woll round the Cage to keep it from Chafen against the Chimney then the Ballon Man let go when I got there and looked down all Fall River was lookin up I fixed in one Hour easy when I got to the earth everey body was Shaken Hands with Me in the evening I was on Exebition well done Big John Sayes a lissner I Never see you beat

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To E. H.: Mr. Zerrahn was born in 1826. Mr. Lang was born in 1839. You will observe, therefore, that Mr. Zerrahn, as conductor of the Handel and Haydn, has the advantage of age.

The head of the Cunard Steamship Company is a jubilee peer. Perhaps the company will now be more generous in the matter of clean towels.

Bishop Berkeley wrote,

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way;"

Mr. Bancroft misquoted,

"Westward the star of empire takes its way;"

but we prefer the version of George N. True, which appears as a motto to Chapter II. of "Red Hand: a Tale of Revenge":

"Wertward the hoe of Empire Stars its way."

A contemporary says, "It is only at royal functions in London that Americans must needs wear their swallowtails in the daytime." Oh no. Swallowtails are worn at all ceremonious performances in the day time in France, Germany and Italy. We call as witness the Necktie Editor of the Providence Journal. We appeal to Walsingham, the close friend of the titled and untitled aristocracy.

Victoria can now breathe freely. The Jubilee is a great success. Dr. Depew says so.

June 25.97

But thou, because thou hear'st
Men scoff at Heaven and Fate,—
Because the Gods thou fear'st
Fail to make blest thy state,
Tremblest, and wilt not dare to trust the joys there are!

I say: Fear not! Life still
Leaves human effort scope.
But since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope;
Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair.

Mr James Galligan of New York, who weighs over 200 pounds, was engaged in beating his wife, "a particularly small woman," when little Mary, his favorite daughter, ran out of the cottage and said to Policeman Burke, with childish enthusiasm and exaggeration, "Oh! please come quick; pa is killing ma!" Mr. Burke, thereupon, acted the part of Killjoy, and Mr. Galligan naturally resented the interference. "The best man in the world—John L. Sullivan—beats his wife, and I have as good a right as he to beat mine."

But, as Mr. Sullivan remarked last Tuesday to a reporter, "Training tries a man's nature," and for some years Mr. Sullivan was constantly in training of one sort or another. Mr. Galligan had a less reasonable excuse. "He was enraged because he did not find supper awaiting him, Mrs. Galligan, who is the support of the family, not having returned home early enough from her work." Perhaps he had the right to demand that inasmuch as she was supporting the family she shoud be regular in her habits and set an example of punctuality to the children.

We are more inclined, however, to believe that Mr. Galligan's action proceeded from intense love. For as philosophers tell us—especially that fine old crusted maniac, the late Marquis de Sade—the keenest love is never separated from cruelty. Daily occurring instances in all parts of the world are witnesses to this theory. Take the case of Mr. Walter Bellenger, a decorator, who lives with his sister in London. At Whitsuntide there was a family party, and then the natural sequence, a family quarrel, "and Bellenger in the course of argument, bit one of his sister's fingers so that she yelled 'Murder!' and collected a crowd outside the house, and ultimately a policeman. The lady was taken to the hospital, where her finger had to be treated surgically, and she fainted during the operation." Mr. Bellenger was dragged before a Magistrate. His sister appeared in court, to explain that it was all done in kindness. "He is my youngest brother," she said, "and I am his youngest sister, and he is very fond of me—very fond of me indeed; and I think that's why he always goes for me when he is in drink." They say that the Magistrate wondered what Mr. Bellenger would do to his sister if he were not fond of her.

This cruelty in love is shown by women toward their husbands or brothers. A very common instance is compelling a man to go to an afternoon tea or formal reception. And some women are so ferocious that they insist on men accompanying them to the bargain counter; but these cases—fortunately for humanity—are rare.

"Du Maurier's posthumous novel is a disappointment." By the way, does anybody read "Trilby" today?

It is a very pretty suggestion Lady Galton makes as to the curtailing of the hat of woman on so special an occasion as that of the forthcoming jubilee celebration; but it is, we fear, the outcome of an imperfect knowledge of her charming sex. If woman's wear on that occasion could only be the toque, Lady Galton calculates that four times as many people would be able to get a glimpse of the show. No doubt; but that implies that woman is to be got to think three times less of herself than of anybody else, and that the general convenience is to have four times more weight with her than her own modish presentment. Truly a large order. If altruism exists in the feminine vocabulary it is not spelt that way. But, Lady Galton pleads, the unaggressive toque is "most becoming to the majority of faces." With equal efficacy it might be urged, we fear, that the present turbot-on-its-tail style of feminine vestura is not the most becoming to the majority of forms. We doubt if even the illustrious example of self-denial which Lady Galton so eloquently sets before her sisters will achieve her purpose. Precept might. A hint from a high quarter that the "jubilee toque" should be the only wear might send back the hat to Harriet for good and all. Who knows?—Pall Mall Gazette. Was the suggestion carried out?

We know of no clearer historical sweep than that of Philosopher Dooley: "Oh, what things I've seen in my day an' Victorya's! Think iv that gran' procession iv lithry men—Tinnyson an' Longfellow an' Bill Nye an' Ella Wheeler Wilcox an' Tim Scanlan an'—an' I can't name thim all; they're too manny. An' th' brave gin-rals—Von Molkey an' Bismarck an' U. S. Grant an' gallant Phil Shurdan an' Coxey. Think iv thim durin' me reign. An' th' invintions—th' steam injine an' th' printin' press an' th' cotton gin an' the gin sour an' th' bicycle an' th' flyin' machine an' th' nickle-in-th'-slot machine an' th' Lorimer machine an' th' sody fountain an'—crownin' wurruk iv our civilization—th' cash raygisther. What gr-reat advances has science made in my time an' Victorya's, f'r whin we entered public life it took three men to watch th' barkeep while today ye can tell within $8 an hour what he's took in."

June 26. 97

Less woman than flower, delicate as a flower, odorous as a flower, you would speak the language of flowers, if flowers spoke dialect.

Perhaps you are a-weary of boat races as well as prophecies—which, according to Horace Walpole, are the most tiresome things in the world, except their fulfillments. However you may be disposed, you will find sporting reports and rumors in other columns. Let us observe, in company with the intelligent foreigner, Mr. Jules Renard, an episode in daily domestic life.

THE FAT CHILD AND THE THIN CHILD.

In the same alley of a modern park, where doves and blackbirds are friends from birth, two women are seated on the same bench. They are unacquainted, but each one has a child. The Red-waisted Woman has a fat child, and the Woman in Black has a thin child. At first they watch each other without speaking; then they make slight and oblique advances.

"Baby, don't push the baby."

"Baby, lend your shovel to baby, like a good boy."

The Woman-in-Black can restrain herself no longer; she says to the Red-waisted Woman:

"What a beautiful child you have, Madam!"

"Thank you. People often tell me the same thing, and I am never tired of hearing it, because I am afraid of finding my child too beautiful when I see it with the eyes of a mother."

"Be proud of it, Madam. You have good reason; he is bursting with health; he is rosy. You could eat his firm flesh raw. He has dimples all over him; his legs and arms are like a man's. He ought to live a hundred years. But those cunning curls? I suspect you frizz them. Own up now!"

"Madam I swear to you on my baby's head, that I never touch his hair with a sacrilegious iron. He was born with those curls."

"I believe you. You are a happy mother, and I envy you from the bottom of my heart."

The women sit closer, and while the thin child, who scarcely breathes, sits on the grass, the Woman-in-Black lifts the fat child, weighs it, pets it, admires it; and repeats in wonder:

"How heavy he is! Lord, how heavy he is!"

"You flatter him," says the Red-waisted Woman;" but your little boy seems to be a good child!"

The Woman-in-Black, disappointed, smiles sadly. She expected something better in exchange for her lively enthusiasm. She would have preferred to the commonplace but sincere compliment some delicate falsehood, and, although resigned, she still seems to implore.

the Red-waisted Woman reads her neighbor's thought. Ashamed at her want of tact, good-hearted, she puts the thin child on her lap, kisses it lightly, and says in low tones:

"Dear madam, I do not say this because you are his mother, but do you know I think your boy is also a fine little fellow—in his way!"

We are surprised that President Carter, a scholar of fine literary taste, should speak of the Governor's wife as the "first lady of Massachusetts." Now, the first lady of Massachusetts is the first one you happen to meet when you cross the boundary line of the Commonwealth.

"The barracks in the Charlestown Navy Yard are supplied with a piano, daily newspapers, comic weeklies and monthly magazines." And the dues are lower than at the other clubs in Boston.

The tall theatre hat is furnishing copy for German paragraphers and caricaturists. In the Fliegender Blaetter, an angry man exclaims from his seat in the pit, "Won't you take off your hat, Miss? I really see nothing but your hat." To which she replies sweetly: "But isn't the hat worth seeing?"

A: "How do you leave à l'anglaise?"

B: "It's very easy; you say 'Good-bye' to everyone except the host and the hostess."—Petit Journal pour rire.

Chess players should record the fact that in the first week of this month a singular game was played at St. Petersburg. Men in appropriate costumes took the places of the pieces, and the struggle represented the combat in 1848 at Komarna between Russian troops and Hungarian insurgents. The castles armed with cannon were drawn by horses. The moves were under the direction of Messrs. Tschigorine and Schiffers.

The explorations in Babylonia may lead to valuable results. Thus there may be a settlement of the question, "Was the Tower of Babel furnished with an elevator?"

The following advertisement in English appeared in a late issue of the Koelnische Zeitung: "Heirat. Erudite gentlm. a. author seeks to marry a wholesome lady with great fortune. Lett. in Germ. French, or Engl. to the off. of this paper."

June 27. 97

ABOUT MUSIC.

How Montesquiou and de Regnier Like It.

Each Wife of Blue Beard Had a Typical Instrument.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Players and Singers.

You read, of course, about the duel between Henri de Régnier and Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac. It has been revealed at last that the Count was not at the Charity Bazaar fire, so the taunt of Miss de Heredia about his cane was pointless.

Both de Régnier and the Count have written vaguely about music. The latter is vexed and disquieted wherever he goes near the amateur pianist. In his "Parcours du Rêve au Souvenir"—to which, by the way, de Heredia, the father-in-law of de Régnier, wrote a preface—there are many attacks on these vacation-disturbers. Here is a specimen, rudely Englished.

NUPITAS FECERUNT.

Motto—Oh, choose assorted spouses
In wedlock's holy bonds.

Excellent match to make
In these unsettled days,
Bride truly prosperous,
Groom with less wasted ways.

The girl piano player,
Who pounds at the hotel,
With the excursionist
From peak of William Tell.

Piano virtuoso,
Ice-trampler-under heel;
Hand and foot that dare all,
Both leg and wrist of steel.

The poet then describes the wedding. The witnesses are two mountain guides and two piano tuners. The fitting costume for the bride is a mackintosh; for the groom, knickerbockers.

* * *

And here is a prose-poem by the same accomplished man.

"Ah, how I much prefer this cat—it is in the suburbs of Tréguier—who sulks under a fig tree while she waits for her bowl, to the young lady who yelps an air of Auber, whose trill escapes from her continually and stabs me. Hear the little sickly arpeggio in the left hand, incessant tum-tum, skinny accompaniment to a still more skinny voice. She squalls, she whines—this is all in the suburbs of Tréguier; the pretty and accomplished cat mews in a well-bred manner under her fig tree."

* * *

Now listen to the Count's story of the destruction of Haarlem, the famous town of Holland:

"Having then resolved to destroy Haarlem
—Town that for me was a Jerusalem—
I ordered far off from Messrs. Pleyel and Wolff
Three upright pianos, four others were grand,
Seven in all. And then about the city
An instrument was walked by the excited Ritter.
Then on the sill of the place where hours waste away
I caused Brahms to be played by the Menter, the Sophie.
Still was I merciless; in its intestine calm
Haarlem was wet by the billows of Rubinstein.
Then in ghastly procession came Madame Essipoff and others with deadly effect.
—But when at last on the shrieking piano
Litolff was side by side with Abbe Liszt,
At the hour when old flub-dubs took counsel,
At the seventh charge, the walls fell with a crash."

*

But de Régnier is a languorous, vaporous soul. He once dreamed a strange dream, "The Sixth Marriage of Blue Beard."

It appears—although it is not generally known—that Blue Beard, dying, left a widow, Héliade, whom he loved dearly: the Shepherdess, who went to meet the bridal procession in search of her; the woman clothed in naught but her loveliness, for she was poor and had no robe worthy of her lord. Naked she was wedded to him, and she was sacred to him, because he had slain his other wives on account of their robes. Each one of these robes was in a room reserved for it in the great castle. Each room was odorous with a particular perfume. The furniture was in harmony with robe and perfume. And Blue Beard would spend hours going from room to room, stroking his long beard tinged with silver. The solitary Lover—solitary before Héliade comforted him by her loveliness—went still further in his melancholy pleasure:

"Far-off and fitting music came sighing through the wall. About the white robe (O tender Eimène, it was thine!) crept the slowness of the languishing viol; near the blue (which was thine, O naive Poncette!) the hautboy sang; by the side of thine, melancholy Blismode, a lute sighed because robe was mauve and eyes were always lowered; a fife laughed, and oh how shrill! to remind that thou were an enigma, in thy green and choral robe, Tharsile! But the instruments sounded together when the Master visited the robe of Alède, a strange robe, which always seemed to clothe a phantom; then the music whispered low because Blue Beard had loved this Alède with a mightly love. She was the twin of Sister Anne; you would have taken one for the other; and he yearned for a new wife who would resemble the two, because they are six in number, these shades that wander at night about the olden ruin, and it is the last one only that is clothed."

* * *

What is the truth in the case of Van Dyck, the tenor who may visit the United States next season? Is his voice worn? Is he often false to the pitch when true to Wagner?

He took the part of Lohengrin at Covent Garden June 5, and Mr. Blackburn indulged himself in this Plutarchian comparison:

"On Saturday night at Covent Garden, in the German performance of 'Lohengrin,' M. Van Dyck took the part of Lohengrin, hitherto played this season by M. Jean de Reszke. If we say that M. Van Dyck is not quite so good a Lohengrin as he is a Tannhäuser, that is because the part is less passionate, less vehemently dramatic than that of Tannhäuser, and M. Van Dyck is more emphatically successful when his parts are more and more intense and fiery than when they are peacefully disposed. With all this, his Lohengrin is supremely intelligent, and that is the highest praise that an actor and singer can win from the interpretation of a difficult Wagnerian role. Less absolutely dignified and stately than M. Jean de Reszke in the part, he had, perhaps, more sentiment and eager vitality. The contrast is curious. M. Jean de Reszke sings with magnificent assurance and knowledge; M. Van Dyck, whose fine voice is not upon this splendid level, handles it with so superb an insight that he might almost persuade you into any belief he chose as to its excellence. M. de Reszke is spiritually the ideal of Lohengrin, standing in his blue and silver remoteness as a kind of moving miraculous presence come for a space from distant lands, 'the Burg called Monsalvat,' to a world with the turmoil and anxiety of which he has no sympathy, no connection; he leaves Elsa with as high a detachment as can be consistent with a kind of celestial regret. Yet, after all, Lohengrin was in love with Elsa, and it is this side, this mortal side of passion, that Van Dyck fills with glowing sentiment and with immense feeling. Jean de Reszke sings of his land and name with a lofty pride and high enthusiasm, and with an easily conquered reluctance—for to such an ethereal creature duty is plain; Van Dyck tells his story with the sorrow that is 'wild with all regret.' De Reszke bids farewell as one whose mission is done: Van Dyck as one who goes to a death in life. The character of Lohengrin contains the elements of both ideals, and each is here the work of a great artist; it will probably depend upon your mood, so far as the conception goes, which you will prefer at a given moment."

* * *

Van Dyck is a much younger man than de Reszke, for he was born in 1861, at Antwerp. He first studied law, then went to Paris, where he studied singing under Bax St. Yves, and wrote for Le Pays. His first appearances as a singer were at Lamoureux's concerts. He jumped into fame at Bayreuth as Parsifal. In 1888 he was engaged at the Vienna Opera. He married a sister of Franc Servais, the younger, in 1886.

When he was at Louvain—about 1880—he edited in company with Emile Verhaeren, the remarkable poet, a paper called Le Semaine. This paper was too radical in matters of art—perhaps also in politics—and it was suppressed at the wish of the University, of which Verhaeren was an undergraduate.

* * *

Here is the Pall Mall Gazette's opinion of "The Maid of Athens," produced in London June 3 at the Opera Comique:

"Dr. Osmond Carr writes sprightly music. He has sometimes both spirit and life; and his tunes hum naturally.

written the music of the new variety musical farce comedy in London, called 'The Maid of Athens,' and produced last night at the Opera Comique; and it is also to be said of his latest score that it has sometimes sprightliness and spirit—nothing more. It is part music hall, part Sullivan. The Sullivan element was a trifle strong. In the first act, for example, a chorus beginning with the words,

When the dogs of war are loose—
Tarum-tara, tarum-tara,

was not only a direct imitation of the words of that chorus in 'The Pirates of Penzance,' beginning,

When the foeman bares his steel,
Tarantara, Tarantara,

but the music was even more than reminiscent, and it is only just to draw attention to a matter so patent. Again, in a recent Gilbert-Sullivan opera, 'The Grand Duke,' the second act was an imaginary scene from ancient Greece. In the second act of 'The Maid of Athens' the same source was drawn upon—costumes, scenery and everything else. But you looked in vain for the firm literary touch of Gilbert or the delicious melodies of Sullivan. It will perhaps be supposed in some quarters that this is to judge the frivolous too severely, and it will doubtless be maintained, as usual, that the test of excellence is the box office. But really the reminiscences were not by any means confined to Sullivan; you would have sworn in a certain dance that you were listening to Miss Tempest singing a well-known song about 'bit-bit-bitter' in 'The Geisha;' and the music hall reminiscences were, what they were doubtless intended to be, innumerable. Well, let us leave the music alone; we do not wish to judge it by any high standard; once again, it is sometimes sprightly; but it is vulgar to the core. It would be absolutely impossible to describe the plot of the 'new musical play,' for plot it has none. There was some hunting for a letter, some love making—that was all. We can recall only one remark that had in it a shadow of wit. 'You are so delightfully innocent,' said Lord Alfred. 'I am,' answered Iphigeneia, pensively, 'but you will teach me differently.' Not very good, but there it is. Mr. Lonnen worked hard, if a little incoherently, at the part of the O'Grady; Mr. W. Elton created amusement as Major Treherne; Miss Louise Beaudet as Topsy—we merely name the characters, they cannot be classified with any greater significance—sang and danced with extreme vitality and spirit. Miss Cicely Richards as Ambrosia was amusing; Mr. Fred Storey, who danced excellently, made quite a hit at the end of the piece in the character of a statue; and Miss Claire Romaine was an active Ina. The second act was received with much applause, and with that we have said all that is necessary on the subject."

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Calvé is studying Massenet's "Sapho."

Leoncavallo talks of making an opera out of "Trilby."

Febea Strakosch gave great pleasure in opera at Seville.

Louis Ucko, formerly heroic tenor at Stuttgart, died June 4 at Berlin.

Stavenhagen will take Erdmannsdörfer's position as conductor at Munich.

Mr. J. L. Gilbert has written a new sacred song entitled, "The City Beautiful."

Nesvara's opera "Perdita" ("Winter's Tale") has been produced with success at Prague.

Mrs. Marchesi, the famous singing teacher, will give some lessons in Boston next season.

The Milanese went crazy over a performance of Beethoven's 9th Symphony led by Lamoureux of Paris.

Breitkopf and Härtel will publish a complete and revised edition of the compositions of Franz Liszt.

Benno Stoizenberg will teach singing and dramatic action at Stern's Conservatory in Berlin next season.

"Gaea," a portion of an operatic cycle by Adalbert de Goldschmidt, will be produced at Hamburg in April, 1898.

They say that "L'Africaine" will be given in Arabic at Alexandria by a company conducted by Iskander Effendi Farah.

W. von Baussnern's new opera "Dichter und Welt," produced at Weimar, June 4, awakened interest only by its third act.

A memorial tablet to Mascagni has been put in the Goldoni Theatre at Ancona, where, unknown, he once was operetta conductor.

Otto Scheiper, baritone of Leipsic, refused an offer from Berlin to take the place of the late Franz Krolop at the Royal Opera House.

The Musical Record for July will contain a sketch of Mr. W. H. Gardner, the Bostonian who furnishes verses for many American composers.

Paul Pabst, pianist and composer, died May 28 at Moscow, where he had been for 17 years professor at the Conservatory. He was 43 years old.

The new opera house at Palermo was dedicated May 17 by a performance of Verdi's "Falstaff." The architect was called before the curtain three times.

The three operas by Donizetti to be performed at his centenary at Bergamo, Nov. 25, are "Dom Sébastien," "L'Elisir d'amore" and "Lucia." Luisa Tetrazzini has been engaged as soprano.

Christian Friedrick Kahnt, founder of the Leipsic publishing house of that name, and for many years editor and publisher of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," died at Leipsic June 5, at the age of 74.

The program of Mr. Zach's first orchestral concert at Keith's New Theatre, July 5, will be as follows: Overture, "Martha," Flotow; Moszkowski's Serenade; selections from "The Wizard of the Nile," Herbert; Waltz, "Espana," Waldteufel.

Otto Lessmann thinks little of the abilities of Reznicek as a conductor. Reznicek, who is at present the leading conductor at the Mannheim Opera, led several compositions, including his own Requiem, at the first "Tonkünstler Versammlung" at Mannheim.

Lady Mildred Jessup, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, died on June 9 at Vallescure, France. Her opera "Etelinda" has been performed in Italy and Germany, never in England. She married in 1890 Mr. Augustus Jessup of Philadelphia.

In anticipation of the forthcoming birth-centenary of Donizetti at Bergamo, Italy, a publication has just been issued, containing articles by Parmento, Orsini, Sartori, Valli, and others, as well as a representation of the monument to be unveiled and other illustrations.

Under the auspices of the National Musical Academy a life of Carlos Gomes, the Brazilian operatic composer, author of "I Guarany," has been published from the pen of Ernesto Vierla, to which are appended a number of eulogistic verses by Bulha Pato, Thomas Ribeiro, Lopez de Mendonza, and others.

There has been much comment in London on Jean de Reszke's frequent "indispositions." Mr. Runciman, for instance, says, "But that Jean is the whole Covent Garden company, that Wagner cannot be given successfully without him—these are propositions to which no critic in his senses will assent. If Jean is not in a fit state to play Walther or Tristan, there cannot be the slightest doubt that Van Dyck could do the parts excellently."

Mr. Blackburn thus describes "The Huguenots," which, as you may remember, has been given in Boston at least twice. "Brilliance is, of course, the quality which chiefly excuses the production of this kind of work. It is an opera not of serious sincerity; it does not call upon one for deeply sympathetic attention; its supreme excellence lies in the fact that when in interpretation it is screwed up to the highest pitch, you are presented with a glittering picture that, by reason of its gayety, its artificial solemnity, its assumed solidity, would deceive with ease the majority of men into a belief that here was the highest kind of art. And just when the world was on the point of subscribing to this verdict, Wagner passed by with solemn and uplifted finger, giving us the information which we but needed to hear in order to recognize its truth. Fortunately, however, for human happiness, it is not always necessary to be strung up to the pitch of refusing acknowledgment to work which, although in its central inspiration it may be devoid of the genuine spirit of art, still remains interesting, glowing, and at times brilliant."

Mr. Runciman writes as follows of Henschel's string quartet, played June 9 in London by the Kneisels, who produced it for the first time in Boston last season: "Mr. Henschel is a musician for whom I have hitherto had no admiration whatever. His conducting I have regarded as no better than the piano-tickling which he calls accompanying; his compositions I have felt to be scarcely more tolerable than the hoarse declamation which he is bold enough to call singing. But this quartet in E flat must be admitted to be not at all a bad attempt for a beginner. True; it is Mr. Henschel's op. 55; but then evidently Mr. Henschel is one of those gentlemen who might, but for some accident, go on for a lifetime setting down notes without ever realizing that composition is altogether a different business from that. However, he has seemingly met with the necessary accident and got at last on to the right track. Whether he has strength and intelligence to remain there is quite a different matter; but for the present this quartet contains a number of themes which, if somewhat vapid, can be remembered by a small effort for more than 10 seconds; the 'treatment' of them, if somewhat dry, is mercifully short; and the whole thing not only contains several pretty effects, but really hangs together with at any rate an outward semblance of coherence."

Mr. Blackburn thus reviews Miss Chaminade's concert in London, June 10: "Yesterday afternoon at St. James's Hall Mdlle. Chaminade gave a concert composed almost entirely of her own works, a function which has grown by degrees into the proud position of a hardy annual. Certainly the popularity of that function is exceedingly great, for it is not to be denied that Mdlle. Chaminade is one of the few people who can fill St. James's Hall from roof to floor. Some 16 of her songs—many of them new—were sung by most competent singers. Mdme. Marchesi, Miss Clara Butt, Mdme. Ronchini, and Signor Ancona, and the lady herself assisted at a number of pianoforte pieces that were also of her own composition. It is certain that Mdlle. Chaminade is the pet of fashionable London, for there was not a piece that was not received with a warm and obviously sincere enthusiasm on the part of this large and interested audience. And the reason? Well, the reason is not very far to seek. This is the prettiest ballad-mongering in the world. It is decorative, it is full of pretty color, it is fanciful, it is just within the reach of an everyday appreciation, it is delightful in its absolutely artificial form, it is intelligible, and it has no possible commerce with the world's tragedy or with even the commonplace frictions of daily life. And so it is popular, as Watteau is popular, as everything is popular which avoids touching the intimate feelings harshly, and which at the same time affords an irresponsible picture of gayety and of the common enjoyment of utterly unnecessary but rather charming emotions. It follows that you must never take Mdlle. Chaminade's music very seriously, and it follows with equal force that when she indulges herself in the setting of rather tragical poetry, as occasionally she will, she is as remotely as possible interesting, and is, indeed, sometimes a little comic. In one of the songs, for example, sung by Miss Clara Butt these words had passed through the musician's hands—

Dans mon beau pays, j'avais un ami,
Mais je l'ai perdu, je suis seule au monde.

Well, the words 'Mais Je l'ai perdu' were set to a musical phrase which was precisely fitted to the lament of a child who has just dropped her doll under a carriage wheel. To illustrate the matter further, it may be mentioned that Mdme. Bianco Marchesi sang no fewer than six songs by Mdlle. Chaminade, and that throughout her different interpretations one never got away from the idea that the music was ridiculously small and insignificant for this massive and magnificent voice. Wheresoever, to sum the matter up, this composer finds literary emotions for her music that are delicately artificial, that remind you of Empire decoration, and of deliberate harmonies of color that are quite outside the common knowledge of life, there you will encounter her at her best. In a little song, 'Sans Amour,' for example, in which the whole sentiment is one pretty pose of sympathetic sorrow, the music was in its little way charmingly attractive, while even more praise to the same effect might be written with regard to another song couched in the same spirit, 'Tu me dirais.' Upon this level then of artificial ballad-mongering let us greet our Chaminade with joy and gladness, and try to forget the terrible insistent question of Kipling's lurking devil—'It's pretty, but is it art?'"

June 28. 97

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoy'd the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes—

That we must feign a bliss
Of doubtful future date,
And, while we dream on this,
Lose all our present state,
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?

Mr. Arthur Warren has lived so long abroad that he is no longer absolutely sure of the pronunciation of the word Poughkeepsie.

A contemporary thus explains Dickens's description of American life and manners in the early forties: "He was irritated by our difference from the cockney standard that was his when he first came over here." The amount of it is that Dickens told unwelcome truths about America and the Americans. Hence their rage. But Pogram and Choke and Jefferson Brick and the land speculator still flourish in the land; spittoons still decorate our State and city halls; and the animals are still fed hurriedly at hotels.

Owners of Nansen's latest book will please make a marginal correction. It appears from one of Mr. Jackson's letters that when he met the smoke-blacked Norwegian explorer, Jackson's first words were not "I'm awfully glad to see you," but "I'm damned glad to see you." The Daily Messenger, Paris, says: "This is so thoroughly British that it is made public in the cause of our national bluntness of speech. Nansen gave the same version in his book, but the strong word was expunged in deference to public squeamishness."

French bicyclists have chafed under the tax of ten francs per machine. An amendment has been proposed by which this tax is to be reduced to five francs for a single machine and ten francs for the multiple machine. Under the new regulation, the custom dues on all machines and parts brought into France will be doubled.

It was not likely that Francis Thompson would escape parody. Here are the closing verses of a London address "To a New Poet:"

"Garmenting thy thoughts in a pure polyglottal,
And glamorous haze of inventional words,
Thou pourest such music as scarcely a throttle,
Effunds 'mid the rarest melodial birds.
Sing on, then! 'Tis joy while thy pranky Muse romps on,
Though carpists who deem her nonsential may sneer,
Sing, never-self-retinent, revilish Thompson,
Ludibrial, fecond, Tudorial seer!"

George Catlin, who wrote about and pictured North American Indians, also wrote a singular pamphlet entitled, "Shut Your Mouth." This was not an appeal to Pythagorean silence; it was an awful warning against the folly and danger of using the mouth as a fly-trap by day, and sleeping with it set open at night. It was illustrated; thus, we remember a fearful picture of an old gentleman asleep in his arm chair after a heavy dinner. Catlin would have rejoiced in the invention of the rhinometer, whose purpose is to gauge the extent to which you breathe through your nose. "The serious predicament of the throat-breathers is at once apparent, to the outcome of their detestable habit they are kept short of oxygen. The consequence is, they become anaemic, and suffer from a hundred other ills to which a sensible animal refuses to be heir. By the use of the rhinometer it is open to any man to know out of how much oxygen he cheats his lungs." The rhinometer is of peculiar value to the flat-dweller.

C. W. E. writes to the Journal: "In case Hawaii becomes part of the United States, a complete map of our country will need very little enlarging. The enlargement, moreover, will be toward the south, not in the west. Hawaii reaches south rather farther than Cuba. But west we now have land as far as 187 31 west of Greenwich, while Hawaii ends about 161 degrees west. It is on the way, as everybody knows, from San Francisco to Auckland, New Zealand. But Auckland lies east of Attu Island, which is part of the United States. The point exactly midway between our extreme east and west, then, will not be changed, while the point equally distant from our extreme north and south will be moved slightly. Our geographical centre, meaning the point exactly midway between the four extremes, is now in the Pacific Ocean, west of Puget Sound; after the acquisition of Hawaii it will be in the same longitude, but west of Oregon. San Francisco, to add an odd expression, will continue in the eastern part of the United States, that is, east of the longitude midway between Maine and Attu Island. The most easterly point of the United States, being West Quoddy Head, in Maine, is 66 57 west of Greenwich, while Cape Wrangell, in Attu Island, is 187 34 west. Our country, in other words, covers exactly one-third of the earth's circumference. Hawaii will not add anything to our longitude, though a little to our latitude."

There was discussion lately in New York concerning the conduct of a restaurant keeper who prohibited an orderly and apparently respectable woman from smoking after she had dined; and, of course, there was allusion to Spanish countesses and Russian princesses. Yet not so many years ago in New England God-fearing women smoked and were not ashamed. Jorevin de Rochefort, who traveled in England in the 17th century, wrote as follows: "The supper being finished, they set on the table half-a-dozen pipes, and a packet of tobacco for smoking, which is a general custom, as well among women as men. It is a custom in England, that when the children went to school, they carried in their satchel with their books a pipe of tobacco, which their mother took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them instead of a breakfast; and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book, to light his pipe, the master smoking with them, and teaching them how to hold their pipes, and draw in the tobacco." And others tell us that at the same period it was the custom to offer tobacco pipes to women of high or low degree in the theatre. Did women smoke on account of the reason given in King James's "Counterblast to Tobacco"? "Moreouer, which is a great iniquitie, and against all humanitie, the husband shall not bee ashamed, to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and cleane complexioned wife to that extremitie, that either shee must also corrupt her sweete breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetuall stinking torment".

June 29. 97

My Lord Rockingham and my nephew Lord Orford have made a match of five hundred pounds, between five turkeys and five geese, to run from Norwich to London. Don't you believe in the transmigration of souls? And are not you convinced that this race is between Marquis Sardanapalus and Earl Heliogabalus? And don't you pity the poor Asiatics and Italians who comforted themselves on their resurrection with being geese and turkeys?

The flag habit has its origin in patriotism. The victim thrills—and very properly—when he sees the Stars and Stripes streaming from a pole. He remembers the poems of Drake and Key as well as the apostrophe of Whitman; and in patriotic drunkenness he orders a flag to be sent home.

It is not given to every one to display a flag, any more than to go to Corinth, or ride at ease in a barouche. The flat-dweller must needs dangle a flag or hang it out, like unto a card invitation to ice man or express man. Suppose, however, that the house is up to the flag. Suppose even that there is a tower with practical flagstaff. The flag habit may be the more deplorable.

For the victim is not content with Fourth-of-July, Memorial Day, and other festivals when the flag becomes the landscape. He burns with desire to flaunt his possession. He constantly consults the calendar, searching a pretext. He gradually distrusts all those who are without flags. He forgets that the flag is only a symbol; he turns it into a fetish. He is willing to excuse private, civic, or any national meanness or crime committed in its name. Thus the late Colonel Yell of Yellville "when called upon to account for the disposition of the money deposited in the bank of which he was president, could give no satisfactory answer, but he seized the opportunity, Mr. Speaker, to declare his undying devotion to the American flag."

"It was her (Mrs. Oliphant's) proudest boast that she never dealt with

characters that would not be admitted into any family in the empire." This is probably the reason why her novels are dull and already forgotten.

The Rev. D. Russ Judd preached to the Pennsylvania crew from the text, "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." He was more prudent than Mr. Burr Macintosh.

I am growing old, and I no longer dare to look at my mouth in a mirror.

Here is a specimen of admirable translation by an English school boy: "L'éléphant a des moeurs sociales; on le voit rarement errant"—"The elephant has social gatherings; one rarely sees him on an errand."

And here is another: "Il fut pris de nausée"—"He took to making noises."

Look out! Rector and church wardens are calling for subscriptions to restore the parish church of Little Stanmore, otherwise White church, where Handel played, 1718-1721. So long as there are Americans, there will always be an English church in need of repair.

A negro should not be suspected as a highwayman simply because he carries a razor. It is an indispensable article of his dress.

The French are not a practical people. No Parisian syndicate has yet offered to "thin" the forest of Fontainebleau.

Last evening the setting sun was of a dirty yellow. It looked as though it had eaten eggs.

Here we still see a ludicrous kind of display not merely of wealth, but of manner, especially in people who have risen from obscurity in politics, which bears to what is, by common consent the world over, regarded as good manners, about the same relation that the behavior of a Zulu chief on State occasions does. This is especially noticeable in Senators, and women possessed of large amounts of diamonds. Roscoe Conkling traveled all over Europe thinking that his manner impressed people because it impressed Washington galleries, and never dreaming that he was a laughing stock, just as the American women who blaze through the newspapers with $200,000 worth of diamonds "in sight" imagine that they are awing the modestly dressed people whom they amuse.—New York Evening Post.

We respectfully invite the attention of Messrs. Finck, Henderson and Krehbiel, all the members, male or female, of the Seidl Society of New York, and the Seidlites of Boston and its suburbs to Mr. Runciman's judgment of Anton as a conductor, published in the Saturday Review: "Neither his 'Tristan' nor his 'Valkyrie' compares with Mancinelli's."

June 30. 97

The young woman in black dreams, all alone, on the cliff. Without doubt, a-weary of this life, she chooses a star where she may live another life. Already she reserves one and settles there. But she has no luck: brusquely, the stars shoot.

Dr. Stephens considers death to be only a habit. There are some who call it a bad habit; but is not life only a habit?

Is it then so desirable a thing to rival the raven, or the patriarch in Genesis? Dean Swift examined carefully this question, and the dreariest chapter in Gulliver's Travels, that amazing revelation of supreme genius, is the account of the unfortunates who could not die.

If death removes envy, it also removes bores. Think of immortality in club, office, workshop, flat, "colonial residence" with a brace of immortal bores. (A bore "resides," not lives.) Think of an immortality of debt. Even janitors and others in authority die, and the world knowing this is reasonably patient.

Death has its chemistry. Surprising and beneficent are its changes. The stream of Lethe is not merely a pretty fable. Why should a soul find itself handicapped on its arrival at the next station by too long tarrying at the junction?

'Tis elegantly said by Arcesilaus that death which is called an evil, hath this peculiarly distinct from all that are thought so, that when 'tis present it gives us no disturbance, but when it grows and in expectation only, 'tis then that it afflicts us, and indeed many out of the firmness of their Spirit, and having conquered most injurious Opinions of it, have died even to present death.

No, we do not applaud the theory of Dr. Stephens—which is very old, as old as Death itself. A Grecian philosopher once remarked: "If life was prolonged to two hundred years as its fixed period, and anyone died at a hundred, we should howl over him as if he had been hastily cut off." This sentiment, Englished bravely by Mr. Matthew Morgan, who laughed at the subjunctive mood, may be stretched indefinitely.

Nor does it cheer us to learn from the ingenious Dr. Stephens that the "soul" is merely cell experience, the accumulation of brain energy developed successively by dull, rummy, or shady ancestors. The reply of imprisoned Malvolio answers all questions concerning the soul.

"Immortal life is the real aim in view." This hankering after immortality simply for personal advantage—this desire to be tagged or labeled in the never ending journey through space—is nothing but refined selfishness. Do you suppose Sirius would be disturbed were the Bradley Martins to arrive there next week Wednesday? Do you think there is fashionable bidding at the auction of season tickets for the music of the spheres?

Thy Apollonius died in the beautiful flower of his years * * * therefore, he being accompanied with the applause of thy pity and his own, hath only made a digression from this Mortal Life to Eternity, as if he had withdrawn from the entertainment before he grew absurd, and the staggerings of drunkenness came upon him which are incident to a long Old Age.

As Mr. Fitzsimmons looked at his ducks he said to his wife, Rose, "Haven't I earned the right to live quietly and like a gentleman? Well, I should guess I have." A saying worthy of one of Plutarch's men.

Yes, Anarchist, as long as I shall have ten cents, we will share. I'll give you even a quarter, when I shall have fifty cents. But do not expect to go snacks with me up to $50,000. Our communism is restricted to small change. At present I have nothing: you may take it all.

The English seem to be growing less and less conservative. A member of the Constitutional Club wrote as follows to a London newspaper concerning "the Queen's day": "The high-hat of respectability is not comfortable to the wearer and it obstructs the view. I would suggest that on this day every man should wear a straw hat, which would be cool and comfortable and not obstruct the view of those behind."

This reminds us that they have been holding a hat show in Brussels. A correspondent writes: "There is a lady's head-dress, after Holbein, dating from 1535, and another as old as Teniers. There are Directory hats, and Renaissance toques, Empire turbans, coal-scuttle bonnets, the pen-wiper, and the 'mushroom' ditto, and so on, up to the obstructions of today. Of men there are the Roman pileus, the cocked hat of the First Leopold and the first Napoleon, morions, helmets of all sorts, Chinese hats, Tyrol hats, Mexican sombreros, with 'pudding' and all complete, and the first edition of the stove-pipe, now arrived at its centenary. And the comparison thus afforded seems to have resulted in a pretty general consensus of opinion that women have never worn anything more becoming than the toque, which should be renascent, and that men have carried on their heads any number of things less becoming than the silk hat they wear now." We doubt the truth of this last assertion.

A manufacturer, Arthur Krupp of Berndorf, near Vienna, has built a theatre for the pleasure of his workmen. There are 500 seats and the admission is free. He thus gives—what was so dear to the Romans—"panem et circenses."

Our young friend the English schoolboy—Smith minor—translated "Un chien qui aboyait la nuit dans la campagne"—"a dog who spent the night in champagne."

The bicycle in Germany is giving place to the foil. To fashionable Berlin fencing is the thing. Frau Teege is the chief "lady professor." "She has a scar on the chin to the good, and two front teeth to the bad, wounds inflicted in lawful combat by her lord and fencing master." Some women of the highest rank find the foil slow. They prefer broadsword and sabre, and after a course of lessons in the employment of the Spanish dirk, "they will be in a position to advance upon any gentleman who may incommode them."

July 1. 97

The Palaces of Noble Men and Princes appear guarded with splendid Retinues of diligent, obsequious Servants, and every Room is crowded with a Throng of Visiters, who caress the Great Man with all the endearing Gestures and Expressions that Wit and Breeding can invent; and it may be thought, I confess, at first sight, that such are very fortunate, in having so many cordial, real Friends at their command; whereas 'tis all bare Pageantry and Show: Change the Scene, and you may observe a far greater number of Flies as industriously busie in their Kitchens; and as these would vanish were the Dishes empty and clean, so neither would that other sort of Insects pay any farther Respect, were nothing to be got by it.

We have received the following letter from the Earnest Student of Sociology: "For the last two months I have been living in Village Street, to which I was attracted by the irony of the name. After long and patient study of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, I became restless and thought of moving into Corning Street, but my Uncle Amos, who reads the newspapers, shook his head and said, 'Why don't you go to Newport. I understand it has greater advantages as a summer-resort.'

"So I went to Newport—which, as I am told by a member of the Somerset Club, should be pronounced 'Newp't' with a violent accentuation on the first syllable. Inasmuch as the Government of this country is fast becoming plutocratic, I thought it might be well to accustom myself to the sight of the rich. And as I did not wish to take any side in social dissension by having my trunk sent to any one of the Vanderbilts or the Perry-Belmonts, I engaged a room in a house in Thames Street. The windows command views of three beer saloons, the sea (or a portion of it), the Custom House, and advertisements of Sailor's Delight and Her Majesty's Corset, which last article, I suppose, is sold here chiefly for the benefit of visiting dowagers.

"I have been struck by the care in the management of electric cars. They are not allowed to run in any street that is populous, and when they cross any frequented street, the car stops and the conductor rushes to the middle of the road and makes X's and Y's with his arms and legs. This frightens people away, and the car then jogs along. These cars in spite of their slowness are hard to catch. I have now been here a week, and by extreme vigilance I have seen there. They are very shy and avoid any approach to the railway station or the piers.

"They have a pleasing custom at the Post Office. When you buy stamps, a pretty girl wraps them in paraffine paper and puts them in a little envelope. Thus you avoid the necessity of picking them off your vestpocket lining with a knife.

"I am amazed at the bravery of the tigers who sit with limbs shut up, as blades in a jackknife, on the back seats of carts driven by young women. These young women are veiled heavily, probably to prevent them from realizing the danger attending their reckless course. They hold the reins, and the horse does the rest. The tiger never betrays emotion, although he knows full well that at any moment he may be hurled into eternity.

"The chief occupation of the majority of the inhabitants seems to be hack driving. You cannot walk a block without incessant solicitation. The hackmen are never rude or aggressive. They do not descend upon you with a bird-of-prey swoop; but their methods are not the less annoying. They at first say confidently, 'Hack?' with an air of 'Of course you know it is vulgar to walk.' Then there is a whispered appeal, as though the proposition had the allurement of violation of the law. Finally there is a faint 'Hack, Sir!' with the implied doubt of your financial responsibility.

"Bellevue Avenue is, indeed, a fine street. Before noon it is frequented chiefly by coachmen, grooms, valets and waiters, who criticise freely the pedestrians and converse together in cockney English, French and negro dialect. It was only yesterday I heard an animated discussion between three negroes as to the comparative beauty of the women of Maryland and New York. Between 4 and 6 in the afternoon there is arrogant driving. Little girls dressed extravagantly, with ostrich feathers in their hats, hold with lamentable dignity parasols which match in color their cloaks. I am told they own no shovels or pails, and are not allowed to play on the beach. I prefer the little girls in Village Street as the future mothers of the repuhlic.

"The chief objects of interest to strangers seem to be the curiously barbarous fenec about the Marble House, the Old Mill and the Casino, which at present is undouhtedly the most thorough rest-cure in the United States. The palace-cottage district is to me not as beautiful as the region where the old residents have lived for years and not as picturesque as the quarter pierced by Thames Street. Why are so many of the summer palaces closed during the delightful month of June? I wonder whether their inmates really enjoy the sight of the sea, which is no respecter of persons, or find comfort in the near presence of thoughtful trees. At the Torpedo Station there are constant experiments with four or five kinds of explosives. Will the time ever come when the ostentation of wealth will provoke in this dreamy town an explosion more terrible than that of dynamite or smokeless powder? I must ask the Vanderbilts about this when they call on me."

When thou art surprized into a false Admiration of him who is carried in his Sedan, cast thy Eyes downwards upon the Slaves who support his Luxury. * * * Look not upon the Outside of these applauded Men, which is so gay and brilliant, but draw the gawdy Curtain, and carry Thy Eyes inward, and thou shalt find most gnawing Disquiets to be dissembled under these false Appearances.

July 2. '97

The turtle is a beast which is inclosed between hard scales, whither it retreats when one would do it harm. The water turtle is deadly, that of the land is clean and good to eat. The sea turtle is horrible to look upon. It has a jaw stronger than that of any other animal, because if it takes a stone in its mouth it breaks it. It is often seen coming to the surface of the water to dry its carapace in the sun.

We had hoped to publish this morning a sketch of life among the lowly by our esteemed friend Jules Renard; but we have neither seen him nor heard from him since last Friday. He then said he expected to participate in the festivities at Marblehead with Old Chimes. We called yesterday at the house of the latter. Miss Eustacia—"fairer than the evening air clad in the beauty of a thousand stars"—said that her uncle had returned, and was in fact upstairs in bed, "extremely irritable and unwilling to see anybody." As for Mr. Jules Renard, she knew nothing about his whereabouts.

Fortunately we received late last night a zoological study by our esteemed correspondent "Q."

THE TURTLE SPOKE.

after lookin at the largest Turtle I ever beheld haven been acquainted with the fish Dealer He told Me He had Sold it to a Museum and told Me to send a man to help Send it away the first Man I Met was Martin KillWholly So I told Him go see the fish dealer I will not if you give Me fivety Dollars why Said I I got a fright 25 years ago from a Turtle tell Me about it. Martin, Said I well a Man kept an aten house at that Corner thin He Called Me over Sayes He will you Cut the head of a Turtle Martin I will Sez I well this Man will tell you what to do pintin at a Man well dressed with black whiskers and a baver hat Mow Marten Sayes He heres a Sharp hatchet and whin he pokes his head out far enof I will say Cut thin whip of the head so I got on one Kne watin so when he got the head about haf way out He opned his Mouth and Ses He Martin KillWholley What Harm Did I Ever Do you That You Com Acros. The Salt Say To Cut The Head Of Me. I Jumped to My feet and out of the door I wint and down the Street) over I Met a Poleeeman Sayes He what is the Matter with you I told Him about the Turtle Spoken to me Sayes He where is your hat I dont no sez I I Come wid Me Ses He your drunk and Crasy so of we wint the Man run down wid Me hat that axed Me to cut the head of the Turtle He whispered in the Policemans ear Ses He Come over where the Turtle is Signor Blitze wants to See you So over we wint the Polleman left Me and wint in to See the fellow with the baver or beaver out Come the Policeman laugh an Sayes He Mr KillWholley you Must pardin Me your Not drunk Nor Crasy you got a fright It was Not the Turtle Spoke but Mr. Blitse the Ventriloquoust and you thought it was the Turtle He the Devil Ses I well Says the Policeman I will these Men and the Turtle to the Station if you Say So. Shure you Cant blame the Turtle and they all was Laffan at Me Sayes the Vantrillokust here is 50 Cents and Com to the Theater to Night and I will give you one dollar and a front seat Ses He I Seen enough of You You Divil and of I walked

As to the sea tortoise, it is very enormous, so that the people of the ship imagine it to be an island. One of the merchants relates as follows regarding it: "We found in the sea an island elevated above the water, having upon it green plants, and we went forth to it, and dug to cook; whereupon the island moved, and the sailors said, 'Come ye to your place, for it is a tortoise, and the heat of the fire hath hurt it, lest it carry you away.' By reason of the enormity of its body, it was as though it were an island, and earth collected upon its back in the length of time, so that it became like land, and produced plants."

The Transcript says that Calvé has sense enough not to attempt the part of Trilby in Leoncavallo's new opera. What's the matter with Calvé's feet?

The widow Wagner will not allow Mr. Walter Damrosch to produce "Parsifal" in this country. For this relief much thanks. "Parsifal" is a noble work. We shudder at the thought of a Damroschian performance of it.

[illegible] Lieut. Gov. Timothy L. Woodruff['s] [illegible] attack on Harvard probably followed the use of wine for the stomach's sake.

The bald headed man reminds you that your hair is very gray.

Philosopher Dooley of Chicago does not know "What's comin' over th' people. Whin I was young if a rayporther wint rubberin' around a dance ye might give him a dhrink an' we might throw him in th' canal. It depinded on how we felt tord him. It wasn't rispictable in thim days to have yo'er name in th' paper. It niver got in except whin ye was undher arrest. Now I see har-rd-wurkin' men thrampin' down to th' newspaper offices with little items about a christenin' or a wake an' havin' it read to thim in th' mornin' at breakfuss befure they start to th' mills. On'y th' other day th' Bohemian woman that r-runs th' cabbage patch up be Main sthreet come in an' says she: 'We have a party at th' house to-night,' she says. 'Have ye?' says I. 'What for?' I says. 'Me daughter is comin' out,' says she. 'Is she?' says I. 'That's nice iv th' mayor,' I says. 'How long was she in f'r?' says I. An' she wint away mad. What's worse, this here society don't stop afther death. Here's a notice in th' paper: 'Ann Hochheimer'—she marrid a German—'nee O'Toole.' Nee O'Toole! Nee O'Toole! What does that mean? Nee nawthin'! Her name was O'Toole befure she was marrid, f'h twinty-odd years. I knowed her well."

Is it possible that these sentences written on the back of a postal card are by our friend Renard?

At times one would throw others, at times one would throw himself out of the window.

I try to escape life and its bustle, to take refuge, as they say, in dreams, and I have dreamed all night that I was not vexed at finding my hat.

7-3

Now we go up, up, and now we go down, down.

We were gladdened yesterday at sweltering noon by a call from Old Chimes, who, in spite of the unfavorable report of Miss Eustacia, appeared to be in robust health. He was accompanied by the distinguished foreigner, Mr. Jules Renard. They were at the Chutes the night before. Miss Eustacia was not invited. Her uncle told her that he and Mr. Renard were going to dine with the Professor of Aztec at Harvard.

It was Old Chimes's first visit to the Chutes, and he was most favorably impressed by the democratic simplicity of the entertainment. "It was indeed a pleasure to bear the free laughter, the innocent and homely jesting, the pretty screams of young women pretending to be frightened. Mr. Renard and I entered fully into the spirit of the evening. We saw two modestly dressed and comely girls sitting near us, watching the tossing boats, and we asked them if they did not wish to join us in the mad plunge. They looked at each hesitatingly, giggled a moment, and then said they saw no harm in so doing. They proved to be eminently sensible girls, who worked for their living, and were without any silly affectation. The elder of the sisters complained that the water and the heat "took crimps out" and she regretted that her hair did not curl naturally. This was her only touch of coquetry, for her close approach to me during the descent was, of course, only feminine timidity. Mr. Renard was astonished at the scientific turn of mind shown by the younger. As we were waiting at the top, she said to him. 'Do you ever feel a desire to throw yourself off such a high place?' He said 'No.' 'That,' she said, 'is the attraction of gravitation.'

"Yes," Old Chimes continued, "I enjoyed the evening hugely. These girls exhibited no Boston front; they were natural; they were not in awe of Mrs. Grundy or her numerous relations. They did not ask, 'Who is that woman?' or 'Who is that man?' The younger commented harshly—at least I thought so—on the prevailing female bicycle costume, which she found immodest; but she made no foolish protest when Mr. Renard supported her gallantly in the boat. Why cannot there be the like good feeling and democratic simplicity in other summer entertainments here—the Pops, for instance? By the way, Renard, what was that story you told as we all sat together, watching a daring maiden trip the trolley? I thought the girls were visibly affected by it."

And although we were deep in an investigation of a problem in jute, Mr. Renard struck a romantic position and began:

THE PIN.

When her sweetheart went to the war, Blanche made him a present of a pin, which he swore he would guard most carefully.

"You give it to me," said Pierre, "so that I may think of you?"

"No," she said. "I know you will never forget me."

"Perhaps [illegible] it [illegible] for good luck?"

"No, I am not superstitious."

"Well, never mind," said Pierre. "It is enough that it comes from you, and that you love me."

"I love you," said Blanche, "but my pin will be of use to you."

In the first battle Pierre was shot in the left arm, and they cut it off.

"I know Blanche," he said; "she will now hasten our marriage."

He went home, and his first visit was to her. As he marched along the road, proud of being alive, with a quick step, he looked at his empty sleeve.

It hung, lifeless, flat, or it swung from left to right, or it flapped aimlessly.

"This careless dress," said Pierre, "makes me rather ridiculous."

With his remaining hand, he raised the sleeve, and, having folded it, he fixed it neatly to his shoulder with the pin.

"Florence Weinheimer of Syracuse slept 144 hours on a stretch." This is, indeed, remarkable, for Syracuse, as we remember it, is a noisy town. If she were living in Schenectady——. This reminds us of an Albanian who was obliged to go to Schenectady once a week on business. After this business was finished, he generally had an hour or two at his disposal before taking the home-bound train. It was his custom to engage a room at the tavern and go to bed, leaving an order to be awakened ten minutes before the train was due. When asked the reason of this extraordinary conduct, he replied, "There's nothing else to do in Schenectady."

The Listener is right. The man who "does nicely" and asks, when addressing you, "How is Mr. X. today?" is intolerable and not to be endured. The eccentric horn player Vivier wrote a book of the sayings heard every day, such as "They fight from morning to night, and yet they adore each other"—"How fortunate you are to have a good digestion!"—"Why don't you let your beard grow, you would look much better"? And yet what would hundreds do without this safe padding in conversation?

An Englishman named Stokes has invented a kettle that is said to be an improvement on the ordinary kettle of commerce; for his machine will not boil over. "Boiling over is due, of course, to pressure of steam above the water in the kettle, which forces the water out of the spout. By the perfectly simple device of running a small tube from the top of the kettle to the end of the spout the pressure above the water is prevented from exceeding that of the atmosphere. There is no reason why every kettle should not henceforth be built upon this principle. It would at once avoid the danger which exists at present of scalding children and animals, would be a blessing to housewives confronted with rusty grates, and would for the first time confer absolute safety upon invalids who have to use the so-called 'asthma' and 'bronchitis' kettles, often in close proximity to their beds."

July 4

ABOUT MUSIC.

How Sixty Years Kill Admired Favorites.

Mr. Blackburn Looks Back to Amateurs of 1837.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Players and Singers.

The Victorian Jubilee incited many to indulge in comparison of every kind between art, literature, manners, morals, athletics, etc., etc., in 1837 and 1897. Mr. Vernon Blackburn's article, "The Music of Sixty Years," is worthy of serious consideration. You may differ with him in certain judgments. Thus, you may question whether "Donizetti is as dead as Bellini;" or whether Meyerbeer "lives on a kind of sufferance." Few will agree with him in preferring Rossini's "William Tell" to "Il Barbière." Nor is the "Trovatore" period of Verdi to be sniffed away so lightly.

* * *

"With our present knowledge, with our supposed superiority, and with our boasted progress in music, it is not quite easy to take the leap back of 60 years, and to realize exactly the frame of mind of the musical amateur and enthusiast of 1837. Mozart's death had been recent when our amateur was born; he had lived part of his life with Beethoven, and was probably just beginning to realize some of the immortality that lies confined within the nine symphonies. The symphonies of Haydn were to him neither old-fashioned nor obv[illegible]. The [illegible] of the day [illegible] of the most [illegible] I find was [illegible]sohn, who had still 10 years of his life to run. As to opera, the Italian school was then in its fullest glory of popularity. Bellini was just dead; Donizetti was pouring out opera after opera with the fluency which used to make our ancestral amateur tremble with a fearful admiration but which his irreverent grandsons now use as an excuse to explain away their badness. Rossini, although the year before he had practically given up serious composition, despite the more than 30 years of life that still remained in his lazy bones, reigned brilliantly over the operatic stage of all countries, and Meyerbeer's 'Huguenots' was then exactly a year old. To that twilight amateur the little movement—as it seemed to him—favoring a rise of purely German and national opera was now ancient history. Spontini, Weber's popular rival, was artistically as dead as a stone. 'Der Freischuetz' had been familiar to the world now for 16 years—'Der Freischuetz,' the slayer of 'Olympia' and 'La Vestale,' and all the pompous procession that wandered from Spontini's pedantic pen. Opera in France was then, as now, an institution, rather than the expression of any sincere national spirit, but my amateur had heard Auber's 'Masaniello' nine years, and 'Fra Diavolo' seven years ago, and he was preparing to hear in this very year of grace, 1837, the same composer's 'Le Domino Noir;' but I fear that my musical enthusiast had not yet heard of a young man of 24, who had composed a fairy opera called 'Die Feen,' which had been accepted by Rengelhardt, but was never performed by him, and extracts from which, together with a certain 'Columbus' overture, had been performed two years before at a Magdeburg concert. Many years were destined to pass before the name of Richard Wagner was to be even tolerated, much less cherished, by the musical amateur. Schubert, indeed, was dead, had been dead nine years; but his influence, such as it was, had seemingly died with him, and the growth of his living genius—he being dead—was still to be among the marvels of the future; nor, for two years to come, was Schumann's genius to show itself with any success to the world. Cherubini had five years of life to run, but he had withdrawn himself to so rare an atmosphere of academic dignity that he was little more—he has been no more since his death—than the shadow of a great name; and Berlioz was as yet not even the shadow of a name. At this date he had no influence.

"This, then, was the musical prospect, to put it as briefly as may be, when the Queen ascended the throne in 1837. On the stage and in the concert room, then as now, there reigned prime favorites; but I am inclined to think that the favorites of that time and of the succeeding 30 or so years received a more generally enthusiastic attention than do the favorites of today. It may be that Paderewski or another need not be ashamed of challenging Liszt at the pianoforte; but it is certain that no rhapsodies have ever been poured upon the head of any modern pianist that for enthusiasm can approach the paeans of praise which followed Liszt from city to city, as, dating from 1823, he made his triumphal processional marches across the Continent. The age of Dickens was an age of tears, which might account for much; but when the modern idols of the stage are named, the modern eye of the musical amateur does not gleam with quite the same holy flame of enthusiasm that kindles the eye of the ancestral one when he hears the name of Catalani, who died in 1849, or of Mario, who held the stage from 1838 to 1867, or of Jenny Lind, who also first stormed London in 1838, or of Grisi, whose long reign of supremacy, which she shared with Mario, lasted from 1834 to 1861. Patti, of course, comes nearer to our time, with her London debut of 1861, and we all have heard her recently enough at Covent Garden; she, however, and Mr. Sims Reeves belong just sufficiently to the period of sentimental adoration—a phase of fanaticism so admirably described by Disraeli in the Bird of Paradise chapters of 'The Young Duke'—to have become enshrined among the golden traditions of vocal accomplishment, such traditions as nobody nowadays seems to be at the pains of restarting, whether the object be a Jean de Reszke or a Melba.

"Jump over the interval to the present time, and now consider what we have in the place of that musical condition of 1837. Bellini is, I suppose, absolutely dead. Mendelssohn we no longer speak of with bated breath; his claims have been handled with severity and closeness, and his position as a first-rate composer has been successfully contested and destroyed. He is admired—he will always be admired; but he has ceased to sway the serious councils of music. Donizetti is as dead as Bellini; Meyerbeer lives, since Wagner issued his damnatory declaration, on a kind of sufferance. Rossini lives, it is true, but the brilliance of his light is sorrowfully overclouded. Auber, save for 'Fra Diavolo,' is to this generation little more than a name. Spontini, who was dead in 1837, has not risen again. Cherubini, save in those Roman Catholic circles which still retain the memory and practice of certain among his Masses, is absolutely no more. Verdi, who was barely known at the beginning of the reign, might still be unknown to the affection of musicians but for the extraordinary development both in style and in beauty which has marked his later work. Spohr, who always took a somewhat pedestrian rank, still retains the modest reputation which he had well founded 60 years ago; and in the place of all this wreckage, what have we? What has been given to us in that long period to take the place of that which has gone? Our old composers who had touched immortality in '37 have not been moved from their places, of course; Beethoven, who had been dead only 10 years, has come into the fullness of his kingdom, that is all. Meanwhile Gounod, who was 19 at that date, has lived, worked, and died, and it is difficult to say whether he will rank among the really great ones of the earth. One is not certain that his music will be heard half a century hence, but if it is heard then it will [illegible] be admired. [illegible] has also done his life's work within the period, and it may be [illegible] that much of it is made of perdurable stuff. Many little-great composers have risen, drooped, and died within the same period of time whom it would be otiose to name. In France Offenbach has had his shining day of popularity and—exists no more. Sterndale Bennett, a vastly-praised musician in this country, has been steadily and sadly disappearing along the same path; and there are other little-great composers alive who have not, perhaps, yet reached the full height of their development here, in France, in Germany and in Italy—and whose future it is impossible as yet to predict. Why string together a list of living composers of this class, when so many who no longer live are equally worthy and are now dead to memory? We have an Academy; France has an Academy; other countries have their schools; and this is no record of contemporary music. Two names may, however, be excepted, Saint-Saëns in France and Sullivan in England. Saint-Saëns is the most accomplished virtuoso composer that probably ever lived. He can write you in any style, of any period, with any given effect at any hour of the day. Need more be said? And Sullivan finds salvation in the exquisite delicacy and refinement of his vital humor.

"Such is the wreck of old ideals, such the disappearance of composers whose popularity you would have said had been founded on a rock. Save for the later operas of Verdi—'Aïda,' 'Otello' and 'Falstaff'—the Italian school of opera, as it was understood sixty years ago, has practically disappeared. Rosy and golden as its prospects then seemed to be, supported by the most brilliant galaxy of singers that the world has ever heard, it has withered, fallen and died out, like that rose of Jeremy Taylor's, which, in the evening, fell upon the lot of out-worn faces. Who has wrought this change? Two men, but one man chiefly, Hector Berlioz and Richard Wagner. What Berlioz might have accomplished without Wagner we never can tell. His monumental music, as I think, could never be popular, even with familiarity; and theory without practical demonstration has never gone for much in our practical world. The forces arrayed against him might, without this powerful auxiliary, have beaten him off the field. But Wagner, despite the difficulty, the novelty, the immense technical obscurity of so much of his composition, worked from a source of such genuine and beautiful inspiration that popularity was sure to come to him in the long run. And now that that popularity has come, the result has been a steadily merciless destruction of the earlier and more frivolous forms of opera. Men who have come to understand the 'Siegfried' and 'Die Meistersinger' will continue indeed to accept 'Don Giovanni' and 'Le Nozze' and 'Orfeo' and 'Alceste' and 'Fidelio,' but they will blandly smile away the banalities—alas! for Catalani and Jenny Lind and Grisi and Mario—of 'La Sonnambula' and 'Lucia' and 'Trovatore' and 'Lucrezia Borgia' and 'La Favorita;' they will barely endure 'Il Barbière,' although they will gravely enough except 'William Tell' from the general condemnation. But, take his work as a whole, Wagner has succeeded pretty unmistakably in accomplishing the utter destruction of opera as it existed and was popular during the first thirty or forty years of the reign.

"So I conclude my brief review of the period, which for coherence sake I have tried to deal with rather as a whole than in detail. Great conductors are with us, Richter, Mottl, Nikisch, and others. Joachim has charmed us for more than 50 years, and still lives to charm. Our opera need not perhaps weep for Mario, while it still knows Jean de Reszke. Paganini has died since 1837, and Sarasate is alive now in the full vigor of his art; and so the fields of artistic interpreters bud, bloom, and fade. They do but express, if in a supreme degree, the great art which is provided for them by the great artist, for which reason I leave them, in this necessarily comprehensive review, to rank somewhat as details. Music, let it be known, does not progress beyond certain points of development. It changes, the wheel moves round in its immense circuit. I have but attempted to show the course of its periodicity since Queen Victoria ascended the throne in 1837."

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Marcello Rossi, violinist, died June 4 at Bellagio, age 36.

Miss Frances Russel gave an organ concert in Berlin June 13.

An oratorio by Princess Henry of Battenburg will be performed next season.

The pianist Margarethe Eussert made a successful concert tour through South Russia.

Auber's "Part du Diable" was revived with great care and success at Munich, June 7.

In 1876 fifty-two Frenchmen visited Bayreuth. In 1896 there were 720 French visitors.

The 25th volume of Albert Soubies's "Almanach des Spectacles" has been published.

An operetta-burlesque, "Venus on Earth," music by Paul Lincke, has been produced at Berlin.

"Wanda," by Bachinni, and "Perdrano," by Tricca, are to be performed at the Valle Theatre, Rome.

The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra plays this summer at Scheveningen under the conductor Rebiczek.

The 100th performance of Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah" at the Paris Opéra was on June 11.

Eugen d'Albert will give up his house in Frankfort. He has bought a villa on the Sachsenhaeuser mountain.

Elsa Ruegger, the 'cellist who has played with success in London, is a Swiss, although she lives at Brussels.

There were 647 pupils at the St. Petersburg Conservatory in 1896. Three hundred and six were piano students.

A [illegible] T. S. E[illegible]be[illegible], the composer [illegible]—his name was [illegible] at Troppau J[illegible].

A [illegible] by Jean Bauer was [illegible] in memory of Louis Lacombe June 2[illegible] at Bourges, the birthplace of the composer.

The Scientific Society of Lille has given a gold medal to A. Gau[illegible]frey for his "Histoire de l'Enseignement musical dans le Nord."

Lina Ramann, the hysterical biographer of Liszt, has finished a book on musical education which will be published this summer.

Delna has been engaged by the Paris Opéra. She will create the chief part in a new opera by a young composer—"probably Paul Vidal."

The Mozart Society of Prague will erect a statue to Mozart. To raise money a performance of "Don Giovanni" was given by amateurs.

A woman of Leipsic, whose name is withheld, has given a commission to Werner Stein for a statue of Schumann, to be erected in a public square.

Wagner wrote a poem entitled "Napoleon's Return," Dec. 15, 1840, the day of the ceremonies at the Invalides over the transported ashes. Kienzl has set the verses to music.

The 'cellist Napoleone Pontecchi died lately at Villa d'Odda, aged 76. He was the author of several religious compositions, as well as operettas for school children and collegians.

A new mass for three voices and organ, by Gaetano Foschini, professor of harmony at the Turin Music School, was sung at Saint-Philip, Turin, May [illegible], the feast day of St. Anthony of Padua.

A new one-act opera "Anni Mari," produced at Abo, Finnland, is praised for characteristic melody, dramatic life, effective orchestration. The composer, Jose Eibenschuetz, is a conductor in that town.

An opera "Artus," by Amadeo Vives, a man of 26 years and extremely humble origin, was produced at Barcelona with extraordinary success. The opera is said to be "epoch-making in the musical history of Spain." The subject is taken from the legend of the Round Table.

C. Prohaska's new cantata for baritone and orchestra, "Der Fusswanderer," (poem by Rueckert), produced at the Tonkuenstler-Versammlung at Mannheim, sung by Felix Kraus, was criticised unfavorably. At the same festival César Franck's Variations Symphoniques, played by the French pianist Risler, and the orchestra, met with marked favor.

Mr. Paderewski's latest appearance in London was June 16. Mr. Blackburn reviewed his performance as follows: "Yesterday afternoon, at the Queen's Hall, Mr. Robert Newman had arranged for a planoforte recital—the sole one in town this season—by M. Paderewski, and his enterprise was rewarded by a house that was crammed to its utmost capacity, in spite of the fact that the stalls fetched the high price of a guinea. It is, of course, certain that Paderewski deserves all his popularity, but we very much doubt if that popularity is altogether due to his really subtle and transcendent merits as an artist. Be that as it may—and one can shrewdly suspect the possibility, it is a right and proper thing that he should have so great a popularity, whatever the cause, in a world where merit too often does not receive its due, even though he here receives it for vicarious reasons. On this occasion he chose to display his artistic capacity in its most versatile and various aspect; he played Brahms, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Rubinstein and Liszt in quick succession, and he played each with exquisite insight and intelligence. That is the secret of Paderewski's real greatness. It may be that other living pianists have as fine and as flexible a technique, but it would be rash to say that there is another who brings to his task so thoughtful, so sensitive, so delicate a musical intelligence, or so intimate an appreciation and so close and touching a sympathy with his instrument. His Schumann playing is absolutely perfect in every respect. Yesterday he [illegible] that curious 'Carnaval' in which Schumann so strangely limited himself to an artificial and unjustifiable choice of [illegible] arbitrary notes. The composer [illegible] saved himself by the delightful [illegible] of humor and sly spirits with [illegible] he followed out his somewhat [illegible], and it was in his most subtle expression of these gay qualities that M. Paderewski proved himself to be the magnificent possessor of musical [illegible] which he assuredly is. [illegible] playing of Chopin is an old story, [illegible] perhaps he played the Nocturne [illegible] B major less well yesterday than [illegible] the [illegible], which were marvellous examples of refinement and [illegible] of spirit. As a [illegible] player yesterday he played [illegible] Sonata in D minor, op. 31—he has [illegible] fully earned the last [illegible] of praise. Here it may be that [illegible] in rivalry, for, [illegible] Beethoven playing is [illegible]. The point to note is [illegible] Paderewski plays the work [illegible] and so various composers, [illegible] with so marvelous a [illegible]. Here he has no rival; and [illegible] that fact once [illegible] recital of yesterday afternoon."

[illegible] Pall Mall Gazette of June 12 [illegible] of the Handel Festival: "The [illegible] of the year has [illegible], and again the British [illegible] face to face with the [illegible] of another of its [illegible] festivals. On Monday, [illegible] the festival proper begins with [illegible] of 'The Messiah;' the [illegible] as usual, fixed for [illegible] and the whole resources [illegible] chorus will be called into [illegible] for 'Israel in Egypt' on [illegible]. Yesterday, during a space [illegible] hours or thereabouts, a very [illegible] rehearsal took place in the [illegible] of [illegible] only large number [illegible] however, the [illegible] particular occasion is usually less interesting than the formal function itself. There is, indeed, probably no celebration to which an English public rises with more natural and delighted enthusiasm than a Handel festival. Handel is in this country, through the Provinces as in London, a very demi-god of music. It is useless for the peculiarly modern person to dismiss the 'eighteenth century religious ideal' from consideration and to regard Handel's present popularity as partly due to his real artistic merit and partly to a sort of superstitious tradition. The fact is that the 'eighteenth century religious ideal, is abroad, and is still living with a tremendous vitality, all up and down the country; and it is equally a fact that because Handel expressed that ideal once and for all in popular musical terms he is the object of so much veneration and profound devotion today. Fortunately for us, also, Handel stands among the few great musical artists of the world, so that while the immense public is really feeding a quasi-religious instinct by rallying in its thousands to a big Handel festival, the musician has also the satisfaction of knowing that honor is also being done to one whose art made him, apart from anything else, worthy of that honor. Thus, within limits, a Handel festival is agreeable to everybody, and there is no doubt that no function of the kind is so provocative of good-humor and amibility among every sort and condition of man. The rehearsal of yesterday once more reopened the one point of controversy which exists in regard to the whole matter. Is it, in fact, advantageous to the memory and the art of Handel to carry out a festival of this kind on quite so immense a scale? You decide the question in the most generous way by appreciating the fact that under the exact circumstances of the festival the advantages are clear and intelligible. This is a kind of triennial canonization, in which it is fitting that as large a number as possible of Handel's worshipers should take part. It is obvious that it would be possible to specialize out of this immense body of four thousand performers—that is the number this year—a group, say, of one hundred who could be trained to interpret the great choral works with perfect flexibility, with the most delicate attention to every shade of musical meaning, and with as absolute a beauty of tone as this sordid world can easily show. Yet, admirable as such a scheme sounds, you necessarily deprive it of the underlying idea of a festival. Here could be no English Mecca, as Sydenham assuredly becomes once in three years; and since, therefore, for such a purpose you must perforce have the thing on a large scale, why, then let the scale be as large as it possibly can be within the necessary limits ordained by human control. And we suspect that this year those limits have been practically reached. Mr. Manns, indeed, is a prodigy of energy, and his powers of organization are simply amazing; but we rather imagine that even his singular capacity could not go much further, and therefore we may suppose that this year we attend a Handel Festival which, upon the lines marked out for it, should be the ideal thing of its kind. To judge from the rehearsal Mr. Manns is in splendid form, and is well able to cope with the difficulties of his very arduous position. His chorus is distinguished by two most necessary qualities, knowledge and fineness of tone. For masses of sound it is really incomparably fine, and is animated with a great intelligence. Sensitiveness is, of course, with so very large a body of singers scarely to be expected; it would indeed, be impossible; but the sensitiveness of each member of the chorus is, as nearly as may be, shown in the alertness and vitality of the method by which the music is carried to successful and impressive results.

July 5.9[illegible]

So far I am sure was an excellent Philosopher from being of their humour that when he was censured for exposing and prostituting the Dignity of Philosophy, by his freedom to all comers, he answered, That he could wish that Nature had given understanding to wild Beasts, that they too might be capable of being his Hearers.

The Fourth, celebrated in Chinese fashion of rejoicing, with cruel boisterousness, is supposed to remind us that all men—especially Americans—are born free and equal. Theorists have dwelt upon the inestimable boon of American citizenship. The President, the Senator, the Congressman are the servants of the people. It is in the power of the humblest boy now living to attain high position. There is no Duke or Earl or Prince or Baron whose foolish son has advantage over the boy of the day laborer. Here, there are no class distinctions. Here the people rule. Theorists—patriotic and optimistic—smile smug smiles as they lay down such propositions.

Perhaps there was a time in the United States when such statements were accepted without discussion, and heard without ironical laughter. But how is it today?

We told Saturday the story of Old Chimes's adventures at the Chutes. We received yesterday a letter from a woman protesting against the publication of the old man's folly. "To me, and to every right-minded woman his conduct was disgusting. I do not blame the girls whom he invited to ride with him; I blame him for lowering himself and associating with persons who, however estimable they may be in their own sphere, are of another class. A true gentleman does not seek amusement out of his own society, to which he was called by birth and breeding."

Here you have it in a nutshell. Old Chimes should not have passed a pleasant hour with honest, comely, sweet, womanly girls, because, forsooth, he did not know their father, who was of another station in life—a workman, perhaps, or even a tradesman. But who is Old Chimes?

You know him by sight. You see his name signed to a petition or a remonstrance in company with the names of eminently respectable fuddy-duddies, who are in the habit of signing things gregariously. (It is a wonder that from timidity they do not choose the form of a Round Robin.) He never earned a dollar in his life. His grandfather left a fortune, gained partly in trade, partly inherited from ancestors who dealt in rum and molasses, and also had a pretty taste in human ebony. Old Chimes, of course, went to Harvard, and, as we are told, he enjoyed social honors as an undergraduate. His income is sufficient to gratify his tastes, and he spends it chiefly upon himself, as Miss Eustacia is wealthy in her own name. He is a clubman and he is tempted to view life solely from a club-window. He is spoken of as "A man of excellent family, but eccentric in his opinions." For he has escaped, as by a miracle, certain Bostonian influences. There is a strong dash of humanity in his composition—Mr. Algernon Civet prefers to call it coarseness. Old Chimes knows and respects the famous Terentian maxim. Mirabile dictu! this Bostonian of Bostonians knows no such thing as class distinction, and he is tolerant even of individuals who wear buttons or ribbons for decorative and distinguishing purposes.

It never occurred to him that at the very top of the Chutes he had descended from an Olympian height, because he had an innocent frolic with girls whom he had not met in hot-houses of genteel conversation; for, whatever faults he may have, he is not a cad. And if he had felt condescension on his part, the girls would have noticed it instinctively and left him immediately. Nor was he studying them with any sociological design. He delighted in their freedom from conventionalism and cant. They did not look arrogantly from the top of the social ladder once climbed painfully by an ambitious mother, nor were they climbing the rounds with inward self-humiliation. Old Chimes will in all probability never see these girls again. They gave him pleasure for an hour or so, and, ten to one, he remembers them today, shakes his head regretfully at the thought of his age and envies their future husbands.

Must not the inhabitants of the air smile at the pranks of this Western ideal democracy? They see an aristocracy, puffed up as a paper bag. This aristocracy is made up of the descendants of a fur trader, or a ferryman, or some shrewd, vulgar man to whom the circle of eternity was a dollar. Not infrequently this paper bag bursts with a loud, report, and then becomes part of the rubbish that finds the dust-heap. The wheel is always revolving; the whirligig constantly furnishes amusement. But most amusing to the inhabitants of the air are the men and women who take their aspirations and struggles and heart-burnings of sixty or seventy petty years so seriously. The son of Miss Eustacia—for she will not escape matrimony—may marry the daughter of the hustling stock broker of doubtful antecedents at whom the peerless virgin now curls contemptuous lip.

This is a holiday, and you may have time to read a little poem. Old Chimes is fond of reciting it, and it is an admirable answer to the woman who complained of him.

THE GENTLEMAN.

I know a duke; well—let him pass—
I may not call his grace an ass,
Though if I did I'd do no wrong—
Save to the asses and my song.

The Duke is neither wise nor good;
He gambles, drinks, scorns womanhood,
And at the age of twenty-four
Is worn and battered as three-score.

I know a waiter in Pall Mall
Who works, and waits, and reasons well;
Is gentle, court-ous, and refined,
And has a magnet in his mind.

What is it makes his graceless grace
So like a jockey out of place?
What makes the waiter—tell who can—
So very like a gentleman?

Perhaps their mothers—God is great!
Perhaps 'tis accident—or fate!
Perhaps because—hold not thy pen—
We can breed horses, but not men!

July 6. [illegible]

What to him was love or hope?
What to him was joy or care?
He stepped on a plug of Irish soap
The girl had left on the topmost stair,
And his feet flew out like wild, fierce things,
And he struck each stair with a sound like a drum;
And the girl below with the scrubbing things
Laughed like a fiend to see him come.

'Twas neither May nor November last week, and yet we saw in several streets the painful sight of moving. Huge wagons and sweating men; intimate household furniture exposed unblushingly on the sidewalk; the portrait of Uncle Amos gaped at or pointed at derisively by passengers in street cars; a janitor sprawling and smoking on the mattress for which the humble couple sighed and scraped savings; the loving husband tottering down the stairs with a piano lamp in one hand and a demijohn in the other; and the sound of a high-pitched voice from the upper floor, the sound of that most knagging speech, "Be careful!"

You invite competition, for you are a prudent man. Three or four movers assure you that you need have no anxiety. Each one will empty the flat or house as in the twinkling of an eye. You will find pictures artistically hung and books on shelves in the new abode. You make a choice, not governed so much by the pecuniary proposal—there is seldom a difference of more than a dollar or two—as by the fancied benevolence of a face. The fatal day dawns. There is only one wagon and there are only two men. You were promised two wagons and four men. The heat is stifling. The landlady glares in the doorway of a suite below. She inspects the stair-walls after each load. You suspect her of jabbing them with an ice-pick. Books are thrown into boxes as into a waste-basket. White picture-frames are held firmly by hands that sweat through gloves. In the new flat, books form a pile, as though they were to be burned by a tripe-visaged member of the Society for the Protection of Prudery. Confusion, distraction, men with difficulty holding back profanity, unkempt women with smouched cheeks and straggling hair. And why was there need of moving and this torment of body and soul? Because, forsooth, the new flat has a guest chamber, or the apartment-house a bicycle room. The guest-chamber is pestilential, because it invites guests. The wife may not intend deliberately to stable her mother or aunt there for the winter, but Cousin Horatio or Ann Eliza in Vermont will learn in some mysterious manner of that room, and will have money enough to visit the city relatives. The bicycle-room is provided thoughtfully for the benefit of the thief.

Do you appreciate the strength and the patience of the men who endure, as a rule without complaint, the heat and the burden of the day? Their backs are bent, their muscles are strained; they totter down four flights; they pant up four flights; and for how much a day? Some of them are old in face, with the sad eyes of a horse in a brickyard. They are careful of your property. They are scrupulously honest; they are almost always courteous; and for how much a day? Are they much better off than those at work in sugar refineries, stoke-holds, Polish salt mines? Yet you are vexed if they overlook some trumpery article of bric-a-brac, or a broom that to them seemed outworn; you speak sharply if a chair is put in the wrong room.

They are not, however, "demented with the mania of owning things." They would be the first to smile at the reply of a philosopher here in Boston, who, when asked by his anxious wife whether anything was broken or lost in moving, answered, "Yes, thank God!"

Lieut. Gov. Woodruff is a Yale man, but he knows the value of Cornell votes at the time of State elections.

Mr. William Drysdale, from personal observation, is moved to say: "I do not believe that poor girls and poor children are treated as badly among the Kaffirs as they are treated in London."

It will be remembered that Mrs. Bradbury, the wife of a Los Angeles millionaire, eloped with a Mr. Ward. It is said that Mr. Ward "prefers not to talk about his wife and children, who are now abroad." Pray, what is the favorite topic of conversation when Mrs. Bradbury and Mr. Ward are at luncheon or breakfast? Is it about Mr. Bradbury?

Sir Walter Besant says that in 1840 the dinner when members of the wealthier city class in London entertained each other was always the same or nearly the same. And in Boston in 1897 the dinner served at parties, social or ceremonial, is always the same, or nearly the same.

Ellesmere once remarked, "What a sacrifice of good things, and of the patience and comfort of human beings, a cumbrous modern dinner is! I always long to get up and walk about. * * * Imagine a Roman, whose theory at least of a dinner was that it was a thing for enjoyment, whereas we often look on it as a continuation of the business of the day—I say, im-

"Like a Roman girding himself up, literally girding himself up, to make an after dinner speech. * * * People smearing each other over with stupid flattery, and most of the company being in dread of receiving some compliment which should oblige them to speak!"

It was only a few days ago that you attended your class dinner. You wondered why Jones was so uffish, Smith so cool toward you. It was only after each was delivered of a "witty and impromptu response" to a toast that Jones slapped you on the back and Smith showed interest in your doings. There are class reunions where speech-making is not allowed; such dinners are not utterly intolerable. Alas, the ranks are thinned before good sense triumphs.

The seed has not been sown on stony ground. Day by day we see the fruition of toil.. Often misunderstood, sometimes flouted, we find balm in letters like unto this, mailed in a Maine town: "I notice you have often mentioned the value of chives. For three years we have had in our garden a root or rather plant that we didn't know what it was. It was something like onion sprouts, only didn't taste so strong. It was left in a pot by a Boston cooking teacher who summered here, and knowing she set considerable store by it we transplanted it to the garden. We got so we ate the sprigs with most everything. Bread and butter, meat, soup were better with it, and it didn't smell your breath up like onions. We have just found out that, it is chives, and remember to have read about it in the Journal. So we thought you might like to know our experience. I forgot to say that the neighbors heard us talk so much about them that we've given away quite a lot of roots. Everybody likes it here. I have often thought of writing to that cooking teacher to thank her, but have lost her street and number, so write you. Oh, I meant to ask if you have ever seen its pretty lavender pinkish blossoms, they are real sweet-scented." Yes, indeed we have. There's a pot now blooming on the grand piano.

July 7 (Postponed)

It is good, in Discourse, and Speech of Conversation, to vary, and intermingle Speech of the present Occasion with Arguments; Tales with Reasons, Asking of Questions with Telling of Opinions; and Jest with Earnest: For it is a dull Thing to Tire, and as we say now to Jade anything too far.

There are many echoes of the great Jubilee, and pitiable wailing as well as joyous squealing is borne over the Atlantic. Thus during the jubilee festivities the common or jack-towel first made its appearance in the dressing rooms of London clubs. The absence of the one man towel was occasioned by the wild loyalty of the washerwoman. Her jubilation snapped derisive fingers at income and therefore fastidious cleanliness.

The jack-towel, whether it hang in kitchen, shop, composing room, or mill, is a barbarous thing. Of course if you have the first go at it, you personally may rejoice; but how about the man that comes after you? The jack is a calendar of heat and composite physical condition.

It is surprising to see how many apparently worthy persons are dead to the value of soap. We do not refer now to our sisters and brothers superciliously classified as the great unwashed. To them, unfortunately, washing is a serious inconvenience. The opportunity of cleansing the altogether is an event. There are many boarding houses in Boston where even a sponge bath is a gymnastic feat. There may be a bath room in the house, but there is a line, as at a box office, and, more than this, the tub does not inspire confidence. But there are men and women who have not yet accustomed themselves to the idea of a daily bath, although the architect provided their houses with bath room as well as ice-chest and range. Block-tin or porcelain, the tub is secretly feared. Perhaps the owner fears an accident. He may be cast, or he may sprain his ankle. The woman may be lazy, or she may remember the statement of Michelet, and recollect that coquetry in France for centuries went unwashed. Read the old memoirs; the tales therein of the personal uncleanliness of passionate beauty are incredible. The palace even at the beginning of this century was in certain respects a pig-sty.

Another wail is the lamentation over the royal dinner on jubilee night. The meal seems to have been as unsatisfactory as any ordinary ceremonial "banquet," to use a word very dear to Councilmen. "The amiable, but often overdone hors d'oeuvre" was conspicuously absent. The same critic remarks, after he has complained of the species of soup, "White bait is all right; but here was the occasion, surely, for 'Saumon à la Chambord' rather than for Norwegian fillets of that noble fish. Stuffed fowl was divided from the other variety by roast beef. The entremets hardly made amends—pois au beurre, Cambacérès pudding, a 'pain d'oranges' and a savoury. Hot and cold roast fowl and cold beef and salad on the side table. Hum!" But why should the critic complain thus bitterly? It is hardly probable that he was present. It is more likely that he was eating a chump chop, washing it down with a pint of 'arf and 'arf, with an occasional wink at the barmaid. By the way, what wines were served at the royal dinner? There is a popular impression that the favorite drink of the female aristocracy in London is gin.

You may remember that a report of Verdi's death was circulated early this month, and when the contradiction was made in the Italian Senate there was hearty cheering. How did the report start? Mrs. Verdi, writing to a friend of the family, said, "And now we are preparing for death." She referred to the fact that the tomb which Verdi has had built for himself at St. Agasta "had just been completed."

As a nail sticketh fast between the joinings of the stones; so doth sin stick close between buying and selling.

Here is the story of an incident dear to novelists. A young girl from Rouen, visiting Pourville, wandered at low tide, June 22, over rocks stretching to Dieppe. She slipped; one of her feet was caught; she could not extricate herself; the tide rose; she was drowned.

Miss Olga Nethersole has been interviewed in most artistic fashion by a London reporter. "We have sent * * * rare-gifted women who appeal in the mother tongue of both nations to the highest artistic and moral qualities of the American, as not even their own talented women can." The reporter undoubtedly includes mentally in this list Emily Soldene, Mrs. Rousby, Bessie Bellwood and Marie Tempest. "In Miss Nethersole's face," says the gifted reporter, "were no hints of such unholy things as late hours, or the vitiated atmosphere of the playhouse." Miss Olga is delighted with America. "Mr. Thomas B. Aldrich is writing a play for me, dramatizing his poem, 'Judith and Holofernes,' and at his country residence, 'Ponkapoid', an old colonial building it is, where George Washington drank his beer and is said to have lost his false teeth. I spent a day with the poet, his wife and their twin sons, in mental and physical delight."

The manners of American women have been discussed freely of late by men and women in the newspapers. You would suppose that the women of other countries were always gentle and considerate, and that Americans were the only offenders. Now listen to this wail: "The manners of women in our streets and our public conveyances are a subject for tears. The economic changes which have brought so many women to the earning of their own bread have loosed on our public thoroughfares a class of person which, 20 years ago, helped with the pastry and the dusting, made its own dresses, went to dances when it was asked, and, on the whole, behaved fairly well, and had little chance of behaving otherwise. Now these young women go to and fro in our streets, ride in our trains, work in our public libraries. Half educated, insolent with the insolence of the ignorant, aggressive with the aggressiveness of the socially insecure, they treat as enemies the whole of the human race, save such as are bound to them by ties of kinship or of acquaintance." Did this complaint appear in a newspaper of Boston, New York, Chicago? Oh no; it was published in a London daily.

July 8.

Under this thick wrapping of flesh you are like unto a traveler who at night in his tent sees, or thinks he sees, passing phantoms.

The historical painter was much impressed by the spectacle of the Honorable John L. Sullivan finding no sport of prominence among the 200 at Ambrose Park. He thought of Belisarius begging by the wayside, Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage, the last days of Coal-oil Johnny, and other classical subjects.

"Boys, there's nothing left for me but the preaching business," Mr. Sullivan finally grunted. Was this a cry of irony or despair? As the Journal pointed out the other day, there is abundant room for Mr. Sullivan in the green pastures of literature. His opinions on men and things are certainly as valuable as those of Mr. Carman or Mr. Mabie; his style is crisp, terse, picturesque. Furthermore, Mr. Sullivan, unlike Mr. Bliss Carman, is an assiduous reader of newspapers.

There is a bore known to both men and women who is always asking, "Tell me something to read." His sister and perhaps stronger brother is the man who is always advising you to read the book he has just finished or heard of. For light, summer recreation, oh L. G. H., we advise you—since you ask—to purchase immediately a copy of "Histoires Vertigineuses" by Laurent Montésiste. Here is his idea of

DANSE MACABRE.

Turn, waltz, wheel about in Eternity,
atoms, dust in the sunray.
And all are there: Sceptics and simple believers;
And all laugh with the laughter of skeletons;
And all writhe in grotesque contortions, and the orchestra is like unto the noise of knocked-together bones.
Sometimes they wring their hands and demand rest, these dead.
Oh to writhe no longer!
To die! To sleep!
And the cloud answers them:
Eternity!
Turn, waltz, wheel about in Eternity,
atoms, dust in the sunray.
Misery.
Miserere.

It seems to us that "Calamus," the little book of letters written by Walt Whitman to Peter Doyle, has been in some instances wilfully misunderstood. The Nation, with characteristic unfairness, pickod out the baldest, least interesting letter of the series, and intimated that the other letters were like unto it. Thus the Nation was guilty of the sham-sample swindle, as Charles Reade named it. But other reviewers deplore the absence of explanations of Whitman's poetic theories or comments on his own work. They forget the fact that Peter Doyle cared only for Whitman the man; the poet was unknown to him. And these letters were written by a man to his loving, beloved and uncultured, simple comrade. That Whitman could write impressive, vigorous prose is shown by the marvelous preface to the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," the "Memoranda of the War" and "Democratic Vistas." To have written in the same sonorous style to Doyle would have been silliness and affectation.

So good Bishop Potter told the old story about the Western woman and the Apollo Belvidere, and the kindly audience laughed. We thought better of Bishop Potter. Besides, the man whom she preferred was named Raggles, not "Ruddles," as the Bishop insisted.

Here is a keen, analytical review of Seymour Hicks's new musical play, "The Yashmak," written in purple ink by Mr. Alan Dale: "I grieve to say that I can give you no very detailed account of what 'The Yashmak' is about. I sat through it stoically from beginning to end, and no Spartan boy ever endured in more praiseworthy silence than mine. I was there when the curtain rose and I stayed until it fell. I made myself stay. I said to myself: 'Old boy, do penance for your sins. Suffer. It will be good for you.' And when at the end of the evening I was dragged limp and resistless from the Shaftesbury there was in my soul an exultant feeling of having done the right thing—of having made a martyr of myself for a good cause. You are the good cause. You don't mind being called a good cause, do you?" It is only fair to add that Mr. Dale is paid by the week and not at space rates.

The horses of the Pasha came down to the water to be shod; the beetle stretched out his leg, too.

It is a peculiarity of great artists to find something new in the development of the tritest themes; and thus it is that Mr. Gunnion of Glasgow has succeeded in being distinctly original in the incidents of his breach of promise case. In the first place, the character of his passion was altogether peculiar. "So intense is my love for you," he writes, "that if it were not reciprocated I verily believe it would burn me up altogether, gnaw away at my heart until it had gone, and then of course I would be gone also." Mr. Gunnion's fears of burning through the effects of his passion were on two accounts somewhat unreasonable, for, in the first place, the lady he adored was the cause of his conversion (which took place, according to evidence before the Court, on the 20th of April, 1893), and thus saved him from spiritual fires; and in the second place, she rescued him from material fires, also, by inducing him to give up smoking. After this no one will be surprised to hear that the end of the passion was glacial, not fiery; after Mr. Gunnion had successfully resisted the shock to his feelings of a letter written all in one sentence and insufficiently punctuated—which surprised him the more because "you have my letters to copy off, I mean in style and language"—after all this, he found his lady love turn "cold and heartless" on his hands. Providentially, there was another lady who arrived just about this time, and Mr. Gunnion was inspired to make an offer which does equal credit to his head and heart. He proposed to give both ladies "a year's trial, and during that time there would be a race as to who would gain the most of his affection." This most magnanimous offer was not received in the spirit in which it was made, and the ultimate result was £40 damages against Mr. Gunnion.—Pall Mall Gazette.

July 9

Today, ridiculously timid, I appear as though I had eggs in my pockets.

Today, haughty and sure of myself, I hold myself as straight as though I were carrying a vol-au-vent on my head.

We were talking with a street car conductor. Toward the end of the trip he asked us to give him change for a dollar. We assured him that we seldom carried more than 50 cents worth of the approved medium of exchange. "Well," he said, "this trip nearly everybody has flashed a bill on me. I tell you I hate this codfish aristocracy."

We joined in abuse of the rich and therefore privileged. He said, "A man told me the other day that his idea of a perfect social condition was when everybody could have a steam yacht if he wanted it. Now, I don't want a yacht, but I should like to feel that I could easily have one." And waxing confidential, he told his story: "I worked down on the Cape last summer for a man who ran stages from the depot to a summer hotel. It was a heavy road and there was six or seven miles of it. There was a great deal of baggage and I was on the road pretty near all the time. More than half the time I was all alone, and I almost broke my back with some of them Saratogas; for I had to carry them upstairs. Some nights I didn't get through delivering before half-past nine or ten; then I had to drive back and get up at four in the morning. And I don't think he paid me enough. All I got was $20 a month and my board and lodging. I never got over five hours sleep, and it most finished me. But there were plenty who were willing to take my place."

Mr. George Bernard Shaw was in high spirits at Bernhardt's performance of Lorenzaccio. Judge by these discursive and digressive sentences: "If Mr. Terriss were to speak as we have often heard M. Mounet Sully speak, he would be removed to an asylum until he showed signs of returning humanity. As a rule, when an Englishman can act, he knows better than to waste that invaluable talent on the stage; so that in England an actor is mostly a man who cannot act well enough to be allowed to perform anywhere except in a theatre. In France, an actor is a man who has not common sense enough to behave naturally."

Nor is his colleague Mr. Runciman one step behind Mr. Shaw. Mr. Runciman talks nimbly about the late Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace: "The whole atmosphere of the Festival is hatefully early Victorian. It seems less a musical than a religious function. People go there to experience all the emotions of a religious service without the inconveniences of a sermon and a collection. * * * The audience wants, and gets, a touching break in the voice in 'Behold, and see,' and 'He was despised,' a wild uproar in 'Why do the nations rage,' and a beatific smile, as of an angel, on the face of the lady who sings, "I know that my redeemer liveth.' The consequence of all this is that good singing is at a discount, while bad singing combined with prayerful feeling carries the day. * * * When a popular soprano mounts with difficulty nearly to a high A flat, and lingers just beneath it for a matter of ninety seconds, the applause is indeed overwhelming."

According to Mr. Runciman, Handel is the very greatest man who ever followed music as a profession. "He could eat a dinner ordered for four; he stole half of 'Israel'; and his reputation has survived thrity years of steady praise from Mr. Joseph Bennett."

Now all or nearly all of Mr. Runciman's remarks might be applied fairly to performances of oratorio by the Handel and Haydn. And, by the way, we hear painful rumors about the results following the late election. It is said that certain men and women have expunged clauses in wills by which the old society was to benefit after their death. Thus X goes about the town, saying, "They had no business to make any change in the Board of Directors, and so I shall not give them the $5000 I had already provided." They say that the Society has thus lost one bequest of $150,000. Brethren, these things should not be. The Society is more than an individual or a small group. There were performances before Mr. Lang took the stick, and

[illegible] performances after Mr. [illegible] finally abandons it. The So- [illegible] that depends on any one man is in a parlous state.

The Colonial Premiers at the Jubilee are described by the Saturday Review as "a rough, hard-headed lot—men of tried ability, but little polish." One of them protested against the use of the word "Premier," and particularly against the Prince of Wales's French pronunciation of it. " 'Premiurs,' " he said, "is bad enough, but 'Premi-ay' is worse. Why not call us Prime Ministers?" "Premier" is neither French nor English—like "nom-de-plume" and other words in common use. In French and in diplomatic usage the proper term is Président de Conseil.

Perhaps you have observed that a Mr. Thorn, charged with the murder of Mr. Guldensuppe, is on trial in a newspaper court. The evidence that Mr. Thorn is "much addicted to the expression, 'Oh, that's all right,' " proves beyond doubt and peradventure that he is a dangerous character.

The modern Greeks have this proverb of universal application:

With relatives eat and laugh and drink,
But of business with them never think.

The death of Meilhac, who was associated often with Halévy in play or libretto, revives curiosity as to the share of each in the brilliant results. Halévy's books, written without associate, show him to be a man of dazzling wit, biting irony, and true humanity. The French have a genius for collaboration. Their dove-tailing of ideas and expression is inimitable.

July 10. 97

I walk where trees are thick together. My [illegible] is heavy with a muddy clod. I wish to get rid of the clod, and I then see how hard it is to find a little piece of wood in a forest.

We met Huckens yesterday, Huckens whom we held most fortunate; for he has a summer place near Lynn, where he can see all day long in respectable and genteel fashion the equally respectable and genteel sea. It is true that never by any accident does he hear the bells of Lynn, which furnished politely the late Mr. Longfellow with excellent copy; but we were under the impression that the lot of Huckens was enviable.

We chaffed him with secret, snobbish admiration and envy. At last, exasperated, he made a harrowing confession.

"Yes, it's all very well for you to say I am as fortunate as a Persian king with a palace for each month, but life in Lynn is intolerable—or rather was intolerable until I rose to crime. You see, it happened this way. My dear wife is timid, as well as conventional, and she does not approve of my plunging into the ocean or showing my sculptural legs on the beach. I hate the parade-drive with clanking chains to Marblehead Neck and back. I am tired to death of the sight of so many Bostonians. I am a-weary of the everlasting social grin. There are too many servants in the house for me to be thoroughly comfortable. Reading and smoking pall. I grew restless, then desperate. Snoozing over an old volume of the Gentleman's Magazine, I conceived a large idea.

"Perhaps you have read in the newspapers of daring highwaymen, burglars, tramps, who prowl about this neighborhood. I am the man. I am now a creature of action, one that is ready to plot and execute. Oh, the excitement in plundering an apothecary shop, of bearing off vials of elixir pro and boxes of quinine powders. Of course, I leave the cigars and whisky untouched; I am not yet bold enough to run such a risk. Perhaps the exploit that gave me the keenest pleasure was stopping an electric car at full speed. Arresting the mad swoop of a bicyclist is nothing to it; and yet I remember I [illegible] mightily over the robbery of my first bicyclist. But it does not become me to boast. It is enough to say that with mask, sneakers, razor and revolver, I take nightly exercise.

"And what is the result? I do not care for the wealth thus hurriedly won, for as you know I am well-to-do. But I am a healthier and a better man. My step is quicker, my eyes are clearer, my tongue is no longer furred, I sleep peacefully, I am less irritable toward wife, children and servants, I feel more benevolently toward the world at large. Who would stay cooped up in a broker's office when he can breathe pure air? Who would be a promoter, hanging about hotel corridors and bar-rooms, when he can bring down his man in the open or bag his game in manly fashion by breaking door or window? For the first time, Lynn agrees with me. After a hard night's work I eat a huge breakfast; I then sit on the veranda and smoke and wink at the sea which, in spite of its gentility and respectability near Lynn, is a great robber, stealing life and property and even the solid earth. I know you will not play Goltha to my Thorn."

Is it possible that newspaper accounts do not exaggerate; that Mrs. Nack was submitted to inquisitorial proceedings; that there was an attempt to frighten her into confession? And yet there was once a prevailing maxim that an accused was innocent until conviction by due process of law.

Here is a true story of woman's devotion. A wife older than her husband awoke to the conviction that she was more and more addicted to snoring. She was confirmed in this conviction by thoughtless remarks of her husband. A sensible woman, she knew that she was not comely and she suspected him of marrying her for her money. She was piteously fond of him, and she fought for his love. She went quietly to a physician. He told her the snoring was connected in some way with a catarrhal trouble and recommended an operation. She suffered inconvenience and pain through the remedying, but she was rewarded when her husband said, "What's the matter with you, old girl, I haven't heard you snore for a week." All this happened a dozen years ago. The husband, a heavy, injudicious eater and drinker, snores at night, and even in his sluggard's chair after dinner. He snores so vehemently that guests wake in alarm, although they are a floor above. The wife listens without remonstrance. She loves, adores. He is her husband. And when her sister, visiting, said, "Louise, I don't see how you stand it," she flushed with anger and replied, "He is my husband, and I know that he is near me."

You no doubt are aware of the fact that in Paris, if you are run over at a crossing by a cabman, you are the one to be questioned sharply and fined. A decision was given there lately that involved another question. If a person rides on the box of a cab and an accident arrives, is the coachman or cab proprietor liable to be sued for damages? The injured person said "Yes." The cab proprietor denied his liability, alleging that the fare had been guilty of imprudence in riding on the box. The Court held that no imprudence had been committed, and awarded the man who was injured a sum of 5000 francs damages. Has there been any recent decision in Massachusetts concerning the rights or liability of a passenger riding on the platform of a street-car when there was no room inside and he had paid his fare? There is a warning of some kind or other to standers on platforms, but it is received generally as an official bit of humor. There is also a popular delusion that passengers are not allowed to block the way on the back platform. The indifference of the conductor plus the hogglshness of the passengers results in serious inconvenience to those mounting and getting down, especially if they happen to be women.

Do you wish interesting pallor even in the fiercest sun? "The Bishop's weed being drank or outwardly applied abateth a high color and makes it pale."

July (25) 97 (4th further) July 25

ABOUT MUSIC.

Kienzl's "Der Evangelimann" Sung in London.

Compositions for the Jubilee Were Not Praised Highly,

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

An opera, "Der Evangelimann," libretto and music by Wilhelm Kienzl, has had extraordinary success in Germany, where it has been produced within a comparatively short time in many theatres.

Kienzl, who was born Jan. 17, 1857, at Weitzenkirchen, in Austria, was known before the success of "Der Evangelimann" by an opera "Urvasi," the libretto of which was founded by him on the Indian legend of Kalidasa.

There has been talk of producing "Der Evangelimann" in the United States, but some have thought the subject too gloomy for popular success. There is now no need of again lamenting over the deplorable condition of opera in this country, or censuring the rank indifference of audiences toward works that excite discussion in more civilized countries. Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis propose to give Boston this winter a season worthy the name, and it is not at all unlikely that new works will be produced.

However this may be, it is interesting to learn a trained critic's opinion of "Der Evangelimann," which was produced at Covent Garden, for the first time in England, July 2. I now quote the review by Mr. Blackburn, published July 3:

" 'Der Evangelimann,' both the libretto and music of which have been written by Herr Wilhelm Kienzl, and which, we understand, has been a very great success at Vienna, was produced last night for the first time in England at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden. It is a work that is likely to rouse a good deal of controversy on the question of its merits, and though we confess to no exaggerated enthusiasm for it, if one may judge from a first hearing, we are very far from dismissing it either lightly or with contempt. Its plot, on the one hand, which is simple, direct, and dramatic, certainly appeals for part of its effect to an emotional form of religion which is very much at a discount in England at the present day, and though this side is very effectively treated by the composer, we are inclined to think that its effectiveness will militate against the general popularity of the opera in this country. Yet it is a decided pity that this should be so, for emotional religion is so far a living fact all the world over that there is no earthly reason, outside prejudice and a sort of shrinking from theological display that belongs to so many men of the modern world, why it should not be treated as a dramatic fact, and surrounded and decorated by all the sentimental devices that can go to color and heighten the situation. With every other dramatic fact a similar treatment is not only taken for granted, but critically expected; and we really cannot see why Herr Kienzl should fall under the lash of the latter-day cant because he has gone and done likewise. 'Der Evangelimann,' in a word, should be judged as a work of art purely and simply, and not, as much fear that it will be, as an appeal either 'to the baser instincts' or to the Nonconformist conscience.

"From that point of view we are free to confess that 'Der Evangelimann' provokes interest and stimulates serious criticism. The plot, we have said, is simple and direct; it is, as a matter of fact, so simple and direct that the burden of explanation falls entirely on the music. Two brothers in love with the same girl, the girl in love with one of the brothers, a crime committed by the unloved brother and fathered upon his kinsman—these are the elements of the first act; in the second act the innocent man, having spent twenty years in prison, adopts the profession of an 'evangelimann,' or wandering gospel-preacher, is called in to his brother lying on his death-bed, who confesses his crime, and by a superb effort of generosity forgives the wrongdoer. The music, then, which has to support this plain story, is dominated entirely by two composers, Wagner and Weber, and it is certain that the Wagner influence is so strong that it becomes very difficult indeed to judge fairly. In the palmy days of Italian opera there were certain conventions of musical phrase which were used on all sides by every composer of that kind of work, from Mozart down to Donizetti. Not to be irreverent, they were recognized as a sort of stock-in-trade. Wagner's influence has so far destroyed these conventions that it has become necessary to put something in their place, since even in music your language must at times touch the dailiness of common speech; and to Wagner, it follows naturally, a composer like Herr Kienzl goes for his unconsidered language, and accordingly he surprises us here, there, and everywhere—just in the manner of Humperdinck—by reference to 'Taunhäuser,' 'The Ring,' 'Tristan,' and so forth. The time will come, doubtless, when such references will cease to surprise us, just as the common forms of recitative in Italian opera do not astonish us, but at present it is certainly owing to this fact that Herr Kienzl's work has a patchwork look about it.

"Herr Kienzl has fervor and sincerity and he has a delightful gift of national feeling in music, which, in the peasant scene of the first act and the children's hymn of the second act, was quite admirably shown. His orchestration is of the Humperdinck school, based, that is, upon the Wagnerian score, relieved at times by the clearness, neatness and gayety of the Weber scoring. The result is one of extreme cleverness, with just a touch of excessive fluency. His melody is sometimes good, although it never rises at present into the great heights of immortally touching phrase, and at times, as in the love duet, is touched with commonness, which is only partly redeemed by the cleverness and ingenuity of the scoring. In long narrative—we recall one particularly in the second act, in which the Evangelimann recites his experiences a little in the manner of Tannhäuser's account of his journey to Rome—he strikes us as having great dramatic insight, at present somewhat dulled by want of boldness and by a certain timorousness in filling up his ideas. There we leave this interesting work, which had a thoroughly adequate cast for its interpretation last night. Mr. Bispham was rarely good as the criminal brother, and M. Van Dyck as the Evangelimann showed us a splendid piece of operatic acting. Herr Lieban was excellent in a small peasant's part; Miss Engle and Mr. Pringle were both exceedingly good, and M. Flon conducted an alert and interested orchestra."

It is pertinent to note that Kienzl's opera "Urvasi" is said to contain many reminiscences of well-known composers; "its orchestration is so brilliant," says a German critic, "that it may even deceive the hearer as to the poverty of invention."

But the accomplished writer, "A Montaux," who contributes "Fragments of a Musician's Journal" to the Ménestrel, claims that a composer of rare talent, even genius, may use solely the methods of his predecessors. He thus finds César Franck in several of his best works dominated by Bach, Wagner and even Mendelssohn. Thus he finds the prelude to Bruneau's "Attaque du Moulin" a new shade of the poetic color of Massenet, who in turn refined and subtilized the color of Gounod.

"In truth," says Mr. Montaux, "public and critic exert an ill-omened influence when they demand of young composers lively and immediate originality. Under this pressure, more than one talent by the attempt to compose its own physiognomy ruins itself and wears itself away prematurely, not having the time to come to light, to expand, to let out naturally its personality."

* * *

The batch of Jubilee compositions, "some new, some nearly new," given at the Queen's Hall, and conducted for the most part by the composers themselves, did not incite the two foremost critics of London to squeals of joy.

Mr. Runciman wrote: "So after the National Anthem we had Dr. Martin's piece (Festival Te Deum); and in its way a very good piece it is, solid, and what those who know no music call 'musicianly,' but alive and in parts expressive also, and always effective. It is a pity the same cannot be said of Messrs. Faning's and Cowen's hymns, which are by a very long way the vulgarest results of the tide of flunkeyism that has recently swept over this land. In the race of vulgarity Mr. Cowen easily beat his rival, who indeed only tried to write down to the level of the Eton or Rugby schoolboy, while Mr. Cowen evidently thought rather of the music hall and the church. Mr. Randegger's Psalm is not, I believe, a new one; but heard at a goodly distance it was sufficient to keep me from the concert room till all danger of hearing it more clearly was past."

Mr. Blackburn freed his mind at greater length.

"Dr. G. C. Martin, for a beginning, presided over a performance of his 'Festival Te Deum,' a work of considerable interest and real merit. Without departing from the spirit of the words—on the contrary feeling them for the most part very intimately—he has contrived, nevertheless, very cleverly to combine solemn melody with remarkable freshness and novelty of sentiment. He never for a moment permits his hearers to slacken their attention, although he secures his effects without the slightest vulgarity or cheapness. Then, again, the work impresses one as being an organic whole; part develops naturally from part, and closes again, without violence and without the least sense of scrappiness or irregularity. That, we take it, is the great danger of writing live music to words of this nature which represents so arbitrary and so many various emotions within the limits of a space so small, and we do not hesitate to say that Dr. Martin has produced a fine ecclesiastical work which, in its own appropriate place, must have a finer effect even than it had yesterday afternoon in the concert room.

"He has paid great attention to the orchestration, which is for the most part extremely well done, though it was possible here and there to detect a little superfluous ornament that occasionally made the music seem gaudy than rich, a very slight fault which is amply atoned by the genuine insight and appreciation of the right means to an end which the music otherwise proves the composer to have in abundance. Mr. Eaton Faning's setting of Sir Edwin Arnold's 'Queen Song' was next given, and may be dismissed briefly. We have mentioned this composition before in connection with a concert at the Albert Hall the other day, when it was given for the first time. Our first impressions of the work are not effaced. It 'goes' in a certain sense, but it is thoroughly common and uninteresting in conception, without originality or delicacy. The most that can be said in its favor is that it has a good deal of the inspiration of the words in it—words which you instinctively feel should be sung to loud and intelligible rhythms, with an insistent accent and as obvious a melody as may be conceived.

"Unfortunately Mr. Frederic Cowen's Commemoration Ode, which was also given, follows precisely the same lines—to such an extent indeed that its opening phrases seemed, to the casual listener, to be actually only a slight variant of part of Mr. Faning's music. Mr. Cowen's music, in truth, is here but of small merit, and is only a little less common than Mr. Faning's; moreover, we are not even sure that that is really an improvement, for this other composer does his part with a will and with evident enjoyment, while Mr. Cowen seems to be afraid of handling a matter with which he has clearly little sympathy; and we prefer frank, clean corduroy to a shabby and shiny frock coat. Mr. Randegger's version of the 150th Psalm, also sung, was exceedingly amusing.

"Miss Fanny Moody was engaged for the treble solo, and she was there to sing it; but Mr. Randegger so heaped his orchestra in enormous blasts of elementary musical phrase upon her unfortunate voice that we really cannot judge the matter, though from her manner and action she seemed to be singing very vigorously, and she certainly sung the first verse of the National Anthem at the opening of the concert very well, indeed. Finally,

[illegible] of his Jubilee Anthem, 'I [illegible] the Lord,' the chief humor of which lay in the introduction of phrases into the music from 'God Save the Queen,' which had the delightful effect of causing the bulk of a loyal audience to pop to their feet every now and then, and to subside perplexedly when the phrase turned, under a sort of dazed impression that they were listening to occasional performances of the National Anthem. No, most of the musical flowers of this Jubilee bouquet were not particularly fragrant or impressively beautiful."

* * *

The Patti concert is an institution as popular in England as in America. The last one of the season, at Albert Hall, June 29, moved the Pall Mall Gazette man to these reflections, which may be pondered with profit by all singers:

"Mme. Patti's last concert for the present season, given last night at the Albert Hall, was something in the nature of a Jubilee function. The celebration began with an elaborate version of the National Anthem, in which Mme. Patti took the principal part, and the program—by way of a foil, we suppose, to the much-abused program of the gala night at Covent Garden—was to some extent made up of songs by English composers. Mr. Lloyd, for example, sang Sullivan's 'The Sailor's Grave' and Braham's 'The Anchor's Weighed,' while Mr. Santley gave 'Hearts of Oak,' and Mme. Patti of course sang 'Home, Sweet Home,' not as an encore, but 'by special request,' as part of the regular program; and a quantity of English ballads got themselves sung in addition by way of encores.

"We do not say that this representative selection was the best conceivable, but it certainly did not tend to raise the spirits upon the subject of English music. Certain writers were very angry the other day with the Prince's selection of the gala program, and one enthusiast even extended his horror to the prominence of large capitals, in which he declared that 'not a note of native music was sung.' But what do these excellent people want? From what quarter are you to raise this desirable commodity of English music? In opera we are notoriously more deficient than in any other branch of music; in ballad writing, for example, we record it with pain that it would be difficult to find anything more deplorable than the English ballad music that was sung last night at the Albert Hall. The sentiment was often well enough, but in both words and music the selection could not for a moment be defended. Consider this ancient gem for a moment:

The tear fell gently from her eye
When last we parted on the shore;
My bosom heaved with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more.

And when you consider that the music is exactly on a level with these foolish words you begin to wonder where a program, jubilee or otherwise, is to be compiled with dignity from native music. Apart from this matter, which seemed to inspire the central thought aroused by the concert, it is to be recorded that Mme. Patti made what can only be described as a stunning success by her singing of 'Comin' Thro' the Rye,' which she accompanied by appropriate and and entirely humorous gesture. She sang the jewel song from 'Faust' with less success, and Mozart's 'Vedrai carino' with singular beauty; she was unconvincingly energetic in 'Una voce poco fa,' and altogether delightful in that ancient and fishlike song. That she still retains large possessions in the great voice which once enticed the enthusiasm of the world is certainly a fact; and she still sings her quieter songs, her Mozart for instance, with exquisite feeling and effect. We devoutly wish that she could be persuaded to leave virtuosity on one side and devote herself altogether to the music which she is still so eminently fitted to interpret. Her colleagues in song last night were in excellent form; Mr. Edward Lloyd sang with his customary distinction, and Miss Ada Crossley, if a trifle remote and unsympathetic, was otherwise extremely satisfactory. The concert was obviously a great popular success and the house was crowded."

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Delna will make her début at the Paris Opéra in Berlioz's "Le Prise de Troyes," which has never yet been produced on any lyric stage in France. This will be in 1898.

They say that Lamoreux will give up his concerts. "Force of circumstances, otherwise, we presume, lack of public support, compels him to announce that for the future the concerts will be discontinued. This seems an extraordinary state of things in a city like Paris, which is supposed to be the most artistic and music-loving in the world."

A Paris correspondent of the Guide Musical, June 27, censures the program of Mr Clarence Eddy's organ concert at the Trocadéro. "Bach was represented by only one number, and Mendelssohn, Schumann, Franck did not appear." Nor was he very enthusiastic over the performance. "To judge of this virtuoso, I waited for Bach's G minor fugue; it appeared to me noisy and confused; but since the acoustic properties of the hall are wretched, I doubt if it be possible to play this immense rolling of incessant and rapid phrases with much effect."

Today they bury Meilhac. Yesterday he lay easier than he has lain of late, in the old familiar workroom at Numéro Dix, and "received" for the last time. Halévy, his old collaborator in all the lively pieces that had kept the Second Empire going, and in the "Orphée" and the "Duchess" that had helped to its ending, Halévy was there, and, by and by, alone there. Then a quite unrehearsed effect came off. The door opened, and there was the Duchess herself—the Hortense Schneider of those dead and gone delights. "She flung herself," Halévy says, "into my arms, and then fell upon her knees at the foot of the bed." So they three met again. It must have been like a meeting at the world's end: it was a meeting in the end of a world, anyhow. And the Maestro—Offenbach—with his wide sardonic smile, and educated whisker—if his ghostly pince-nez gleamed upon it, what did he think about it, one wonders?——Pall Mall Gazetto, July 9.

The Journal mentioned the fact that Louis Ganne will go to India to study Hindu music. The Daily Messenger of Paris, July 5, spoke as follows about the mission: "I think we ought all to be grateful to M. Rambaud, the Minister of Public Instruction, for having hit upon the very original plan of sending M. Louis Ganne, the author of 'Le Père la Victoire,' to British India to make a study of popular Hindoo music and return to Paris with a stock of exotic music. Our great masters are resting on their laurels; our operette manufacturers are simply knocked up; and M. Rambaud wisely thinks that the infusion of a little Hindoo blood into our composers' veins may lead to happy results. But M. Ganne will not only import; he has also the intention of exporting, and before many months are over the Hindoos will sing 'Le Père de la Victoire' or whistle 'The Phryné Valse.' This journey to India has, moreover, other advantages, for it will induce those musicians whose stock of melody has run out to seek inspiration elsewhere. M. Louis Ganne leaves for the valley of the Ganges, but there are other countries worth visiting. Why should not MM. Audran and the other operette writers start on a journey and collect popular songs in Patagonia or in the Pampas? We are getting sick of the old ditties, and our very barrel-organs are sighing for a change of répertoire. And after the operette manufacturers will have started on their journey, who knows but that our music hall song writers may also pack their trunks and leave for some unexplored region? They might make the savage tribes a present of the idiotic songs that one nightly has drummed in one's ears, in return for which the kind-hearted savage would present us with some of his native melodies, which, at all events, would have the charm of novelty."

Mr. Blackburn thus speaks of Renaud's performance of De Nevers, July 5:

"Covent Garden has certainly captured an artist of very singular ability in M. Renaud, and it is to be hoped that we shall have the opportunity of seeing him in parts worthy of that ability. At present—and the sands of the season are fast running out—we have but heard him as Wolfram, and last night as De Nevers, in 'Les Hugenots.' The part is not one of considerable interest, and the wonderful thing about it is that he managed to make so much of it. He is, however, a man of much resource. He has, as we have before noted, a magnificent presence, and of this fact he opportunely avails himself in the convenient part of De Nevers. His costumes are gorgeous, and he wears them with a splendid air. His green costume of the first act is extraordinarily beautiful, and he so wore his presence that it was 'fresh and new' (in Shakspeare's own words) throughout. It was, In a word, his superb grace that made his interpretation the perfectly artistic thing it was, but let it be hastily added that his vocal achievement was also exceedingly fine. Surely such love-making as he offered to Valentine in the second act was the perfection of courtier-like grace and consciously decorative emotion. It was the last delicacy of considered art. M. Alvarez took the part of Raoul, and though he sang extremely well, he indulged himself too freely, if to his heart's content, in appealing to the house from the very edge of the footlights—a distinct pity, even in a Meyerbeer opera, as he invariably succeeded on these occasions in putting himself quite out of the picture. The result was often to reduce his apparent emotion to an absolute absurdity. Miss MacIntyre was at the last moment too unwell to sing the part of Valentine, but her place was taken with so much real efficiency by Madame Pacary that nobody could have been sorry for the exchange. The other interpretations were familiar and good, Miss Engle's brilliant Marguerite de Valois, M. Plançon's dignified and moving St. Bris, and M. Journet's excellent-working Marcel. M. Flon conducted an orchestra inclined to be superfluously noisy."

The Pall Mall Gazette, July 1st, paid this tribute to Edouard de Reszke's Hans Sachs, which it characterizes as "a monumental piece of work:" "He has realized the character with extraordinary fullness and intelligence. His interpretation is something of a triumphant refutation to those people who, no doubt at the time with excellent reason, formerly complained of this singularly fine artist's 'lack of brains.' The character of Hans Sachs is a subtle one; it expresses great originality of temper and of thought combined with an infinite kindness, sweetness, and tolerance of sentiment. Every one of these points was brought out with that perfection of emphasis which notes a shade of character without any exaggeration, by this admirable artist. The part, in a word, seems built for M. Edouard de Reszke, and with his customary conscientiousness he has taken the trouble first to find out the fact, and next to follow it to a natural conclusion; moreover, his singing was glorious. Jean de Reszke's Walther was again a very admirable conception, beautifully worked out. In comedy-opera of this nature this is the very character for this most attractive artist. He realizes the purely artistic, the ethereal, the nobly unselfish yet intensely self-possessed side of the character to its utmost, and his singing was a marvel of tact applied to a singular beauty of vocalization. There is no doubt that this is one of his finest Wagnerian parts, and last night he was at his best in it. Madame Eames again sustained her reputation of last year as Eva, which is to say that she is probably the most effective living exponent of the character; her singing in the great quintet of the third act was amazingly good. Mr. Bispham's Beckmesser is too well known for more than mere mention. He is as good as ever, although his peculiar love of emphasis at times betrays him into an excess of seriousness which comes perilously near to exaggeration. M. Bonnard sang extremely well and acted with spirit, while Mme. Bauermeister was as serviceable as ever. And the drawbacks? First and foremost come the almost wanton cuts, by which, for example, the end of the second act was huddled through with a painful effect of bathos. We could have forgiven almost anything else; but here, where Wagner has so carefully worked the matter up to the right and proper climax, the large omissions destroyed the whole purpose of that admirable scene. In comparison to this, the cuts in the third act were pardonable. The chorus, moreover, was poor, and though Signor Mancinelli conducted with great intelligence and spirit, his orchestra was scarcely up to the right mark."

July 12

My vitreous-eyed mother said to me one day: "When you are in bed, and you hear the barking of dogs in the country, hide in the bed clothes—do not turn into derision that which they are a-doing; they have insatiable thirst for the infinite, as you, as I, as all the rest of pale, lantern-jawed humanity."

We have published occasionally in this column prose-poems by foreign symbolists, instrumentalists, naturalists or decadents. And now let us dream over the Staircase seen by Mr. Huneker, one of the most original writers of this country. As a specialist, this man with Hungarian and Irish blood in his veins is known to lovers of music. But he is more than a specialist. He dreams dreams; he see visions; he searches with tears for the phrase, the one indispensable word. De Régnier once saw a marvelous Staircase, which was perhaps more elaborately worked and of rarer interest to architects. The woman of his dream was earthly; she reclined at ease in a sumptuous chamber to which the staircase led. It was Mr. Huneker who dreamed of

THE RECURRING STAIRCASE.

I saw her first on the Recurring Staircase. I had turned sharply the angle of the hall and placed my foot upon the bottom step and then I saw her. She was motionless; her back I saw, and O the grace of her neck and the glory of her arrested attitude! I feared to move, but some portent, silent, inflexibly eloquent, bade, haled me to the Staircase. That was years ago. I called to her, strange calls, beautiful sounding names, I besought her to bend her head, to make some sign to signals of urgency; but her glance was aloft, where, illumined by the scarlet music of a setting sun, I saw a rich, heavy mullioned embrasure, multi-colored glass shot through with drunken, despairing daylight. Again I prayed my Lady of the Recurring Staircase to give me hope by a single dropped glance. At last I conjured her in Love's fatal name, and she moved languorously up the steep slope of stairs. As if the spell had been thwarted I followed the melodious adagio of her footsteps. That was many years ago. She never mounted to the heavy mullioned embrasure with the multi-colored glass shot through with drunken, despairing daylight; I never touched the hand of My Lady of the Recurring Staircase, for the stairs were endless and I stood ever upon the bottom step, and the others below slipped into eternity, and all this was many years ago, and I have never seen the glorious glance of My Lady of the Recurring Staircase.

We hear Mr. Auger with his strident voice: "But this means nothing. I cannot understand it." No, Mr. Auger, you do not understand it, and you never will be able to understand it. You know a staircase when you see it, and if Mr. Huneker had talked about treads and risers and banisters, or inquired into the price of pine or mahogany, you would now regard him as a sound and instructive writer. You admire art, you say. Yes, such art as shown in the popular picture of the physician watching the sick child. And why do you admire this picture. Because it suggests easy questions, as "Will the child recover or die?" and "What does the doctor think?"

Miss Suzanne Adams of Cambridge has signed a contract for an engagement of three years at the Opéra-Comique, Paris. She will make her first appearance there in October. There is a possibility of her singing at Covent Garden this season. Carvalho, the manager of the Opéra-Comique, thinks highly of her ability, and she will no doubt have fairer opportunities under him than she had at the Opéra.

Mr. Isidore Cohen of Peoria, Ill., went to the bank to deposit the insurance money, the reward of his nocturnal courage and industry. The amiable teller said unto him by way of conversation, "What a beautiful diamond, Mr. Cohen. I suppose it is the largest in Peoria." "Well," said Mr. Cohen, "that was the intention."

To L. H. [illegible] you are right, no doubt. The newspapers are dull. Why [illegible] you do something to enliven them? Not that we recommend unreservedly murder or arson; but you might begin with something light and yet sensational in its originality. You might pursue and hold up a steam-roller. An exploring expedition to the South pole, or even the West pole, would be an agreeable novelty.

Baconians—for there are men and women who still hug the strange delusion that Shakspeare was not the author of his plays—will be vexed to learn that Mr. Sidney Lee, who contributes the elaborate article on Shakspeare to the new volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," relegates the Bacon-Shakspeare silliness to the Bibliography.

Students of slang may be interested in working out this problem: Why should the baptismal name of the Commander-in-Chief of the British army be associated figuratively with the successful frisking of a London "pub?" The use of the term may be best observed by diligent study of the story of Mrs. Lilian Ethel Lowdon, who had influence with a barmaid and was bent on using it to her own personal pecuniary advantage. "In a letter which was published in the Southwark Court Mrs. Lowdon suggested that the barmaid should 'sneak half a quid in the morning,' and either by 'giving it to Tommy,' or tying it up in a handkerchief, "do it splendid,' and with perfect impunity. The barmaid did not do it, and Mrs. Lowdon has not found impunity. The remarkable thing was the way in which she put her encouraging view of the operation. 'Nothing found on you,' she wrote, 'and I not there, is all Sir Garnet.' Unfortunately for the writer, it wasn't 'all Sir Garnet.'" Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues" gives no information; but what dictionary can keep apace with the genius of slang?

An actress who has a daughter between 16 and 17 years old will soon be led to the altar by a well-known nobleman. When the news was communicated to the daughter she naively remarked: "If mamma wants to marry, why doesn't she marry papa?"——Daily Register (Paris.)

The Philistine says: "John L. Sullivan is a subscriber to the Romeike Clipping Bureau. All the clippings he receives he pastes in a big volume that he calls his Scrap-Book."

July 13

Today, Morella, sing no heating song of war, like unto skirl of defiant bagpipes; nor choose a lay of love gurgled to the accompaniment of voluptuous 'cellos; nor sound a cheery call as through an oliphant; but pipe a humble ditty, a ballad of the heart and hearth.

Surely, oh reader, fierce or gentle, you remember "Q." who has told to you in simple but effective words tales of life among the lowly? It is true his veracity has been doubted. A correspondent wrote to us that there is no chimney in Fall River 400 feet high. Perhaps "Q" was deceived as to its height. The chimney his friend "toped from a balloon" was probably higher. But we believe implicitly in his honesty.

"Q," like Mr. Silas Wegg, has dropped into poetry. Modest as ever, he writes at the head of the manuscript, "Picked up at Harvard Square, July 5." No student of "Q's" style, however, will be deceived by this artless subterfuge. It is with more than ordinary pleasure that we publish this poem, which was written exclusively for the Journal.

I bought a lot in Arlington
for me and Mrss Molders
I paid one hundred dollars cash
away up amongst the Boulders

Say I we will borrow enough to build
the celler will do of Boulders
four rooms is plenty big enough
Says I to Mrss Moulders

Says She we will want some ducks and hens
to scratch amongst the Boulders
a verry good idea that
Says I to Mrs. Moulders

We will plant potatoes pease and corn
they will grow up to My Shoulders
for our crop will pan out well
up here amongst the Boulders.

we will pay the morgage every cent
Says I to Mr. Moulders
for our farm will be a suxess
up here amongst the Boulders

B. J. asks: "Can anyone tell how Prof. Hitchcock, who will go with Peary to the North Pole, gained his nickname of 'Type,' as Professor at Dartmouth?"

The long and the short of it is that Mr. and Mrs. De Wolf Hopper are either to be divorced or remain married happily. This depends on the newspaper you happen to read. (Perhaps "the long and the short of it are" would be grammatical in this instance).

They say the poultry keepers in the vine-growing districts of France are very successful competitors in the egg market of London. Mr. Tegetmeier claims that chickens do not eat grapes till they are ripe, and thus, except during the vintage, there is no objection to letting them have the run of the vintage, where they are of great service in eating the seeds of weeds and the caterpillars of injurious insects. Nowhere in France did he find poultry-raising carried out as a main line of business, eggs and chickens are only by-products.

The Providence Journal, which will never forsake Mrs. Oliphant, asks whether we consider Mr. John L. Sullivan equal to the author of "The Choir Invisible"? We do not know personally the author of "The Choir Invisible", but we have a childlike faith that Mr. Sullivan, when he is not possessed with the Demon Rum, can knock him out in one round. By the way, would not "The Choir Invincible" have been a better title?

A reviewer made a curious slip the other day. Evidently thinking that "morbidezza" means "morbidness" and forming an English plural, he achieved this masterpiece: "We have ourselves done something in disfavor of sex-mania and other morbidezzas." But the transplanted word means "softness" or "plasticity."

Our gentle Mugwump contemporary, the Boston Transcript, seems to think that Seth Low is about the same sort of man that George Washington was. Such is the long result of tea upon the intellectuals.—New York Sun.

Mr. Runciman says in the Saturday Review: "Jean de Reszke's Siegfried was simply not Siegfried at all. It almost goes without saying that he sang nobly, but for one reason or another he never for a second gave one an impression of the effervescing spirits of boyhood. At times he wanted vigor, and when there was vigor it was not so much spontaneous vigor as a grim determination to get through with a hard and heavy task. Still it was well worth listening to, and probably will be still better worth listening to when Jean does it again". A cool, unerring judgment! And how admirably the opinion is put into language!

His Holiness, the Pope, thinks that fiddles should not be used in church service. In many pictures in Cathedrals, angels are playing violins in celestial harmony. Yet Abraham, a Sancta-Clara, a learned and devout man, was sure that the fiddle was Satan's favorite instrument. Tartini had the pleasure of hearing Satan perform a difficult violin fantasia with amazing skill. Hence, possibly, the popular phrase, "He plays like the Devil".

Imagine the embarrassment of the poets, if the rose had been called the horse-chestnut.

A Bishop's coachman must not swear, especially when he is on the box and the Bishop inside. There is a certain place in Spain called Corrales; it is in the province and diocese of Zamora, and the Bishop of Zamora went in his coach and four (but they were mules) to hold a confirmation at Corrales. When the children of the diocese were duly confirmed, the mules being confirmed already in stubbornness and original sin refused to start, and backed the carriage with the Bishop inside it against the churchyard gate, thereby making a breach in the sanctuary of the churchyard wall. At this point the coachman is reported to have uttered one of those thunderous Spanish curses in which the language of Spain is so infinitely superior to the language of France, and which even a Bishop must feel has the dignity of power. Unfortunately for himself, the Mayor of Corrales, Signor Tome, had just taken leave of the Bishop and was standing by the carriage—"consors et particeps curarum"—under the Episcopal shadow, as it were, when the word reached him. He sprang forward and fined the coachman four pesetas on the spot for blasphemy and profanation, for in Spain the Mayor, like the popular barrister, carries the Court with him wherever he goes. The sequel was worse. The Bishop also got out and dismissed the blasphemer on the spot; then the Mayor got on the box and himself drove Monseigneur back to his Episcopal residence. The confirmation has ever since been known by a title which may be freely translated—the Blue Blazes Confirmation of Corrales.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Great and marvelous are the strides of science. Behold the invention of the telephone and phonograph.

Consider, too, the Thermometric Trouser Leg. This ingenious invention is an unerring index of temperature and humidity. As the heat of the atmosphere increases, the Thermometric Trouser Leg elongates, until in extreme heat the bottom is beneath the heel of the wearer, so that in the street he walks as though treading sumptuously a gorgeous rug of Oriental design and workmanship. With cooler weather, the Thermometric Trouser Leg retreats toward the knee, assuming the position known to rude boys of keen observation as "halfmast." Nor will sugar applied to the bottom coax the trouser leg to its normal condition. These trouser legs are portable, and we are pleased to see them in such general use.

Why does not some man of mechanical ingenuity invent a suit that by pressing a button or turning a screw fattens or thins itself to meet the variable humors of the Boston climate?

We remember that Mr. F. E. Chase several years ago set forth in the scientific department of Puck the advantages of a collar of his contrivance. The tendency of the cravat to crawl from the collar button to the back of the neck has attracted the attention of even the superficial. Mr. Chase proposed that the collar should be marked off as a clock dial. The movement of the cravat would then enable the wearer as well as the passer by, to tell with ease the time of day and also the comparative degree of heat.

This reminds us that W. L. C. asks the following question: "If you point the hour hand of a watch at the sun, why is half the distance between this hand and 12 o'clock due South?"

W. L. C. is of an investigating turn of mind. He also asks: "The horse-fly comes with the West wind and thrives and exercises his calling; now why does the East wind kill him, or at least reduce his spirit to moping and dejection?"

It all depends on how you look at the sea. We heard a young girl say the other day, when from a wind-swept veranda she saw the indefatigable ocean: "No, I don't care for it. It's always pounding and pounding, and what's the use?"

L. H. writes as follows to the Journal: "When men acted the part of the coward at the Charity Bazaar fire in Paris, there were many paragraphs in the newspapers condemning the unmanliness of Frenchman. I happened to be on the Fall River boat Wednesday of last week. As we were nearing Newport, we ran into a lumber vessel, on account of the fog. There was excitement for a moment, and I am sorry to say the men in the cabin made a sorry exhibition of themselves. They jumped from their seats, paid no attention to the advice of stewards and officers, did not look after the women, and made a rush for life preservers. The women were perhaps pale; but they showed self-control, and I saw 20 frightened men to one nervous woman."

The report of the bull fight riot at Barcelona is unsatisfactory. There is much talk about the bull fighters, the gendarmes and the spectators; but what became of the bull?

Mr. Joseph Edgar Chamberlin of Boston is the author of an article entitled "The Growth of Caste in the United States," published in the Nineteenth Century for July.

An Englishman objects to the employment of the words "discover" and "find" in connection with attempts to reach the North Pole. "The latitude of the Poles is, ipso facto, known with even greater accuracy than that of Greenwich Observatory itself—longitude, of course, the Poles have none. Should we, then, strictly speaking, talk of 'finding' these fascinating points? We know perfectly well what they are; it is simply a question of getting to them. As 'every schoolboy' knows, sledge or sail due north or south and there you are. What could be more simple—in theory? One might, it seems to me, just as well talk or write of 'finding' the centre of the earth or the invisible portion of the moon."

The total amount realized June 28 at the sale of the Ashburnham collection of books reached £9788, the highest by some £2000 ever realized in a single day's sale of books. This sum showed a profit of £3000 on the original prices paid by the late Earl. "A Treatyse on Fysshynge with an Angle," containing only 16 leaves with cuts, purchased by Messrs. Longman in 1826 for 19 guineas, brought £360.

Mr. Phil Robinson is happy in his choice of words, when he describes nature, birds, and beasts. In his latest book "In Garden, Orchard and Spinney," he speaks of "the robin, with his sun-ripened breast"; "like the rhododendrons of the Himalayas, it clings on the low tops to the ruddy memories of a summer of flowers that is past"; "Here the pheasants scratch and the squirrels make hysteric search for nuts"; "The large round heads of the winter cabbage, dumplinged over with snow." Mr. Robinson notices the different expressions of anger in birds: "The great tit makes itself long and thin, raises some head feathers and dashes with incredible élan at the foe. The marsh tit ruffles up all its head and neck feathers until it looks as if some very little bird had borrowed a bigger bird's head. The robin merely flicks its tail, droops its wings and 'clicks.'"

July 15.97

One day, a being clumsily built, put his hand on my shoulder, and bending over the work at which I was ardently busy, said to me:

"To what good?"

And I looked at him, searching irony in his face, but his cold face was gloomy, and his eyes were of the color of nothing.

And all my ardor fell.

A great trouble weighed on my soul, heavier than the heavy hand that weighed down my shoulder.

"Who are you, then?" I cried, distracted, full of fright.

In tones clear, monotonous and without color, he said:

"I am Uselessness."

The flamboyant garish screaming yellow of the pies exposed in the window did not deter him. He entered the restaurant and first drank an acid phosphate, standing as he gulped it. Mopping his forehead he jostled his way to the counter. Fans were whirring. Men were struggling for food. Women as they waited on them looked half-cynically, half-compassionately at the lords of creation. The air was full of moving things. He calls for iced coffee, iced water, and a plate of chocolate éclairs. He sipped and munched alternately, as he stood, and, occasionally, he mopped his forehead. Thus did he hurry luncheon. Cigar in mouth, he rushed to his office. Never had this man known the sweet torpor of digestion.

"A regular meal for 20 cents" is likely to produce regular indigestion.

"I see here," said Mr. Dooley, laying down his paper, "that there's a man out in th' hootcy-cootchy colledge on th' Midway that believes in corporeal punishment f'r childher."

"I seen that," said Mr. Hennessy, "an' I'd like to have him here. I'd go to th' flure with him. I'll bet he's near-sighted an' is afraid iv cows. I niver knowed a man that wanted to club little childher that wasn't. I had me own share iv hoistin' whin I was a kid an' I swore that if iver a ma-an laid hands on child iv mine I'd inthrojooce mesilf to him be means iv a pickax."—Chicago Evening Post.

By the way, is a chocolate éclair so called because it strikes the stomach as a flash of lightning?

You remember the despised woman Hannah Cook. "Doesn't amount to Hannah Cook." Some say she lived on Cape Cod; others claim that she was an old maid in New Hampshire. Would any parent Cook give the name "Hannah" to a daughter wailing or crowing at the baptismal font? A lawyer of Boston told us yesterday that a client, a Cornishman, consulted him, and in the course of conversation said, "But, Sir, that isn't worth a han' o' coke." It is possible that Hannah was maligned? May not the Cook family now breathe easier?

You remember also Dean Hole who spoke so passionately about roses, gathered chestnuts for a volume of reminiscences, and entertained curious ideas about the relative values of meum and tuum. It now appears that the Dean indulged himself in jubilee tinkering. He cut out "Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks," because, "dearly as he loves to vociferate it out of doors, he thinks the sentiment not appropriate to the inside of a church." This led an English paragrapher to write, "Considering the fiery directness of some of the Psalms, one is a little astonished to find this sudden delicacy. Besides, if church is not the place to pray for the frustration of knavish tricks, what is? Og, the King of Basan, and Sehon, King of the Ammorites, may not be much in evidence just now; but, if Dean Hole is prepared to guarantee the millennium, why 'make wars to cease?'"

Who is it that said "Miss Susan B. Anthony can never forgive her brother Mark for his intimacy with Cleopatra?"

Verlet's monument to Guy de Maupassant, which will stand in the Parc Monceau, Paris, represents a Parisian girl dreaming, book in hand, before a column surmounted by the bust of the novelist. There is a popular impression, perhaps a delusion, that Parisian girls do not read novels written by such men as de Maupassant. In this particular instance, a plover-egg-eyed, absinthe-lined, dreaming member of the Jockey Club would be more to the purpose.

If you acquired the morphine habit by following the prescriptions of physicians you are a "pharmaceutical morphinomaniac." You may find pleasure and pride in thus describing yourself to inquiring friends.

The Temps of Paris has been deceived or it winks at a very cool lift of Stevenson's "Jekyll and Hyde." It began lately in the feuilleton department a story "Le Docteur Jancourt," which purports to be written by André Flotion. The London Solicitor, Utterson, is now a French judge; his friend Enfield is a Parisian lawyer. Hyde's lair is the Chateau des Alouettes. The story of Hyde's collision with the little girl is told by the judge. "The French Hyde talks French Stevenson, dives through a 'porte de cave' instead of a cellar door, and reappears with 200 francs in gold instead of ten pounds, and a cheque for the balance on the Crédit Lyonnais, instead of Dr. Jekyll's bankers; and the cheque is cashed under precisely similar circumstances."

July 16. 97

Sea of stretched ground-swells!
Sea breathing broad and convulsive breaths!
Sea of the brine of life!
Sea of unshoveled and always-ready graves!
Howler and scooper of storms! Capricious
and dainty sea!

As we said the other day, it all depends on how you look at the sea. You are sitting on a Lynn veranda. You admit Egg Rock; you do not object seriously to a far-distant hotel, although it is incongruous; for it is so far-distant that it looks like a toy-house. A lighthouse on the horizon nervously calls attention to its number, its address—1-4-3. Fantastic clouds, arranged by some distinguished stage manager of the sky, play at hide and seek with the moon. There is a faint lapping on the beach. The city and men and women are forgotten. You are intimate with elemental forces. Suddenly your host—punctilious and kindly—comes behind your chair from the stately, formal, 1850 parlor. "Fine night, old man! Do you know there's nothing but water between you and Europe?" The desire to impart information shrivels the view. Dessicated romance! You are now painfully conscious of the summer hotel where guests are expected to pay board promptly; you remember that the lighthouse is something more—nay, something less than a scenic decoration. And you call to mind instructive and sanitary facts concerning the properties of salt water.

If the host had only said, "I think the Flying Dutchman is a little out of its course;" or "I have never heard a mermaid sing before the 15th of July," the spell would not have been broken.

Jules Renard was talking about the ocean, for he is much interested in earth, water and sky. "When you look at the sea," he said, "you are struck immediately by the fact that there is nothing astonishing about it." The Farmer in Miss Alice Brown's story was not of your opinion, Jules. He was overcome as though in a vision eternity were revealed.

Jules replied, "I do not know the story; for I have not read many works of American authors. It is true that each one of us has his own fashion of admiring the ocean. One chooses a corner for himself. Another sprawls on his belly. Another stands and stares, deep in thought, stiff as a statue, at the ocean until he no longer sees it. Another goes among the bathers and says, 'Well, this is something like the ocean!' A woman holds a child in her arms. It cries; the mother pats it: 'Don't be afraid, I am here.' If you have a dog, stroke it and advise it to be calm. On horseback, urge the animal into the waves until it snorts in alarm. Now, I do none of these things. I am accustomed to the ocean. Lightly and elegantly clad, cigar in mouth, hands behind my back, as in my garden, I walk tranquilly toward the sea, and I let it come to me."

The man who is fond of saying, "There's nothing but water between you and Europe," is often heard exclaiming, "and to think it's the moon that causes the tides!" and as he speaks he rolls slowly his eyes toward heaven, seeking there the absent moon, and smiling at it, as in appreciation.

Real estate in the Back Bay is on the move. It rises constantly as you walk or ride, and it hits you.

Mr. Ferris Tozer is the composer of an oratorio entitled "Balaam and Balak." The important part of the Ass is given, of course, to a tenor.

Mr. Reginald de Koven has written an article on "The Genesis of Comic Opera." He surveys his creation and pronounces it very good.

[illegible] the right to [illegible] to two French [illegible] to translate his [illegible] Thomas Hardy gave [illegible] Barron to trans- [illegible] of the "Urbervilles" into [illegible]. The translation was not finished until 1896 when the manuscript was sent to the Revue de Paris. The work was about to be published, when toward the end of last month the Journal des Debats began to publish a translation by Miss Rolland in feuilleton form. Miss Rolland says her translation was authorized by Mr. Hardy. And now Mr. Barron and Miss Rolland are going to submit their respective claims to the right of publication to arbitrators.

Listen to a strange detective story as told by a London journal. Thirteen people had sat at mess in Saugor. Nine of them had been seriously indisposed afterward. Three of them had had cholera. One of them had died. The microbe was detected in a water-pot in the kitchen. But the supply from which that pot had been filled was pure. The dish-cloth used in carrying it, however, turned out to have been dried on an infected sand-bank. Conveyed to the kitchen, the microbe had not only got into the water-pot, but into a chocolate pudding. This was shown from the fact that the mess waiter who served the pudding was nearly finished first. Why should this particular pudding have proved so particularly dangerous? Professor Hankin is in a position to explain. He took three of the ingredients—milk, eggs and gelatine—under absolutely sterilizing conditions; made a "culture;" inoculated it; cooked it; and produced nine million cholerobes to the cubic centimetre. That didn't satisfy him. He found he had used laboratory gelatine. He tried again with the gelatine of commerce. This time the cubic centimetre yielded [illegible],000,000 cholera microbes in eighteen hours. Chocolate pudding has been off at Saugor since.

July 17. 97

Here's short life to the man I hate!
(Never a shroud or a coffin board),
Wait and watch, and watch and wait,
He shall pay the half and the whole,
Now or then, or soon or late.
(Steel or lead, or hempen cord,
And the devil take his soul!)

He shall not be shrived or sung,
(Never a shroud or a coffin board),
The bell of death shall not be rung;
Man to grave and beast to hole,
Earth to earth, and dung to dung!
(Steel or lead, or hempen cord,
And the devil take his soul!)

Nights are black and roads are dark
(Never a shroud or a coffin board),
But a moon-white face is a goodly mark,
And a trap is a trap for a man or a mole,
And man is dead when he's stiff and stark.
(Steel or lead, or hempen cord,
And the devil take his soul!)

If he were still a-walking in Fleet Street, Doctor Johnson would delight in this grim Ballad of Hating; for did he not love a good hater? This poet was no amateur; undoubtedly he did his man.

Our friend, Renard, contemplative, gentle, once said to us, "Capable of hating, I do not know how to avenge myself. Therefore my hatred is without avail. It is better for me to retain a good fellow."

The man who is hated heartily must often for this very reason command respect. At any rate he has accomplished something. He has made his mark. Take, for instance, the case of Count Boni de Castellane. One black ball would have excluded him from the Jockey Club. He received 288 black balls. He thus assumes gigantic proportions, as the general that gives over a city to pillage, or the tyrant that capriciously beheads his whole court. What an energetic man this Count must be, when by his merely joining a club he would make 288 fellow beings thoroughly uncomfortable!

When a man is put in the grave, praise sometimes bugles, "He did not have an enemy in the world." Nine out of ten, when such a eulogy is pronounced over them, were timorous, weak, flabby citizens. They were good-natured constitutionally, or through policy, or to the verge of crime. Pitiable indeed is he who in life has not at least one bitter enemy that would dance boisterously over the new made grave.

The fear of making enemies is the beginning of foolishness. In the weaving of Eternity it is policy to be poker-backed and stiff-necked. Why should you allow without protest that which is bad to be called good? How do you gain by consenting silently to the plan of a sneak or a scoundrel? Are you lazy, or merely a coward? You say, "I do not wish to make enemies;" and so when you are praised for your "good heart" or "kindly disposition" cowardice is crowned with laurel.

That which is false, low, evil in art, literature, music, politics, business, life should be hate[illegible], and hated openly and vigorously. And never was there greater need of righteous ferocity than now.

Let us go back a moment to the case of the Count Boni. He was rejected overwhelmingly; therefore, you argue, he must be a naughty fellow. But is a club election the highest testimonial to worth? Wherever you find a man that has decided opinions and bravery of expression, you will find the weaker objecting to his membership in a club where they snooze and gossip and admire each other. The presence of a strong man, who has done something, who has seen through some nefarious scheme and exposed it, who does not believe in the divine right of the majority, disconcerts the timid souls who have inherited money or gained it by the quiet game of grab from stockholders or city. We do not say that the Count Boni is an example for the young. Possibly his reputation is deserved. Yet when a man receives 288 black balls his life has not been wholly in vain. Mr. John L. Sullivan is a man of deeds. His fame is international. Civic belts and full purses have been presented to him in the presence of applauding thousands. If he appears in Tremont Street hundreds gape and follow. His speech is like unto a sword. His philosophy would have adorned the Athenian porch or grove. Do you suppose he would be admitted without protest to the Somerset Club, even if he should desire election and there were no waiting list of anxious gray-beards and indifferent infants-in-arms? And yet Mr. Sullivan is one of the most illustrious of Americans.

S. C. asks, "Should strawberries be served unhulled, so that each berry may be dipped into sugar and then eaten separately?" We do not approve of this method, which was introduced lately by Anglomaniacs. Strawberries should be hulled. Sugar and cream should be poured generously over them in a saucer. They should then be mashed by a spoon held firmly by the eater. But is not your question late for this season and early for next?

On July 17, 1895, the oculist Landolt said, "Maupassant had very good eyes, but they were like two horses which cannot be driven or guided together—and his madness was behind the eyes."

A. W. asks, "Is the Yazygi family mentioned in 'Quo Vadis' related to the family of the rich trader that gave a statue of Aristides the Just to the city of Boston?" We do not know. You should consult the Genealogical Editor of the Transcript.

They say that when a Chinese woman finds herself a widow she calls attention to her state by marrying again. She contracts the new marriage with a pot elaborately decorated with leaves—not heliotrope. If she repents of her bargain, all she has to do is to break the pot, and thus certify that she is again eligible. A cynic is led to remark: "She differs from her more practical Western sisters. Let them but get the chance of contracting marriage with a big pot—especially a big pot adorned with strawberry leaves—and the last thing they are apt to do is to break with him and marry a lesser man."

July 18. 97

ABOUT MUSIC.

Prof. Kashkine's Gossip About Tschaikowsky.

How a Piano-Concerto Was Dedicated to Buelow.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

Prof. Kashkine, who is said to have been acquainted intimately with Tschaikowsky, especially in the earlier years of the latter's career, has published his recollections of the composer in the Russian Review. The Musical Times of July gives extracts from them.

* * *

In 1867 Tschaikowsky wrote a Manual of Harmony, "the value of which lay in its simplicity; clearness of statement, and practical selection of exercises." Has this text-book ever been translated into French or German? The wild Russian composer, Rimsky-Korsakoff, who delights in exotic harmonies and hair-raising progressions, wrote a treatise on harmony, which is a masterpiece of sobriety and caution. This book has been translated into German.

The first work of Tschaikowsky performed in Moscow was a concert-overture in F minor. In January, 1896, he had been chosen professor of harmony at the Moscow Conservatory, at a salary of about $25 a month. Here he became a close friend of Nicolas Rubinstein, who "soon recognized in Tschaikowsky a great composer, and, but for the co-operation of such a friend and artist, he would not have become so speedily celebrated. Only death put an end to this mutual attachment." And yet in 1875, when Tschaikowsky offered the score of his piano Concerto in B flat minor to Nicolas Rubinstein, inscribing a dedication on the title page, Nicolas found much fault with the concerto and insisted on a revision. Tschaikowsky was angry; he decided that the Concerto should be printed without changing a single note; von Buelow's name was substituted for that of Nicolas Rubinstein. Von Buelow played the concerto in Boston for the first time. But when Nicolas Rubinstein died in 1881, Tschaikowsky devoted nearly the whole of that year to a Trio in A minor, dedicated "to the memory of a great artist."

Balakireff was another sincere friend who did not hesitate to censure. When Tschaikowsky's orchestral fantasia "Fatum" was played at Moscow in 1869, Balakireff wrote a cruel criticism, "for though he was personally fond of the composer, he held opposite musical views."

* * *

And what were Tschaikowsky's relations with Anton Rubinstein?

"It was apparently at the beginning of 1874 that Tschaikowsky's Quartet in F major was performed for the first time in Nicolas Rubinstein's rooms. Anton Rubinstein was present, and after listening with signs of disapprobation, he announced in his usual pitiless outspoken manner that the style was not that of chamber music, that he could not understand the composition in the least, and so on. Tschaikowsky was probably much hurt at this cruel criticism, though it did not lessen his warm attachment to his master. When, two years later, Anton Rubinstein dedicated one of his pianoforte pieces to Tschaikowsky, his pupil, the latter, delighted, immediately reciprocated this mark of attention by dedicating six pieces on one theme (op. 21) to his friend and master. Yet he received neither answer nor acknowledgment, and Anton never played any of his pupil's compositions."

* * *

Conducting was a severe task to Tschaikowsky. In 1868 he led some dances of his own, and lost his head through nervousness, so that he made erratic signs to the players. Afterward he became a well-known conductor in ehief cities of Europe; "but to the end of his life each concert he conducted cost him physical suffering."

* * *

Strange tales have been told about Tschaikowsky's marriage. Prof. Kashkine says little on this point. In 1867 Tschaikowsky made the acquaintance of Madame Artôt, the singer, and dedicated to her his Romance sans Paroles in F minor (op. 5). In 1870 he was "much captivated by one of the lady singers of the Italian Opera, and it seems that a marriage had been arranged. However, the opera company left Moscow, staying several days in Warsaw, whence a telegram announced the lady's marriage to another member of the company. Tschaikowsky seemed more surprised than hurt at the news. He subsequently met the lady abroad; they became great friends—he was a warm admirer of her talents and intellect—but no shadow of any other feeling revived."

Some time in 1875 he was engaged to be married, but the affair was kept secret. "Kashkine separated from him after the Conservatory examinations, and only heard of his marriage in August. Soon afterwards he met the young people at an evening party; but he never went to see them in their new abode, having no special invitation to do so, and the marriage remained to him, as to all others, an enigma." There is a story that man and wife were soon separated without any reason given to friends.

* * *

"Tschaikowsky occasionally wrote for the press, but he did not care much for the work. He had no literary pretensions, and merely spoke out his opinion fearlessly on any musical novelty; but he gave up writing when he found that the defence or condemnation of musical subjects led to recriminations and personalities."

He destroyed his orchestral Fantasia "Fatum" and a cantata for the opening of the Polytechnical Exhibition at Moscow (1871).

"The works of other composers interested him much; he long carried about with him the score of Rimski-Korsakoff's 'Spanish Caprice.' This composition was once to be performed at a concert, when it suddenly occurred to the conductor that there was no one to play the castanets. Tschaikowsky forthwith volunteered his services. 'Well, look here, Piotr Illyitch,' said the conductor, 'don't you count the bars wrongly and come in at the wrong place.' 'Surely you don't take me for such an ass, as not to be able to come in at the proper time, with the score in my hand!' said Tschaikowsky with depleasure. Yet he did so through nervousness, amidst much laughter."

"Professor Kashkine can see no connection between the Pathetic Symphony and Tschaikowsky's death. He was not in St. Petersburg when the composer died. There was an immediate rumor in that city that Tschaikowsky poisoned himself. It is well known that he suffered severely from nervous depression, and it is also known that his life was not always in accordance with his highest ideal. It would not be surprising if, in a doleful dump, he put an end to an existence which, in spite of world-wide honor and troops of friends, was not to his better self an unmixed happiness or an untarnished glory.

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A saynete "Ruse d'amour," music by Lecocq, was given in Paris, June 21.

A complete Wagner Cyclus will be given at Turin the next opera season.

The King of Siam enjoyed Strauss's "Tzigano" and a national ballet at Ischl.

Albin Bauer, first flutist of the Royal Orchestra, Dresden, died there lately, age 41.

A society has been formed in Rome to "cleanse" the church music of Gregory the Great.

The Société des Concerts at Dijon gave lately a concert of the works of Lenepveu.

Two women are among the first violins of the orchestra of the Fenice Theatre, Venice.

Ludwig Neuner, a distinguished fiddle maker, died at Mittenwald June 22, age about 50.

Th. Krelie, violinist of the Royal Opera Orchestra, Berlin, died June 22 at the age of 40.

A new orchestral piece, the prelude to the opera "Jadwiga," was played at Mayence June 25.

Miss Leclerc and Isnardon and Bouvet of the Paris Opéra-Comique will sing under Sonzogno at Milan.

An obelisk adorned with a medallion of Chopin has been erected at Reinerz, where he gave his first concert.

Miss Guénia, contralto, has been engaged at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, to sing in Massenet's "Cendrillon."

Handel's "Esther" and "Deborah" are to be given at Mayence today and tomorrow. The Chrysander edition will be used.

A biography of Josquin de Prés by F. de Ménil has been published by Baudoux, Paris. It is praised highly by Arthur Pougin.

"The Seven Words of Christ" by Gustave Doret has been sung with great success in Swiss towns. Two years ago it was produced at Vevey.

Bernard Zweters will write the music of the Coronation Cantata to be sung at Amsterdam when young Queen Wilhelmine reaches her majority.

A mass for two voices, strict style, by Angelo Tonizzo, was produced for the first time in Rome, June 13, at the church of the American College.

In honor of Queen Victoria female voices were used in the chief synagogue at London. This innovation, it is said, will henceforth be an institution.

Dr. Blumner, Director of the Berlin Singakademie, has received a commander's cross, second class, of the Brunswickian ducal order Henry the Lion.

Elisa Wiborg made a profound impression at Dresden as Elizabeth in "Tannhaeuser" by an impersonation of virginal innocence and religious nobility.

Carl Flesh, Hungarian by birth, who took the first violin prize at the Paris Conservatory in 1894 as a pupil of Marsick, is now professor at the Bucharest Conservatory.

Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte" was revived at Munich June 25 with great attention to detail, and an extraordinary cast. The success was very great. Richard Strauss conducted.

"Don Trumettone," an opera in three acts, by Alfonso Ruta, 22 years old, a graduate of the Naples Conservatory, was produced at Aversa June 6, with great success. Ruta is a pianist of marked ability.

Adolphe Isaac David died about a month ago in aPris, age 55. He composed piano pieces, an opera "Diane de Sparre" and music for the pantomimes "La Statue du Commandeur" and "Pierrot Surpris."

A concert in honor of Jan Blockx was given at Mons. The program included fragments of his opera, "Princesse d'auberge," which was performed at the Flemish Theatre in Antwerp last winter. The score for voice and piano will be published by Heugel, Paris.

Dr. Max Scheier showed at a medical congress in Berlin that by the aid of X-rays a singer can be seen to sing. The palate may be seen to adapt itself to each vowel; the movement of tongue and jaws; the changes in the internal configuration of the mouth; all these are to be seen.

In Puccini's "Bohême" the scene in front of the Café Momus contains a row of 14 measures which are filled with step-following, rhythmically arranged chords with consecutive fifths. The beginning of the third scene has 24 measures of empty fifths. But the question is, "How do they sound?"

Gounod's "Mors et Vita" was performed, for the first time in Italy, at Genoa, June 20. "The chief parts," says Il Trovatore, "were intrusted to ladies of the aristocracy. The success was enormous. There was much applause, although the performance was in a church" (the Annunziata).

A busy singing teacher in Paris was complained of by a tenant in the same apartment house. The landlord, the Société des Immeubles, was ordered by the Court to eject her under penalty of 50 francs for each day she should remain, and she and the society were ordered to pay the complainant 1500 francs damages.

Franz Krenn, chapelmaster of the parochial church of the Court of Austria at Vienna, died June 19 at Saint-André, age 82. He was appointed professor of counterpoint at the Vienna Conservatory in 1868. He popularized in Vienna many liturgic compositions of the old Italian and Flemish schools, and published church compositions of his own.

A new one-act opera "Pepita Jiminez" by J. Albeniz met with success at Prague. Albeniz, a pupil of Liszt, was formerly director at Barcelona, then conductor at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London. The libretto was written originally in English. "The music is melodious and well constructed; the orchestration is very delicate and effective."

Melba sang in "Faust" at Covent Garden June 28. "Faust" with Melba drew more than "Tristan" with Jean de Reszke. We hope this news will be kept carefully from Mr. Henry T. Finck. And how did she sing? The Pall Mall Gazette says: "She sang throughout with a warmth, a sweetness, and a beauty of phrasing that were as near perfection as anything can be in this life. All was done with absolute ease. There was never, either in her acting or singing, a moment of strain, of doubt, or of wavering. Those liquid, fresh notes—in low, or middle, or high register—were always ready to the call of this exquisite singer, who gave you her best either quietly, or with moderate strength, or with resounding power, just according to the artistic spirit of the music. Take, for example, her singing of that old familiar friend, the Jewel Song. From the delightful beginning, subdued yet full of vitality, to that glorious close, in which the singer paused for a while in the plenitude of sound until the moment came when she took the note once more, as it were on the flood, and sent it rejoicing and full into the air, the thing was a splendid achievement. M. Alvarez took the part of Faust very splendidly, indeed. M. Plancon was the Mephistopheles, and the rest of the cast was familiar. Signor Mancinelli conducted ably."

Perhaps the safest place just now to spend an evening in is not the Paris Opera House. About this time last year the lustre flattened out a lady in the gallery. Now, M. Gailhard, the manager, complains that a squad of 34 pumpers is insufficient protection from fire; and the rather that it is never the same squad, and that the pumpers consequently do not know their way about. There would appear to be other things which the pumpers do not know. When a "short circuit" had set the roof alight, the pumper on duty proposed to treat the fused wires with water. When he was prevented, he went to fetch his superior officer. His officer telephoned for the whole available supply of pumpers in the capital. The Opera House was invaded by battalions of them, all carrying torches. They were, M. Gailhard says, only prevented from firing the extensive stacks of scenery by a miracle. Pumpers apart, however, the condition of the structure would seem to leave much to be desired. The Standing Committee on Theatres puts the amount at £20,000. The Government thinks about a third of that would do. Before anything can be done, though, the Standing Committee, the Government, the Minister of the Fine Art Department, the Minister of the Interior, the manager of the opera, and the Commander-in-Chief of the pumpers, to say nothing of the Budget Commission, the Chamber and the Senate, have all got to agree. This may take some time, but until they are agreed, there would seem to be only one thing for intended visitors to do.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Blackburn heard Alvarez as Don José July 1, and then wrote in purple ink: "It is possible that Don José is M. Alvarez's best part, and last night at the Opera he took the character for the first time this season with the brilliance, the fire, and the tragic intensity which always distinguish him here. He acts and sings in this opera with the utmost intelligence, carefully developing the character from the beginning by a kind of crescendo of sentiment, until he reaches in the last act a blinding fury that is quite irresistible. His voice again is in grand condition, and once more he worked for us that agreeable series of surprises by which he overcomes the greatest technical difficulties of the music with the most consummate ease. In his highest register his power, no less than his sweetness and truth, was nothing short of astounding. He is the greatest Don José that we know; he has only one fault, an inclination to exaggerate, not so much in the great moments of his part as in the emotional intervals. Mme. Zélie de Lussan was, of course, the Carmen, and her interpreation is familiar enough. Last night she was as interesting and attractive as ever, but it seemed to us that she was a little overpowered by the tremendous passion of Alvarez. Her Carmen is exceedingly pretty and attractive, but it lacks depth and tortuousness. She is more the flirt than the fervid gypsy of fancy. If only Calvé had been able to take the part with this José! Still, Mme de Lussan is so good that no man need grumble seriously. Miss Margaret Reid sang the songs assigned to Michaela with great prettiness and even distinction, and the chorus was better than we have heard it this year at the Opera. M. Flon conducted an orchestra that was quite up to its work, and the remainder of the cast was quite adequate." This enjoyment of Miss de Lussan in England is inexplicable. For her dramatic performance is always inherently and irredeemably vulgar.

Renaud made his first serious appearance in London June 29th, and Mr. Blackburn thus weighed him in the balance: "Last night M. Renaud, who brings from Paris golden opinions upon his merits, practically made his first appearance at Covent Garden as Wolfram in 'Tannhäuser,' for his debut on the gala night can scarcely be expected to count very seriously. The rest of the cast was familiar enough. Gifted with a presence little short of magnificent, possessing a finely moving voice, and with singular dramatic intelligence, M. Renaud at once succeeds in conquering attention. Almost instinctively one is forced to compare him with that other great French baritone, M Maurel, to whose school he obviously belongs. He manages his voice with infinite care, he has considered every gesture, he is intensely self-critical. To so subtle an extent is this matter of self-criticism carried that you are actually aware at times of a dual personality in the same actor. Some years ago we had the same applauding criticism to pass upon M. Maurel's stage presence. M. Renaud observes himself, he checks his voice, his movement, his gesture, and being obviously an admirable critic he practically goes through his part under perfect guidance. He has extreme elegance, and his elegance is clearly conscious and thoughtfully arranged; he has a noble voice, and he is carefully conscious of its nobility, never permitting it for one instant to savor of the slightest thing ignoble or unrefined; he has a sense of position, which he has sharpened to an audacious height of gracefulness; and he has studied his part with a care and a fullness that leave you in no doubt or hesitation. In a word, he is a finished artist. He is never wrong. There is an old school story of the difference between Cicero and Demosthenes. When the Roman spoke all admired his skill, his grace, the construction of his sentence, the art of his climax, the dexterity of his final appeal; when Demosthenes spoke the Athenians tore up the benches, crying 'Let us go and fight Philip!' M. Renaud is the Cicero of that story; and perhaps M. Van Dyck—whose place as Tannhäuser was last night taken by M. Dupeyron quite decently—is the Demosthenes. M. Renaud is consummately thoughtful. He concentrates all attention on his presence, and his reward must always be universal admiration.

July 19 - 97

Dear, if I told you, made your sorrow certain,
Showed you the ghosts that o'er my pillow lean
What joy were mine to cast aside the curtain
And clasp you close with no base lies between!

You have given all, and still would find to give me
More love, more tenderness than ever yet;
You would forgive me—ah, you would forgive me,
But all your life you never would forget.

And I thank God, can still in your embraces
Forget the past, with all its strife and stain;
But if you, too, beheld the evil faces,
I should forget them never, never again!

This is the season when propinquity hands arrows to Cupid. Nature herself acts the go-between. Young women may be heard on yawning rock or conniving veranda murmuring, "And you never loved anyone before me?" Young men—as well as widowers—exclaim rashly, "I'll tell you everything."

For the benefit of the more prudent, who wish to keep some things to themselves, we publish the poem at the head of this column. The verses can be memorized easily, and they will be irresistible, if they are declaimed in passionate tones. It will be observed that the action is reversible: woman or man may be the speaker.

"Dick" publishes in Jugend, an illustrated weekly of Munich, thoughts suggested by a picture-exhibition in that city. We translate a few paragraphs. You will observe that artistic life is universal, not parochial.

"If anyone standing before a good picture cries out 'A rotten daub' and before a bad one, 'Perfectly charming,' he comes from Berlin. If a man, the moment he enters the gallery, asks where the restaurant is, he is a citizen of Munich. If a man buys no catalogue and keeps asking the attendant the titles of the pictures, one hundred to one he is a Saxon.

"Even in the Hall of Honor I have seen good pictures in the course of the year.

"If anyone paints the sky gray and the grass brown, he belongs to the good old school. If he paints the sky blue and the grass green he is a realist. If he paints the sky green and the grass blue he is an impressionist. If he paints the sky yellow and the grass violet, he is a colorist, but if he paints the sky black and the grass red, then he has a fine decorative talent.

"The jury is now chosen by lot. Why should not medals be awarded according to the same system?

"Would Titian, if he were still alive, be honored by an extra-room? At any rate, he would not demand one.

"Since the bicycle is in such general use, fewer women attend the exhibition."

There is unnecessary complaint about "hot weather." Summer is the time for expansion of soul and perspiration of body. Alas, it is now thought vulgar to sweat! And yet, if the pores were opened with extreme difficulty, no price would be esteemed too high for a fashionable sudorific. There are those who choose in summer a resting place where the mercury lingers about 60 degrees. They lose the glories of the season; the brilliance of the balsamically radiant sun; the "mad, naked summer night." They are in cold storage, body and mind.

There is this advantage in burglary over more conventional business: The burglar does not suffer from hard times. He is his own master, uncontrolled, unlimited by laws of supply and demand, wage questions, financial timidity and suspicion. His success depends upon his own industry and skill. He chooses his market at will and names his own salary. The fall or rise of stocks does not move him; he does not watch the sugar or copper market. An enviable calling!

Thrilling news from England! "The newest fashion amongst smart people on the Thames is to dine in an open boat moored to the private bank at half-past seven o'clock in the evening. For several summers the art of putting up tea baskets has been carried to so high an excellence by the boat-letters that at 5 o'clock the private bank of the river is every day one vast tea-table. The obvious danger of chill involved in sitting upon the grass after sunset makes it impossible to take the evening meal in this manner. The difficulty is overcome by constructing dinner baskets in such a way that they can be converted at will into a table resting in the well of an ordinary wherry. During the last day or two I have had the opportunity of observing the new mode in the making at different points in the Upper Thames Valley, and it is usual for ladies to take loose silk dust cloaks for use on these occasions." We regret the appearance of the word "smart" in this column, but faithfulness in quotation obliges. (We do not know which is the more objectionable in its vulgarity, "smart" or "swagger"). This by way of digression. But why should not the people on the waterside of Beacon Street stay at home in summer to ape this English fashion? The air would be pleasingly cool, and the dinner party would furnish amusement to those strolling by who are in sad need of innocent diversion.

Here is a story incredible to the plain, matter-of-fact New Englander; yet it is told at length by a most respectable London newspaper, without a word of doubt. Theologians have sung the praises of the single eye, and the pastor of Aracs in Hungary is a theologian; he must therefore have sympathized with the recent request of a young Hungarian wife who is described as a beautiful peasant girl. She came to the clergyman to ask for a divorce, and the reason why she wanted such a separation was expressed in the simple words, "My husband has two sorts of eyes, and I cannot look him in the face." The pastor was puzzled; he had heard of the single eye which goes with virtue; of the evil eye, which has had its day, and the eye which sees double on Saturday nights, a process Porson is said to have called the Bacchic reduplication, but none of these seemed to be a case in point. She went on to say, "One of his eyes is blue and one is black, and I find I can't love him with eyes like that." And here the mystery remains. The pastor of Aracs could not help her to a divorce, but, as petitioner was unable to write, he drew up a statement of her case and forwarded it to the proper authorities. It ran thus: "Frau Melchior Szappau, maiden name Barbara Esalik, wishes to be divorced from her husband because the latter has two sorts of eyes."

July 20 · 97

Of the long road in which I have walked for so long a time—I have only a dim remembrance of distance gone over.
Flowers far behind me—
They made place for the wounded, who death-rattled in the ditches—
Tired pilgrims were lying across the road to die quietly, and on their sad faces death passing set a beatific smile.
Others still dragged themselves painfully along; hope had fled their gloomy, empty eyes, and their relaxed masks had lost all known expression on account of desolation.
Of the road, oh so long, in which I have walked for so long a time, I have only a dim remembrance of distance gone over.

Industry, like unto politeness and conscience, is largely a matter of geography. There are villages on Cape Cod where soil and trees and breeze discourage labor. A visiting architect is content with studying the architecture of a pine. The needles bruised under lazy foot blend soul with the pungency of sea-weed and tempt man to inaction. In such a village where daily toil seems impertinent to nature, where morality and immorality are only dictionary terms, a hustling city farmer wished to hire an extra hand. "No, I can't work for you this week; I worked last week." This man of noble independence was supported last winter by the town. In the spring he emerged, as from hibernation, proud, intrepid on his bicycle.

On the 20th of July, 1893, Mr. Goncourt and his friends apparently took no cocktail before dinner, but Mr. Henri Céard prepared the stomach and sharpened the teeth by telling curious details of the executions he had seen—or at which he had "assisted." Thus he spoke of the condemned man's head oscillating on his shoulders, as though it were no longer fast; of the face elongated by the dropping of the jaw; of the pallor, which became chocolate. He made them see the knife, ascending splashed with blood, like a paper comb, with perfectly indicated trace of the two carotids.

Then set they themselves merrily to meat, and after dinner the same entertaining man told them that de Maupassant declared literature to be wholly instinct, and not the result of reflection; and he said that de Maupassant was of all men known by him the most indifferent to everything, and at the moment, when he seemed the most interested in a thing, he was the farthest away from it.

In the looking glass held by History you see in clear outlines the perpetual vanity of mankind. Even in this athletic period men pad shoulders and sometimes, breasts of coats as in the days of the Burgundians when Charles the Bold was only an impatient Earl. The latest of the bravely dressed Tudor translations is the History of de Comines, Englished by Danett, and in the first volume you may find this foot note: "They stuffed their dublets about their shoulders and brest marvellous full of bombast, to the ende they might seeme square and broad-brested, a thing greatly displeasing God."

Marriage is only a way-station. Trains may stop two minutes, or twenty minutes for lunch; the place may be an ugly little cross-roads or it may be a beautiful village; possibly it's the end of a division, but egad! dearie, it's not the end of the journey. Very young people think it is, but they find their mistake. It's a nice place, very often, but not the place they thought it was. They bought one thing and when they got home found something else in the package, and nature won't change it. But woman shouldn't be blamed for that.—The Philistine.

This reminds us that the educated Hindu is selling dear in the marriage market, if a Madras newspaper is worthy of belief. Parents of girls are anxious to get graduate sons-in-law, and they are willing to pay much. Often there is competition in purchasing the same commodity, and a bargain is struck. The Indian Mirror thinks it a shame that a Master of Arts will not marry or be given in marriage till he or his father can squeeze out of the bride's guardians so many thousands of rupees in cash, and that B. A.'s and F. A.'s have their corresponding value. It further says that when a university graduate can stoop to this sort of meanness, one can see "how worthless, debasing, and contemptible must be the education that he has received." We are not so sure of this. A very celebrated Bostonian—a Bostonian by adoption—who died not long ago, was taunted for having married money. He answered, "But didn't I give brains as an equivalent." In the United States, as well as in India, a bridegroom is appreciated for what he is worth in one way or another. The only out in the Hindu market is forgetfulness of the fact that a college degree is not always a guarantee for brains or even ordinary mental activity.

The Postal Administration of Geneva has had trouble with the employees, and Mr. Bovet, the director-general of the Cantonal Post, issued this remarkable dental manifesto. Read it slowly. It's funnier than anything written of late years by Mark Twain and almost as funny as the late New York Herald "Twain Relief Fund:" "It often happens that the postal staff falls ill in consequence of toothache and inflammation ensuing therefrom. Extraction is the only remedy. But the employees prefer to suffer rather than undergo this operation. They abandon their work, and the interests of the Post Office are thereby endangered. This situation cannot last. Notice is hereby given that the claims of toothache to be considered as an illness will be no longer admitted by the Administration. Employees absenting themselves for this reason will in future be classed under the schedule Absences for Pleasure, and Preventible Irregularities, and they will have to pay the expenses of their substitutes."

"To drink like a fish." But alcohol invariably causes him to float wrong side up. One per cent. of most delicate amylic will kill a sporting goldfish in one hour and thirty minutes. Twenty per cent. will act like prussic acid. It has been calculated by a deep thinker that a pint of tanglefoot will do a shark and a quart of forty-rod a whale.

Of garden poppies there be three kinds, first the white wheat of the seeds in old times

[illegible] with [illegible] were [illegible] up in a junketing dish. The rustics all peasants of this country are wont to gulp or glize, as it were, the upper crumb of their loaves of bread with yolks of eggs, and then bestrew them with poppy seeds which would cleave fast with it, having first undertaid a bottom crust with aunnie or anise seed and gilt, and then they put them into the oven, being thus seasoned, which gave a commendabel taste to their bread when baked.

July 21. 97

And as we looked at each other in silence, Tristan said suddenly, and his low voice made us tremble:—

What did we come here to do?
Why are we here?"
As echo, we all repeated:
"What did we come here to do?
Why are we here?"
And a strange and sharp shudder of uneasiness ran over the crowd.
One said:
"Somebody undoubtedly will tell us."
Others repeated:
"Yes, undoubtedly somebody will tell us."
Several replied: "Not I;" "Nor I;" "Nor I."
"Let us wait," said Tristan.
"Yes, let us wait," was the universal cry.
A dull and painful silence depressed the crowd.
Every now and then I heard a revolver shot; there were some who left us this way, for they found the time too long.

You know the Cotter's Saturday night as sung by Burns, and you know the workman's Saturday night. The latter may be divided into two classes. The hero of the first doffs his paper cap, puts on his coat and his dinner pail, walks proudly home, and puts his earnings into his wife's hands. "Here it is, Mary; I haven't spent a cent." Tears spring to her eyes. "Oh Jim, how good you are to me. You must be tired. Come, your supper is ready. I thought I'd tempt you with a nice bit of tripe. Baby hasn't cried today."

The hero of the second class rushes to the bar-room. There he absorbs vast quantities of alcohol and wastes his wages. He shouts, he sings. 'Tis long past supper time. Sleep comes upon him. He is helped by a companion to a street car. The air revives him. The liquor fires his brain. At home, he staggers up the stairs, now and then tumbling to the bottom. His pale wife stands by the door. "Oh Benjamin! Is this the way you keep your promise?" As man as the crazed ruffian achieves the wedding, he swats the suffering woman. Little Lucy says to her twin sister when they are awakened by the fall—although mother is not as heavy as she was before father traveled with O'Hooligan—"Keep still! Pa's drunk again!" That man has a quiet, peaceful Sunday.

But there is another cotter's Saturday night. It was revealed to us last week. A fine, manly fellow sat in front of us in the street car. Sunburned by honest toil, he wore clothing, coarse but neat and clean. A stand-up collar looked him respectably. A derby was a pathetic tribute to conventionality. His long coat was buttoned tightly. His left arm held firmly to him a young woman whose confidence in him was shared by the other passengers. Even the cynical conductor was so moved that he forgot former taking of fares and asked several for two payments. Thus workman and sweetheart rode for three miles, without a word between them.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!"

"Strappan youth" and sweet Jenny had no "Milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale;" to them the jarring public car with garish electric light furnished the "one cordial in this melancholy vale."

G. L. B., who prides himself, apparently, on adventures by sea and land—he has been to Camden, Me., by the Bangor boat, and he pronounces Bangor with a violent accent on the second syllable—asks the Journal, "Why is it that inexperienced travelers by sea invariably sit up very late singing 'Twankadillo' mournfully and looking at the moon?" We suppose for the same reason that some excursionists returning from Nantasket sing "Home Again!" as though they had spent the spring in Liberia or Korea.

G. L. B. also writes: "Can you explain what my neighbor at table on the boat meant when he said that he always preferred condensed milk with his coffee, adding that he had got 'into the habit' through living in Brooklyn? This is the worst dig at New York's dormitory that I ever heard."

It was on July 21, 1893, that Marcel Schwob told how, after the execution of Eyraud, whom he saw put in a coffin on which the price—8 francs—was marked (they turned Eyraud's head because the face was first reversed, as though he looked backward)—that Mr. Schwob told of his drinking with the executioners in a boozing-ken near the cemetery. He there [illegible] that descendants of executioners, from grandfather to grandson and so-on, are held in great respect, but a man who becomes an executioner by marrying the daughter of an executioner is regarded with contempt.

In Rome, in the 17th century, even the hangman's servant was refreshed with pails of water, and greeted with mud, stones, rotten melons, and the cry "Boya." There was the same feeling in Japan. In Scotland the executioner was obliged to be kept three or four days in prison, till the hatred of the mob subsided and the net was forgotten. Combe, in "The Constitution of Man," declares that a horror of the public executioner shows a low state of civilization; hence we find in Java the office is considered distinguished and honorable.

C. B. writes to the Journal: "Speaking of dentistry, digestion, etc., as subjects of conversation at meals, I would suggest that such a practice indicates a better degree of health in this age than in preceding ones. The supersensitiveness which would have driven many from the table if such topics had been introduced appears to be utterly unknown to this bicycling, out-of-door generation."

July 22. 97

O fears that tap at the window-pane,
O tears that fall when the world's asleep,
Terror and anguish that crowd the brain
When night lies dead and deep!

To the heart that lives on a memory
Or dreams in a joy too great to last,
Night brings the goblins of Woe-to-Be,
The ghosts of Joy that's Past.

The bitterest sorrow is that befalls
To the heart that at midnight watches and wakes,
While shadows creep on the firelit walls,
And a Hand the window shakes.

The raveler knows lonely places, where even the air seems uninhabited. Terrible in its out-of-the-world-ness is the chalet at Vers l'Englise in the Canton Vaud, as you look in the night toward the scarred and evil Diablerets and hear the roaring of the dirty glacier stream. Depressing is the sight of the setting sun from a potato field on Heligoland. Unutterably mean in its isolation is a clay road in the Green Spring district of Virginia. But dismalest of all is the blackness of night felt through a Cape Cod window peering vainly after stars or landscape. Weird is the sight of scrub pine and scrub oak, with here and there a thin, ill-nourished cedar, as they complain when you open your scuttle at night, "and see the far-sprinkled systems." But you hear the complaint at least; you know the existence of life. There is moving, rustling, chattering. The ground is alive. The flash of an electric light might show strange nocturnal things, such as you have seen only in dreams. In the Egyptian night, however, everything is dead. The air is thick, viscous. A tree would be slimy to the touch. The tree-toad is afraid to speak. The dog hugs the threshold of the side door. There must be queer doings in the wood across the road. The sea has a foul breath. It broods over its mysteries and crimes. An incube jostles a succube on the roof of the farm house. As you strain eyes from curiously hard bed, a Hand moves the curtain. It must be a Hand, for there is not a breath of air.

Far off the crowing of a cock. Lo, the morning-glory of the breaking day.
Hefts of the moving world at innocent gambois, silently rising, freshly exuding,
Scooting obliquely high and low.
Seas of bright juice suffuse heaven.

You walk your wooded way. Everywhere the enthusiasm of life, everywhere rejoicing in life. The tree that seemed last night squat, ignoble, filthy, now gives forth perfumed benediction. The sky is immeasurably distant—the sky that last night was screwed down over you like a coffin lid. The sea smiles, or laughs outright. It urges you to play with her.

If only winged or crawling things would not bite you as you walk your wooded way. And you think regretfully of paved city street with flagged or asphalted sidewalk, where you may move without slapping or scratching. You forget these vexations in the wood are epidermic; but the stinging and the biting in the town are aimed maliciously at the soul. Nature, riotous, rabelaisian Nature, is cruel in her superb indifference to your petty hurrah or lamentation; for your death under the most tragic circumstances would not embarrass her or incommode her. She is without direct personal purpose toward you. But in the city you sting or stab to promote your own interest, to support your wife and baby, to make yourself respected and remembered.

Perhaps, after all, a full Cape Cod day is too garish; its perfume too suggestive of brazen woman with empty [illegible]. If the [illegible] and dark night there is also soothing, comforting, romantic night. Was it not Jules Renard who said to you as the shadow's lengthened, "Evening approaches; the earth has made one more revolution, and now things will pass slowly through the tunnel of night?"

No one should be disturbed by the report that Roquefort cheese is "menaced with extinction." While there's Camembert, there's hope. "Menaced with extinction!" We have seen—and smelt—Roquefort cheese that was actually extinct.

And there is so much genuine Roquefort cheese made in this country that we need not pay attention to "the sheep that browse on the thyme-clad banks of the Larnac and the Aveyron."

Nor is Roquefort the only cheese. Mr. William Webb gave this opinion in 1656: "Notwithstanding all the disputations which many make to the contrary, and all the trials which our ladies and gentlewomen make in their dairies in other parts of the country and other counties of the Kingdom, yet can they never fully match the perfect relish of the right Nantwich cheese; nor can I think that cheese be equaled by any other made in Europe for pleasantness of taste and wholesomeness of digestion, even in the daintiest stomachs of them that love it."

Yet you cannot always rest securely in the bosom of antiquity. Thus how foolish this remark of Mr. Venner (via Recta ad Vitam Longam, 1650): "Rosted cheese is more meet to entice a mouse or rat into a trap than to be received into the body."

The dignity of Justice is guarded zealously in New York city. A girl in one court was fined $5 for chewing gum in the presence of the Judge (how many of the attendants were chewing tobacco?); and Magistrate Kudlich objected to the appearance on the bridge of a newspaper reporter dressed in sweater and knickerbockers.

Colonel Bradbury is in fine form. According to a New York reporter who asked him questions in the most friendly manner in the world, "There was a proud expression in his eyes, which look straight at one." Did the reporter expect to find him squinting—one eye on Mrs. Bradbury, the other in search of Mr. Ward?

"Cedarhurst's newest idol is 'Billy' Anson, the younger son of an English aristocrat." We are still faithful to "Grandpa" Anson of Chicago.

Here is an incident of life in a highly civilized country. On account of heavy losses, an employer at Macon, France, was compelled to cut a boy's wages in half. The boy was therefore most unkindly received at home by his father. Disheartened, the boy—he was 14 years old—threw himself in front of an express train and was of course mangled and killed.

July 23. 97

A man came forward and said:
"There is, they tell me, over there in the north tower, way up in it, in the topmost room, close to the sky, an old woman, so old that no one has ever known her age; perhaps she knows why we are here; she should know."
Voices: "Let some one go to find her."
She was brought in, leaning on a cane, shaking her head like unto some one who says—"No"—everlastingly.
They:
"We wish to know——"
She interrupted them:
"There is nothing."
"Yes, yes, there must be something," cried impetuously a youth.
"I tell you, there is nothing."
"Then," replied the fiery youth, "who made us come here, and why? There must be something."
"There is nothing, I tell you, nothing except your presence."
"Well, what of it," said jolly Jack: "Let us drink and sing, to pass the time."
"Let us drink and sing," howled the mob, "to kill time."

'Twas a clergyman who told us this story, after supper, as we sat on the veranda: "A few years ago I was pastor of a church in a Hudson River town. There was a queer family in my congregation; one or two had killed themselves, and they who were left were not like the good, bad, and commonplace people of the neighborhood. One girl, or rather young woman interested me, fascinated me, and at the same time almost frightened me. Kind, generous, affectionate, she had the face of Mephistopheles; in her face there was hardly a suggestion of sex or humanity. I firmly believe she had the gift or curse of second sight. There were too many instances of her power for me to remain sceptical.

"Her brother was taken sick; he had a carbuncle on his neck; he was very sick. His father had died of the same trouble. Naturally the family was alarmed, and I spent much time with the poor fellow. One morning I called; the sister met me in the hall; she was highly excited. 'Is he worse?' I asked. 'No, but I had such a terrible dream last night. I thought I was in hell, awakened from sound sleep by a ringing of the door bell. I got up, put on a wrapper, went to the door, opened it as far as the chain would go. For some reason or other, it was light in the street, and I saw clearly a man whom I had not seen before, but whose face I shall never forget, it was so ghastly. He said, 'Be quiet! be quiet!' and he shot me through the heart. I feel the pain now; it is terrible.'

"I tried to soothe her. I told her she was hysterical and should not pay attention to nightmares. The brother began to mend. The doctor was encouraged. A week or ten days after the woman told me her dream she came to see me. I said, 'Well, he is getting better, isn't he?' She burst out crying. 'You remember my dream. Yesterday I went into my brother's room, which was pretty dark. It was the first time I had been there since he was taken sick; for I was too nervous to be of any help, and my sister is a better nurse, so I had not seen him for some time. I knocked a hook off the table, and raised the curtain to be able to get to the bed without stumbling. My brother, who had been dozing, said rather sharply, 'Be quiet! be quiet!' and I looked at him. His beard had grown. His face was drawn and ghastly. It was the face I saw in my dream.'

"Three days after this visit the brother died."

They say that a black collie committed suicide lately at Mamaroneck. He was found hanging by his neck from a high fence. "His legs fully four feet from the ground." In this instance suicide is not proved beyond doubt. But animals have deliberately killed themselves. A few years ago a dog was seen on Boston Common looking intently for five or ten minutes at the Frog Pond. He finally went into the water and held his head under until he died.

While we are indulging ourselves in cheerful discourse, here is a tale of suicide in Scotland. A few days ago two men went into a shipyard on the Clyde and stood at the edge of the water for some time; then they began to prepare themselves for self-murder, at least loungers on the other bank thought they were thus disposed, and naturally, they took a lively interest in the proceedings. The two men got into the river and waded for the deeper part; one of them got there and was drowned, but the other wore a wooden leg which stuck in the mud. Unsympathetic persons pulled him out. The disappointed man took the train for Glasgow. "General disgust is expressed by the neighborhood at the action of the rescuers, who, by pulling him out of the water in his damp clothes, so wantonly exposed him to the danger of catching cold."

Have you read "Captive Conceits" by Belle Gray Taylor, an American sweet singer? Here are couplets from verses written for a hospital fair:

"Cast thy bread upon the waters
And it shall return to thee cake."

Sponge, jelly or fruit? Probably angel. And Mrs. Taylor is so pleased with her conceit that she repeats it:

"Go tell thy friends and thy neighbors
How water-soaked bread evolves cake."

Then there is a ballad of an absconding cashier, whose breakfast "tasted so clammily," and the poetess describes her futile attempt to please her husband with a "sapid juicy pie" made by her own hands.

We spoke the other day of the Temps publishing in its feuilleton department Mr. Flotron's story, which is lifted coolly from "Jekyll and Hyde." The Temps has evidently seen a great light, for now each installment is ended by the line, "Imité de R. L. Stevenson."

July 24. 97

In talking of cheap living, he mentioned a man who told him his eating cost him almost nothing, for "on Sunday," said he, "I always dine with my old friend ——, and then eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the very devil, and which accordingly makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more until Sunday again."

Mr. Vance Thompson has written an essay on the art of idleness. We commend the essay most heartily to all Americans, including obese brokers, sugar Senators, and Messrs. Carman, Crane, Davis and Gibson.

"The exquisite art of idling!

"Ah, few of us acquire it as we should. Doctor Watts (you remember his busy bee?) and society have conspired against us. Even the educational institutions have neglected this art. I do not believe that a single college in this country gives systematic instruction in the art of kill-

ing time. Surely no country needs such instruction more.

"The agitating scientists of the day assert that the quite unreasonable activity which distinguishes the American is caused by a small but nimble worm, which burrows in the gray matter of the brain.

"This vermis indefatigata is the cause of the precious industry which makes even the idlest American the laughing stock of the European connoisseur in idleness.

"So far no satisfactory remedy has been found.

"At present the only cure seems to be death—which is absurd."

There are a few great lines in American literature. President Lincoln's Gettysburg address, certain sentences in Poe's prose-poems Shadow and Silence, frozen thoughts of Emerson come quickly to the mind. Greater than any of these lines is the mystical and yet intensely American proclamation of Walt Whitman: "I loafe and invite my soul."

As Mr. Thompson wisely says: "The man who cannot be idle is primitive and deficient."

There are several questions always in stock for winter or summer use: "Whom would you choose as companion on a desert island?" "If you could have only one book, which would it be?" "What article would you first save, if your house were a-fire?" We heard yesterday of a young woman of Boston who, fresh from Smith College, was awakened in her summer home by the cry "Fire! fire!" Cool, collected, she donned her clothes, and then thought, "Now what do I value the most?" After mature reflection she took a list of books from her writing desk and left the house. "I am so glad I saved it," she said afterward to a sympathizing friend, "for if I had lost it, I could not tell what books I read last year."

A delightful episode in the Comedy of Life is the second bethrothal of Dr. John W. Gibbs. "The former Mrs. Gibbs," said the doctor, as he leaned on the breast of a reporter, "was far from young. I married her in a moment of pique and regretted it during the whole of the twelve months that I lived with her. However, I don't consider it manly to speak about a woman. When I married her I thought her hair was bronze, but I soon discovered——" It is interesting to note in this connection that the former Mrs. Gibbs was a daughter of the inventor of the electrical hair-brush.

Synchronously with this comic episode comes the tragedy of the unfortunate Englishwoman of rank who, by using a petroleum hair-wash, approved by Parisians, lost life as well as hair. Her countrywomen of a century or two ago were not as adventurous. They found comfort and safety in washes composed of maidenhair fern or wall-rue, either of which not only "stayeth the falling and shedding of the hair," but "causeth it to grow thick, fair and well-colored. For which purpose some boil it in wine, putting some smallage thereto, and afterward some oil." A decoction of the leaves, roots and flowers of marshmallow was used as a hair restorer; so was the root of the elm, "boiled a long time in water, and the fat arising on the top being clean skimmed off, and the place anointed therewith that is grown bald." Boiled bramble leaves or an infusion of dwarf elder or rosemary juice blackened the hair.

We have received indirectly from a firm doing business in a Western town the following announcement of an accident:

"It becomes our sorrowful duty to announce the death of the senior member of our firm. Mr. ——, ——, who departed this life on the 26th inst., in the 39th year of his age. He had not enjoyed good health for a long time, the ailment developed into Bright's Disease, and an apoplectic stroke ended his precious life.

MAY HE REST IN PEACE!

"The business will be continued under the old firm style, and we hope that we may enjoy the same good-will that has been extended to us for the past twenty-seven years. In return we shall endeavor to keep our past reputation inviolate."

Our correspondent underscored the last five words and added, "I hope not!" We fear he is a pessimist.

The Daily Messenger, Paris, speaking of Consul General Gowdy's 4th of July address was moved to say, "The straightforward words of this transparently honest man are a good refutation of the supercilious sentences of Richard Harding Davis, who accuses Americans in Paris of paying patriotic tribute to the dead Lafayette lest they themselves should be forgotten even whilst alive."

Mr. Martin Thorn, who is accused of the murder of Mr. Guldensuppe under peculiarly atrocious circumstances, reads regularly the Century Magazine."

The New York Times speaks of Ibsen's "A Doll's House" as "an irritating drama of inherited disease." Has the Times in its self-conscious respectability become Philistine? And, by the way, was it not thinking of "Ghosts"?

July 26, 97

When I think of this man: his fiery glow of heart; his swell of feeling; how magnificent, how ideal he was; how great at the midnight hour; and when I compare with him the companions with whom I have associated since, I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of lenders, and little men.

You have just come out of the ocean and are sprawling on the sand, admiring your legs, decorated with seaweed, unconscious of the red patch branded on your neck by eczema, when somebody pokes you in the back and cries, "Halloo, old man! What in the world are you doing here?" You look up, and lo, it is your old classmate Higgins. Yes, you are sure it is Higgins, whom you have not seen for twenty years, not since you were graduated at Yalevard.

You are surprised to see how bald he is; and you are pleased maliciously; for your hair—to be sure it s gray—is thick and curly. And how old Higgins looks! His forehead is wrinkled; there are deep lines in his face; his shoulders stoop. To your surprise he says, "Lord, how we have changed! We are not so young as we were. Why, you used to be as thin as a shad. How did you get that pot?" You laugh uneasily and change the subject. You ask what he is doing. To your amazement he answers that he is a Judge of a high court. Then you console yourself by remembering that he lives in a Western State, and you have heard that judicial decisions out there are seldom quoted with respect.

You call on Judge Higgins the next day. In college he stood far above you in scholarship and honors. Does he recollect this superiority? And in the eyes of the world he has outstripped you in the race since graduation. You feel that he knows all this. Ten to one he is surprised at finding you respectably clad, with a clean coat and shoes made to order. He is good-natured; he inquires concerning your work. You double for the moment your salary. You mention carelessly the names of distinguished Bostonians with whom you are on terms of intimacy. You speak of "Poor Lowell!" and you begin a story with "As I was playing pool with George Fred Williams the other day."

A little boy shrieks "Papa!" through an open window, as you sit on the veranda. "You are married, Judge?" "Oh, yes; have seven children." Higgins married? How could any woman ever love that man? He asks, "And you?" You answer, "No, I never could afford it," forgetting your boast of salary. He smiles. No doubt he is thinking, "What girl could have lived with such a crank?"

And then you recall the comrades of twenty years ago. "Jones is very rich." Jones? Jones? Oh, yes; he was a red-headed fellow, who was always borrowing money. "Ferguson died in the hospital last year. He drank too much." You were sure Ferguson would end badly. And you spend a pleasant hour in confirming or setting aside the judgment of the world on your dear classmates.

When you are about to leave Higgins invites you to take a drink. "No," you say, "I gave it up long ago." Thus do you think to rise to a height above him; for in college he was temperate and you were foolish. After you are in the road, you kick yourself. Why didn't you accept his invitation? It's a prohibition village, and your stock was exhausted two days ago.

The call is returned. You wonder more and more how Higgins achieved such prominence. He is equally curious as to how you contrive to make a living. You go back to the city. You say good-bye. "Be sure to let me know, old fellow, when you pass through; I'll put you up at the clubs." (You belong to only one.) But Judge Higgins never lets you know.

I give nothing to unfortunates who say to me:

"God will reward you."

They would believe that I was making a trade.

It was on July 26, 1892, that Mr. Zola told Mr. de Goncourt he was tired of writing novels. "Novels, novels, it is always the same thing.

"And he exclaimed after a moment of silence that he has not the gift of speech, that he does not know the joy of inspiration, that he is embarrassed by the fear of commonplace; and he thus reveals the passionate longing to graft on his talent, so as to enlarge the success of his career, the eloquence of a Lamartine, and to be a statesman as well as a literary man."

A. H. writes: "Should the mistress of a summer boarding house sit at table with her guests?" This depends largely on the thickness of her skin and her confidence in the cook.

Thomas Hardy has been staying at Zermatt. Orthodox beauty of landscape could hardly appeal to the describer of Egdon Heath and the historian of Tess and Jude, those tragic figures of Aeschylean proportions. Do you remember the passage in that marvelous description of Egdon Heath?

"The new vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule: human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it was young. Shall we say that man has grown so accustomed to his spiritual Bastile that he no longer looks forward to, and even shrinks from, a casual emergence into unusual brightness? The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the mournful sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain, will be all of nature that is absolutely consonant with the moods of the more thinking among mankind. And ultimately, to the commonest tourist, spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle gardens of South Europe are to him now, and Heidelberg and Baden be passed unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand dunes of Scheveningen."

There is a species of man who, when he finds himself in debt, writes to a friend, asking money, and promising a note "with interest." And the moment the letter is mailed his debts are, as he thinks, wiped out, and he commits fresh extravagances before he receives the answer "Yes" or "No."

Will the whole come back then?
Can each see the signs of the best by a look in the looking-glass? Is there nothing greater or more?
Does all sit there with you and here with me?

July 11 - 97
For July 25 S&S
6 pages back

ABOUT MUSIC.

Mr. Kobbe Writes a Piece About Brahms.

A Pleasant Article for an Easy Magazine Public.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

Mr. Gustav Kobbé is the author of an article on Johannes Brahms published in the Forum for July. This pleasant article as a whole does not demand fierce attention. Yet there are one or two points made by Mr. Kobbé that invite discussion.

"It is quite impossible for an American to appreciate the importance which, in Europe, attaches to newspaper criticism. I do not doubt but that during the recent war between Greece and Turkey the readers of the Vienna Neue Freie Presse turned first to the feuilleton to look for Hanslick's critique of the last concert or opera before they scanned the dispatches from Athens or Constantinople. It is entirely within bounds to say that it was Hanslick's antagonism to Wagner and his friendly attitude toward Brahms that threw musical Germany into two hostile camps."

It was the famous editor of Figaro who said in effect: "A dead dog in Paris is of more interest to Parisians than a war in a foreign country." When Carnot was assassinated, a correspondent commented on the fact that Parisians were just as much excited over the reviews of a play as over the news of the tragedy. To a Viennese, fond of amusement, any criticism of a concert or opera in his city is more entertaining and no doubt more important than news of strife and contention in the Orient.

I doubt if like attention is paid artistic events in any city where English is the common language, not even in Boston, although criticism of art, the theatre, music, and literature occasionally stirs up controversy. During the whole of the late melancholy discussion of the Bacchante, how little was written about the technical merits or faults of the statue. But there was a mighty pother over a wholly extraneous and laughable question.

The English-speaking people of today is not by nature an amusement loving race. In New England art of every kind was not for years encouraged or regarded as a worthy subject for conversation. Whether undue attention to art is a symptom of the decadence of a people is another matter; the fact remains that a nation without an artistic past, and where art is suddenly a sport of the rich, cannot in a year or twenty years delight in general, intelligent discussion of such art. There is loud pretension in Boston; but the intelligent foreigner would smile at certain local disapproval of Thomas Hardy's "later style," the ignorant outcry against the Bacchante as a "drunken and debased female," or the amiable honey-daubing of every parochial celebrity because he or she dwells in the parish.

* * *

Mr. Kobbé's article shows him to be without a sense of humor. He speaks of "the womanly tact" of Cosima Wagner in holding out "the olive branch in a letter to Hans Richter, written shortly after Brahms's death."

Here are one or two extracts from the letter, to which I have before this alluded in the Journal. The translation is presumably by Mr. Kobbé.

"My withdrawal, many years since, from all concert-life has left me wholly unfamiliar with the compositions of the deceased. With the single exception of a piece of chamber-music, none of his works, which have attracted so much attention and won such distinction, has come to my hearing. Personally, also, I had only a passing meeting with him, in the director's box at Vienna, where he had the courtesy to have himself presented to me. At the same time, I have not remained ignorant of his chivalrous spirit and attitude toward our art; nor of the fact that his enlightenment was too great for him to have misapprehended what was, perhaps, foreign to him. His character was too noble for him to have nurtured hostility. And this is surely enough to have awakened my genuine sympathy. I beg of you to convey it."

As a matter of fact, revealed by comments in leading music journals of Europe, this letter was regarded as one-sided, patronizing and in every way unfortunate. Neither Brahmsites nor Wagnerites were pleased with it.

And why should there be war between the lovers of Wagner and Brahms? The composers were not in open or secret competition. The one made operas and managed a theatre. The latter worked for concert purposes, and his fame will rest upon the "German Requiem" and absolute music. To say that either is the greatest musician that ever lived as a touching exhibition of devotion which snaps fingers at discrimination and recks not of musical perspective.

* * *

It is unsafe to judge finally of any man of our own period. Mr. Kobbé speaks enthusiastically and positively. He has this license of ink. Another may say as enthusiastically and positively that the life of Verdi is a finer instance of steady musical development than that of Wagner, and that Tschaikowsky reached passionate depths and ecstatic heights never found by Brahms. I sympathize with him, but I admit the liberty of Mr. Kobbé to have his say, only he should not insist on the imperative authority of his judgment.

* * *

Mr. Kobbé says:

"The trouble with Brahms so far as concerns public appreciation, is that he never, so to speak, led up to himself. The public expects a composer to be 'early,' 'middle' and 'late.' His 'early,' or more or less imitative, period prepares them for the assertion of his distinctive individuality after he has outgrown the influence of his predecessors. His contemporary fame usually rests upon this 'middle' period. When he ventures beyond that point, he is accused of excessive subjectivity or morbidness and of violating the principles of true art; which, in fact, he does, by creating new and truer principles. And so a composer's 'late' period usually remains a sealed book to all but a few choice spirits until many years after his death. I doubt if we, even in this late year of grace, fully appreciate the 'Ninth Symphony,' or the last sonatas and quartets. Brahms declined to be 'early,' or even 'middle.' He began 'late;' his first works being as Brahmsian as any he ever wrote. The public had to grow up to him from the very beginning—and the public hates to grow."

This is ingenious: but is it true? Would not the greatness of Beethoven be recognized today, if he had not written the 9th symphony or the last sonatas and quartets? And because much of Brahms's music is mere formalism, or with austere thought and crabbed expression, is it therefore the fault of a public that "hates to grow?" Mr. Kobbé forgets that music is first of all emotional. Music that by courtesy is called "intellectual" may appeal to unemotional natures to whom also-

ABOUT MUSIC.

Announcement of the Worcester Festival.

The Festival Will Begin on Monday, Sept. 20.

An Interview With Eames—Notes and Comments.

This is the 40th year of the Worcester Festival, the announcements for which have just been made. The festival will be held in Mechanics' Hall, beginning Monday, Sept. 20, and ending Friday evening, the 24th. There will be seven concerts and seven public rehearsals, and the following have been selected for the principal works:

Gounod, "The Redemption," Tuesday evening.

MacDowell, Suite No. 2 (Indian), Wednesday afternoon.

H. W. Parker, "Hora Novissima," Wednesday evening.

Goring-Thomas, "The Swan and the Sky-Lark," Thursday afternoon. (Post-humorous work, first time in New England.)

Brahms, concerto in B flat, for piano and orchestra, No. 2.

Wagner, and miscellaneous, Thursday evening.

Tschaikowsky, "Symphonie Pathetique," Friday afternoon.

Saint-Saens, "Samson and Delilah," Friday evening.

The foregoing scheme embraces two distinct choral novelties, besides "The Redemption," which has had but one hearing in Worcester, that at the festival of 1896. The casts for all the works will be carefully chosen, it is said, even minor parts being filled by experienced artists of established reputation. Much attention has been paid to the selection of the orchestral numbers. Nearly all of them are brilliant modern works which will have their first hearing in Worcester at these concerts. As for some years past, they will be performed by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The festival chorus has been reorganized. Mr. Carl Zerrahn will again be the conductor, and Mr. Franz Kneisel will act both as Associate Conductor and Concert Master.

The singers are headed in the announcement by Mrs. Johanna Gadski, the prima donna of the Damrosch Opera Company for the past three seasons. Mme. Gadski is a young and most attractive singer. Her fame has been earned on the operatic stage, and her repertory includes all the later German and French operas. She created the role of Hester Prynne in Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter," and has sung in all the largest cities in America with unvarying success. She has been cast for Hora Novissima in Wednesday evening's concert, in the Thursday evening concert, and again in the Friday afternoon concert.

The principal tenor roles will be sung by Mr. Evan Williams, whose appearance at last year's festival was in the nature of a revelation to public and critics alike. The principal basso of the festival will be Mr. David Bispham, whose magnificent work in the Metropolitan Opera Company last season, following his London and Paris successes, placed him in the front rank. Mr. Bispham comes to America especially for the Worcester festival, returning in season for the Birmingham Festival. His appearances at the Covent Garden Opera this summer again won him unanimous praise.

Mr. Rafael Joseffy, the celebrated pianist, will make his first appearance at these festivals in the Thursday afternoon concert. Correspondence with other well-known artists is being carried on, and the best available for all the important works will be secured.

* * *

I was privileged (writes a representative of the Pall Mall Gazette) to while [illegible] hour of Mme. Eames's valuable [illegible] the other day at her house at Marlborough Gate, and to discuss at some leisure her views upon the opera season in which she has been figuring so prominently, no less than some of the plans which her energy has been forming for herself for the near future. It is, of course, a matter of general knowledge that this season the burdens of the prima donna have been chiefly upon her shoulders; while on the other side of the fence it is interesting and satisfactory to record that she has availed herself of her opportunity to the fullest extent, and has come from the trial with her position generally as an artist and particularly as a London operatic favorite, both in the eyes of the public and of the most exacting among the critics, immensely strengthened and improved. After so great a strain upon her bodily resources, and remembering the very serious illness which she recently underwent in America, my first inquiries were naturally about health.

"The work has agreed with me thoroughly," said she, with the utmost frankness of expression; "of course I have had my bad moments—how can you avoid dyspepsia when you vary your dinner hour merrily from 4 o'clock to 8 on alternate days? But, on the whole, I assure you that I feel vastly better now than I did at the beginning of the season."

"And now, what of your views upon this important season?"

"I'll tell you frankly,' she said. "I feel that I have come nearer to my public, that has been the great and satisfactory issue; and if you knew," she said, with a humorous little sigh, "the difficulty of molding a public already possessed of fixed ideas, you would know the satisfaction of feeling that you are accomplishing that ambition successfully." I murmured words indicating that I understood the position.

"Here is the situation in a nutshell," said Mme. Eames. "I have been on the operatic stage just eight years, no more. From the beginning, as you know, I have been vocally—where I have been. Meanwhile, although from the first I have known exactly what I wanted to do, from the dramatic point of view, you must consider the line of inexperience from which I started. Whatever other people may be, I am one who has to wait patiently for a full development of my purpose within myself; my knowledge of that which I want to do is there with me, and my perfect fulfillment of that knowledge in action has to grow up until it entirely dominates me. You see, then, how I was placer, and you see how year by year my public is coming nearer in its appreciation, as I more nearly reach my own ideals and become more communicative. And from this point of view my present season of Covent Garden has been delightful to me. Formerly I was supported by my belief that I was fulfilling exactly my own pleasure and intention; now by a subtle understanding I feel that the public, with my own development, sees more clearly through and understands more fully that intention."

I may make a little digression here in regard to this excellent piece of self-criticism to note that it is generally confirmed by references to the critical notices of this season and even to some extent to those of last season. Rummaging amongst old files, I have come across various references of this nature which I myself made last year upon this very subject, and the existence of which I had totally forgotten. Two little quotations may be of interest, "Mme. Eames," I find that I say of her last year's Juliette, "acted with feeling, and with an inner appreciation of her part which, to be frank, were as delightful as they were unexpected. There is scarcely a point in which she has not improved remarkably. She has gained in strength, in flexibility, in emotional quality, in everything which sees her on the road toward the best things of her art." And again, "Mdme. Eames sang divinely as Eva, and acted quite charmingly. This is surely an artist with a great future before her."

"Then you are satisfied with your labors?" I asked, continuing our conversation. "I am more than satisfied with the results," she answered, "yet I would not have you supose that with the parts that I have, for example, sung this year at Covent Garden I am completely content. I do not think it possible for an artist—at all events, it is not possible for me—while in the upward, the advancing course of her career, to sit down content with any part; new lights drift upon it, traditions that once seemed reasonable seem to ask for change, and above all you find that [illegible] there of a character which call for a consistency that you had before overlooked, or for transformation which had in the beginning entirely passed you by."

"It was a delight to you, I hope," said I, "both to sing the Contessa's music of the 'Nozze' and to make so profound an impression by your singing and acting of the part." For the moment I remembered a dear and clever though difficult colleague of mine, who sweetened an acid article by describing the performance as "peerless."

"Delightful beyond measure," she replied with enthusiasm. "But my Mozart is difficult, the most difficult of all vocal music in the world; he forces you at every moment to use your instinct, as it were, to flash his meanings upon an audience; you can never be idle, a moment's pause in your alertness and all is lost. There is no musician who allows less perfection than he, or who more quickly detects imperfection. But it was delightful to sing that music——"

"Anr for us," said I, forgetting the critic in the courtier, "it was equally delightful that you should sing so beautifully. * * * Then your plans, I understand," so I continued somewhat precipitately, "are to study the later Wagner roles, to take, in a word, the tide at the flood?"

"And don't you think that I am right?" she questioned, smilingly. "Every year makes it more and more clear that the opera seasons of 15 and 20 years ago have irrevocably gone by. Why should I stagnate while there are worlds to conquer. I intend to move forward with the progress of my art or, at all events, with its movement. I mean study, but I am prepared for hard study, for slow and careful assimilation, and for as near an approach to mastery as with every one of my powers I am able to achieve."

"You have given us Elsa," I said, "and Elizabeth, and Eva; where do you start in your forward movement?"

"With Sieglinde," she replied. "I have begun upon the part (in German, of course) already, studying it privately, weighing it carefully, building up the spirit of the character within me, as it were, until it shall be continuously complete."

"Ah," I said, with some satisfaction, "you lay stress upon continuity."

"With all my heart," she said with frank enthusiasm, "and there are few parts so difficult to acquire thus perfectly. There is so much emotion in it, various and changeable, that the easy tendency is to serve it up, as it were, in separate chapters. Ah, what emotion! Here, indeed, you see Wagner as a torturer of nerve. I can never approach, for instance, that stupendous phrase 'Du bist der Lenz' without an overwhelming tendency to break down."

"The phrase," said I, "justifies the tendency."

"Well," she said, "you see the difficulty. Sieglinde is difficult in proportion to its splendor. There is no part which is so unexpectedly tiresome as this, if the emotion is in a perpetual rise and fall, and not streaming on like a river."

"And after Sieglinde?" I asked. "Will it be Brünnhilde of 'Die Walküre'?"

"Who knows?" she said. "I shall go on, that is certain, and Brünnhilde will come; but time will show what is to come in the exact order; my projects of study are fixed, but first I must make my Sieglinde perfect. At the same time I am studying 'Aïda,' so that I may not forget the purity of absolute vocalization."

"You leave town immediately?"

"Shortly after the opera season is over we shall start for Bayreuth; and thence we go on to Italy, to Vallombrosa."

I refrained from quoting Milton, and rose to leave.

"As a last word," said Mme. Eames, "the present goal of my ambition, let me tell you, is Isolde. Yes," she said, shaking her head, "I am not mature enough yet; there is much more to be worked out before then; but give me some five years more and I hope to give you the Isolde that my best can make. I want time for it, and surely I can wait."

The worst of it is that we shall have to wait, too.

* * *

Under the heading, "The Triumph of a Master," the Pall Mall thus sketches the musicianship of Mr. Seidl:

The season is drawing to a close, and with its ending it is time to look around and consider the conducting of the German operas which have, during the past two months, brought Herr Seidl into prominence before London. Last night, for example, he conducted Siegfried" at Covent Garden, and on Wednesday he conducted "Lohengrin," both performances in German; and upon these two it is possible to hang the text of our sermon. In the first place, Herr Seidl is anything but a showy conductor, although, however modest his manner may be, one devoutly trusts that the recent speech attributed to Herr Siegfried Wagner, at Bayreuth, was a wholly impossible invention: "We welcome one of our knights of the Graal, too long absent from our community." We say that with all Herr Seidl's modest manner, we trust that from such a quarter so patronizing a speech was wholly impossible. For behind that manner are observed a rare power, an immense strength, and an intimately delicate comprehension. There are other great conductors who impress their genius

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his face toward the rear wheel and the handle-bars accordingly behind him.

In 1887 a couple of Englishmen, animated by a queer mania for the odd, rode their wheels down to Dover and then took a boat over to Goodwin Sands at low tide. They then proceeded to ride their wheels along the sand as close to the water's edge as possible, and, after thus riding on a portion of the earth where no one had ridden before, calmly went back and had tea.

In the early days of the wheel one man made two or three trips on a 96-inch wheel. A Coventry cyclist eclipsed that feat, however, by appearing on a machine about 12 feet in height. He appeared so constantly that he grew to be no novelty, and people soon tired of him and his tower-like machine.

In the year 1884 a trick-rider attempted to ride down the steps of the main entrance on the east side of the Capitol, Washington. His first essay was to attempt the descent upon an ordinary bicycle, and this was accomplished with comparative ease. Next he detached the saddle, backbone and rear wheel, preparing to ride down upon the front wheel only. This, however, was a trick that had been the subject of no previous practice, and he commenced by taking the steps in sections. He had ridden down the last two sections and was about to essay the complete descent from top to bottom, when he was stopped by the Capitol police. An enormous crowd had assembled to watch this feat, and, being disappointed, they had nothing left but to howl at the police for having interrupted the sport. Some years afterward—namely in October, 1891—he rode down the full length of the same steps on a solid-tired safety bicycle.

Another freak was accomplished for a small bet, and might easily have cost the rider his life. During October, 1887, a member of an American team of bicyclists then making a tour of England rode the front wheel of his bicycle along the wall of the north pier, Aberdeen. This wall was 25 feet in height and 20 inches in breadth. The feat was one of exceptional daring and skill and certainly of a character to endanger the life of the adventurous rider. There was a boat in attendance below ready to render any assistance in case of need. Luckily, however there was no hitch of any kind, and the adventurous feat was accomplished in a very short space of time. On the following day the same rider repeated the performance in the presence of about 300 people. Evidently he was prepared for failure, because he dressed himself in light racing costume, which would have incommoded him but little had he obtained an involuntarily immersion. This daring freak had its origin in a wager of £5.

Cyclist Won.

A case of interest to wheelmen all over the country has just been decided by the New York State Supreme Court. Israel W. Baldwin of Avoca, Steuben County, N. Y., who carried an accident policy of the Fraternal Accident Association of America, was badly injured by falling from his bicycle in 1894, and as a result was incapacitated from pursuing his ordinary occupation for over a year. He sued the company to recover $20 per week for the period of one year. The company contested the claim on two grounds. One was that under the terms of the policy the plaintiff was pledged to submit the question of damage to arbitration in the event of a disagreement with the company, and this he did not consent to. The other was that the policy provided that if the plaintiff should be injured while engaged temporarily or otherwise in any occupation or exposure classified [illegible] hazardous than that specified

AT AN ARMY POST.

President McKinley Entertained bv a Review.

Sees the Third Cavalry Perform Evolutions.

The Scene at Fort Ethan Allen Last Wednesday.

Inasmuch as the Chief Executive of this nation is not only President of the people, but Commander-in-Chief of the army, it is quite proper and to be expected that whenever he goes where his army is he shall receive their tokens of respect as he receives the admiration and respect of the people who voted for him, and who did not vote for him.

So during President McKinley's recent tour into the highlands of New York he stood before the soldiers of the post at Plattsburg and received the honors due his position as tendered by the infantry branch of the service.

The next day he crossed the waters of Lake Champlain and was greeted by another branch—the cavalry—troopers from the young frontier post, Fort Ethan Allen, among the Green Mountains, a few miles from Burlington.

Fort Ethan Allen is located on the high ground above the Winooska River, and its parade ground overlooks miles of the choice farming land of the Green Mountain State, and all around are acres of field land and forest—an oasis of war in a desert of peace.

So it happens that whatever attracts to Fort Ethan Allen brings together more of a rural than urban gathering. The visitors who crowd the parade twinkling in the green of the trees which help to hide them.

And still no sign of the President.

Suddenly a cannon behind the row barks, and then another, and again till 18 guns have been fired. The band comes to life and executes "Hail Columbia" as the carriage containing the President of the United States and his wife rolls up to the commander's quarters.

No flankers ride alongside, and the President raises his hat, waving it gracefully in acknowledgment of the ovation he is receiving, and, alighting, escorts his wife to his subordinates' welcome on the piazza, where she is surrounded by a willing-to-make-her comfortable gathering of ladies.

The carriages with the Vice President and his wife, the Secretary of War, the President's Secretary and others of the party, are received, and their occupants escorted to the piazza, as the band goes by to take position on the parade.

A troop of cavalry has formed meantime opposite headquarters, and the buglers sound a fanfare, which the band takes up. Then the other three troops come on, and the four form a long line across the field and, facing their Commander-in-Chief, present sabres.

The President and the men of his party now come out to the reviewing stand and take their seats. Troop F comes forward and receives and escorts the colors to their position in the line; then they break into platoons and pass in review before the President; once, twice, thrice they go round, each time quickening the pace.

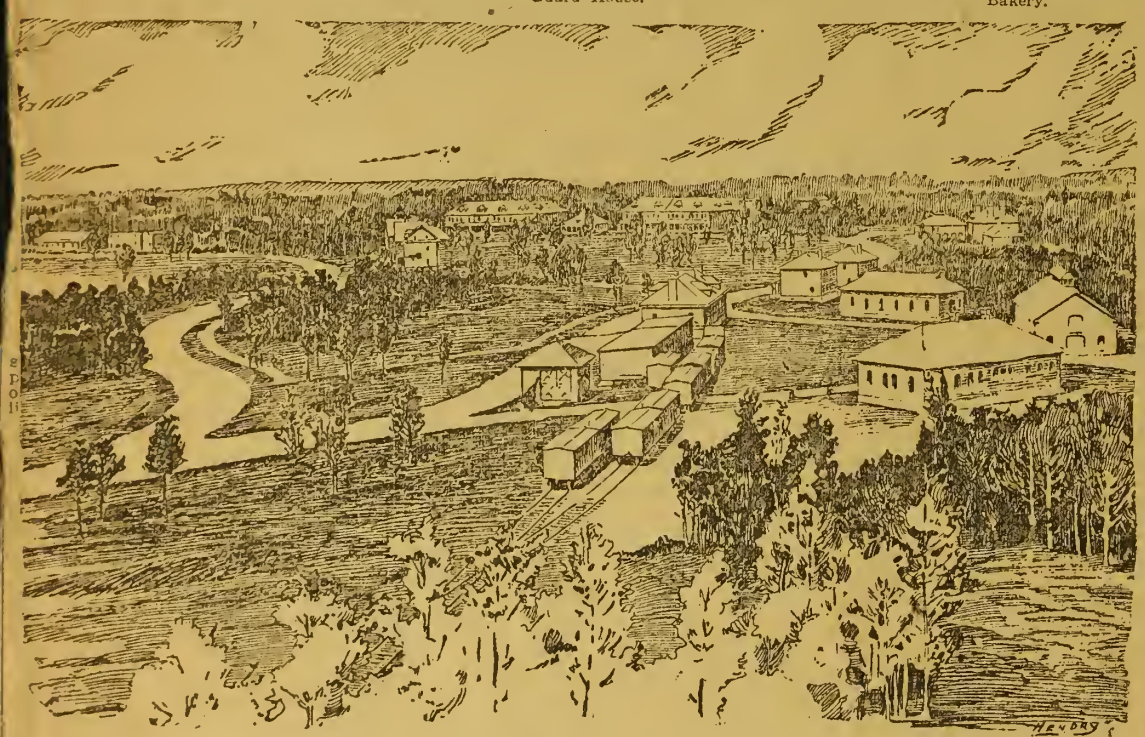
Then follow troop movements, and F, the crack troop of the army, Capt. Dodd's own, perform various evolutions, showing the discipline of horse and rider, moving in rhythmic circles, breaking into small squads, darting and driving, the men using their sabres as wands in a gymnastic drill on the horses' backs, until the time is all consumed.

And now the Presidential party leave the post; the carriages move along, and the people press close for a view of the man they voted for, who belongs to them, though they can never know nearer possession than this of the eye; his every movement is followed, and as he rides away, hat in hand, bowing to the right and left, a little ripple of applause runs along the driveway, it being the only expression of sentiment they dare to permit themselves to indulge in.

We are a democratic people, and citizen and soldier, in the simple way of this nation, have expressed to their visible head their regard for the man, their honor of his position, and their respect for themselves.

Troop Barracks. Troop Barracks. Guard House.

Hospital. Bakery.



FORT ETHAN ALLEN.

Officers' Row. Pumping Station. Adjt. and Quartermaster. N. C. O. Quarters. Quartermaster's Corral.

Wheeling Bits.

A new bicycle tire consists of a hollow rubber tube inclosing a series of resilient hoop-shaped metal springs connected by an elastic cord. A puncture has no effect on this tire.

A school to train bicycle racers is soon to be started in France.

Frenchmen are preparing a monster

ALASKA BY BOOK.

What Can Be Found at the Public Library.

Also Who the People Are Who Read There.

Books on the Yukon and Mining Are Sought.

"Has the Klondike gold fever reached the Public Library yet, Mr. Putnam?" was the question put to the head of Boston's pet book house the other day by a Journal man.

Mr. Putnam smiled. "Why, yes. That is, my assistants have spoken of the number of books that have been called for on subjects bearing upon that topic."

"Have you any system of record which would show the extent of this call, or what particular books are most used?"

"I am sorry to say I have not. In the circulation of the books taken out to read at home, of course, the number is so great that it would not be possible to form any estimate of what the subjects are. In the reading that is done here in the library, however, it is different. That is, in Bates Hall. One of the attendants there was speaking to me only this morning of two young men who had been in there quite regularly for a time reading about Alaska and gold mining. She says the demand for such books has been above the supply, frequently, in the evening. But I will call one or two of my assistants, who can tell you more than I can about it."

While the messenger was gone Mr. Putnam mentioned the fact that the available maps of Alaska were not what might be desired. He said the maps had been taken from the Eleventh Census report and posted on the walls in the juvenile room as the best there was up to date.

Miss Doyle and Mr. Chevalier were the so-to-speak Alaskan librarians. Mr. Murdock of the Cataloguing Department should, however, be included, for he has himself been two years in the Arctic region, far above the Yukon, where he was in connection with the Point Barrows Government expedition some years ago. He is pretty well posted on topics relating to the Northwest Territory, and he mentioned to the Journal man that the Capt. Ray who has just been detailed to go to the gold regions and see about setting up a post there for observations was the same man who, as Lieutenant, commanded the party of which he was a member.

Experience is said to be the most faithful schoolmaster, and in the case of Alaska would probably be a severe one. But by the assistance of this scribe these regions. They are most books of travel or exploration."

"Is there any inquiry for books o California adventures, or about th '49ers?"

"No. The descriptions of the country and especially the books about mining are in most demand."

Miss Doyle said she had had three re quests for such books that morning.

"Do the same ones come frequent or have new readers appeared in c nection with the Alaskan excitement?"

"We get to know 50 per cent. of th regular readers in a short time. Ye there are new ones who seem to hav come to read up on Alaska. But ther are others who come regularly and wh take up whatever subject is curren talk or up for a public discussion. Th latter are content with more genera reading about the country and th mines. A few of the young men appea much in earnest, as though really a work on some scheme, possibly to g there themselves."

The scribe then expressed a desire t see what he would find if he came as would-be Alaskan discoverer to th Library. Mr. Putnam asked Miss Doy to show him to "Alaska 52," which sh accordingly did.

Away at one end of Bates Hal where the card catalogues are, there a drawer nearly full of cards, on whic are the titles of various works on Alas ka, or some part or connection of i This was where the "Alaska 52" cam in. Here it appeared that the North west Territory was pretty well repre sented, even in cultured Boston; a least in books.

One of the most popular volumes i the eleventh United States census r port, which deals with Alaska, and ha a chapter on the Yukon district b William C. Greenfield. Perhaps it most remarkable paragraph is tha "Mining cannot be called a success o the Yukon up to the present time. (This was the 1890 census.) "Since th first excitement in 1886 few instance of men who have taken out of th country more than $2000 as the result o two or even three seasons' hard wor and privation are recorded."

This volume had some good illustra tions. And even as the Journal ma turned from it to something else, a young girl, just old enough to escap from the juvenile room, came up, an asking "Are you using this now?" be gan eagerly to scan the illustrations o several very homely but typical Alas kan maidens.

Among the books there to be seen ar H. L. Aldrich's "Arctic Alaska and Si beria," and "The Wonders of Alaska," by Alex. Badlam. The latter book wa published in 1891. The most of the book were of very recent date. M. M. Ba lou's "Summer Journey in Alaska" wa likewise printed in 1891. There was a French work by Edmond Cotteau. Per haps the standard general work on th country is William Healy Dall's "Alas ka and Its Resources," issued in 1870 Dr. Sheldon Jackson wrote a book abou the missions on the North Pacific coast. V. Wilson's "Guide to the Yukon Gold Fields," from its catchy title, is one of the most popular in the Library. It only contains 72 pages, printed in 1895. Frederick Whymper is another author. Julia M. Wright published in 1883 "Among the Alaskans," a mission story, issued by the Presbyterian Board. Warburton Pike took a trip down the Yukon from the Pelly Lakes in 1896, and has written it up. He did some prospecting. Schwatka, in 1883, made a very good trip, in which he penetrated the Chilkoot Pass. This is to be found among the Government publications written by him. And one of the best books on mining of the year is one just out on gold mining in Eastern Siberia, by a French author.

MORE DEADLY THAN BULLETS.

Frightful Work of the Microbe in the Armies of the World.

There is undoubtedly a widespread impression that, in time of war, the enemy of the soldier is th goes to fight, says the Lo Even in the army this opinion ap to prevail, and the inventor of a really practically bullet-proof dress would be hailed with joy by any nation, though it is not on record that the military surgeon is treated with that mark of consideration.

The truth is that what decimates an army is not the bullet, but the microbe. In the fiercest wars of modern times only one-fifth of the recorded deaths could be traced to the fire of the enemy; the remaining 80 per cent. were due to disease. Much of the disease was caused, of course, by wounds severe or slight, but small wounds that are often fatal in the crowded military camp would scarcely disable a man in civil life.

Generally, when an army invades a new country it suffers heavily from disease. And no army has such a disastrous tale to tell as the British, for

[illegible] than a page of Jeremy Taylor or a sonorous and throbbing sentence of De Quincey.

* * *

I regret to find Mr Kobbé peddling at this late day the praise of Brahms by Schumann. When this praise was awarded Schumann's mental condition was a subject of anxiety to friends and physicians.

* * *

And we find again the well-worn comparison between Brahms and Browning. "Both achieve dramatic intensity through a terseness of expression which at times seems harsh; both are original; and the works of both are resonant with that deep baritone timbre which is most characteristic of manhood."

Browning "terse" in expression! Meseems the characterization is ludicrous. You might as well call "The Ring and the Book" a neat epigram. Nor can you with any show of justice speak of Brahms as a "terse" composer. The technique of the man was so highly developed that he could not be terse if he tried; for without the gift of highly spontaneous melody, and apparently a disdainer of sensuousness, he took refuge in contrapuntal weaving. There are few of his more important compositions that could not be reduced materially with advantage to the work and the listener.

It appears that the fugues in the German Requiem "are perhaps the only fugues composed since the passing away of the great contrapuntists that do not wear perruques." Does Mr. Kobbe refer to choral fugues? I invite him to consider the double fugue in Rossini's Mass, fugues by Kiel, Rheinberger, César Franck.

Is the last movement of Brahms's 4th symphony so marvelous? "The variations bear the Brahms stamp. Each is characteristic and individual, yet is obviously related aesthetically to the original theme." Rheinberger, not to mention certain Frenchmen, achieved the same feat in the passacaglia of the 8th organ sonata, and did not forget the emotional element.

There is a discussion of Brahms's songs. Mr. Kobbé begins by saying "Schubert was primarily a melodist * * * his songs as a whole, are most famous for their melodious beauty. Schubert was not at all exacting in his choice of words." This is all true; and for these very reasons Schubert is still the first of song writers. Melody is the chief, indispensable element of an immortal song. Nor is it a universally accepted proposition that the text of a great song should be of high poetic merit. The words should suggest music; but they themselves should not be so musical or so fine or grand in expression that they distract from the music or engage verse maker and musician in deadly rivalry. Much has been done by great melodists with "amore" and "dolore." A song should not be a panorama.

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

D'Albert denies the statement that he will live in Sachsenhausen.

They did not care at Leipsic for Mascagni's "Zanetto" and "William Ratcliff."

Mrs. Schmitt-Csány, singer in Dresden, has been invited to teach in the Landesakademie at Budapest.

A memorial tablet has been put on the house 10 Alsterglacis, at Hamburg, in which von Buelow lived from 1887 to 1894.

Robert Radecke has been chosen to the chair in the Senate of the Kgl. Akademie, vacated by the death of Bargiel.

Karl Klindworth has edited 52 studies from Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum." The edition is published by Schott.

The poet of the text of Brahms's song "Meine Liebe ist gruen" put the initials "F. S." to his verses. He was a son of Robert Schumann.

Marie Berg pleased at Groningen by her singing in "Samson" and extracts from "The Mastersingers" at the Holland Music Festival.

A house in Vienna in which Mozart lived in 1781 and composed his "Escape From the Seraglio" has been ornamented with a memorial tablet.

M. von Weinzierl, a Viennese composer, whose part songs are familiar to the Apollo Club audiences, has been decorated by the King of Roumania.

De Sousa, a Portuguese baritone, has been singing in opera at Berlin. His vocal effort is described as raw, and his dramatic style as naturalistic.

Peter Benoit's music school at Antwerp has been changed into a royal Flemish Conservatory. State, province and city will contribute to the expenses.

Dr. Julius Burghold is the editor of a new edition of Nibelungen Ring librettos published by Breitkopf & Haertel. Leitmotives are explained and added in notation to the text. The price of each libretto is one mark.

Hugo Pohle, music publisher and pamphleteer, foe of Wagner and Brahms, died at Zurich June 5. He was obliged to exile himself on account of a bitter pamphlet against Pollini, the Hamburg opera manager. The charges made by him were never answered.

Thomas Hussey, bellringer, of Leigh in Lancashire, 85 years of age, rang the church bell in honor of Queen Victoria's long reign. He had rung the [illegible] for George IV. [illegible] also rang for the coronation and death of William IV., and for the accession, coronation, wedding and 50-year jubilee of Queen Victoria.

They propose to give next season for the first time at the Hamburg Opera House Leoncavallo's "La Bohême," Hungert's "Odysseus Heimkehr," Weingartner's "Genesius," Bizet's "Maid of Perth," Goddard's "Vivandière," Chelius's "Haschisch," Nordermann's "Koenig Magnus," Humperdinck's "Koenigskinder" and Von Goldschmid's Triology "Gäa."

Leoncavallo's "La Bohême" was performed for the first time in Berlin June 22. Mrs. Herzog, Naval and Hoffmann took the chief parts. The composer was called out after each act. Lessmann says the music is characterized by certain charming suggestions of moods and fine instrumentation, rather than by strong imagination. "The libretto is not favorable to music." The opera will be produced at Vienna in October.

M. Louis Ganne, the well-known composer of popular music and author of the "Père la Victoria" and "Lorraine Marches," has just been charged by the Minister of Public Instruction with rather a peculiar mission. He is to proceed to British India, and there on the spot make a study of popular Hindoo music, and having replenished his fertile brain with ideas of a Hindoo tint come back to Paris and transcribe the same. The music, it should be explained is wanted for a band which is to play in a street of an old Indian city, which is to be one of the features of the 1900 Exhibition.——Daily Messenger (Paris).

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony" to very earthly discord is often a still shorter step than from the sublime to the ridiculous; but it seems to have been made with unusual violence at the Standard Music Hall the other night. The important duties connected with the euphonium were on that occasion intrusted to a deputy—not, however, to any obscure individual, but to one of high connections. These were, indeed, his ruin; for on the conductor demanding a chord from him at a certain stage of the performance he refused to produce it, and said that he had played at the Tivoli and other good orchestras. To this, according to his own account, two replies were given; the first by the conductor, who expressed his views by pulling faces; the second by the "chucker-out," who tore the musician's collar, his cuffs and his tie, and threw him down stairs. Yesterday he applied to Mr. Denman, stating that he had belonged to the band of the Grenadier Guards, and that the assault was due to professional jealousy on the part of the conductor. A point which the applicant did not touch on, though a euphonium player might have been expected to mention it, is that that instrument is constitutionally incapable of producing a chord, so that, if the facts were as stated, the conductor was, to say the least, exacting. Mr. Denman, however, declined to help in finding the lost chord, saying that the applicant might have a summons against the "chucker-out" if he wished, but that he would probably fail for want of evidence, and there might be another version of the facts. So, for that bar, there is a rest.——Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Blackburn thus speaks of Jean de Reszke's Siegfried at Covent Garden June 21: "Jean de Reszke's Siegfried was a novelty, and it was superb. That is to dub it with a general epithet. He approached the part from both the aspects with which Wagner has, with so supreme an art, invested it—the emotional and the thoughtful. In the beginning nothing could have been more agreeably boisterous than the boy Siegfried flying over the stage with irresponsible spirits, and it was most interesting to watch this fine artist as 'the shades of the prison-house' begin to close upon the youth, as knowledge, tragedy, opposition and finally love unfold before his course. In his appreciation of these fine gradations of character, in his gradual deepening, as it were, into life, Jean de Reszke's was as true and subtly conceived a Siegfried as one could ever hope to see. He never flagged; his grasp of the part was a victory of intellectual consistence—he did not slip away from himself, because he had not left a point uncertain. The thing was preconceived in every respect. and therefore left not a loophole to hostile criticism. His singing of the part, it must be remembered, is included in this general appreciation. His voice was perfectly attuned to his dramatic conception, not so much following it as being embodied in that conception. He sang in truth with every shade of emotion, and always with the right one. In the supreme moments of his part he was supreme, in the boyish or sullen or delighted moments he was just that. It would be absurd to say that we had never seen a finer Siegfried, for this was Siegfried himself, and comparisons are here superfluous." This praise seems to us hysterical. Siegfried is an essentially Germanic character, and Max Alvary, in spite of his barbarous tone production and hideous vocal offences, is the incarnation of the Germanic traditions. Mr. de Reszke, a delightful singer, is genteel.

You remember Andreas Dippel, the tenor who sang here in opera and concert. He sang Siegmund at Covent Garden June 24, and one critic said of him: "There is no doubt about it: Herr Dippel is a great success. Our first impressions of him the other day in the part of Lohengrin were amply confirmed by his Siegmund in 'Die Walküre' last night. His voice is of an admirable quality—true, sweet, and powerful. Moreover, which is even more to the point, it is a very moving voice; it has moments of exquisite sympathy and significance, and Herr Dippel uses it with a keen and rare intelligence. Indeed, of the tenors who have appeared this season at Covent Garden, with the exception of Jean de Reszke, but not excepting even M. Van Dyck, Herr Dippel seems to us easily to take the first place. As an actor, in this part of Siegmund, for example, he has not yet built for himself a solid foundation. He has insight, and at times—in a passage here [illegible] re—he is astonishingly good and this gives hope for his future. He is, we understand, a young man, and we have so far the merest rumors to hand of his successes at Vienna and elsewhere. He comes here, it is certain, on his own merits, and it is delightful to recognize those merits immediately and without hesitation. It is not often that so agreeable a task is possible; and the public last night, be it recorded, expressed its approval without stint. Herr Dippel has a future. The part of Brünnhilde was taken on this occasion by Mme. Adini, who is by no means fitted for the part. She sang occasional passages sweetly, but though she showed plenty of vigor she fell short of the greatness of the part in almost every particular."

Went to Camden Me
July 26. F. E. Chase

July 28

"Q" again favors us with one of his inimitable pastels in prose:

"I was seated on a bench under the shade of a large tree on Boston Common when up came a Slim old Man with a crutch and sat down beside Me. been in the war, I presume. Yes said HE with a Sigh. You Must been very young when you went to the front. No said He it is ondly a few years ago. not in the United States Said I. yes said He and right in Boston. war in Boston said I taken a good outline of His prenologal apearance are you in earnest yes said He it come to pas as fowlos there was publishéd leaden News papers this advertisement produsen a Newspaper Clippen and read as fowloes 500,000 Mens white shirts 50 cents each formerly Sold at $1 50 each ondly one day at the above price just what I wanted So I reached the Store Monday at 8 A M there was a jam to get in but I squeezed in I knew no more I was knocked down and trampled over my hat and stick was gone the sales ladys was under the counters for safety the floor was knee deep with shirts hats feathers hair-pins and gloves pieces of ladies dresses collars etc two men husled Me to the fainten room where a hat pin was pulled out of My Knee the Police ordered Me to get out I told them I could not haven no hat neither stick they griped Me by the collar and put Me out on the street in two Minutes and told Me I had no bussnes there as it was for ladies.

"Do you Mean to say they keep a fainten room in large dry good stores. 'Certnly they do said He they squirt a person with amonia and dash ice water all over your close, and do you Call that war said I what else is it I have been lame since I had to hire a hack to get home to Somorville I called on a Lawer to see if I could claim damages I had to pay $5 for His advice He said you had No busnes there and I was lucky I got of so easy."

Aug 10. 97

Although you are in your shining days,
And the tongues of the crowd
And of new friends are glad with your praise,
Be not unkind or proud,
But think of your old friends the most;
Time's bitter flood will rise,
And your high beauty fall and be lost
For all eyes but these eyes.

Old Chimes, having repeated these lines to Miss Eustacia, called her attention to a chicken making its important way across the yard. "See it walk with its hands in its pockets."

"Yes," said Old Chimes, at the Porphyry, "I have been on the Cape for a few weeks with my niece, and I skirted along the Maine coast with the Earnest Student of Sociology and the Historical Painter. We saw at Rockland a remarkable tribute to American humor. As you know, the Boston boat arrives at Rockland about 4.30 A. M. The passengers are cross. It is too early for breakfast, and they cannot get a cup of coffee until breakfast is served; then they must pay the price of breakfast for a cup of coffee; so the prudent and thrifty rush to the wharf restaurant where excellent coffee and rolls are served. But no one appears to advantage, not even a night watchman, at such an ungodly hour. Well, we saw at 4.30 A. M. a man, seated on the deck, reading, and happy, yes, hilarious. He laughed aloud; from time to time he slapped his thigh. We asked for his keeper. No, the laugher was unattended. The Earnest Student of Sociology, who as a scientist has lost the full aroma of etiquette, looked over his shoulder. The man was reading an American comic paper.

"By the way, not far from Rockland we saw this sign: '— —, opthalmic optician.' What, pray, did the man wish to convey?

"And there was a factory a few miles beyond which gave forth such a stench that a coarse man in the car said, 'It must be an olfactory.' I regret to say, the Historical Painter laughed; but he afterward avenged us by sketching him.

"We visited a farm house where the owner has already established his grave stone. The stone bears his name, date of birth, virtues modestly related, a text of scripture; and there is a space for the date of death. He sees this stone whenever he crosses the yard or looks out of a window of the living-room. He told us it made him 'lead a better life.' He thus tried to correct an impression—a breathy impression—that it drove him to drink.

"He talked to us about the neighbors. 'Over there,' he said, 'is the Widow Ferguson. She's terribly lonely, and she's got her husband buried under the door-step.' Was this disposal a masterstroke of knagging? Or was it the belated revenge of a down-trodden wife?

"And in a cemetery in another county we saw the daguerreotype of a little girl inserted in a tombstone so that the picture was flush with the surface of the stone. 'Twas about forty years ago that Death took her; but the picture is as fresh as when it was first the wonder and the admiration of the household. I tell you there is a charm about an old daguerreotype. No photographer, professional or amateur, can work such a charm. Light and chemistry in former years were more kindly disposed toward mortals. I sometimes think that photographers are the sworn enemies of mankind. They have taken terrible oaths in cresset-lighted vaults, to the music of clanking chains and rattling bones. They have sworn to caricature the race, relentlessly, and at a high price. They work upon the vanity of man and woman. How seldom is a photograph undominated by a pose! But there is a modest softness in a daguerreotype. You were foolish enough to carry the old picture of your mother—the one taken when it was the custom for women to wear their hair drawn smoothly far over the forehead and half concealing the ears—to the photographer. How hard, how uncompromising, how grotesque the cards seem—even to you whose eyes idealize!

"We met a singular man—he registered his name as Godonli Nozouski—who is at work on a Dictionary of Proverbs. He begins with 'Good Anheusser needs no Busch.'

"The real purpose of vacation," said Old Chimes, for he thought he saw Mr. Auger yawn, "is not to rest the mind or body; it is to create an uncontrollable desire to work; it is also to revive or strengthen friendships. For instance, I go away from the club early in July, bored to death by the members, from the President way down to the House Committee. I wish to forget that Jawkins is in existence; I pray that I may never see Auger again; I loathe Dr. Jiggermann's stories of operations for appendicitis; and I begin to believe the statement of a French alienist that idiots have peculiar aptitude for music. In a word I understand why Timon of Athens withdrew abruptly from the 400 of his town, without giving notice to the Society Editor of the Sunday Bugle. Toward the middle of August I am inclined to like Jawkins, and by September I shall write him a letter. When I return to the city for good—for this is only the call of an afternoon—I shall rush up to him and say, 'How are you, old man; I'm delighted to see you.' I shall then ask Auger to dine with me, and it is not at all unlikely that I shall invite Jiggermann."

On Aug. 10, 1895, some one told Mr. Edmond de Goncourt that the favorite child, the one preferred and loved absurdly and unjustly, in spite of all the heat of affection, fails dismally in life, as by the revenge of Providence.

"Mall Wilder works 11 hours a day making boys' coats, and earns $4 a week. Her employer speaks in the highest terms of her." He can afford to speak well of her.

The Fire Marshal has been criticised unfavorably ant at formidable length by a ponderous and "retired lawyer," because he endeavored to find out the origin of the fire that threw light balefully upon the Barrett mystery. Success, in this case, irritates lawyers as well as professional detectives—so-called because they do not detect.

Aug 11

How stupid to live in these little h[illegible] when one can have the whole univers[illegible] abode. Human beings are the queerest things in creation.

Near a shy village in Northern Africa is the home of a Professor of Laziness. The loving mother who would fain see her son, the apple of her eye, a graduate of the celebrated college, leads him, a little boy, to the Professor, who has his chair in a garden full of fruits. A breeze comes up; the fruits begin to fall. A fig tumbles on the cheek of the boy, who makes

no movement of his arm to take the fig, but tries to draw it with his tongue. He fails in this. He then makes up his mind to ask the Professor of Laziness to oblige him by putting it in his mouth. Such is the story told by Mr. Alphonse Daudet to Mr. Edmond de Goncourt Aug. 11, 1892.

Not long ago a clergyman wrote as follows to a crank: "You have two diseases: one is what the world calls conceit, and the other is laziness. You had better go to work." If the premises were true, the consequent advice was excellent in form and substance.

Many sermons might be founded on this text. There are men now in Boston who are out of work, and burdens on the backs of friends because they call conceit and laziness, "dignity" or "proper pride." One will not brook the thought of accepting any position lower than that of President or Secretary, or Treasurer of a company. He insists on a private office, a glass door with an individual sign, an elaborate desk, and light work—signing something; or hearing men talk about schemes, propositions to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. He knows how to keep books; but the work of a hookkeeper for him—perish the thought! And he waits for a dignified position to fall upon him like a roasted lark from the sky. Relatives and friends aid him while he gapes in expectancy.

"Accepted the position." As though it were a favor on his part to take work when offered. In the country newspapers you read "Mr. Zenas B. Graves has accepted the position of soda-water clerk at Eames and Copeland's. He is an artist in mixing cooling beverages. He will be glad to see you." And you know at once that Zenas has been hustling for a month to get the job, sitting on Eames's door step by sunrise and waking up Copeland at midnight. De te fabula, O President, or Secretary, or Profesor, or Librarian.

It has been said that sloth is the natural condition of man. We doubt it. Savages sweat in the chase. The tramp, one of the most interesting products of our civilization, is industrious in his endeavor to abstain from work. The life of Adam, whose enjoyment before the fall was not necessarily all beer and skittles, has undoubtedly been overrated by the conceited and the lazy. "And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." Surely this runs counter to the popular impression that all Adam had to do was to hang by the nose from a cherry-tree and pick with both hands.

The curse of work followed the education of Adam. Not till he became worldly wise did he eat bread in the sweat of his face. And it is not too much to say that education today leads many to regard manual labor as a curse. True, it is a false education. Many good cordwainers, mechanics, sailors, trappers, are conceitedly lazy, masquerading as lawyers, doctors, Government clerks. There are men who persist in writing books; but their true field is the cornfield or the potato patch.

The world owes no man a living. Nature is the acrid, typical step-mother, rather than the full-breasted, loving mother of men. The spectacle of an honest fellow fighting the elements to support himself and his family is a tragedy of grander proportions than any that shook the Grecian or Elizabethan age. Thus may a street car driver o'ertop Hamlet, and the old man answering the factory whistle eclipse King Lear or blinded Oedipus.

"Such a job is absurd! I was made for better things. Death rather than such a menial position!" This man, however, does not kill himself. He prefers idleness. He does not call his active inaction idleness. He would be shocked if you were to say the word "lazy." He is simply waiting for "the position for which he is fitted." And while he waits others suffer; his conceit feeds on sloth; he loses the ability to work; the inclination was lost long ago.

It is strange to see so many members of this Republic shuddering at the thought of manual labor. The house painter at work for you is a Swede. In your factory you hear Canadian French. The head milkman on your farm is a German. The boy that sells you a newspaper is a Polish Jew. This is strange, and it is sinister. Even the Kings of Prussia learn a trade.

Now, there is a time to be idle, as well as a time to work. Not long ago praised the great line of Walt Whitman, "I loafe and invite my soul." But the man that yawped this line knew how to use his hands at carpenter's tools, at setting type; and not until he was disabled by the poison from hospitals, which he walked ministering indefatigably to wounded and dying soldiers, did he lead a life of enforced inaction. How false, how dirty, then, the charge brought against him lately by a genteel person condescending to speak of him in the Chap Book!

There is the laziness of the good-for-nothing, who is not fit to survive in the struggle. There is the laziness of the man of resources, who every now and then works incredibly from necessity or spurred ambition. There is laziness that is grotesque and laughable, as there are men who are born to play the clown or pantaloon in the great spectacle of life. But there is only contempt for the laziness that is begotten by conceit. Pride often drives men to mighty deeds. Arrogance may be a whip that wins the laurel. But there is no excuse, no apology for the laziness of conceit. Such irritating impotence is a curse to the family, a danger to the State.

Aug 12. 97

Thanks to the fog, I do not answer people that displease me, I open the mouth without speaking, and I yawn in their nose, as though I had lost my voice.

Again there are inquiries concerning the "unpopularity" of the English nation. Four centuries ago, shrewd and brave Philip de Commines thus concluded the seventh chapter of the third book of his stately History: "I will here end my discourse of these English affairs, till time and occasion serve in some other place, onely adding this, that of all nations in the world, the English men are most desirous to trie their quarrels by dint of sword."

They were evidently a-talking in the street-car, for lips were sucked in or pouted, eyes were rolled; and there was the gloomy glare or the tacked-on smile of compulsory attention. The car stopped. A voice was heard: "I was born to Marblehead's my native place."

Our friend the Publisher received the following order from a citizen of a Minnesota town: "I am a member of a committee appointed to select a play to be put on by local talent here. We want a play of about eight characters that will be short and where one of the characters (a man) must marry and die and leaving a family and leaving some life insurance in a fraternal organization which places the family beyond want and the play to close in this manner."

Queen Victoria is still the queen of prudes. She has forbidden the use of naked candle lights in the guest chambers of the royal palaces.

Jean Flomont, a French conscript of this year, was refused as a soldier because the government warehouses held no clothes that would fit him. He weighs 424 pounds. At present he is a porter at the Central Markets, and a member of the Corporation of Strong Men.

O yes, Mrs. Jellaby, slavery is abolished. Possibly there is traffic in flesh somewhere in Africa, but whites are all free, and active wage earners. Thus, for instance, in the Italian districts of Pontance and Caserte thrifty parents sell three years of the lives of their children for from $16 to $20. Dealers re-sell to factories in Paris for from $9 to $13 a month. The employer agrees to feed and clothe the children, who, it is said, are treated, for the most part, brutally, and housed in filthy promiscuity. The condition of these slaves is more deplorable even that that of the white convict slaves in Sonthern States, and the slop-shop slaves in Northern States of this glorious republic.

"The first edition of Mr. Hall Caine's novel 'The Christian' will consist of 50,000 copies, exclusive of America and the English colonies. It is believed this is the largest number ever printed in one edition of a novel published at this price. The advance orders are said to be enormous." Therefore, you see, Miss Eustacia—therefore you see that Mr. Caine is undoubtedly the greatest living novelist.

And yet Mrs. Amanda M'Kittrick Ros, the author of "Irene Iddesleigh," is a dangerous rival. So far as style is concerned, we are inclined to put Mrs. Ros above Mr. Caine. The latter in his boldest swoop never reached this height: "The rescued form now opened her eyes, and suddenly a convulsive twitch shook her feeble frame. Casting her heavily-laden orbs of blinded brilliancy around the cosy room, had not to be informed by anyone what had happened, she gasped 'Thank Heaven, I'm safe!' ". The husband of Irene accuses her of "tinging" him with "slightly snowy tufts" during a "hideous period of howling dislike," whereas before "the black and glossy locks of glistening glory crowned my brow." Yes, after judicious and judicial investigation we prefer Mrs. Ros to Mr. Caine.

Why is it that a man washes his horse or harness or a deck "down," but when he goes to clean himself he announces his intention of "washing up?"

There are many people who are fond of reading stories about animals. (This may account for the wealth of Napoleonic literature.) For their benefit we quote this paragraph from a late issue of a London newspaper: "While three cartloads of beehives, full of bees, were being conveyed from Swainton to Sherburn, near Scarborough, the horse attached to the foremost cart stumbled on the rough road and caused the topmost hive to fall on its back. The bees swarmed on the horse, which was stung so terribly that it plunged and then bolted. The cart was broken, and the bees from the other nine hives were liberated, and swarmed on the horse and driver, literally covering them. The animal now plunged so violently that it broke the harness, and then dashed into a wall and killed itself. The driver and a boy were so severely stung that they had to be medically treated." And yet Boccaccio included the keeping of bees among the privileges of wealth.

Do you realize the prevailing passion for suicide? It rages even in animals and children. The latest instance is that of a little girl in Rome, Italy, who threw herself into the river because she did not pass her school examinations.

There would be much less strife and tribulation in this world if there could be a swapping of consciousness. Thus Mr. Heavysage "cannot understand" The conduct of Mr. Golightly. Of course he cannot; they are as far apart as the poles. But if they could exchange consciousness for an hour or two they might have ever afterward a warm regard for each other. Heavysage would say "We are too much disposed to take a dismal view of life; but prudence may be carried too far;" and Golightly would tell his friends that such men as Heavysage are the indispensable ballast of the world. Charles Reade invented many happy phrases, as "prurient prude," "sham-sample swindle." One of his most powerful sermons was built on "Put yourself in his place." How difficult it is for men or women to realize that there are other ways of looking at the universe than through their own eyes. And yet it is not likely that any two persons see a tree or a cloud exactly alike.

The Russian Court is made up of heroes and heroines. It listened to Kaiser William's male-part song without flinching. Why does not the Apollo Club produce "Aegir's Song?" The audiences have often shown bravery, and Mr. Lang is an intrepid conductor.

Aug 13. 97

Happy are they who can say simply of a beautiful thing, "Here is something that is beautiful."

H. C. B. writes: "Your sermon on conceit and laziness brought to mind a story told me by a brother clergyman who lives in a Western town. There was a farm hand known throughout the county as the incarnation of sloth. His name was locally proverbial. A shiftless, incorrigibly idle, illiterate, stupid, worthless fellow. One day to the amazement of all he announced his intention to become a preacher. The Elder said: 'What led you to this resolve?' The fellow answered, 'Last week I was snoozing on a side hill and I looked up in the sky and saw the letters P. C. with a kind of a ring round 'em; and I thinks they meant 'Preach Christ.' The Elder stared at the seer a minute and then put this question: 'Young man, did it occur to you that those letters might have meant Plant Corn?' "

"Yes," said Old Chimes, as he tried to move a mosquito from his hand without pain by blowing on it, "Yes, it is a sad sight to watch the gradual downfall of a respectable family. I have been acquainted with three generations of the Spriggins stock. The grandfather was a bookkeeper; the father was a hookbinder, and the unfortunate son is a bookseller."

"Francis Schlatter, the healer who has taken the name of the 'original,' has procured a license to marry the widow of the inventor of the Ferris Wheel." Wheels within wheels.

A writer who expresses his opinions in the St. James's Gazette says: "Golf is the only first-class game at which cheating is at all easy—supposing, of course, that the player is unaccompanied by a caddy; and even when accompanied by a caddy it is still quite possible to cheat. * * * It is the commonly accepted belief that the vast majority of golf players belong to a class which is incapable of cheating—at all events out of business hours. I am sorry to have to express the deliberate conviction that the belief in the honor and honesty of golfers has very unsubstantial foundation in fact. I have golfed for a number of years over all kinds of greens, and with all sorts of people; and on innumerable occasions I have been driven to strongly suspect my opponent of cheating, and on many occasions I have positively detected him in so doing."

This reminds us—the word golf is the only connecting link—of a dialogue heard lately near a high bunker.

Mr. X.—"There's Mrs. Trotters; do you think she's pretty? I knew her when she was Miss Lamb, 10 years ago. I used to take her out driving, but now she doesn't speak to me."

Miss Z.—"Why?"

Mr. X.—"I suppose because I used to take her out driving."

You remember the case of unfortunate Mrs. Samuelson, who was burned to death by the explosion of a petroleum hair wash. You would suppose naturally that women would shun this wash. But Dr. Spencer, of the County Council, told the Coroner's jury that since the accident the business of two hairdressers who use the wash has increased greatly.

Higgins, the haberdasher, had an unpleasant experience yesterday. He narrated it to us as we were examining his latest importation of chaste cravats. "I have a very treacherous memory for names. One of my most valuable clients was here this morning, and for the life of me I could not place him. I had a happy thought. After he had given his order—and he has excellent taste—I smiled and said, 'Pardon me, sir, but I am never quite sure how you spell your name.' He answered, 'J-O-N-E-S.' "

You read with pleasure, no doubt, the singularly interesting account in McClure's Magazine—we think it was in McClure's—of the Explosives Company factory. You wondered at the precautions taken to guard against accident; you marveled at the patient man whose sole duty is to watch a thermometer; you felt a desire to see the beautiful and vivacious women who coquetted there with death. By a curious coincidence the number of the magazine was issued almost synchronously with the report of Colonel A. Ford on the explosion of nitro-glycerine that took place in the final washing-house at that factory Feb. 24, and resulted in the death of six of the employes. "Whatever may be the true explanation of the disaster no blame can be attached to the company or any of the workpeople, in respect of it."

Two negro clergymen, seated in a West End car, were talking loudly concerning spiritual things. Finally one said: "I want to see the Dead Sea." "So do I," said the other; "but why do you suppose they call it the Dead Sea?" Long pause. The one with spectacles broke the silence: "Perhaps because the Ribbur Jordan buries itself in the Dead Sea."

What was the result of the agitation of Parisian waiters of high and low degree against the tip system? According to Mr. Gruiet, the Secretary General of the association, the tipping system in café, restaurant, and bar, dates from the Exhibition of 1867; before that the waiter received a salary. "Since then the pourboire has become a bit in the jaws of the garcon and a spur for the sides of his client. The proprietor says 'I shall give you no salary; the public will give you tips, and you will pay me for the privilege of receiving those tips.' Hence the revolt of the waiters and the nailing of the napkin to the mast. The pourboire was called in earlier French 'le vin du valet': the waiters are now telling the patron, 'We are not your valets, and we want no more of your deadly wine.' " We regret to say the odious practice of tipping is growing steadily in Boston, and it is they who can least afford it that give with an air of bravado the heaviest tips.

Aug 14. 97

I shall go with the rest, we have satisfaction:
I have dreamed that we are not to be changed
so much, nor the law of us changed:
I have dreamed that heroes and good doers
shall be under the present and past law,
And that murderers and drunkards and liars
shall be under the present and past law;
For I have dreamed that the law they are
under now is enough.

In the little town they call old Bixby the tavern-clock. Prohibition is supposed to rule, but more than one bar is open from 6 in the morning till 12 at night. Loungers sit nearly all day in rocking chairs near the spittoons of the tavern office. When they see old Bixby enter they know that it is 9 o'clock and that he is after his second drink. He enters with set face, determined jaw, hurrying feet. He does not wish to talk; he does not propose

to swap stories or play cards, he is after whisky. He goes down stairs and walks straight to the bar. There is no conversation. The barkeeper without a word hands out a bottle and a glass. Old Bixby does not even wipe his lips. He leaves the tavern. When he next appears the lingers do not feel obliged to look at the clock hands. They know it is half-past ten. Noon is similarly announced, and time is thus told till late at night. Old Bixby brings with him a dog that looks like an animated door mat. If the master stops a moment to answer a business question, the dog, close to his heels, moans feebly. He is impatient for the bit of sausage that old Bixby will throw him from the fly-harassed plate.

There was a day when old Bixby owned a livery stable and drove a thriving trade. He held office. Young fellows looked up to him. Now his once despised rival has taken away the business, and old Bixby, with his patriarchal beard, drives the tavern stage to and from the landing. Old Bixby is now the tavern clock.

The drunkenness in a strictly prohibition country town is peculiarly sordid. There is no plausible conviviality; there is no mistaken but genuine good fellowship. Stolid men with stupid or sullen faces walk across the tavern office in search of whisky. They look neither to the right nor to the left. They are headed straight for a bottle, and they are not to be diverted from their inexorable purpose. And these same men, obedient to wifely wish, or fearing some vague social ostracism, vote with the sincere and the sober at the polls for prohibition. This duty they perform; and from the polls they go straight to the tavern.

The Figaro (Paris) tells a story at the expense of Mgr. Monnier, Bishop of Lydda, who performed lately the funeral ceremony over an old friend, the Abbé Pruvost, Vicar General of the Arch-Diocese of Hazebrouck. In his speech at the grave the Bishop insisted strenuously upon the charity of his departed friend. He told the mourners that the Abbé had entered the church a poor man; that during his life time he always divided what little he had with the poor and unfortunate; that he died in extreme poverty. The next day the Bishop received a letter from the Abbé's lawyer, who informed him that the Abbé had willed him 450,000 francs, and that six relatives of the deceased came in for 150,000 francs apiece. The Abbé left in all, therefore, a fortune of 1,350,000 francs. The poor of his curacy must have been comfortably off during the Abbé's life time, if the Bishop's statement were true.

Staying at a summer inn or boarding house, you are convinced that little children are born with vocal chords and lungs of full size. Grown men would not make a greater racket, even if they were in the hands of accomplished torturers. And what if these chords and lungs were developed gradually as the children reached maturity?

The Musical Courier (New York) is responsible for this paragraph. "A literary Bohemian is at work on a great naturalistic novel, says a French paper. 'The Marchioness,' he writes, 'became as white as a shirt.' Glancing that very moment at his own wristbands he is seized by a scruple, and adds—'whiter even than a shirt.' "

Senator Jones, it appears, has been misunderstood. He believes in an "honest dollar as strongly as any man." He is willing to do anything to establish an "honest dollar." Thus does he remind us of the deacon in Northern Vermont who, summing up the virtues of his wife after her funeral, said to a neighbor: "We never had but one quarrel, and that we compromised. She wanted to sleep in linen sheets, and I wanted to sleep in cotton. We compromised on cotton."

Mr. Birrell, in his new book, tells this story. "An eminent Chancery practitioner, afterwards a Vice Chancellor, on being informed on one occasion that the actual suitor in a litigation wished to attend consultation, roughly forbade his doing so, saying, 'I will have no flesh and blood in my chambers.' "

On Aug. 14, 1895, Mrs. Alphonse Daudet told of an old aunt who slept in the room next her room, and who every evening recounted all the doings of the day to the portrait of her husband dead years before.

Two years ago tomorrow Mr. Daudet and the Count Montesquiou— the Count who fought lately a duel with Mr. de Régnier—were talking about precious stones. Superstitious Daudet said that precious stones are dangerous, maleficent. Then Montesquiou told this story. Lord Lytton was very fond of the Countess Greffulhe. He left her a beautiful stone, curiously engraved. The characters puzzled the woman, who took the stone to a mage. He advised her to rid herself of it immediately, otherwise she would die the sudden death of Lord Lytton. The Countess jumped into her carriage, was driven to the Seine, and threw the stone into the river. "Ever since," said Montesquiou, "the Seine has been very bad for Parisian health."

Aug 15, '97

ABOUT MUSIC.

Two Opinions on the Covent Garden Season.

The Scandinavian Festival--- Tinel's New Oratorio.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Players and Singers.

The London opera season closed July 28. At the beginning there was grumbling, such as has been heard in Boston. It was wrong, inexcusably wrong for a singer to be sick; the chorus needed washing; the casts were not always "ideal," etc., etc.

The season is over. "London practically rests from music for a while. Even in Paradise there was silence for the space of half an hour, and it is not surprising that a mortal city should cease to sing and hearken to singing for a month or two."

* * *

And what is the opinion pronounced by the two men to whom we are accustomed to listen, Messrs. Blackburn and Runciman?

Mr. Blackburn is inclined to be cheerful. He pronounces Mr. Jean de Reszke as Siegfried "to be as nearly as any mortal can be the ideal of the part;" an opinion to which we cannot add "Amen." He pats Dippel and Alvarez and Van Dyck impartially on the back. He likes Emma Eames and Zélie de Lussan. "Miss Brema at the beginning of the season looked like carrying everything before her, but excellent as her power and sincerity are, she rather lessened that impression by a fatal exaggeration which in the end even affected her vocal achievement." Mr. Blackburn thinks that Mr. Bispham has made an immense stride on the road toward perfection, and he admires Renaud, "whose exquisite and subtle method seems to have caught in its fullness the quasi-prophetic mantle of M. Maurel."

"So it ends; and, looking back, one cannot doubt of its genuine success from every point of view. It would be absurd to maintain that, with the peculiarly handicapping conditions under which Covent Garden works during so short a season, an absolute standard of perfection had been reached. In the course of a few remarks upon that season we may be able to show where defects have crept in, and with how singular an ease they may be, to a large extent, avoided; but this much we think cannot be denied, that if you weigh the merits of the last two months' work at Covent Garden against the defects you will have as a final result a record of great and sometimes surprising success. On the whole, there is this to be said—that the season has been alive and vital. There was nothing in it which could be called essentially listless. Night after night a general impression of effort, of struggle, of ambition was apparent, and to say so much is to say that in the hands of artists so capable as those who have accounted for the opera season this year much really great, really intelligent and extremely satisfactory work has been done."

* * *

Mr. Runciman is not so easily delighted. His summing up is worthy of full quotation and serious consideration. It may be read with special profit by opera managers.

"The season is practically dead. I wish to say a few words concerning its unhappy career by way of a requiem. It came into the world with much pomp and circumstance, and we all wished it well. But on the very first night it made a lamentable mistake (fancy beginning the season of '97 with 'Faust'!); it staggered from blunder to blunder, and only toward the end of its time has it shown any sign of ability to walk steadily on its feet. Its ambitions were higher than the ambitions of any previous season, and it has been less successful than any season I can remember in the attainment of its ambitions. The management had magnificent chances, and it has thrown them all away with a most exasperating recklessness. It gave one really first-rate performance—that of 'Tristan'; it allowed an obtuse conductor and an obstinate gasman to weaken the effect of Jean's wonderful singing in 'Siegfried'; it allowed gasman, stage manager and the silly Italian who played the minor characters to prevent a repetition of last year's success with 'The Mastersingers.' So that no big boom was made with Wagner, although one of the biggest booms of recent times seemed practicable at the beginning of the season. Next, the management took Mozart in hand, and, determined that we should hear pure Mozart—Mozart undefiled by the touch of the mountebank Costa—it bought a new set of parts of 'Le Nozze di Figaro.' And then, wildly incredible as it may seem, it actually permitted those new parts to be cut down to fit a score copied from Bevignani's—a score containing all the stupid and impudent cuts and alterations of several generations of dancing-master conductors! Whether the syndicate's money was or was not wasted on new parts of 'Don Giovanni,' bought only to be spoiled in this way, is more than I can say; but, at any rate, 'Don Giovanni' was given in pretty much the hacked and mangled condition of former years. Excellent artists, an excellent band and piles of money were wasted, simply because there was no one at Covent Garden whose business it was to see that dull-witted conductors were not allowed to handle Mozart as he was handled fifty years ago, some one to see that Mozart was played as any accurate score shows he should be played. It is only too apparent that the dilettante syndicate was overawed by traditions; that, knowing little of its business, it allowed itself to be persuaded into artistic sins by people who knew less of their business than it did. Both Wagner and Mozart were spoiled for want of a strong man with the craft of stage-management at his finger ends and a wholesome contempt for the Costa-Arditi-Bevignani-Randegger traditions. Whether the syndicate will continue its efforts next year to keep moribund Italian opera from the final descent, I have not heard; but if it intends to try again I hope it will have the sense either to get a competent man who will direct the artistic policy as cleverly as the business policy is now directed. If it cannot get such a man ready educated, then let it find some one and send him abroad—to Paris, Munich, Berlin, Bayreuth—to learn the business. One strong man with brains is all that is needed. I don't say he could possibly secure as good performances on the wretched Covent Garden stage as can be secured at Bayreuth or even at the Opéra Comique in Paris but there is a large number of faults he could eliminate at once. Here are a few points he might look after: (1) New scores and parts of all the stock operas should be purchased; the operas which are too long should be shortened by the omission of whole numbers—not of three bars here and five bars there in the Costa way—no number essential to the intelligibility of the story being omitted. (2) The principals should be compelled to settle every difficult point, every dispute, at rehearsals, leaving nothing, as so many things are left at present, in the happy faith that it 'will be all right tonight.' (3) A principal who 'fluffs' his or her rival, or comes down to the footlights at the wrong moment (the right moment—which seldom occurs—to be decided by the stage manager at rehearsal), or does 'business' not arranged for at rehearsal, or accepts an encore, should be first warned, and, on repetition of the offence, dismissed. (4) The chorus should be washed, the male portion shaved, and the whole attire in something more soothing to the eye than the present unheard-of collection of rags and tatters; it should be rehearsed and taught all the 'business,' and every one should be remorselessly dismissed who fails to do the business at the performance. (5) The working of the scenery should be rehearsed as carefully as any other part of the opera; every man should be given his post and fined if he leaves it; the present electric bells and boatswains' whistles which so delight the heart of Mancinelli should be replaced by a more peaceful mode of communication—for, after all, the scene-shifters are not, or are not supposed to be, fast asleep and in need of so rude an awakening. (6) The lighting arrangements also are sadly in want of revision. Some inspired idiot put a row of electric lamps amongst the footlights, forgetting that with them any gradation of the light is impossible, an incandescent lamp not being a thing you can turn up or down gradually, like a gas-jet. The electric lamps should be thrown onto the nearest dust heap; proper gas lights should be put in, and the gasman should be taught how to manage them. Finally, the voice of the prompter should either be tuned or forever stilled. It has been a peculiar exasperation this season, and I am certain that but for the danger of hitting some comparatively innocent tenor or prima donna, disporting him or herself near the footlights, some enraged critic would have tried before now to shoot away the prompter's box and all that it contains. If the singers knew their parts this constant prompting would be unnecessary. These things are just the beginnings of a good performance; when they are attended to the real difficulties of giving artistic representations will have to be thought of; but I fancy most of us would be so happy to see the elements rightly done that it would be a long time before we complained of the absence of the higher refinements."

* * *

The chorus at the recent Music Festival at Stockholm was made up of 456 Swedish singers, 101 Danes, 98 Norwegians—655 in all. There was an orchestra of 130. Among the works of the Swedish composers represented there were the Symphony in G minor, F. Berwald; Overture, "Drapa," by A. Rubenson; Missa Solemnis, by Soederman; Orchestral suite, "Gustave Wasa," by M. Hallen; Cantata, "Islossning," by J. Josephson; Oratorio, "The Birth of Jesus," by L. Norman; Concerto for piano and orchestra by W. Stenhammer, and Concerto for violin and orchestra by Dente.

The Norwegian composers were thus represented: Symphony in D, by Svendsen; Symphonic poem, "Asgardsreien," by Ole Olson; Cantata, "The Captive," by Johan Selmer; "Bergliot," by Grieg, and an orchestral suite by Jver Holter.

Among the Danish works were Gade's cantata "Baldur's Dream" and G minor Symphony; Cantata "Volvens Spaadom" for male voices and orchestra, by J. P. E. Hartmann; Overture "Expedition of Warriors in the North" by Emil Hartmann and the Cantata "Kalanus" by C. F. E. Hornemann.

Three concerts of chamber music were given. The Danes contributed a string quartet by Carl Nielsen; Gade's violin sonata in D minor; several old madrigals. The Norweglans represented were Sinding (violin sonata in C); Alnaes (suite for violin and piano); Grieg (string quartet), and Svendsen (string quintet). Swedish composers were F. Berwald (quartet in E flat); Louis Norman (sextet for piano, two violins, two altos and 'cello).

* * *

The Brussels correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote as follows July 25 concerning the first performance at Brussels of Tinel's musical drama, "Sainte Godelive." Mr. Souhre was the conductor. The solo parts were taken by Mrs. Raunay, Mrs. Feltesse, Mrs. Friché, and Messrs. Seguin, Vandergoten and Disy.

"Why the Salle des Fêtes at the Exhibition, and not the Théâtre de la Monnaie, was chosen for this musical event is hard to imagine, inasmuch as the acoustic properties of the Salle des Fêtes are simply atrocious. The composer of this musical drama is Edgard Tinel of Malines, the author of 'St. Francois,' and several other works. The libretto has been translated from the original Flemish into French by M. Antheunis. Tinel's theme is essentially Wagnerian, as he uses symbolism as the basis of his work. Sainte Godelive is a saint of Gallo-Roman descent, in whom Christianity has conquered all worldly desires, leaving duty as her only aim in life. There is Bertholf from the North, a sensual barbarian, to whom Godelive is married, and the union is quite characteristic of the mystic middle ages. The composer has succeeded admirably in expressing the weird and religious element in the action of the drama, and every line is most truly interpreted by the music, which is grand and at times exquisitely delicate. Mdme. Rauney did justice to the role of Godelive, and Seguin was in his usual splendid form as Bertholf. This has been the first musical sensation here since the production of 'Fervale.' "

Tinel's "St. Francois," which has been given repeatedly in German towns with enthusiasm on the part of performers and audience, is known in Boston only by a sadly mutilated version, sung by the Cecilia, and led without understanding by Mr. B. J. Lang.

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Smareglia has finished a new opera, "Falena."

Paul Vidal is at work on a new opera, "Bianchefor."

Otto Loshe has finished a new opera, "Der Prinz wider Willen."

Alfred Gruenfeld is now professor at the Vienna Conservatory.

Saint-Saëns has been invited to give a series of concerts in Scandinavia.

Mrs. Gorlenko-Dolina, a Russian singer, made a favorable impression in Berlin.

No first prize in organ playing was given this year at the Paris Conservatory.

Olive Laffont, director of the opera at Nice, died lately at Vichy. He was 65 years old.

A new opera, "Die Grille," by Johannes Doebber of Gotha, will be brought out at Leipsic.

Miss Picard made a successful début last month at the Paris Opéra as Valentine. She is said to be a true "Falcon."

The receipts of the Paris Opéra, 1896-1897, were 3,155,544 francs. The receipts of the Opéra Comique were 1,568,383 francs.

Jahn, the opera conductor at Vienna, was obliged to undergo a second operation on his eyes, and Mahler took his place, Aug. 1.

Edouard Guindani, born at Villa Rocca in 1854, died lately at Cremona. His opera "Agnese" was produced at Piaisance, Feb. 27, 1878.

The Niederrheinische Musikfest at Aix-la-Chapelle lost about $1250 this year. The festival at Stuttgart met with a similar fate.

Max Mengleberg, although only 22 years old when he died at Utrecht July 8, had already won renown as a 'cellist at home and abroad.

The 1st grand prix de Rome for 1897 was taken by Max d'Ollone, pupil of Lenepveu. The subject of the cantata was a lyric scene, "Frédégonde."

Castlemary, who died last spring on the stage, during a performance of "Martha" in New York, was buried at Père La Chaise, Paris, July 29.

Emma Eames will be at Bayreuth for the last performance of "Parsifal" the 19th; then she will go to her home at Vallombrosa, near Florence.

Verdi's "Oberto," his first opera, will be revived on the occasion of his 85th birthday, Oct. 9. It was first produced at la Scala, Nov. 17, 1839.

Bernhard Scholz has written a little book entitled "Wohin Treiben Wir?" Published lately at Frankfort, it has already irritated wild Wagnerites.

Antonio Melchiori, violinist and composer died lately at Milan. He was born at Parma, Nov. 25, 1827. Some of his ballets were produced at La Scala.

Maurice Faure, son of the celebrated baritone, married Louise Hermann, daughter of the violinist, Adolph Hermann. Husband and wife are painters.

Frederico Gamhareill, a tenor who had amassed a fortune by singing in opera in Italian theatres, has entered the priesthood, for which he originally studied.

[illegible] it (Berthe Marx, [illegible] who has for many years played with Sarasate) has lost her boy Jean, 19 years old. He fell from a bicycle.

Miss Hantson took the first prize "with the greatest distinction" at the Brussels Conservatory in July. The first harp prize was taken by Miss Burnous.

Mr. Pizzi, well known to Boston musicians, who is now Director of the conservatory at Bergamo, has written a one act opera, "Rosalba," for the Donizetti centenary.

An Allegro de concert for piano and orchestra by Da Venezia, a pupil of the Milan Conservatory, is highly praised. The piano part was played by the composer.

The Meyerbeer prize, $1250, for young German composers who have not passed their 28th year was awarded this year to Bernard Koehler, a pupil of the Cologne Conservatory.

The four serious songs of Brahms were not inspired by the death of Clara Schumann. In May, 1896, Brahms played them over to Von Beckerath and said, "I wrote these for my birthday."

Otto Berger, 'cellist, and one of the founders of the remarkable Bohemian String Quartet, from which he was obliged to withdraw on account of his health, died at Machau, June 30. He was 21 years old.

Miss Boulay, who took one of the two first prizes in counterpoint and fugue at the Paris Conservatory, is blind and a teacher at the Institution Nationale des Jeunes Aveugles. She studied with Massenet.

Arthur Pougin finds E. C. Verzino's "Le Opera di Gretano Donizetti" a dry and cold compilation made by a writer who is a stranger to music. "The book is poorly arranged, stuffed with all sorts of notes and crammed with useless quotations." Yet he admits the presence of some useful information.

Raynal, a tenor from the French provinces, made his début at the Paris Opéra last month in "Samson et Dalila." "He has very respectable lungs in fine working order, and he pushes out formidable tones of a kind to make the subscribers with their ladies almost die with delight."

The monument to be erected in Paris in memory of Chopin will be a bronze bust of the composer (after the portrait by Delacroix). There will also be an allegorical figure, standing, half-nude, holding a lyre in one hand and a palm in the other stretched toward the bust. The monument by Georges Dubois will be four metres high. It will be dedicated in 1899.

"'Mr. Eugene Sibley Wheeler is the composer of 'The Resurrection,' an oratorio, the first choral composition in that voluminous and exacting form yet credited to an American." Thus spoke an inspired member of the New York Journal, who has evidently never heard the names of Paine, Buck, H. W. Parker, J. C. D. Parker, Chadwick or Patten.

Ysaye, who, with César Thompson, provoked wild enthusiasm lately in Brussels by playing a concerto in D by Bach, brought out late in July in the music hall of his house a Trio and a Quartet by Francois Rasse, which are praised warmly by Kufferath. "In the adagio of the Quartet there is an abuse of the tremolo, but the ideas of the three movements are elegant, charming, poetic; the development is natural, renewing happily the themes and accenting the expression. In the Trio there is more unity of style, franker conception and a fancy that reminds one of Schumann."

The long literary partnership between Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy gave rise to many misconceptions as to the share of each in the works they produced; especially in those works the success of which was owing to the comic element they contained. Meilhac with his mercurial temperament, his utter absence of conventionality, his fondness for practical joking and, above all, his ready—somewhat too ready—biting wit, was generally credited with having contributed the greater part of the brilliant and quaint conceits and so forth. Halévy, who looks like a Hebrew prophet, as we imagine Isaiah or Ezekiel to have been, and who is, in fact, very serious, was supposed to have conceived and elaborated the plots. The very reverse was the case. As a rule, the plot originated with the restless man, the topsy-turvy dialogue with the sedate and unperturbed one. Meilhac was exceedingly good-natured, but hasty. At rehearsals he stormed and raved, and the only one who was really not afraid of him was Hortense Schneider.——Saturday Review.

Eduard Hanslick gives in the Neue Freie Presse some recollections of Brahms. "Brahms's general culture," he writes, "was much wider and deeper than a casual acquaintance would surmise. What has been denied him in the hardships and deprivations of his youth he made up later by persevering energy. A wonderfully quick apprehension and an extraordinary, never failing memory aided him in his studies. Not till years afterward when some remark struck home, was it seen how firm was his grasp of literary matters. He never cared to display his reading, he rather concealed it; in this, the very opposite to Liszt, who in his musical talks was always slinging around Dante, Shakspeare, Goethe, Michael Angelo, Albrecht Dürer, even Plato, Spinoza, Kant and Hegel, of whom he had scarcely read a chapter. He was an utter contrast to those modern critics who quote Schopenhauer and Nietzsche as soon as they begin to carve up some new opera or symphony. Many of his literary sympathies were not quite explicable to me; for instance, he could read over and over, down to his old age, the works of Jean Paul and the romances of Swift and Fielding in German translations. For foreign languages he had no talent, and only acquired French and English enough for the commonest conversational purposes. He became a good Austrian, and still remained a loyal German im[illegible] al st. He [illegible] sympathy [illegible] the [illegible] works of Sybel and Freitschke, and Onken's book on Kaiser Wilhelm. For Bismarck he cherished a passionate admiration, was pleased to receive photographs of him, loved his speeches and knew everything that had been written about the Iron Chancellor. Only three weeks before his death, when his sickness had deprived him of every joy in life, he lamented to his friend Arthur Faber that he could not keep up his reading. 'I only want to read about Bismarck,' he said; 'send me Busch's book, "Bismarck und seine Lents."' Two modern painters he held in high honor, the venerable Adolf Menzel and the now famous Max Klinger. The sympathy was natural. Menzel, in spite of his advanced age, still fresh and active, repeatedly visited Brahms in Vienna and gave him a specially warm welcome in Berlin. Klinger felt himself inspired by Brahms's music to some of his most remarkable productions. On receipt of Klinger's latest album, Phantasien, Brahms wrote to me immediately: 'Dear Friend—Only to look at the latest Brahms Phantasie is more pleasure than to hear the ten last ones. As I cannot send it I beg you to call and spend some time over it, for it takes at least as much time as the aforesaid last ten or earlier phantasien.'"

Aug 14 97

They who piddle and patter here in collars
and tailed coats, I am aware who they are, and that they are not worms or fleas,
I acknowledge the duplicates of myself under all the scrape-lipped and pipe-legged concealments.

We received Saturday a letter from the Earnest Student of Sociology. We omit his excuse for the non-payment of money lent him early in April, for it is not a matter of public interest. We also omit a detailed account of his present physical and mental condition, although the future historian of Boston will welcome the statement that the Earnest Student weighed 264¾ pounds on August 12, 1897, and the storekeeper swore the scales were true.

"I was much interested"—so writes our friend—and debtor, "in the account given me by Sapphire about summer life in Clamville on the Cape. Sapphire, with his family, is at a boarding house. 'It's a beautiful place, old man, but they are bringing in social distinctions. First come the cottagers; then the golf players; then the people at the Winkywisset Hotel, and then the people in Clamville. The Winkywisset is in Clamville, but they overlook this fact. If you want to be in the swim you must play golf. I know a dozen fellows who hate the game; although they have played it for two months, they hardly know the difference between a bunker and a niblick. Why do they lard the lean pasture ground? Because their wives drive them to the links. There are teas there and receptions, and climbings of the social ladder.' Poor Sapphire! His eyes were bloodshot. I said, 'Of course, you don't play?' Faint was the answer, 'Yes; my wife thinks it will be good for my rheumatism. It's not a bad game: but it might be improved. It's good fun swatting the ball—that is, when you do swat it; it's this walking, continually walking, that I object to. The ideal golf course will be provided with a movable sidewalk, like the one at the Chicago exhibition.'

"Alas, poor Sapphire! I know Clamville and its inhabitants. Why does Sapphire allow himself to be worried by 'social distinctions,' which exist probably only in his fevered imagination? The chief fault I find with the village is that bicyclists are allowed on the one long, narrow sidewalk. They ride at night—often recklessly—often without a bell—always without a lantern. There is a road, but riding in it is without danger, so the sidewalk is preferred. To be sure many of these bicyclists are polite. They say, 'Thank you!' when a man or woman steps into the road or brush, to avoid injury or even death. Do these whizzing egoists believe that the pedestrian stands aside from politeness? Then, I regret to say, there is now a long distance telephone, so any bore in Boston can disturb your rest. Hideous telephone poles now ruin a pine-scented path. Oh, how far is this all from my once loved little village! And yet even the ingenuity of man cannot mar the mystic beauty of these moon-shot nights."

We have received a remarkable poem—an ode addressed to the husband of the mistress of a celebrated restaurant in Boston. We suppress the name of this husband, that we may not fall into the snare of some ingenious advertising agent. But who can the poet be? Mr. T. B. Aldrich? Professor Arlo Bates? It cannot be Judge Robert Grant, for with his self-advertised income he would spurn the plain but wholesome fare thus eulogized.

I.

Oh Mr. ——!
Happy man!
Not in creation's plan,
Not in any lucky star,
Breathes there any man that's half
So blessed as you are.

II.

Julius Caesar won the world;
Napoleon's hair was curled
On the tongs of the Universe.
They shall live in deathless verse,
There are others—too,
Embalmed in cosmic glue
For all humankind to view.
But what, oh! what to him,
Shakspeare,—
Meyerbeer,—
Saint or seer,
The man who sits at ease and just fills up to
the brim?

III.

Think of it, ——!
What a ton
Of good things wait your eager knife and
fork.
Every time you take your seat,
In those dining halls so neat.
What a Bill of Fare!
As you settle in your chair,
I can see you tuck your napkin in,
Your rosy gills, your double chin.
Man! Man!
Don't think,
Don't sit and blink,
It's all in common sense you really can!
While that deathless spouse, your dame
Of amphitryonic fame,
Heaps your plate,
With smile sedate:
Deep dish pies of wondrous size,
Rare rump steaks, ham and greens,
Cheese and doughnuts, pork and beans,
Stacks of wheats, pickled beets,
Coy blueberries, lustrous cherries,
New mown milk and luscious cream,
Hasty pudding (a golden dream),
Lemon cream pie, soft as a maiden's sigh,
And Beans! Baked Beans!
Just remember what that means;
How this glorious Commonwealth,—
All its beauty, brains and health,—
Is founded and expounded
On Beans! Baked Beans!
But don't stop your grinding chop!
Here's Boiled Dinner, you rosy sinner!
And molasses gingerbread
Raised fit to raise the dead,
Make a ghost stand on his head!

Cantaloupe! and watermelon!
For the wind-up while you dwell on
Glorious memories of the past,
At this shrine of good digestion,
Heaps and heaps of dinners vast,
Till you couldn't keep your vest on!

IV.

Here's to you, ——!
I can see you o'er the platter,
How your knife and fork make clatter,
Any other man would shatter,
Yes, he'd bust!

V.

May your shadow not grow thinner
Till the Last Trump blows for dinner!
And I'm sure we have no quarrel
If you'll kindly hear my moral.

VI.

There's an ecstacy in rhyme,
Which all honest mortals feel;
There is music in the chime
Of the merry village-peal;
But the sweetest thing in Time
Is the brave stomachic feel;
And there's nothing on this earth
Like a good square meal!
So for better or for worse,
——, accept my verse.
In my verse, ——, do thou for evermore
Ever smiling, sit perspiring, gobbling good
things as of yore!

F.

Aug 17. 96

This is a face of bitter herbs, this an
emetic—they need no label,
And more of the drugshelf—laudanum,
caoutchouc, or hog's lard.

It is well established that in so-called legitimate trade there should be no coercion. In piracy, burglary and trusts force carries the bargain. This is understood.

And yet there are apparently honest and respectable tradesmen that are guilty of pathos in business. Oh, the illegitimacy of pathos in business!

Here is an instance. You go into a shop with a definite idea of what you are willing to pay for an article. Thus you wish "An Essay on Peanuts, otherwise known as Goobers, Ground nuts, Ground peas, or Pinders, by J. Cadwallader Sumter (Charleston, 1858)". You know it is a comparatively rare book; it is advertised in Cornhill's catalogue for $4.50. You think it is worth only $4. You are prepared to beat down Cornhill, like Satan, under your feet. You set your jaw sternly just before you enter the shop. Cornhill himself steps forward. You name the book. "Oh yes; it is rare and curious. I have never seen more than one other copy. It is very cheap at 4.50." As you are about to protest and pooh-pooh, you notice that Cornhill has a rag around his neck. You are naturally of a kindly disposition. "What's the matter, Cornhill?" He coughs dismally. He tells a tale of all throat and lung diseases that end in "itis." "The doctor says I ought to go South; but I have a large family and I can't afford it." And you were about to beat down this suffering man! Ashamed, you pull out $4.50 and hand it to him without a murmur. You even buy the History of Putney, to help trade, and because you once passed through the town and did not wish to stop.

Three months after you happen to go by Cornhill's shop. He is at the door, smiling. He still wears the rag about his neck, but he does not cough until you price a complete set of Mr. Charley Hoyt's dramatic works. Then the inelegant thought creeps upon you, "I have been stuck!" You realize that the pleadings of a bandaged neck are subversive of commercial shrewdness.

H. C. wishes to know whether the Mashpee Indians are the wards of Harvard University. "I was told by a graduate that a sum of money had been left Harvard for the maintenance of these Indians; and that when they died, the fund would revert to the university. Last week I saw some of these Indians in Barnstable County. They are fine looking fellows, courteous, intelligent, prosperous, and peculiarly sweet-voiced. I asked them about this fund, and they said they had never heard of such a thing. They added, 'We are independent, and we pay taxes.' Is it possible that they are mistaken?" We are unable to answer this question. Why does not H. C. write to President Eliot, who is never so happy as when giving out useful information? By the way, do the Mashpee Indians still trundle their war-whoops?

We are sadly behind in our correspondence. Here is P. C. E. asking question 5733. We have only reached 16, but his question is of such vital importance that we answer P. C. E. out of turn. "Can anyone suggest a sure way of ridding a kitchen of water bugs?" This is easy, dead easy. We know a man—we believe he lives in either Chelsea, or East Somerville, or Dedham—who comes to the afflicted house, makes singular motions in the air, and then draws trains of some yellowish stuff along all cracks in the floors and walls and ceilings. We have forgotten his name; we do not remember how he made his gestures; and we have no idea of the precise nature of the stuff he uses. But here is a clue, at least, for P. C. E. Why doesn't he write to the Transcript? The Bug Editor of our contemporary has a continental—almost international reputation.

Mr. Havelock Ellis proposes the theory that men of genius are taller than ordinary men. It is therefore clearly demonstrated that Mr. De Wolf Hopper is a greater comedian than Mr. Coquelin.

"Professor Edoe recited about a fortnight ago to the people of Sondrio for 20 continuous hours, namely, from six o'clock one evening to two the following afternoon, the whole of the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante without being prompted and without making a single mistake." Truly a prodigious feat of memory and endurance! Nor is the bravery of the audience to be despised. Why should there not be like trials of strength in Boston next season? We have accomplished readers of Browning, and we have courageous Browning listeners. Will no one attempt to recite "the Ring and the Book" at a stretch in Music Hall? "Light refreshments" should for once give way to corned and roast beef and bottled stout, and smoking should be allowed. Perhaps there should be preparatory readings. Thus Mr. Apthorp might be persuaded to give a day to lecturing on Brahms; and the Swami Saradananda should follow with his address on the Zuana Yoga.

The King of Siam is not an unmixed delight to his English hosts. He laughs coarsely at slips in cricket, and at Kew he turned up his nose at a palm, saying, "Very poor, very poor, indeed." But Li Hung Chang is easily his superior in asking awkward questions.

The war to be waged in Chicago against washermen and washerwomen by victims of microbephobia recalls the assertion of Hood's old woman, "Laundresses are links of creation."

The tomato question comes round again, as do melons, gas bills and the seasons. A "prevalent delusion respecting tomatoes has gone as far as Australia, and has recently been exposed by the Victorian Department of Agriculture. The delusion is that the use of tomatoes has a tendency to induce or predispose to cancer." There are many foreigners who still believe that this fruit is unhealthy, even poisonous. We remember seeing Germans in a restaurant of Dresden staring at Americans who had obtained tomatoes—they paid an absurdly high price for them—and were eating them raw. The disappointment at not seeing any one of the rash eaters drop dead was genuine.

I saw a faded flower [illegible] and [illegible] fell from its breast to earth its seeds, the effort of its [illegible]

And pretty birds alighted on the ground and gorged themselves with the seeds;

And the flower died without hope.

Why?

And Darwin, inclining toward my ear, said unto me: "It is necessary that these little birds should live."

But the little birds, satiated, and drunk with life, were immediately the prey of voracious sparrow-hawks.

Why?

And Darwin made me the same answer: "It is necessary to live;" and he added, "It is the struggle for life."

And I said unto him?

"Why live?"

And he was silent.

Old clo'! Old clo'! Mr. Gustave le Rouge, a Parisian, a man of letters, proposes that old clothes should be collected on all sides and handed over to the needy poet and author. He proposes to found a "vestry of Art and Letters"—"and the garments here awaiting the children of genius and song are all second-hand—garments which the voice of slang names 'hand-me-downs, or décrochez-moi-ça,' but in the Vestry of the Muses there will be nothing to pay." The poet and the artist have little money to sacrifice for the toilet; publishers and dealers look skew-eyed at them by reason of their seedy and seamy coats; "therefore let the favorites of Fortune give the garments which are not yet threadbare, but have ceased to please, to our young writers and young artists less favored by Fate."

An Englishman of light-heeled wit commenting on this proposal, asks, "Who can guarantee that the clothes will fit? Probably they will not fit; but the young poets of Paris will, at any rate, be better off than Horace, who threatened to wrap himself in his virtue, if his wardrobe failed, and who never seemed to fear being arrested by the police."

The chief objection to the scheme of Mr. Gustave le Rouge, Parisian, and man of letters, seems to have been overlooked. What influence will these second-hand clothes exert over the poets and artists who wear them?

Some time ago we described the sad fate of a young bookkeeper, who, being out of work, did not disdain to accept clothes that had been worn by others. Whenever he donned the black coat that had been cast off by a clergyman, his principles were excellent and his thoughts and deeds were righteous. When he wore an old sack of his own and a pair of trousers that once belonged to a man of pronounced sporting tastes, his feet were led promptly toward the gaming table, and the boozing-ken. When he was clad synchronously in the clergyman's coat and the rounder's trousers, he was the victim of a frightful conflict, torn and distracted as to his mind; his dissipated legs were held back by the clerical upper garment; his good resolves were wild to run away to the flowery fields of sin.

Now suppose a newspaper man should receive a suit once worn by a play actor. Would he not be tempted to become a press-agent? Might he not fall still lower and turn elocutionist? Would not the trousers of a statistician cause a poet's fancy to limp. Would the coat—silk lined—of some Bostonian to whom it occurred occasionally to throw off an essay on social life, or a magazine article entitled "How to be brave on $10,000 a year"—would such a coat excite envy or despair in the breast of an earnest but humble historian, or an ill-fed investigator of tides or eclipses? Many men might thus be ruined for life. The deep thinker might be converted into a paragrapher; the satirist into a puffer, a honey-dauber; the poet into an authority on drainage.

An enthusiastic cricketer said to us, "Our game has its great poet, the late Edward Cracroft Lefroy. Listen to his testimony in immortal verse!

Two minutes' rest till the next man goes in!
The tired arms lie with every sinew slack
On the mown grass. Unbent the supple back,
And elbows apt to make the leather spin
Up the slow bat and round the unwary shin—
In knavish hands a most unkindly knack;
But no guile shelters under this boy's black
Crisp hair, frank eyes, and honest English skin.
Two minutes only. Conscious of a name,
The new man plants his weapon with profound
Long-practised skill that no mere trick may scare.
Not loth, the rested lad resumes the game:
The flung ball takes one madding tortuous bound,
And the mid-stump three somersaults in air.

"There, what do you say to that!"

His triumph was short-lived. With the aid of the War Editor we fastened him securely in a chair, and then we recited "Casey at the Bat" in a manner that would have shortened Mr. De Wolf Hopper with envy.

[illegible] there is a man in [illegible] who gets up every morning before sunrise to avoid seeing his wife, she is so plain, she is so plain.

As you may know, Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann, formerly of Boston, now lives in New York. His latest book, just published, is "Buddha." It is a drama in 12 scenes, and it was written "1891—1895." There are passages of beauty and strength in this mystical drama; there is more than enough to prove the high imagination and true poetic gifts of Mr. Hartmann; but he pursues too fiercely the strange word. Thus appear such phrases as "rorulent love maidens"—"lutescent hills"—"a croak disaster"—"perlaceous pallidity."

Is it not possible that Mr. Wells derived the idea of his strange war machines, armed with heat rays and used by the Martian invaders, from Bulwer Lytton's "The Coming Race?" This race used a fluid, "Vril," a mighty agency over all forms of matter, animate or inanimate. "The fire lodged in the hollow of a reed, and directed by the hand of a child, could shatter the strongest fortress, or cleave its burning way from the van to the rear of an embattled host."

THE NEGRO'S CONDITION.

An interesting report on the condition of the negro race was submitted last week at the first session of the African M. E. Church, held in St. Paul's A. M. E. Church at Cambridge. The committee contended that the fact that negroes are not capable workers, and fail to acquire a high degree of efficiency and proficiency in their undertakings, is due to causes which may be corrected. "The chief and foremost reason is that their ranks abound with unskilled and undisciplined forces, that have no sense of the thoroughness of duty, and, in consequence, are driven into the lowest menial service. No permanent rise in the condition of the negro can be made until it acquires the spirit of industry and skillful capacity."

We were talking with a well-educated, intelligent, sensible negro about this report. He asked this blunt question: "What is there for a negro to do in Boston, however willing and capable he may be? He may be a janitor; he may be a waiter or a cook; he may be a stevedore; he may be a barber for his own race, or a clergyman of his own church. But what else is there for him to do? Would there not be an outcry if he were allowed to serve the West End Company as a conductor? Would a city editor welcome a negro reporter? Would even a kindly disposed manufacturer or shop-keeper think seriously of engaging a negro bookkeeper? Why, here in Boston I have seen well-dressed men and women change their seats in a street car when a respectable, orderly negro sat down near them. And how long ago was it that a prominent negro clergyman was refused admission to three leading hotels in this city? What is there, I ask, for a negro to do in Boston?"

This question is one not easily to be answered. Here is a man, well fitted to fill respectable positions in life, that would be more congenial to him than humbler and equally respectable positions; yet he is debarred for purely epidermic reasons. And why should a young negro strive after education, struggle to perfect himself, when his very striving and struggling may make him the more discontented with his apparently inevitable lot? We say "apparently inevitable" lot, because positions in negro schools and negro colleges are limited in number; nor is it possible for every negro to gain office in State or national Government. The ordinary callings of life are still in a large degree closed against this race. It is a singular fact that the most deep-rooted prejudice against the negro as a companion in the walks of life is in the Northern and Southern States of the United States of America. No Frenchman, no German, no Italian, and hardly any Englishman in his respective [illegible] would change his seat in a public vehicle because a negro should happen to sit next him. There are negroes who are received as a matter of course in foreign society.

There is in these countries no such marked division as is found in Boston as well as in Savannah or Richmond. Indeed, we once saw in a Virginian railway car an old negro nurse holding the little granddaughter of a wealthy tobacconist. The rich man—no doubt her former owner—sat by her side, talked with her, considered her comfort, helped her out when the train reached their destination. We remember seeing the funeral of an old negro on a Virginian plantation. He could neither read nor write, but he had been a willing, faithful servant. To his funeral came the representatives of all the leading, long-established white families of the neighboring plantations. Is it possible that the deserving negro is often treated with more courtesy in Virginia than in Massachusetts?

Club: A favorite instrument of bores.

There are many clubs in Boston; clubs only for males and clubs only for females; clubs generally for males and occasionally for females. One club is supposed to admit only men who are perched high on a family tree, although the tree may be barren of fruit. Another is for the flamboyantly rich, who are unhappy unless others see them spend money recklessly and boisterously. Another is a dining club, where meals may be obtained cheaper than at a tavern or restaurant. Another is made up of "solid" men, where furniture, meals,—and, as some say, indebtedness is always substantial. Still another is for the special benefit of painters and musicians that appreciate the necessity of leg-pulling in Art.

This prelude is necessary to the clear understanding of the following communication from O. H. "Inasmuch as more or less dissatisfaction with all clubs (male) in Boston is expressed by those who are members, several of our leading citizens propose to found a new club, the charter and rules of which will be well calculated to recommend themselves to provincial taste. The club will be fitted up as nearly like a grocery store as possible. There will be boxes of layer raisins, cheese and crackers within easy reaching distance, and in the middle a stove, painted bright red in the summer when it is not heated to that hue, to spit on. Members will come down evenings, sit on the cracker barrels, filch the raisins and cheese, and gossip about their wives."

They were talking at the Porphyry the other day about the specific diseases of trades and callings, as policeman's heel, housemaid's knee, pianist's heart, etc., etc. "Yes," added Dr. Carver, fresh from a remarkable operation by which he cured a cough of ten years' standing by removing both lungs, "yes, there is a specific disease to which lawyers are victims; they are ravaged by a specific intestinal parasite: the red tape-worm."

The subject was changed abruptly, but not before several lawyers left the room. "Do you know the queer formula," asked Mr. Auger, "as to what brides should wear in order to secure a fortunate matrimonial outlook?" It begins:

Something old and something new,
Something borrowed and something blue.

"I suppose," said Mr. Auger, "the latter detail is easily supplied by the bridegroom's state of mind."

There is no greater spur to a young man of acute intellect and sound health than a thumping debt of, say $50,000. How inferior are the novels written by Balzac before he had incurred great obligations to those written in hope of freedom from his debt! Furthermore, a man who owes a large sum of money seems to be respected by the butcher, baker and candle-stick maker more than the thrifty, anxious soul who is disquieted by a trifling unpaid bill. The audacious debtor is pointed out to strangers, not derisively, not with the finger of reproach, but as a historical building, a landmark in the community. He wears the best of clothes, eats and drinks sumptuously, sits in the chief seats in the theatre, and as a rule spends the summer on a steam yacht. The man who owes $50,000 is far better off, so far as this world goes, than the man who owes $50. Are there not banks that lend cheerfully to him who already owes them $50,000, fearing possible that [illegible] by [illegible] debtor will never pay even a portion of the original debt? Yes, a young man of acute intellect and sound body should contract as soon as possible after he starts in business a thumping debt. The only trouble is the difficulty in finding anyone who will lend the first $50,000. We have not found him yet, and we have been searching for him since 1879.

Commend to us the highly original and safe position taken by Dr. Robson Roose on the subject of alcohol. After an exhaustive examination he states this conclusion: "Alcohol in moderation will do most people no harm, but taken in excess, it is apt to become injurious." Dr. Roose, on his mother's side, must be a descendant of Capt. Jack Bunsby.

A different species of Doctor—Dr. Garnett is cock-sure that we have our being in an "Age of Books." "Never before were there so many books in the world; never before were they so widely read or influential; never before was there so much interest and curiosity respecting the makers of books, publishers and librarians." This leads a Londoner to say, "It was hard to imagine that the beautiful paragraphs which adorn our pupular 'literary' journals, informing an expectant world that the talented author of the 'Manx Cat' can never bring his gigantic intellect to bear on his work unless he has breakfasted on eggs which were laid by tailless hens in the Isle of Man—the product of any other well-meaning fowl sterilizes his brain for the rest of the day; or that the eminent creator of the 'Sorrows of a Solicitor' denies ever having ridden down Piccadilly on a bicycle in rational attire—it was hard, I say, to forecast that our eagerness for 'literary' enlightenment of this nature would be accounted to us for righteousness by an authority of the calibre of Dr. Garnett. This curiosity, 'frequently,' he admits, 'frivolous and annoying,' bears testimony to the place literature has taken in the apprehension of the general 'among the agencies which mould the world.' Before this our age the world was unconscious of it. Now it knows that 'its destinies may be much affected by what an unknown young man may be scribbling in a garret.' It may be so; and by the same token, our social history may be revolutionized by what the 'lady novelist' is churning forth from her inner consciousness. England, we know, used to expect every man to do his duty, and England, as Mr. Pecksniff observed, was frequently a bitterly disappointed country. England at present is looking, it seems, with expectant anxiety at her literary output. It is an attitude in which she is likely to have to persevere for a long period before any result justifies it."

PRE-NATAL HURRAHS.

Mr. Hall Caine has an indefatigable press agent. There are press agents who have passionate moments; but Mr. Caine's trumpeter never suffers from a cracked lip or lack of wind. Loud and sonorous and steady are the blasts that herald the approach of his latest novel. The palpitating world of readers hears of enormous orders. It appears that booksellers are crushed as they race toward the publisher's establishment. Compositors are so enthralled by the manuscript that they forget to work. Proof-readers are willing to work without pay. Already is there a long line of anxious men and women at the door of the circulating library.

Now some months ago a contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette was impressed by the genius of Mr. Granville Brayman. He fancied him "tall and massive, with a Shakspearian forehead and a Byronic eye." He hailed with joy unspeakable the appearance of this paragraph in a Sunday paper:

Literary.—Mr. Granville Brayman, whose phenomenally successful novel, "Thinking of Thee," is now, we believe, in its hundred and seventh thousand, is, we understand, engaged upon a new story, of which he has great hopes. It is to be called, we believe, "The Boomster," and will fictionally deal with the literary career. The first chapter is already finished, and the work will, Mr. Granville Brayman hopes, be ready for the spring publishing season.

He waited with breathless expectancy. This paragraph met his eye a fortnight after:

Literary.—We regret to learn that Mr. Granville Brayman has broken down in health, in consequence of overwork upon his new and thrilling tale of literary life, "The Boomster," and has been ordered by his medical advisers to try three weeks of complete rest at Drizzlingtou-in-the-Marshes.

He then saw his favorite author swathed as to his profound head with cold water bandages. But joy came the next month.

Literary.—It is with much pleasure that we can inform our readers that Mr. Granville Brayman has entirely recovered his health at Drizzlingtou-in-the-Marshes, and has returned to town with his new story, of which such great things are anticipated by himself and others, almost complete. It will be of interest to his numerous admirers to know that Mr. Brayman's last book, "Thinklug of Thee" (6s. Buddleton & Co.), is at the present moment in its one hundred aud eighteenth thousand.

And what destroyed his faith? What shattered his illusion? A "copiously illustrated and illustrative article on 'Mr. Granville Brayman at Home,'" published in the Monthly Pryer. He found his hero to be "a little stout dark man, with a mean, pinched brow, close-cropped hair standing on end all over his head, and a signature like the beginning of a catherine-wheel!" And there were disheartening portraits of Mrs. Brayman and the little Braymans. There was a minute account of what he ate and drank; the mention of his favorite patent medicine; the intimation that he always lived on "white meat when engaged on a novel of sentiment." "Granville Brayman became, from that moment, another of those superstitions which fade from us as we advance in age and intelligence. * * * 'The Boomster' is out.' * * * I have not ordered it. I never shall."

We have searched in vain for the name of Mr. Granville Brayman in publishers' lists. Is it possible that the contributor was thinking of several "popular authors of genius," among them Mr. Hall Caine?

The brooks hurry to the basin where the river rests. One brings the wheedling murmur of its reeds; the other, on a thin clear thread, free from all sediment, creamed under the teeth of the mill-wheel, breathless, and as one coughing, from having leaped so many pebbles, brings the plain-song of the village-ducks, while in the middle of the basin, fish make their rounds to the surface of the water, glisten, and, satisfied with flies far from the banks, ask of one another what the fisherman with his line is doing over there.

The fact that a swarm of mosquitoes made its appearance early this month in Hackney, England, inspired a thrilling dispatch to the Daily Messenger, Paris. "Many persons are suffering from the effects of the annoying little insect stings. A number of the men at Hackney Police Station are showing marks on their arms and faces where they have been bitten. In one instance a Sergeant has the appearance almost of a black eye, owing to the attack of a mosquito, while in other parts of his face the well-known hard red lumps which follow the bites are plainly showing. In another known instance a little girl has been so badly bitten that she has been unable to get her boots on, her feet being so swollen."

Possibly it was a wanderer from this swarm that, finding its way to London, stung the fancy of the Pall Mall Gazette poet to an address "To a Mosquito" in seven verses. Here are four of them

'I know you for a Culex or Simulium,
I know you and I hate,
I know and dread your horrible unruly hum
(If sur that aspirate).

. . . . . .

You alien immigrant, you, murderous Amazon
(The males don't feed on man)
Hurt ten times more, and make us rail and damn as on
But only English can.

From your proboscis how can man protect his face
When daylight once has ceased?
Ah! what, oh what avails the best insecticide
Against this little beast?

Go, insect—go to regions that are barbarous,
Go where the palm-trees blow;
Go where the heat is as the heat of Tartarus
And go to—well, do go.

This mosquito must have been one of a feeble flock. If the poet had been visited at night by a Cape Cod or New Jersey native he would have sung in more passionate and wilder strains.

Dr. Borer, the celebrated specialist for both ears, told the following story yesterday afternoon at the Porphyry: "You know, gentlemen, that I am very busy—with office-calls, consultations, reading, experimenting, writing articles for publication—yes, I have no time to waste. My tailor—a physician must dress well—has bothered me by insisting on refitting and refitting. I have been to his shop 14 times before he was satisfied with a frock coat. Well, I said to him a month ago, 'I am willing to come once to try on and once or even twice after the suit is supposed to be ready; but after that I shall charge you for each visit just as though you were a patient.' He thought I was joking. He was not satisfied with the second trial, and he made me go to the shop three times after that. I got his bill the first of the month, and I promptly deducted my charge for three professional visits. He wrote me, asking what I meant, saying his ears were all right and he had never consulted me. I answered, 'Your ears are not all right, for you evidently did not hear me when I told you clearly what I should do.'" And then Dr. Borer looked about for signs of approbation and applause.

Hurry is the resource of the faithless. Where a man can trust his own heart, and those of his friends, tomorrow is as good as today.

A Paris newspaper says, "Mme. Clara Ward, ex-Princesse de Chimay, might now assume legitimately the new title of Princesse de Rivoli, so much does her personality dominate that thoroughfare."

The story that Mr. John Lane, who is betrothed to Mrs. King of this city, is a great friend of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is not exactly true. Mr. Lane was a friend of the remarkable juggler in black and white, but for some unaccountable reason—some say he was rattled by the Wilde exposure—he became afraid of Mr. Beardsley's art and the latter has for a long time had nothing to do with the Yellow Book, nor does he now draw for any of Mr. Lane's publications. Since Mr. Beardsley's withdrawal, the Yellow Book is said to have lost many subscribers and buyers, as it certainly has lost in interest.

Mr. George Birbeck Hill claims that the following mot originated with his idol, Dr. Johnson: "When a friend of his, who had not been very lucky in his first wife, married a second, he said, 'Alas! another instance of the triumph of hope over experience.'" We have no doubt this story was known to the Greeks and Romans, and very likely to the ancient Egyptians. However this may be, Figaro published a more biting epigram on the same theme: "He that marries the second time does not deserve to have lost his first wife."

We heard lately this description of a theatre-orchestra in Boston: "You know the kind; the drum always plays the air."

L. S. T. of Gloucester Mass., wishes to know whether a pedagogue would have any luck with a school of mackerel.

"Exegi monumentum acre perennius," but the bronze has come at last. Italian Venosa, once Venusium, is erecting a monument to Horace, and it will be unveiled next September with feasting, songs and odes. This is an age of statues, and Venusium is justified in claiming her greatest son, but it was on his father's little farm by the Aufidus, some miles from Venusium, that the poet passed his childhood. There are other spots where his statue might have stood, Tivoli, for instance, or the Esquiline, where Horace lived near the palace of Maecenas, and where, by the will of Augustus, poet and patron in death were not divided. For the immortality of the molten image he has had to wait long, nearly two thousand years, and now that it has come, let us hope it will do him justice, or more than justice, for Horace was, says Cuetonius, short and fat, and therefore a bad model for a statue. Whether the poet's shade will rejoice thereat in the Elysian fields is very doubtful His motto was, "Live for the day," and he sums up the immortality of genius and gifts in the words, "We are dust and a shadow." Two thousand years, and then a statue! Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume; time flies, and the honour is too posthumous.—Pall Mall Gazette.

SIMON SAYS —.

A French palmist has just spent several weeks in England, studying English hands—for a consideration—and after her return to Paris she poured out her soul to an accomplished interviewer.

"I have found among the English women long thumbs, always indicative of strong will, a quality which forms a large element in the success of the English people." Now, all writers on palmistry agree as to the meaning of the thumb, however they may dispute over the characteristics, moral and mental, suggested by a spatulate or conic hand. The thumb has played for centuries an important part, in gladiatorial show, in witchcraft, in torture. In Ceylon the bride and bridegroom eat out of one dish, to denote that they are of the same rank; their thumbs are then tied together, and the ceremony concludes by the nearest relations, or the priest, when he is present, cutting them asunder. It is perhaps a significant fact that this ceremony is scarcely intended for continuance. For an indissoluble marriage the parties are joined together with a long cloth.

But if the English women have long thumbs, "always indicative of strong will," why do they submit so placidly to the physical brutality of their husbands? For if there is truth in court records, the English nation is pre-eminently a race of wife-beaters. Read diligently, for instance, the pillory prepared each week by Mr. Labouchere for Truth. Read the court reports in the London daily papers. You will find that the Honorable Mr. Slimky began to swat his wife before the setting of the honeymoon, and that Bill Sykes found special delight, when he was depressed, in jumping on the ribs of his life-partner. You will also find that these long-thumbed women are disposed to bless the fist that beats. Where is their "strong will"?

The French palmist "examined nearly a thousand hands in all classes of English society, from the Court to the humblest dwelling," and she found in them all "the same characteristics, indicative of a universal belief in the Anglo-Saxon race." The hands are "firm, strong, a little red, with square fingers, that indicate punctuality, practical common sense, energy and activity." But has not the Englishman, like unto Cassius, an itching palm? In India, in Africa, yea, over the whole world, they answer "Yes;" and yet our Parisian friend makes no mention of this dominating characteristic. Of what avail, then, that she finds "no trace of organic disease" in the English hands?

And yet this palmist found in the hands of several women of London lines which "indicated an accident of some uncomfortable, but not necessarily fatal, description. I found in each instance that the lady rode a bicycle, and I advised her to stop it."

Palmistry is, indeed, a wonderful science. We have been much impressed by its value ever since we read a leading French treatise on chiromancy, Englished by the ingenious Mr. Heron-Allen, in which a beautiful theory was founded on the well-known fact that in Pittsburg, Pa., "no workman is allowed more than 10 minutes for his dinner."

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You say to yourself: "At last here is a sensible woman, a type new to me, one whom I could love, thoughtful—yes, rather serious—a woman who does not giggle on every occasion."

No, no; she has teeth the color of deep Prussian blue and also the forethought not to let them be seen.

We have received the prospectus of The Washingtonian Home for the Cure of Confirmed Book Collectors. The evils resulting from indulgence in this debasing and terrible habit are known to all. The wretched victim neglects business to pore over second-hand catalogues and attend auctions. He neglects his wife and children, preferring to spend money on first editions, large paper copies, enlarged volumes and costly bindings. He easily becomes a thief and steals from his dearest friends.

In this sanitarium the patient is first obliged to read English reviews of the highest grade. The second month he is put through a course of the more expensive illustrated magazines, in which the articles are written round about the pictures. The third month he is shut up in a padded cell and left alone with the 10-cent magazines. At the end of this period he loses all taste for literature. He goes out into the

rid [illegible] als, enjoys the [illegible]ety of his wife [illegible]d children, looks [illegible] friends in the [illegible]e, and passes a bookshop as though [illegible] were plague-ridden.

To O. H.: Your jest "Actresses will happen in the best regulated families" has a strangely familiar sound; and if you claim it is original.

Form, published in New York, is always a welcome visitor. Thus Beth McClannin Kerley contributed a beautiful poem to the August number, in which we are requested to

> I sit to the myriad birds in air
> Warbling their timorous.

But we prefer the prose-poem on Mrs. Janis Munroe Langan, otherwise known as the Scottish Nightingale. One fails in an attempt to describe her in her marvelous versatility. As well might one attempt to depict the shifting, scintillating, intangible glory of an aurora, or a lunar rainbow over some cataract in her own northern Scottish home. Miss Munroe is incapable of adequate description. She is too good."

We have received a letter from a summer tourist who complains bitterly that the steam heating apparatus in many of the hotels down East is sadly deficient and in no way answer the description given in the circulars scattered broadcast. He claims that the first requisite of a summer hotel in Maine is plenty of steam heat in office, parlors, dining room and bedrooms.

Parisians were much excited by the news that Mr. Ernest Hamel stole 23 inoculated rabbits from the Aubervilliers Hospital and sold them for food. Only two families, however, appear to have partaken of this spiced meat, which they ate without ill effect.

It is the practice now in England to disallow a water and diviner's fees. Mr. Casson of Bedford, whose precedent has been followed all over the country, stated his reasons for the surcharge he made. He says, "I regarded this claim for a power of finding water either with or without a 'divining rod' as being an imposition on the minds of the credulous, seeing that, however it may now be defended by reference to 'highly sensitive nervous organization' and the like, it is a survival from times when magic and witchcraft were generally believed in, and when the 'divining rod' was used to discover not only sources of water, but lodes of metal ore, hidden treasure, the bodies of murdered persons and lost boundaries of land."

You often see references to the "gormandising" of Rossini. The great Italian was an excellent cook, but he was a gourmet rather than a gourmand. In certain ways he was, indeed, exceedingly temperate. Thus Mrs. Cléambaud, who had lived much in his house, told Mr. Edmond de Goncourt Aug. 21, 1893, that Rossini never ate anything from the time of his getting out of bed till five o'clock in the afternoon, and drank only a glass of iced coffee. To be sure a doubting Thomas might ask, "When did he get up? At 8 A. M. or at 4 P. M.?"

Mr. Justice Cave recently remarked, in holding a driver liable for damage to a lamp-post, though that beacon was too near the roadway, and not safe for traffic, that when people knew that they must pay for any injury they did they would find means to avoid it for the future. This is an expansion of a dictum of Westbury C. (distinctly obiter): When his horse bolted, he put his head out of the window, and, said to his coachman, "Run into something cheap."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Canon Hammond tells this story of the methods of rural firemen: "One of our firemen was summoned by the fire bell to a burning. He is said to have viewed it with a critical air, and to have remarked: ''Tes a proper fire, sure 'nuff; I must go home and put on my uniform!'"

Mr. Carl Zerrahn has not looked for novelties in oratorio music. "There are no novelties in oratorio music." This reminds us that Tinel's "Sainte Godelive" was produced for the first time July 22 at Brussels, and Mr. H. W. Parker has finished a new oratorio founded on the legend of Christopher.

Aug 22

DIALECT AGAIN.

The third part of the English Dialect Dictionary, edited by Joseph Wright, has been published. It includes words from "Blare" to "Caddie." Some idea of the scope of this work may be gained from the fact that the whole of B contains 7789 simple and compound words, and 910 phrases, illustrated by 18,198 quotations. There are, in addition, 17,542 references to glossaries, etc., making a total of 35,740 references.

This clearly and handsomely printed volume is fascinating reading. Folklorists may linger over "Blithe meat," "Bride-ale," etc., but the ordinary reader of intelligence will be tempted to read nearly every page. Thus the American will smile when he finds out that "Bowery," in English dialect—as in Northumberland—means buxom, plump, "generally applied to a young woman in excellent health;" he will miss "Bull-fiddle" and not be consoled by the presence of "Bum-bass," a synonym of violoncello; he will protest against the third and American definition of "Bummer" as an idler; he will realize the fact that "Blatherskite" is not an Americanism, and he will wonder if the verb "Bunker," in the sense quoted as American, may not be a corruption of "Bunco." He will be pleased to learn that one who plays or sings without taste or skill is a "Bum" in English dialect as well as in American slang, and he will be tempted to tell Doctor Wright that a "Blood-alley" is as well known in America as in English counties. Our singers and pianists who disturb the peaceful air at mountain farm or seaside tavern will be glad to know that they are indulging in "Busking," the act of obtaining money by playing or singing in the streets, by the seashore, etc., and that "husking is a profitable and pleasant way in which many operatives in Lancashire spend their summer holiday;" 'tis an old word, derived appropriately from the Italian "buscare, to prowl or shift by craft, to go a free-booting."

What admirable words are confined to local use, looked at skew-eyed by the prigs and the purists! "Bullrageous," raging like a bull; "Boldacious," which represents, of course, a welding together of "bold" and "audacious," more striking in the Devonshire form, "Bowlddacious," as in "He'm the most bowlddacious pusson in Debbensheer." Then there is "Busteous," a noble word, as in

> "Clatterin hooves and busteous taunts
> Brast on their startit ear."

It reminds one of "sumbustiously," in the negro's version of the parable: "There was a certain rich pusson who was clothed in sackcloth and fine linen and fared sumbustiously every day."

Was the word "Boneshave," for sciatica, ever known in New England? Here is a charm used by the Exmoorians. "The patient must lie on his back on the bank of a river or brook of water, with a straight staff by his side, between him and the water, and must have the following words repeated over him:

> " 'Bone-shave right,
> Bone-shave straight,
> As the water runs by the stave,
> Good for bone-shave.' "

"Bleary," for bleak, windy, cold, showery, is another excellent word, well worthy of quotation in Mackay's "Lost Beauties of the English Language":

> "Oh give me back my native hills,
> If bleak or bleary, grim or gray."

And have you never been in such high spirits as to be "bobberous," or bold enough to be "bobbersome"? In Yorkshire, a fine, handsome woman is a "Bobby-dazzler," a word of close kin to "corker," though not, perhaps, as eulogistic a term as "honey-cooler." The restless souls of the Jews who formerly worked in the tin mines of Cornwall are known as "Bockles," while your ordinary ghost is a "Bogle," and when a horse takes fright it "boggles." City officials may ponder with profit the fact that a "Bosser" is one who misses an aim or makes a mistake. A "Brat" is a pinafore that is worn by a brat.

Consider, too, the fine Scottish verb "Brainyell," to rush forward with violence; and surely there is sound sense in calling an opinion "a breath," especially with such a meaning as in "The nuptial day sud'na be preceesely fixed till I had [illegible] my father's breath on the subject." "Bogfoundered" is a stronger word than "perplexed," and sopranos will do well to remember that "Bravoora" is a high degree of irritation or fury—as in Ayrshire they say of a ferocious beast: "He's in his bravooras."

These are only a few instances, chosen at random, of the wealth of interest in this one part. But we must stop, lest some Yorkshireman accuse us of "Blawching."

DE SENECTUTE.

The name of Methuselah was not the only yard stick to measure long-drawn-out, incredible age. The stag, the carp, the crow, the elephant, even the camel were envied by those who looked on death as the supreme evil. Thus Hugues de Saint-Victor gives the stag 900 years of existence, but Aldrovand, in his "Quadrupedum historia" (edition of 1621), quotes verses of Hesiod—verses not found in the poet's existing works—which figure out that the crow lives nine times as long as man, and the stag four times as long as the crow. "The stag, therefore," he adds, "should live about 3600 years." Alas! Buffon and Cuvier give the poor beast only 40 years at the utmost, and Milne-Edwards cuts him down to 20 years. And ancient worthies thought the camel lived to be a hundred years, and then died of the gout; and the elephant lived at least three centuries, and there are marvelous stories told of the age of carp and parrots, dolphins and turtles. To be sure, the stag would die after he ate a hearty meal of serpents if he remained three hours without drinking, and he would weep his approaching death, as do the swan and the lion.

We regret to say that the zoology of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries is now consigned by sceptics to the Academy of Lagado, and Pliny is held to be a mere story-monger. You will not find a leucrocuta or mantichore in any modern "mastodonic" show, and even the tale that the scolopendre, when caught by a hook, throws up its intestines and swallows them again, taking care to leave the hook outside, is disputed by men of assured reputation. And now Dr. John Lowe, in his book, "The Yew Trees of Great Britain and Ireland," attempts to show that the yew, known, like the elm, as "Immemorial," has no real claim to extraordinary antiquity.

De Candolle assumed that the age of a yew may be reckoned, without fail, by counting the concentric rings of growth in the trunk. Dr. Lowe, in his cold-blooded way, shows the fallaciousness of this method, especially in a tree so frequently pollarded. He then examines the historical records from which the exact age of certain trees can be ascertained, and finds none which shows an age greater than 200 years. And yet, according to De Candolle's theory, the Fortingall tree, in Perthshire, with its circumference of 54 feet, is from 2500 to 2700 years old, and the Clontarf yew is the one under which Brian Borulbh died in 1014. It is still believed that the yews in Kinglye Bottom, near Chichester, were standing when the Norsemen landed in Sussex in the ninth and tenth centuries. To which Dr. Lowe replies: "Had it been said that 'yews were there,' the statement would have been accurate; but that 'the yews,' meaning those still existing, were then in being is too large a demand on our credulity, as there is no tree at that place which exceeds 15 feet 4 inches in girth, or possibly about five hundred years in age." Thus it will be seen that a depraved punster might give this motto to Dr. Lowe's book: "You lie!"

ABOUT MUSIC.

Is Mozart, Opera-Maker, Old-Fashioned?

Reasons Why "Don Giovanni" Often Bores the Hearer.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Players, Singers.

I received a letter the other day from a composer who has an international reputation. He had occasion to speak of Mozart, and he confessed frankly that Mozart's music, admirably made, often, yes, generally bored him to death. "I hear and read constantly that 'Don Giovanni' is the greatest opera, in the old meaning of the word opera; but I cannot sit it out. I begin to yawn before the first finale, and it is six years since I have 'assisted,' as the French say, at the descent to the pit. The last time I saw the opera, Maurel was the hero, I swore that wild horses could not drag me to another performance."

There are others no doubt who have had the same experience with "Don Giovanni," and lack the courage to express their opinions. Men and women, accustomed to good music, not unacquainted with the structure of opera and the condition of opera in Mozart's day, some of them even professional and excellent musicians, would confess, if they were put on the rack, "I never wish to hear that opera again. I will admit that it is surpassing great; that I should like it; but it bores me beyond description."

One cause of this boredom is the fact that "Don Giovanni" is seldom sung decently in these days. German singers are, with exceedingly rare exceptions, utterly unfit to sing music that was written for Italians of the end of the 18th century. I shall never forget the sad mess that Therese Malten of Dresden made of Mozart's music when she was in her prime, and yet Miss Malten was reckoned justly as one of the most illustrious of Wagnerphones. Nor have many of the French or Italian or English or American singers of this period the technic necessary for the perfect performance of "Don Giovanni." Again, when the opera is put on the stage in this country, it is, almost always, mounted shabbily, and the stage is managed abominably.

* * *

Shortly before the end of the season in London "Don Giovanni" was performed at Covent Garden. The comments of Mr. Blackburn and Mr. Runciman bear directly on the question suggested by my correspondent's letter.

Mr. Blackburn began his review as follows:

"There is a kind of tradition which goes strong at Covent Garden, and which is potent in nearly every other European Opera House—among the honorable exceptions we believe that Munich is to be counted—that 'Don Giovanni' is one of those easy little Italian operas which may be staged on an off night and run through without difficulty by second-rate artists. Let us hasten to say that this is not an accurate description of last night's performance, but at all events there was, especially in the opening scenes, a sort of laisser faire about the thing, a kind of contemptuous familiarity that were quite singularly undesirable. Indeed, at the end of the first scene of the first act one felt that had it not been too late it might have been well for the management to retrace its steps and exchange for the immense difficulties of Mozart's work some ridiculously easy Wagnerian opera, 'Die Meistersinger' or 'Siegfried.' In that music the artists of Covent Garden are gloriously at home; they sing it with knowledge, feeling and intensity. Wagner is to them absurdly obvious. But put these singers upon this chorus, these trios, quartets, and so forth of Mozart; and though they will do their best, they show you at every point that they are not doing well, not because they are careless, simply because the actual composition is above their heads, and they are blissfully unaware of the fact."

* * *

Now Mr. Runciman, always entertaining, went more into detail in his article published in the Saturday Review.

"Is it not time that some one possessing one degree more of brain power than the ordinary Italian tenor should be set to stage-manage Mozart's operas in such a way as to minimize, not augment, the absurdities of the librettos, to make the story as coherent, not as incoherent, as possible? That the Covent Garden management should produce 'Don Giovanni' and 'Le Nozze di Figaro,' and engage Mr. Dolmetsch to accompany the recitatives on the harpsichord, are both laudable things; but the management makes a slight mistake in thinking it has done everything necessary when it has gone so far. Besides intrusting the stage management

to a man who has not been brought up in the bad old Italian school, it might spend a matter of guinea or two on new scores, to the end that the conductor may no longer be compelled to accept all the cuts of all his predecessors. It might hire an intellectual person to analyze the plots with careful attention and set forth the stories as clearly as possible in print, that the singers may get some faint notion of the work they are engaged in (which notion, to do them bare justice, they do not possess at present). It might have in a photographer to take the photos of the various singers at the footlights; for when once Mme. Adiny, Zelie de Lussan, and the rest have seen what they look like there they may be depended on to stay within the stage picture for the term of their natural lives. It might get a man to oil the various scene-lifting machines, and so get rid of the two or more hitches that seem inevitable in every act at present. It might teach the gas man to keep his fingers off the taps until the proper time, and so avoid sunrise effects in the middle of night. Then the preliminaries for a respectable rendering of Mozart's opera may be considered satisfactorily settled.

"My unhappy readers must be sorely tired of this harping on the necessity of getting the little details of operatic stage-management dealt with properly. But what can I do? Here we have the finest operatic resources in the world—singers, bandsmen, conductors, all the pick of Europe; yet we rarely get a really first-rate performance of any work, while many comparatively simple operas, such as 'Don Giovanni' and 'Le Nozze,' are given in only a middling fashion; and all because no one takes the trouble to see that the simple things, the elements, are rightly done. Is it not my plain duty to try to anger the management to such a degree that at last in desperation it will try to do better? How shall I look at the day of judgment if I have to confess that I was musical critic of the Saturday Review in the year 1897, that I knew Covent Garden was going wrong for lack of good advice, and had not offered that advice? Wherefore all this season I have kept hammering at one or two subjects. One is the gas-man; but it is a matter for regret that far from taking an action against me for provoked battery and assault apparently the gas-man has so far not become angry at all. I suspect he does not read the Saturday Review. And I am beginning to fear that the management does not read it either—at least not my humble contribution. Of course this appears incredible: and certain fractions of the management tell me they do read it; but then there remains the damning fact that they do not get angry, and that the simplest things are done no better, for all my advice, at the end of the season than they were at the beginning. Oh, that 'twere possible to educate the public to the point of distinguishing between good stage-management and bad, between good acting and bad, between footlighting singers and singers who do not footlight, between artistically defensible cuts in the music and cuts that are not artistically defensible! Then at the end of each performance we might see the gas-man coming up to receive his laurel crown for a respectably managed effect in 'The Valkyrie,' Mr. Raudegger bowing in response to the plaudits of those who appreciated his disregarding a had old Costa or Bevignani cut, a Renaud coming forward to acknowledge our applause, not necessarily of his fine singing of a serenade, but of the fact that he had sung it to the lady in the window and not to the gallery. And in that way we should see Mozart's operas done in a way that would not make nonsense of them.

"If they continue to be treated nonsensically much longer their fate will assuredly justify the clever person who said they were a little passés now. Of course, whatever happens now, they will be revived some day and take a permanent place in the English operatic repertory. But for the present the music is too exquisite for the lolli ears that have been fed upon Wagner—to whom, by the way, they only take because Wagner is the craze now. In the corridor at Covent Garden on Tuesday night I heard some monster of imperviousness to music remark that this ('Don Giovanni') was 'milk for babes.' That sort of thing drives one out into the wilderness to pray for strength to resist the temptation to buy a revolver and shoot at sight. The last act of 'Giovanni'—milk for babes! Astounding as it seems to me, who have been given grace to understand that stupendous work, I have no doubt that not only the gentleman who proclaimed his artistic dullness in the passage, but Dr. Parry, Dr. Stanford and hundreds of others reckon Mozart amongst the superseded. And the poor creatures are not altogether to blame. They regard Mozart's operas as music-dramas; and as music-dramas Mozart's will not stand comparison with Wagner's. Mozart wrote only Italian opera; and Italian opera is a kind of Wheel of Life—a Cinematograph—a series of tableaux or pictures passed before one so rapidly as to leave the impression that the figures are really moving, that the drama is evolving before one's eyes. The main thing is that they should be passed through the machine rapidly, and in the order moreover which the deviser of them intended. When these things are not done—when, as always happens, the pictures are jumbled, the order of them transposed, and the series broken or stopped here or there at the caprice of the conductor or the singers—a great portion of their effect is inevitably lost, and the music loses half or more than half of its significance. And then Messrs. the Wagneres of modernity blame Mozart for not coming up to the level of Wagner (just as they play Purcell's music in the wrong way, and blame Purcell for not coming up to Handel). Neither 'Don Giovanni' nor 'Le Nozze di Figaro' has been given in England within the memory of man with the slightest desire to carry out the composer's plan. First came Italian dancing-master who had been promoted to the conductor's desk on his merits, then another promoted dancing-master made cuts, then Costa, who was promoted from goodness knows what, made cuts, then Bevignani made cuts. Had the cuts been large cuts—generous gashes—it might have worked out better, for by the present day nothing of the scores would have been left, and we might start afresh. But the cuts consisted of a few bars here, and a few there; until at last some of the finest numbers were hopelessly deformed. The same thing has happened with the stage 'business' and stage management. First some one did something wrong; then some one else did something else wrong, besides adopting his predecessor's error. And now the management does not aim at producing what Mozart obviously wanted, but at doing what some one (who, because he knew nothing, is considered an authority) did in 1820, or some one else did in 1830. Similarly with the alterations in the melodies, and the ornaments added to them. Some one altered this, some one altered that; and now it is considered right to sing the music wrongly, and wrong to sing it rightly. And so we perform 'Don Giovanni' and 'Figaro' and wonder why the public does not like it. Why, if Wagner were treated so, the public would laugh—or hiss. It is a reasonable ground for complaint against the public that it does not laugh or hiss when Mozart's mighty masterpieces are treated so."

* * *

Many are bored by the recitatives in "Don Giovanni." And even now some think the accompaniment of a string quartet less boresome than a piano or harpsichord. And again, it seems, there is a foolish dispute as to the accompaniment originally used at Prague.

Mr. Runciman's remarks on this subject are of more than ordinary interest:

"One or two sapient persons, rushing in where those who know the facts might well fear to tread, have announced loudly that Mozart himself presided at the piano when 'Don Giovanni' and 'Le Nozze' were produced. As a matter of fact there is not a scrap of evidence to prove this. The legend had its birth in Paris when the harpsichord was recently introduced by an enterprising firm of piano-makers. The other piano-makers did not like their rival to gather so much glory; they turned such of the critics as were in their service onto the subject, and these critics got hold of Michael Kelly's Recollections of the Opera, and straightway proved from them that the piano, and not the harpsichord, was originally used. Now, to begin with, Michael Kelly's Recollections were not written by Michael Kelly, who probably knew the difference between a piano and a harpsichord, but by Theodore Hook, who probably didn't know and certainly didn't care whether there was or was not any difference. The consequence is that whenever a keyed instrument is mentioned it is always called a piano; and since at that time the piano had just come in, and was more a rare curiosity than anything else, it is absolutely certain that in ninety-nine cases when the word piano is used, the then extremely common instrument harpsichord is meant, and even in the hundredth case the meaning is doubtful. It is some years since I read Kelly, and it has been impossible for me to wade wearily through his pages during the last few days; but I have looked up all the references to Mozart and confirmed my impression that nothing is said about the piano being used at the first performances. What Theodore Hook says is that Mozart accompanied Kelly on the piano at his own house. Therefore we must simply beg Kelly to stand down and consider the matter without him. And then the balance of evidence is enormously in favor of the harpsichord. It had always been used before 'Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni'; it was used for many years afterward; had the piano been introduced at Mozart's special request, the innovation would surely have provoked some comment, and, in all likelihood, very vehement opposition, and there is nothing of the kind recorded. Further, even if the piano was used at one performance, it is certain that the harpsichord was used at a great many subsequent performances—for every theatre had a harpsichord, and scarcely any had a piano—and since Mozart is not known to have objected, we must assume that he was content with the harpsichord. I am not convinced, like a few of my brethren, that he preferred a large modern grand, for he never heard one. And whereas it is utterly unlike anything Mozart ever heard or dreamed of, the harpsichord is, in tone, very like the piano Mozart would have played on had a piano been used. The first pianos were tiny things, with thin strings at no tension at all; they were intended to resemble the harpsichord in tone, and they were only introduced to remedy the only defect of the harpsichord, namely, that it could not produce a crescendo and diminuendo. So the piano theory collapses as soon as we look at it. In fact, I imagine we should have heard nothing of it had another gentleman instead of Mr. Dolmetsch been engaged to play the harpsichord. But this gentleman's defenders really should be careful. When a critic's anxiety to prove that Mr. Dolmetsch should not have been engaged actually leads him to declare that the harpsichord cannot be heard at Covent Garden, he merely proves that, in justice to his employers, he should immediately resign his post—for he is obviously deaf. The singers heard it; at rehearsal the conductors went to every part of the theatre and heard it; I heard it, and the vast majority of my colleagues heard it. And still greater care is demanded in the handling of historical arguments. The critic of the Daily News, for instance, had evidently got down Grove, and he innocently told his readers that the harpsichord was so unsatisfactory that in 1863 Mr. Otto Goldschmidt replaced it with accompaniments written out for the whole strings. If the critic will get down Grove again—he knows well how to do it—and look up the passage (it is on page 86 of Vol. III.), he will see that what Goldschmidt replaced with the strings was the old scraping accompaniment of the basses alone; and his common sense ought to have shown him that as in 1863 the harpsichord had been forgotten for more than half a century, it could hardly be that instrument which received its congé."

* * *

We think Mr. Runciman is hardly fair to Kelly, who did know probably the difference between a piano and a harpsichord. Furthermore we doubt if Mr. Runciman would find reading Kelly's Recollections "weary wading," if he were to take up the book in an hour when he wished diversion.

* * *

This performance at Covent Garden gave Mr. Renaud a noble chance as the rake-helly hero. The French prefer him to Maurel in this part. Here is Mr. Blackburn's opinion of him:

"At last this fine artist got his chance. The part was his; he had realized not only the seductiveness, the grace, the physical beauty of the character, but also, in a wonderfully subtle way, something of its coldness, its heartlessness and its terror. He never forgot himself; whether in silence or in song he remained true to this conception of Don Giovanni in a wonderfully complete way. His noble presence helped him largely, but his knowledge how to use that presence, how to decorate it, as it were, with the last resources of his art, was nobler still. He is a man of immense resource, and though last night he never showed the slightest sense of strain, it may be guessed that even his resource was taxed to the full to effect an illusion so potent and so incisive. He sang beautifully, warmly, sweetly-powerfully—particularly that lovely serenade, 'Deh, vieni;' and the death scene at the close was a peculiarly fascinating piece of work. M. Fugère's Leporello, again, was very interesting; he comes to us with a big reputation in this part, and assuredly he justified that reputation. He does not exactly tickle you to laughter, but he keeps you always quietly amused, and his fun, with the exception of an irritating interruption at the solemn close of the opera, never runs into horseplay."

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Eduard Uhl's opera "Jadwiga" will be produced at Frankfort.

The death of Nordica was announced in the Ménestrel of Aug. 1.

Saint Saëns is at work on a grand scena "Cleopatra at Rome."

Mr. Piedro has written music for a "lyric, botanical, zoological extravaganza."

Stenhammer's new opera "Das Fest von Solhang," will be produced at Berlin next winter.

Edouard Zeldenhurst, a Dutch pianist, is said to have met with great success in London.

The Beethovenhaus Society of Bonn has offered three prizes—$500, for distinguished chamber music.

The Manuscript Society of New York will observe its eighth anniversary by a reunion at Manhattan Beach the 27th.

Rambosson's "Histoire des Instruments de Musique" (Firmin Didot, Paris) is criticised severely by Mr. Arthur Pougin.

Delibes's widow has given her house and garden at Clichy-la-Garenne to an asylum for children to be called the Léo Delibes Asylum.

Count Carlo Gomls of Trana has received the annual prize for a requiem to be performed on the anniversary of the death of King Charles Albert.

Mascagni will resign his position as director of the Liceo Rossini at Pesaro, to be a candidate for a similar position at the Parma Conservatory.

Max Karpa has written music, "fashioned after Goethe's ideas," for Aloys Prasch's new stage version of the second part of "Faust," to be produced at Berlin.

Piatti, the famous 'cellist, who has been an active figure in London musical life for 50 years, has at last retired into private life. His desk at the Monday Pops has been taken by Hugo Becker of Frankfort.

Mr. Henry J. Wood of Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts, and formerly of the Carl Rosa Company, has been appointed conductor of the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society; in succession to Dr. W. Lemare. Partly through a certain decline in the public taste for oratorio work, and partly through internal troubles, the society has not done well of recent years, and has trenched considerably on its reserve fund.

The Western New Hampshire Musical Association will hold its eleventh annual music festival at Claremont, N. H., Aug. 30, 31, Sept. 1, 2, 3, in the new opera house: Jules Jordan conductor; Martha D. Shepard, pianist; the Boston Instrumental Club Orchestra; Mrs. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, soprano, who comes from Europe (especially for this festival), where she has been singing in grand opera; William Lavin, tenor; Ericson F. Bushnel, bass; Mrs. J. W. Dean, contralto, Denver, Col.; Mary Downey, soprano, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and others of note.

The Old Stoughton Musical Society will hold its second reunion in Highland Park, Tuesday the 24th. President D. H. Huxford of Randolph will have charge, assisted by Secretary Edwin A. Jones of Stoughton, leader of the orchestra, and Chorister Nelson Mann of Randolph, who will have charge of the chorus. The program of the day will consist substantially as follows: 10.30 A. M. to 12 M., social reunion; 12 M. to 1 P. M., dinner; 1 to 3 P. M., singing from the society's centennial collection; 3 to 4.30 P. M., entertainment by the Park Company; 4.30 to 7.30, supper and visiting many points of interest about the park; 7.30 and 9.15, concerts by Martland's Fifth Regiment Band, Mace Gay, leader; 8 to 9.15, entertainment by the Park Company, followed by an exhibition of the electrical fountain.

Aug. 23 897

"I HAVE A LETTER ——."

One of the most deadly kill-joys of life is the letter of recommendation. This letter may be of social or business nature; it is, ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a bore or a mistake, and not infrequently it is a lie.

For a letter of introduction is often a mere shifting of the burden of hospitality from your shoulders to the shoulders of another. Jones has descended on you; you do not care especially for him; you have many things to do; you treat him indifferently; but when he tells you he expects to visit Marblehead, or Lenox, or some Western city, you reproach yourself, and, to make amends for your shabby treatment, you say, heartily: "Let me give you a letter to Robinson; he's a fine fellow; you ought to know each other; and he'll show you all there is to see." You seldom warn Robinson of the impending evil; you do not question your right to thus afflict a kindly friend, who has no defence; and, pray, how do you know that Robinson and Jones will get along together for one hour? You have got rid of Jones, that is your chief thought.

The letter of recommendation is often worthless; it is sometimes immoral. In the first place, who thinks for a moment of asking a letter of recommendation from a man who knows the seamy side of the asker's character? X. cheated Y. in a bargain. X. is out of work. Do you think he will ask Y. for a letter to Mr. Cooper, the senior partner of the well-known firm of Cooper, Fassett & Bung? He goes to Z., who was his Sunday School teacher twenty years ago. Z. is delighted. He knows Cooper, and he writes to him a letter something like this: "I have known Mr. X. for over twenty years. He is a man of unblemished character, more than ordinary ability, and an admirable man for any position. I shall consider it a personal favor," etc., etc. Z. has really known nothing about X. since he taught him a variety of misinformation in Sunday School. X. receives a position of trust on the strength of Z.'s recommendation; and yet X. is corrupt from sole to crown.

It is very easy for any one who is clothed decently to obtain a letter of recommendation from somebody to anybody. Men are so pleased to be charitable at so little expense. Or they are bored by the applicant. Or they are carelessly kind. But no one has any right to commend a man for a business position unless he is acquainted thoroughly with his character and his business life. If you cannot bear to say, "No, I don't know enough about you," follow at least the famous example of Abraham Lincoln, who recommended a lecturer as just the man for the audience that might like that kind of a lecture.

The suicide sprawls on the bloody floor of the bedroom,
It is so; I witnessed the corpse; there the pistol had fallen.

The sociologist, the humanitarian, and even the ordinarily indifferent reader whose eyes run over newspaper headlines as he sits at the breakfast table, are impressed alike by the number of those who in various parts of the world have put an end to themselves during the last three or four months. It is true that summer is the fashionable season for suicides, in spite of the popular impression that November drives wearied or despairing men and women to seek rest at the mouth of vial or pistol, or in watery depths, or at the end of a stout rope.

Now, books innumerable have been written concerning self-slaughter; books statistical, philosophical, polemical. If such men as Rousseau and Hume defended suicide, and even Dr. A. Clarke thought that in many cases suicide was more justifiable than duelling, the people of the Friendly Islands and the Fantees who live in a state of nature hold suicide in abhorrence. On the other hand, the Japanese,

probably the most highly civilized race now on earth, consider it honorable. There are plenty of precedents for enduring life or ending it.

Nor is there any scriptural text that thunders specific prohibition. Moses does not so much as mention suicide. We see from the example of Ahithophel that the suicide did not forfeit the right of bequeathing his property, and Michaelis reminds us of the fact that the punishment of exclusion from an hereditary burying place was not inflicted upon the unhappy man. Chevenix is right in declaring that the promulgation of Christianity altered every idea which had been hitherto harbored respecting suicide; and yet where in the New Testament is the specific prohibition against this deed?

But woe to him that hangs his life on any concise, rigid, literally construed text! The prison parson in "Johnathan Wild" approved of punch because it is a drink not inveighed against in Holy Writ. The diet commanded by Moses is not regarded as obligatory by even those who believe in the inspiration of the very punctuation of the Old Testament.

It is not too much to say that suicide is looked upon more leniently by English speaking people than it was a century ago. A man betrays a trust; he ruins a friend; he impoverishes a widow and her children; he kills himself. How often in such cases do you hear this speech: "It was the best thing for him to do"; or "He saved his honor"; or "He redeemed himself." But why did he kill himself? Not because he stole; not because he ruined others by his ambition or greed; not because he was a traitor; but because he suddenly feared discovery and prison, or because he had been discovered and heard the approaching footsteps of arrest. His "honor" shuddered at the thought of cropped hair and prison suit. His "honor" did not prevent his treachery. His "redemption" was simply selfish, cowardly escape from just punishment. Leniency in such cases is but a part of the increasing indifference toward corruption in public and private life.

But there are other and more plausible cases. A woman writes you that death and division have made barren her life. She is alone in the world. She must support herself. The love she gave was trampled in the mire by swinish feet. The love she fain would give is now without aim, for her children are no more. She is tired of the struggle. She notices that her nerves are weak; her body is a-weary. "If there were only something to hope for, to live for!" And she begins to accustom herself to the thought of ending it all quietly, of anticipating the final Releaser. Do you say no sane woman, no sane man would ever seriously announce the intention to commit suicide? How little you know the workings of the human brain! Why, you do not even read the newspapers. That which you call sensational is often the inexorable result following logical working out from unimpeachable premises. There are men and women in Boston who have written such letters. They have given directions to be carried out, and some have been singularly fastidious as to the disposal of the self-spurned body. Do you suppose that all cases of suicide are proclaimed by the town-crier in the market place?

Not long ago a poor widow in Boston saw that her sons were indifferent to her welfare, did not respond quickly to her affection. They sulked because she could not give them all they craved; they were sour because they were obliged to work. Her life had been insured in more prosperous years, and the time of her annual payment was close at hand. She could not meet it; but she could meet death. And she exposed herself to rude weather, contracted pneumonia, rose one night from her bed and sat for an hour or two by an open window. The sons will now be more comfortable for a year or so.

Of course there is suicide today that is nothing more or less than insanity, just as there was once in England a madness ending in suicide so common that medical writers of the 17th century supposed it to be peculiar to England, and called it the English disease. For such suicide there may well be feeling of relief as well as genuine mourning.

But let us reason with the distressed, the perplexed, the wronged who, sick in mind, are persuaded that Death will bring relief; not that we should threaten with sulphurous threats, for "the fear o' hell's a hangman's whip;" but there is something suggestive in the theory of Dr. Shebbeare, who, noticing the great abundance of suicide in England, ascribed it to the Reformation, "which by doing away with auricular confession put an end to a great resource for the wretched."

The chief objection to suicide is that it arrests or puts back the development of the soul. Death is a transfer or a promotion. If you believe that all your life is but a paltry thing of sixty, seventy, even ninety years;

If all these things came but to ashes of dung,
If maggots and rats ended us, then suspicion and treachery and death,
Do you suspect death? If I were to suspect death I should die now.
Do you think I could walk pleasantly and well-suited toward annihilation?

The Universe despises and rejects a coward. They say it takes bravery to kill oneself. This bravery is melodramatic, unreal. The true bravery is in endurance; and the paradox of Dujardin may some time be known as the noblest truth: "The keenest joy is in intense suffering." There must be toil and agony and blood in the higher development. The history of the world bears overwhelming evidence to this. You as one of many must keep the faith, that the race may gain even by your martyrdom. For this vast scheme was not contrived solely for your comfort, peace, gratification. If you endure to the end, you will know the meaning of the phrase Divine Average. Did you say, you were not sure of the soul?

I swear I think there is nothing but immortality!
That the exquisite scheme is for it, and the nebulous float is for it, and the cohering is for it,
And all preparation is for it, and identity is for it, and life and death are for it.

Aug 24.97

IN COSTUME.

The traveler in Europe of late years often is obliged to mourn the gradual disappearance of local costumes that accentuated the beauty of women or sometimes diverted attention from the laziness and uncleanliness of men. Perhaps it is for the benefit of the tourist as well as for national and local honor that Arch-Duke Franz Ferdinand of Austria has addressed an earnest appeal to the clergy, schoolmasters, parish boards and parish councils of Meran and the Austrian Tyrol, telling them that the Tyrolese peasant "is losing his national costume, with all its traditions and beauty; that something of the loyalty, religion, courage and integrity of the peasant is likely to pass away with it; that it is his Ehrenkleid, his dress of honor, belonging to his personality, which he has no right to lay down." The Arch-Duke thinks, perhaps, that with the loss of this costume the yodel will disappear, and then the Tyrolese maid or lover will be without excuse for existence, and may finally live only on the comic-opera stage.

There is an attempt also in Germany to revive the delightful and distinctive old fashions in dress; in Westphalia, in the Black Forest; and there is talk of the colors of the Middle Ages in Berlin streets, for the flower-girls of that city are wearing more and more the old national dress. "Berlin women have engaged many flower maidens and clothed them in the Vierlaender peasant costume, which is worn in Bergedorf to this day, and is one of the brightest and most picturesque of old German survivals."

In the drab streets of Boston there is crying need of brighter, more distinctive colors in dress. Our Italian friends, with here and there a negro in ultra-Sunday clothes, are the chief relief to the prevailing sadness. Men of our own race are more daring, perhaps, than women in audacity of color. Fatigue shirts, variegated or shrieking cravats are no longer regarded as indisputable proofs of inherent frivolity or inclination toward vice. But women are still more or less conventional in dress.

Why should there not be county or town costumes throughout the State? The women of Salem might wear the dress that becomes so strikingly the Puritans in Mr. Boughton's pictures. Along the coast the descendants of Spaniards and Portuguese certainly have a right to claim the imported dress of those countries. The introduction of bicycle costumes, with short skirts, has paved the way to the foreign skirts that might otherwise provoke objection from the prurient. Even the members of cults in Boston might easily lend distinction by contrast; thus, Browningites and Brahmsites could furnish a sombre background on the Common to the brilliance of a Cape Cod girl or the fiery jacket of an accomplished golfer.

It is a medley of many things, some that may be useful, and some that, for aught I know, may be very diverting. I am merry that I may decoy people into my company, and grave that they may be the better for it. Now and then I put on the garb of a philosopher, and take the opportunity that disguise procures me, to drop a word in favor of religion. In short, there is some froth, and here and there a bit of sweetmeat, which seems to entitle it justly to the name of a certain dish the ladies call a Trifle.

As they sat on a veranda, she told him that the summer, visiting clergyman, a most versatile and popular person, would read Wordsworth to her and her friends that afternoon from 3 till 5. "Wordsworth? Wordsworth? What do you do here with Wordsworth?" She answered, "Mr. Thurifer says Wordsworth knew more about nature than any other poet, and we must see nature through his eyes." And he replied: "Wordsworth, then, discovered nature? Look about you. Here you have trees, pond and ocean, clouds, sky, the sun, wind, stars, the earth, all in sight from this veranda, all in easy sight. Why don't you watch them with your own eyes? You may see more than Wordsworth saw, even with Thurifer's complacent commentary."

Some say that the word "cocktail" is a corruption of the Mexican "tochiti." We have heard the word pronounced so that it sounded like unto its original, but the speaker was not at the time an authority on any subject.

We have received the following note from W. B.: "Fleet, as a verb in the sense of to pass or to move, may yet survive in some parts of England, but it has certainly disappeared from the literature and the ordinary speech of both England and the United States. This, from the article, 'Shakespeare's Americanisms,' by Henry Cabot Lodge, in Harper's Monthly for June, 1895, page 252. It's to the word's above alleged disappearance from modern literature. I beg to remark that in a non-rhymed Description of a Model Newspaper, by the writer of this in Potter's American Monthly for June, 1877, the verb 'to fleet,' in the sense of 'to fly away quickly,' occurs in its 19th or last stanza, as follows:

'And, in fine, it has the sinner's
Highest welfare deep at heart.
Making known, as fleet his life-days,
What should bring eternal good.'

"Please to see, Mr. Editor, what Murray's Dictionary has to say on 'fleet' as a verb and what are the dates of its illustrative quotations."

We have consulted Murray's Dictionary—a book well known, we believe, to Senator Lodge. There are several quotations illustrating the use of "fleet" in the sense "to pass" or "move"—as in Symonds's Greek Poets (1873): "The wealth fleets not away"—and in a poem by Farrar (1875): "Time may fleet."

The important news is cabled from Paris that velvet will be worn there to a great extent, even in the early autumn. The Norfolk jacket with its three box pleats and band "will find favor among our Parisian elegantes." There will be a novelty "in the shape of the collar which will be very becoming to women with long necks, but it requires to be seasoned before accepted." And one of the leading houses in the Rue de la Paix is trying "to launch a loose braided over-jacket in fawn and a light shade of biscuit, to be worn over white cloth. The braiding is a mixture of round and flat cord ingeniously worked into floral designs, such as poppies with their leaves; sunflowers and daffodils are also among the flowers selected." "Seasoned!" "Launched!" And all for the "chiffons" of the "elegantes." This is almost as bad as the "gowned swagger set"!

Some are never weary of praising Southey's prose. It has many admirable qualities. But why did a writer of such distinction use the phrase "Lady Authoress?" "Lady author" would be bad enough. There is no homage to rank in this sentence: "It must be allowed that this Lady Authoress has succeeded in what might have been supposed the most difficult of all attempts, that of starting a new heresy"—for the author mentioned is Miss Hatfield, who wrote letters on the Importance of the Female Sex.

Mr. James Huneker overheard this dialogue:

She—Why does that piano sound first loud and then soft when Miss Wilson plays it?

He—Well, you see she is learning to ride a bicycle, and uses both pedals from force of habit.

Mr. Vance Thompson writes: "I understand that Mr. Richard H. Davis, who has lately translated Anthony Hope's Man of Mark into Americanese, has determined to establish himself in London. He has engaged a tutor and intends to make a serious study of the English language. He can already read English, and within a few years he hopes to be able to speak and even write the language."

What was the name of the poetic French diplomatist who made "Chevelure d' or" rhyme with "Bar Harbor?"

It is an interesting announcement made by the new publishers, Small Maynard & Co., of a complete edition of the prose and poetry of Walt Whitman, the first of typographical excellence in the twenty-seven years since the first of the seven editions appeared, also in Boston.—Boston Transcript.

Pray, just what does the Transcript mean by the statement, beginning "the first of typographical excellence, etc." The inference is that the first edition was published in Boston, and that there have been six editions since that first one. But the first edition was published in "Brooklyn, New York," 1855; and the first of the two editions published in Boston bears an earlier date than 1870—it was published in '60-61.

Women of Toulouse have been stirred mightily. Mothers have posted the walls with their griefs against the Faculty of Letters—moved to this outward exhibition of wrath by the fact that sons flunked their examinations. The professors are accused of picking out immoral passages from the classics for the use of candidates for degree. The passage referred to was from a well-known work of Seneca, and the mothers, hunting it in the original, find it "highly unsuitable for young men to read, much more to comment upon." The Faculty is asked, "Why these yearly hecatombs of victims? Why are respectable families to be thrown into mourning through the extravagance of examiners?" A London paragrapher suggests that even the candidate who wrote Scylla's life with Charybdis his wife will in future get his degree—if he goes to Toulouse for it.

Aug 25.97

SUMMER COURTESY.

It is not given to everyone to own a summer cottage, nor is it given to everyone to hire one. The great majority of men and women seeking rest is obliged to sojourn in boarding house or tavern. Thrown into close juxtaposition, where even privacy is tumultuous, strangers with widely differing views bring with them the atmosphere of their own environment. What wonder, then, that a woman from St. Louis may regard a Bostonian as cold and formal, and that the Boston woman may consider her table neighbor from St. Louis as "frivolous." After the summer is over, and the guests are scattered, it would be a pleasure to hear the descriptions given by them of the people with whom they were thrown in contact.

When you pack your trunk for vacation, do not fail to put in it a sufficient quantity of summer courtesy. It may not be the genuine article, but it should be a close imitation and warranted to wash. Don it each morning as necessary and ornamental. You will thus be able to endure breakfast, the first great trial of the day. Suppose that Mrs. X chatters about the tribulations of the night—how her room is over the kitchen and roasting hot—how the screens do not prevent the entrance of mosquitoes—how the cook disturbs her each morning by poking the stove, etc., etc.; don't glare at her, or curl your lip, but pull a sympathetic face. If Smith, opposite you, is enthusiastic over an author whom you regard as essentially bourgeois—a bourgeois has been described as one who does not agree with you—why should you provoke a quarrel and ruin digestion by voicing your dislike of the novelist in biting terms and by indirectly assuring the fellow-boarders that Smith is an ass. If you wish to make a favorable impression on Col. Carter

again by his press agent.

"What made 'The Heathen' more colossal than the rest of your great creations?" I ventured in awestruck tones.

"Ha, you may well ask," he started off again. "Listen; I have studied the arcana of London in 'The Heathen.' I have explored the fried-fish shops of Soho, the 'sausages and mashed' dens of Drury Lane, the gambling hells and the ha'penny licks. I have seen the Derby run, and played farthing nap on the Piazza of Covent Garden. I am steeped in all the wickedness of Babylon."

* * *

"There is no end to my depravity. I have studied the language of Cockaigne with as much zeal as I should study Russian. I have quite a collection of books on the subject. I know what is meant by 'a pint o' four 'arf' and 'a nice old geeser wi' a nasty corf.' I have submitted my philological researches in this language to an expert, who said that they were better than a sixpenny circus, any day; meaning by this untutored idiom of his that no improvement was possible."

* * *

"How did you bring yourself to write such a work?" I whispered, disguising abject terror by falling back on my timeworn rapt expression.

"I wrote it at times with a pen, at times by the agency of a clever mechanical device known as a typewriter. I also worked at it with my head—my brain," replied the great man, simply, as we sailed once more over a sunlit sea. "I wrote sitting in a chair. It was colossal—more than 100,000 words. Then there are proofs, basketfuls of them. This, the commercial side of the production of a novel by an author enjoying popularity, is colossal. I live in a Castle. I have a very able secretary, who never opens the shoals of letters I receive, much less does he answer them. But you, of course, must now have some personal traits to whet the appetite of a hungry world. You can say that I am particularly pleased with the names of my hero and heroine—John Smith and Alleluia Quall. They were the inspiration of a moment. I know that I have told the story of my afflatus before, but it will serve again. I came across the name John during my travels in America. By an extraordinary coincidence after I had seen this name on a tombstone, I met a young man, whose appearance had the good fortune to please me so greatly that I spoke to him. 'What is your name?' I asked simply, as if I were nothing but an ordinary man and not a great author incubating a great work. 'John Smith,' he said. That clinched it; and now I have made the name of John Smith immortal in 100,000 copies, exclusive of American and colonial editions, to say nothing of foreign translations. Once again, as I was driving out with my American publisher, I felt at a loss for a name to describe my ideal heroine, when my eye caught an advertisement poster on which was the one word 'Alleluia,' in huge letters—an advertisement of someone's soap. (No! you need not make a private note; all commercial arrangements are in my hands.) 'I have it' I cried, with an excitement that nearly spilled the mere publisher out of the carriage. 'Alleluia is her name. Alleluia.' It was colossal. Now, where's the printer's boy—quick! I have one or two more visits to pay, and today is Saturday. One hundred thousand copies, exclusive of American and——"

Is it possible that we have been deceived, that this interview is a burlesque, perpetrated by a wicked Londoner who never stepped foot or feet upon the Isle of Man? Come to think of it, "Hall Caine's 'Heathen'" doesn't sound right. Shoudn't it be "Hall Caine's 'Christian'"?

We observe that our old friend Ballard Smith is now known to Sassiety editors as "Mr. Ballard-Smith." John's turn will come next as—Mr. and Mrs. John-Smith, and the little John-Smiths.

There was fierce discussion at certain meetings of the Annual Congress of Women held lately at Brussels. Commend us to Mrs. Féresse Deraismes, who calmed one disturbance by saying, "Not Catholic herself, she respected all who were, and a good woman came before all."

They have in London a crucial test that is new to us. Mr. Newman Turpin, charged at the Marylebone Police Court with being drunk and disorderly, claimed that policeman and inspector were mistaken as to his condition. "As to the doctor, I think he was a little annoyed because I declined to go through his last test."

Mr. Plowden—"The tongue test, I suppose?"

The Accused—"No, sir. He told me to stand with my toes together and then shut my eyes. I couldn't do it. I never could if he was suffering from a complaint which naturally makes one g[illegible] it was not a fair test."

Mr. Plowden—"What were the other tests?"

The Accused—"Feeling my pulse, looking at my tongue and talking to me."

Mr. Plowden—"Um! And you survived all these tests and broke down at the last. That's unfortunate. You pay the doctor's fee and go away."

The Accused—"Thank you, sir, thank you."

Aug 29, 97

ABOUT MUSIC.

Mr. Max Beerbohm as a Music Critic.

He Views Opera Through the Wrong End of the Glass.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Players and Singers.

Hans Guido von Bülow in a letter from Stockholm once quoted this sentence of Jouvin: "Music is the feast of the memory." Now Jouvin was a music critic, and, they say, unmusical by nature. Yet Bülow adds to his praise of this opinion, "Often, and not only in France, the cleverest sayings about music are uttered by those who do not understand music."

Mr. Max Beerbohm is well known as an essayist who delights in hair-raising paradoxes, a caricaturist who is not unduly malicious, a conversationalist of rare charm, one of those delightful talkers who are willing to listen for at least ten minutes in every round of an hour. His ability as a literary critic is undisputed, except possibly by those whose bubble he has pricked. It is the fashion for some to say, "But you must not take Beerbohm seriously." As though he were not most serious when he is outwardly flippant—stay, flippant is a harsh word—let me rather say whimsical.

We have listened respectfully to what Mr. Runciman and Mr. Blackburn thought of the late opera season at Covent Garden. Why should we not hear Mr. Beerbohm's opinion of opera as an art? For he has expressed his opinion at length in The Musician. Do you ask "What does he know about music?" He disarms you at the start by admitting that he has no qualification for writing about serious music; but he has "an emotional nature and a fairly good ear;" so that if he could be persuaded to take a course of a year in the "Class of Musical Critics" at the New England Conservatory, he might, after two seasons, rival Hanslick, Pougin or Runciman.

Let us hear what Mr. Beerbohm has to say. Observe how easily he talks. And is there not much truth in his seemingly artless chatter?

"I own that I have a sneaking kindness for the opera. Whether Euterpe have reason to be pleased with the rites performed in her temple among the cabbages, is a question for the musical critics. I, beyond having a personal acquaintance with the editor of this paper, have absolutely no qualification for writing about serious music. Not that I am insensible to all music. On the contrary, I have an emotional nature and a fairly good ear. But these gifts do not help me to the appreciation of aught but 'tunes.' In the love of 'tunes' there is no greater fanatic than I. Opéra-bouffe, burlesque, musical-farcical-comedy, the music hall, the café chantant—of all these things I am a devotee and, it may be, a connoisseur. Had I my way, I should move all day and sleep all night to the sound of 'tunes.' As it is, I never sit down to write without a small musical-box at my elbow. I never withhold alms from any organ-grinder in any street, but give freely to each one, not in acknowledgment of his monkey, or his smile, or the grace of his small coryphées from the gutter, but merely to encourage him in an art that gives me great delight. I like, better than nothing, church bells that ring out hymns and next-door neighbors who practise new polkas. Even the brazen vagaries of my compatriots please me. My taste in music is of an inferior kind, but it is a means for me of much pleasure that is real and intense, and, on the whole, I think I am rather lucky in my Philistinism. The cognoscenti whom I see at Covent Garden would suffer intolerable tortures at the Gaiety or the Tivoli, or in range of a street organ, where I am so happy always. When I see them at Covent Garden, on a Wagner night, rapt in an ecstacy which I cannot share, I envy them, of course, greatly. But, on the other hand, the music that is being played does not really cause me any inconvenience. Indeed, I have often enjoyed parts of these Waguerian operas, much as I enjoy a thunderstorm, with a vague reverence and with an irrational pleasure in the brute noise.

"On the whole, however, I am quite indifferent to serious music, and I should not suffer from any sense of loss if all the scores of all the operas that have ever been written, and all the persons who might be able to reconstruct them from memory, were to perish in a sudden holocaust tomorrow. And yet I like going to Covent Garden. In June and July it is not the least pleasant mode of whiling away the half hour between dinner and supper. With its cool vestibules and colonnades and foyers, Covent Garden, despite its humble site and comparatively mean proportions, is an ideal place for a cigarette. Merely to wander behind the Grand Tier and read the illustrious names printed on the doors of the boxes—printed in mere black and white, just as my name will be printed at the end of this wretched article—is an experience to thrill hearts that are far less snobbishly impressionable than my heart is. I seem to breathe, at every step I take in that circuit, the tart ozone of distinction. The sultriness of no night in summer can rob me of the exhilaration which fills my being in that most high and rarified and buoyant atmosphere. I seem to tread the circuit with very light feet. Soon I am of a mood for the auditorium. As I pass down one of the narrow stairways leading to that sea of sleek heads and jeweled or feathered coiffures, the stalls, a stout gentleman unconsciously obstructs my path. As he makes way for me I recognize in him, from an old drawing in Punch, an hereditary legislator who was once in one of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinets. En passant, I tread upon his foot, that I may have the honor of apologizing to him. He bows courteously. I am happy. On the vast and cavernous stage, behind low-burning footlights, some opera or other is proceeding. The fiddlers are fiddling in a quiet monotone, not loud enough to drown the chatter in the stalls and boxes. All around me the people are chattering to one another like so many smart apes. Snatches of discussion here and of flirtation there are wafted past me, gaily, ceaselessly. I see the flash of eager gestures in white kid; I see white shoulders, white gardenias, rouge under lurid oelllades, the quivering of aigrettes, the light on high collars highly polished and the sheen of innumerable diamonds and the rhythmic sway of a thousand-and-one fans. Row upon row, the little dull-red boxes, receptacles of bravery and beauty, are sparkling, also, with ceaseless animation. To me they are like an exquisite panorama of Punch-and-Judy shows. Each lady, I think, should bring her lap-dog and set it on the ledge of her box, to consummate the illusion. Just above me, to my right, stretches an omnibus box. Olympian! It is empty, save for one of whom nothing can be seen but a large lorgnon, upheld by a pair of small, fat, tight-gloved hands. Who is it? A great man, doubtless. Great; else he were not hidden. A virtuoso, too; else he were less rapt. Perhaps an Ambassador; for his cuffs are cut in a foreign mode. Yes, I am sure those are the cuffs of an old diplomat, and that their wearer has sat just so, hidden behind the curtain, in all the opera houses of Europe—the Ring Theatre, the Théâtre de la Monnaie, the Hof Opern-Haus, La Scala and the rest. So will he yet be sitting next year, here or in some other city.

"And the music, the incidental music, is being played all this while. I do not think it is Wagner's. Wagner, as I have suggested, is usually obtrusive and apt to forget his place. He forgets the deference due to the stalls and boxes, forcing their occupants to shout at the tops of their voices if they would be heard, and has a vulgar trick of playing to the Amphitheatre and its dowdy freight of listeners. But he has done undeniably good work in humbling the singers. Thanks to him, the audience no longer spends its evening in prostration before a prima donna, as it seems to have done even within the short and gay recollection of Mr. Hichens. Bouquets do not hurtle through the air, and the poor singers, with their diamonds, and their diet, and their rivalries, and their roulades, are not the cynosure they were in the 'seventies. Yet, there they still are, those tiny, inadequate puppets on that mammoth stage, mere dots like the human figures on one of Turner's widest canvases; here he still is, this fat little man in trunk hose, with yellow hair down his back, strutting, storming, spurning, suppliant, passionate, aspiring, desperate—all for the sake of a little lady in white, with her hands clasped across her breast and her face upturned to the property stars. These little marionnettes with big voices, making so gigantic a pother about something or other, have keen pathos in my sight—types of our poor estate, of our vanity, our pompous endeavoring, our insignificance, on the world's stage. See! The wee tenor is going to kill himself with a dagger. No! The wee soprano prevents him. Tiny, intelligent, full of purpose, performing with all their might tasks for which I see no reason, they seem to me—these two—like a pair of ants on a pathway:

" 'Ill motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.'

"Hark! They are in the midst of a stormy duet. I vow the little creatures fascinate me! Here comes a whole army of ants in attitudes of surprise. The wee tenor beats his breast, the wee soprano dashes down a cup of wine. I would not throw dust on them for all the world! But someone, less kind than I, rolls down a great curtain, and the ants are hidden. The audience stops talking for a few moments of rather languid applause. Men in the stalls stand up and stare around, sidle their way through the crush in Fops' Alley, and seek the Tiers. The Ambassador in the omnibus box has dropped his lorgnon and is quite invisible now. And I reflect that, after all, the ants were rather absurd, and that, really, the house is rather hot, and that, on the whole, I will not stay for the last act."

* * *

"Tart ozone of distinction"—the description of the boxes and the diplomat—the analysis of Wagner's music—the irony and the suggestion of the puppet show—the kindl[illegible] spectator who "would not th[illegible] ants "for all the world"—here you have phrases and ideas that might have come from that magnificent Venetian Pococurante, who made a lasting impression on Candide. And after all is the opera worth more serious consideration? Are we not all inclined to excite ourselves to such a degree that Nature, as well as Mr. Beerbohm, may well put the question attributed to her by Emerson: "Why so hot, my little man?"

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Ysays will play the Brahms concerto for the Philharmonic Society, New York.

Miss Fannie Francisca of San Francisco will sing at La Scala, Milan, this coming season.

A commemorative tablet now adorns the house where Chopin lived in Paris, Place Vendome 12.

A cantata by Henriette Coclet was sung at the late Annual Congress of Women at Brussels. The composer conducted in a white satin gown.

Paul Gilson, the celebrated Belgian composer, has been awarded the prize for the best text of a cantata to be set to music by competitors for the prix di Rome.

A new comic opera by Messrs. Sturgess and Glover was produced at Birmingham, England, Aug. 2, with marked success. Miss Decima Moore was the prima donna.

Hugues Imbert's latest book, published by Fischbacker, Paris, is entitled "Rembrandt et Richard Wagner." There is said to be much pretty talk about "le clair-obscur dans leur art."

Mr. Louis A. Coerne, formerly of Boston, now of Buffalo, will move to Columbus, O., to be director and organist of Trinity Church and director of music in the Ohio University.

Rachel Hoffmann, the Belgian pianist, who will give concerts this next season in America, will play the concerto in F minor by August Dupont, whose pupil she was.

Baron Berthald and Miss Cecil Lorraine, a new soprano, will sing at the Covent Garden, London, Oct. 2. Hamish McCunn's opera "Diarmid," libretto by Lord Lorne, will be produced that season, and these operas by Wagner will be sung in English: "Tannhaeuser," "Lohengrin," "Valkyrie," "Tristan and Isolde" and "Siegfried."

Sir Arthur Sullivan has forwarded to the Prince of Wales a check for £202, representing the sum paid by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode in respect of royalty on the sales of the Bishop of Wakefield's Jubilee hymn, of which the copyright had been assigned to him by the author. He expressed a wish that it should be considered a joint gift from the Bishop and himself as their share of the proceeds of the Jubilee hymn.

How few were the operatic novelties produced in 1897 at Paris? At the Opéra, "Hellé," by Dupernoy; at the Opéra-Comique, "Chevalier d'Harmental," by Messager, and "Femme de Claude," by A. Cahen. These were the chief performances at the Opéra: "Faust," 32; "Tannhaüser," 18; "Sigurd," 15; "Lohengrin," 14; "The Valkyrie," 11; "Aida," 10; "Samson and Delilah," 9; "La Favorita," 18; "Don Giovanni," 17; "Hamlet," 15.

Saint-Saëns says of Donizetti, apropos the Donizetti centenary, "The present generation does not know Donizetti because no one knows how to interpret him at present. I never saw 'La Favorita' with Mme. Stoltz, 'Don Pasquale' with Grisi, Mario, Tamburini and Lablache, but I have seen 'L'Elisir' with Patti; it was a treat, and I still have a delightful recollection of 'Lucrezia' with Frezzolini and Mario.

The critics of the smaller details of the London opera season this year—those excellent amateurs, for example, whose enjoyment of the Covent Garden version of "Die Meistersinger" was destroyed by the fact that the apprentices wore moustaches—have been during the past few days worshiping at that Bayreuth shrine where no detail can by any possibility go wrong, and where, if any detail does happen to go wrong, it cannot, of course, be of the slightest importance. Readers may possibly remember the record of some of those details made in these columns last year—mere trivialities of clouds hooking themselves on rocks, of back-cloths forgetting to touch the stage, and of stage-managers' whistles heard behind, about which same point we have had so much complaint this year during the London season. We have heard, too, about the demerits of the London gasman, who has been accused of an entire incompetency to develop light or darkness gradually; so that one rejoiced and was glad that the fervent amateur had been able to cool his tortured soul in the Bayreuth springs. A whisper comes across the water, it is true, that details have happened; that, for instance, Siegried's anvil split before he touched it; that Mime died a natural death before Siegfried applied his sword; that in "Das Rheingold" the electricity man refused to bring the storm on gradually, and so forth. At Bayreuth, it seems, these things do not matter; it is Bayreuth! But a moustachio'd apprentice in "Die Meistersinger"—O Wagner!—Pall Mall Gazette.

Of all the curious musical festivals that have ever been held, the now closed Eisteddfod has been perhaps the most curious. It gets—as Alice would say—curiouser and curiouser every year, and though it must be a proud week for Pontypool, there have been times when a thousand swords would have flashed from their scabbards to avenge a provocation less deadly than that offered to the rest of Wales by Pontypool. For Pontypool won the prize for choral singing this year, although every other Welsh Choral Associatio[illegible] in the country was united to the la[illegible] man in the common declaration th[illegible] Pontypool stood absolutely last [illegible] point of merit upon the whole list [illegible] competitors. It is true that the [illegible]

[illegible] on the other [illegible] general effect of the [illegible] to be that musical adjudicators had better be done away with, and as with the runners in the Caucus race, that prizes should be given to everybody. Then there was Sir William Harcourt, who professed that there was nothing so refreshing as antiquity, that the songs of the people never die, and that Welsh music "is something more than art; it is almost a religion." And finally there was Miss Clara Butt, who, either in order to avoid profanity after this, or to show the men of Wales that there are other songs that cannot (or are not allowed to) die no less than the songs of the people, gave as a preliminary to the national festival her own well-known interpretation of "Il Segreto," and the tenor solo that won the first prize was no other than the "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger." Alas for the "Men of Harlech" and likewise for "Hen Wald fy Naddau," for the songs that never die, and for the music that is almost a religion!—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the English Colonies, received the following letter from the Orchestral Association protesting against the importation of foreign musicians: "The Council of the Orchestral Association, which is the representative society of professional orchestral musicians in London, begs respectfully to bring to your notice the bitter complaints which have been raised by resident musicians on account of the engagement of imported players at the principal receptions and functions of the Jubilee commemoration, and more especially on the occasion of the reception given by you to the Premiers of the Empire on June 30, when the 'Blue Hungarian Band,' a body of players imported annually to this country for the best period of the season, performed for you. It is urged, and with just reason, the council consider, that at a time like the Jubilee, when the principle of patriotism was being so eloquently championed in every direction by the leaders of the Empire, this preference for the imported labor was strangely at variance with the spirit of the moment. This preference, indeed, has been more than usually marked of late, and it may be pointed out to you that, as tending to make it still more so, it is no uncommon occurrence for conductors who have hitherto distributed their engagements fairly between British players and resident foreign players, to be instructed by their patrons that the musicians engaged must be foreign or foreign-speaking. Legislation offers no protection to resident musicians in this matter, and, therefore, it is at present only with the assistance of those who, like yourself, are in a position to set an example in favor of resident musicians that they can hope to obtain the patronage they deserve. The council, while regretting that you passed over resident musicians on an occasion so essentially national in character as your reception on June 30, venture to trust that they will not be calling your attention to the claims of resident musicians in vain."

WOMEN FACTORY INSPECTORS.

There was an interesting discussion lately in the House of Commons with regard to the appointment of a head of the Women's Factory Inspection Department. It would not seem to matter much whether there are five women factory inspectors, who are all on an equality with regard to their duties, or whether one of them is a superintending inspector. A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette gives the following history of the department, and thus furnishes a key to the discussion.

Two women factory inspectors were appointed in 1893, in answer to inquiries of the Labor Commission, efforts of the trade unionists and Women Commissioners. The appointment was an experiment; the duties were not defined clearly. The experiment was soon justified. "There were complaints as to overcrowding and insufficient ventilation, complaints as to fines and deductions, complaints as to employers who insisted on work being taken home, complaints as to irregular or non-existent meal hours, complaints of sanitation, complaints of the things women suffer which are best told to women." In 1894 two more women inspectors were added, and in 1895 one more was added. The duties became defined by Regulations of the Secretary of State. "These duties were confined to those places where women and children worked. Here the women inspectors administered the educational enactments which refer to factories and workshops, inspected ventilation, sanitation and overcrowding, and inquired into complaints which were made by the work-people."

Less than one half-year's work in 1896 shows a list of 53 prosecutions by these inspectors against employers. These inspectors conducted the prosecutions without legal aid, and of the prosecutions 52 were successful.

A head was given to this department by Sir Matthew White Ridley; the woman chosen for the post of Superintending Inspector was Miss Abraham. "In its completed form, the department was a strong and satisfactory organization; it had the power (through its Superintending Inspector) to authorize its own prosecutions; it had the power, also, to order an employer to make alterations in insanitary or ill-ventilated or overcrowded workshops—instead of merely reporting him. No word of condemnation for intemperate zeal or ill-considered enthusiasm has ever been spoken against the department in its completed form."

Alas! Miss Abraham is mortal! A few months ago she married, and, proposing to confine her inspection to her husband, she resigned her position as Superintendent. You would suppose, naturally, that somebody would have been put in her place. There is no doubt about the competency of her late colleagues or the success of the department. But the Home Secretary demurred. Opposition to the continued existence of a woman's department, with separate head and distinct authority, came from the men's department. But will not "a self-centred and self-reliant department" work better than one which is subsidiary to the chief men's inspector and which is dependent upon his sympathy? Meanwhile, operatives recommend the continuance of this Women's Department, and wish Miss Abraham's successor to be chosen from those who have had practical experience in mills.

There are precedents in England for women in stations of authority. Queen Mary made Lady Berkeley a Justice of the Peace for Gloucestershire, and Lady Rous she appointed of the quorum for Suffolk, "who did usually sit on the Bench at assizes and sessions among the other Justices, cincta gladio, girt with the sword."

WHITMAN REDRESSED.

So there is to be a new edition of Walt Whitman's works published in Boston, a city where publishers of "Leaves of Grass" twice came to grief. The new edition will be complete, with poems not included before in the various editions, with portraits, autographs, etc., etc. We wish the publishers success, especially as they announce that this edition will be of uncommon typographical beauty. A handsome book is as delectable to the eyes as a handsome horse or a handsome woman.

But to the true lover of Whitman the only edition of "Leaves of Grass" is the first, the one published in Brooklyn in 1855, the thin quarto of 95 pages. There is the portrait of the poet with slouch hat, shirt and trousers, with his left hand in a trouser's pocket, his right arm bent, with hand on hip, as though to illustrate the lines:

"Apart from the pulling and hauling stands what I am.
Stands amused, complacent, compassionating, idle, unitary,
Looks down, is erect, bends an arm on an impalpable, certain rest,
Looks with its sidecurved head curious what will come next,
Both in and out of the game, and watching and wondering at it;"

lines that remind one of the mystical saying of Geulincx: "But if I cannot produce motion in my body, much less can I do this outside of my body. I am therefore simply a contemplator of the world." In this edition is the act of entering in the clerk's office by "Walter Whitman," although on page 29 the poet describes himself as "Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a kosmos." And in this edition is the remarkable preface of ten pages, beginning "America does not repel the past or what it has produced under its forms or amid other politics or the idea of castes or the old religions, etc." This preface as a preface does not appear in other editions.

Now this first edition, sold originally for a dollar, brought, with an autograph inscription, in London lately, at auction, £15. The book is dear, however, to the lover of Whitman, not so much because it has a fictitious price as because it contains in little the essence of Whitman. He misses the Burial Hymn to Lincoln, with its sublime apostrophe to Death, the group entitled Whispers of Heavenly Death, the Ox Tamer, Children of Adam, To a Locomotive, and other striking poems, but the deep-laid, substantial, ever-abiding foundations of Whitman's philosophy are to be seen at a glance, and upon them the reader can rest solidly and without distraction.

It is true there are changes in the phraseology. In the first edition are these singular lines:

"As God comes a loving bedfellow and sleeps at my side all night and close on the peep of day,
And leaves for me baskets covered with white towels bulging the house with their plenty,
Shall I postpone my acceptation and realization and scream at my eyes," etc.

In later editions the first line reads:

"The hugging and loving bedfellow sleeps at my side through the night, and withdraws at the peep of day, with stealthy tread,"

and we confess that one version is as incomprehensible to us as the other.

Furthermore, the very print, the size of the page, the unconventionality of this edition are eminently Whitmanian.

This is the edition that excited the admiration of Mr. Emerson, who sounded an almost hysterical note of praise and then was persuaded by delicate ladies and gentlemen of Cambridge, Boston and Concord to refrain from mentioning Whitman in print. Even now an attempt is made in Boston to boost Whitman into popularity by telling of Mr. Emerson's admiration of him and friendship for him. One writer in the Transcript alluded, somewhat timidly, to their pleasant intercourse. The writer might have added, "This should not surprise you, for Mr. Emerson was at times peculiar; he knew strange people; but Whitman may have been a fine fellow after all." And this same writer speaks of certain Englishmen admiring the poet of "Leaves of Grass" with an implied sneer at critics over there who think that American literature must necessarily be something wild and barbarous, but does not mention the wonder and praise of J. A. Symonds, or Clifford, or Hardy, or Stevenson, who felt himself compelled to apologize to the world for his halting eulogy. The day has gone by when the name of Mr. Emerson must be invoked to determine for all time the standing of a poet. Mr. Emerson once compiled a book of poetry, entitled "Parnassus." It is a singular commentary on the genius of his appreciation and the blindness of his friendship toward transcendental mediocrity. We find there extracts from Mr. W. Ellery Channing, but not one line from "Leaves of Grass," which had been pronounced by Mr. Emerson "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom" that America had yet produced. The delicate ladies and gentlemen had prevailed.

Next to this quarto, the most interesting edition is indisputably the Centennial (1876), in two volumes, the autograph edition which was sold by the poet at $5 a volume. He pasted additions and emendations into this, and the books have a personal flavor. We believe that only 100 copies of this edition were printed. They who are interested in Whitman bibliography are referred to the September number of the Bookman.

It is not given to many to own either of these famous editions, and one that will be complete and well edited will be welcome to many in this country and in Europe. It is a pleasure that this edition is to be published in Boston. Hard times ruined the first local publishing firm, and the timidity of J. R. Osgood & Co. was not fitted to cope with the ignorant interference of a State official.

Let us hope that the marvelous preface to the first edition will be republished and in its proper place, at the head of the first volume. It is not true that the bulk of it was incorporated by the poet in later poems. Where, for instance, is the glorious definition of art? Where is this noble passage that cannot be too often read and pondered:

"Beyond the independence of a little sum laid aside for burial money, and of a few clapboards around and shingles overhead on a lot of American soil owned, and the easy dollars that supply the year's plain clothing and meals, the melancholy prudence of the abandonment of such a great being as a man is to the toss and pallor of years of money-making, with all their scorching days and icy nights and all their stifling deceits and underhanded dodgings, or infinitesimals of parlors, or shameless stuffing while others starve—and all the loss of the bloom and the odor of the earth and of the flowers and atmosphere and of the sea and of the true taste of the women and men you pass or have to do with in youth or middle age, and the issuing sickness and desperate revolt at the close of a life without elevation or naivete, and the ghastly chatter of a death without serenity or majesty, is the great fraud upon modern civilization and forethought, blotching the surface and system which civilization undeniably drafts, and moistening with tears the immense features it spreads and spreads with such velocity before the reached kisses of the soul."

We know not, we care not why Whitman dropped this preface. It should stand as the lofty and spacious vestibule to the temple of his sane, wholesome, spiritual philosophy.

Aug 30. 97

"A FINAL EDITION."

We had thought that Mr. George Birbeck Hill had furnished, by his industry and pains, a final edition of Boswell's "Johnson." His notes are voluminous, at times irritatingly so; when, for instance, he swells bulk by illustrative but none the less impertinent quotations. He gives references and cross-references. There are tables of contemporaries, and pictures, and autographs. There are indices to everything Johnson said, did, thought, might have done, or would have said. Additional and later volumes have supplemented and complemented. And now comes the cool announcement that some English editor proposes to give to the world a really final edition of the immortal book; an edition in which there will be "a complete biography of every person mentioned by Boswell."

This announcement calls for protest, if not for action, on the part of humanitarian societies. What will become of the original wheat in such a pile of chaff? Think of the hundreds mentioned by Boswell—the men of no interest, the lion-hunters, the cheap disputants, the authors long ago forgotten! Of what earthly or celestial interest is the life of many of them to us? Will the editor go so far as to give the career in full of Moll Flint, or the two young women who wished to discuss Methodism with the Sage, and were taken by him to a tavern, where he seated one on each knee?

It would seem that when a man does not know what else to do he turns editor and hangs to the coat-tails of a famous author, with "Hurrah for immortality!" Their madness—a profitable craze, for publishers listen—is annotation. Thus, if

[illegible] author mentions Voltaire, there must be a life of the Frenchman, a list of his works and a collection of criticisms of his life and works. If he says, in playfulness, "Tace, which is Latin for caudle," then there must be an investigation of the candle industry, with an inquiry into the use of cotton for the wicks: "In sapo et cotoun ad candelam"; or whether candle-making was not a separate business in 1561. This editor works on the principle of the index-maker who, reading that "Chief Justice Bent said he had a great mind to commit the prisoner," indexed: "Bent, C. J. His Great Mind."

Vossius mentions three authors who, to use Bayle's language, "inclose great nothings in a great multitude of words." There were laborious commentators in his day; but even the annotator of Apuleius was a modest fellow compared to a modern editor. True, there are exceptions. There is Mr. W. E. Henley, who, as editor of the Tudor Translations, writes not a line, and as editor of Byron illustrates the evil period of the poet with the calcium light of unabashed and grateful frankness; a model editor, for he knows the value of reticence as well as speech. After all, unless the editor be a Henley, shun the "copiously" annotated book; for the author is hidden in a cloud of verbiage, and you miss that which you would most enjoy, were not your attention inexcusably distracted.

Standing on a chair to catch the bluebottle fly, I suddenly clutch hold of the mirror. Its worn out nails give way. It falls over, and pushes the clock, which carries with it the candlesticks, the tobacco-jar, and two big, empty vases.

Everything falls and is broken.

Perhaps I have pulled down the chimney, and for a long time I remain stupefied, as though a thunderbolt had struck at my feet.

The dog barks in the court.

Grandpa, sick and in bed, calls to me from the adjoining room:

"Little one, it seems to me I heard a noise. What's the matter?"

"Nothing, grandpa," I say at random; "I let my penholder fall."

"Your penholder? Your penholder?"

Grandpa can't get over it; he raises himself on an elbow, looks happy, and taps me on my cheek:

"They say I am deaf, little one; but you see I still have a fine ear!"

Today begins the return of hundreds, yes thousands of summer exiles; a return as imposing as the retreat of the French from Moscow; as thrilling in some instances as the retreat of the Ten Thousand. The anxiety and the fretting of one day may undo the kindly attentions of Nature for a month.

"Good-bye!" resounds along the shore, from Machias to Provincetown. Crated bicycles, ostentatious golf-bags, trunks, men, women, and children crowd barges, express-wagons and trains. Human beings stand in cars for miles, without demanding their rights of the railway companies, which are too indifferent or too greedy to furnish suitable accommodation. "Civis Americanus sum!" which being interpreted, means, "I am an American; do what you please with me; only spare my life."

This exodus from shore and mountains is at the time when Cape Cod and the mountains are the most attractive to the contemplative, the amorous, the philosophical, and all other lovers of Nature. The woods, now that prying visitors are going, begin to put on their best clothes for their own enjoyment. The sea, no longer startled by dudish apparitions on the beach, woos tenderly the maiden who confides herself. The air, no longer rent by chatter and vulgar squeals of joy, is balmier. And yet there are men and women who rejoice secretly at the thought of returning to bricks and mortar.

The cave of primaeval man was an aesthetic residence compared with a yellow brick mansion newly painted.

Oh, the joy of the quiet few remaining when they say "Good-bye!" to the mother whose demon boy has ruled disordantly the boarding house. He yelled from six in the morning till seven at night. Did the Earnest Student of Sociology enter a mild protest? He was dotted a crank, a brute. "Were you never young yourself?" asked the giddy, parchment-faced woman, who like unto Artemus Ward's heroine, was between thirty-five years of age. In summer a grown-up person has no rights. The spoiled child is tyrant of the household. "Civis Americanus sum!" which, being interpreted, means "I am an American citizen; and I am without authority in my own family." In vain does the Earnest Student of Sociology recommend to the proud mother the precepts of King Solomon, who surely had exhaustive domestic experience. At last, relief! Even the little tyrant returns to bricks and mortar.

The merry days of England were those preceding the introduction of bricks. As the unhallowed invention made way the national gaiety fled before it. We may ask ourselves which was cause and which effect; Did the people cease to be merry because they submitted to the inroad of bricks, or did they submit to the inroad of bricks because they had ceased to be merry, the fated time having arrived?

How friendly, how chummy you were with Mr. Wigglespoon on the golf-course. You had thought him cold and haughty. But he was very affable in the game, and whenever you chased his ball, he always thanked you. Whenever you met in the road, he bowed pleasantly, and once he said, "How are you, Smithers?" You were with a friend. He said, "Who's that?" You answered with affected carelessness, "Oh, that's Wigglespoon. He lives in Boston. He's a mighty fine fellow." But are you sure that Mr. Wigglespoon will remember your face when you meet by accident on School Street? We may be distrustful; but we advise you to let him make the first sign of recognition. There are summer drinks, and there are summer complaints; there are also summer acquaintances. Mr. Wigglespoon on the golf course is not necessarily the Mr. Wigglespoon of bricks and mortar.

The essence of bricks, if we consider, is dirt. Stone is clean. At every stage of its fashioning those who deal with it preserve their self-respect. Wood is not only clean, but fragrant. Each lends itself to the artist joyfully; without soiling his hands, he can turn them to what form he will. But bricks!—made of mud, to begin with. Poor wretches caked with clay puddle and churn the vile stuff, slap and shape it in moulds eternally the same. There is no place for the artist's imagination here. When the mud-cakes have been piled in long rows a stench exudes to poison the neighborhood. No brick shall differ from its fellow, though there were millions side by side, by a hair's breadth. Placed in position, their absolute uniformity is attested by the lines of mortar, neatly parallel; when these begin to fade, enthusiastic barbarians trace them out anew; they call it "pointing."

The cottagers stay longer. They, too, speed the parting guest. Some wonder whether they made a mistake by calling on the Whackers who came from some queer Western city. Others, tired out, resolve to have no visitors another summer. "Why, we might as well keep a boarding-house, and what will they do in return when we are in the city? Nothing, absolutely nothing." One finds that Clamville is becoming infested with "undesirable people." Another is perplexed, fearing lest he may not be able to afford his cottage, "Mountain View," another summer. To all the same fate; to cottagers, boarders, the desirable and the undesirable, the vulgar and the delightful, rude boy and tender virgin, snobs, dudes and swells, the return to bricks and mortar.

Aug 31 1897

TABLE MANNERS.

We observe with pleasure that the genteel person is never weary of writing a book on etiquette, and that the equally genteel person is never weary of buying it. For book after book appears in England or our own beloved land, explaining what you should do and what you should not do in the act of courtship, in ball room, or when sharp-set at table. But no one has thought of reprinting in cheap form and with English text the great treatise of Erasmus, "De civilitate morum."

This is such a period of horn-blowing that praise, purple and empty praise, is looked upon with suspicion. It is better to quote from the book itself.

"Do not be the first to put your hand in a dish. That which you cannot take with your fingers, put on your plate. It is a great piece of rudeness to carry your dirty, greasy fingers to your mouth to lick them, or to wipe them on your coat; it is much more decent to use the table-cloth or a napkin." These words were published over three centuries ago. Is not the advice sound today?

"Antequam bibas, praemande cibum," says the sage in the sonorous speech of the ancient Romans; this, being interpreted, means "Swallow your piece of food before you drink," a precept that will be indorsed by any regular practitioner. And listen to these nuggets of thought: "Do not seat yourself with unwashed hands; see to it that your nails are trimmed. * * * To condemn the dishes presented is considered uncivil, and it is not agreeable to your host. * * * All that which is done or said at table should be imputed to the wine, unless you observe the law of the Greeks, 'I hate the host who has a memory.'" The author of "Dou't," nay, Mrs. Sherwood herself, who has supped with the kings of the earth, could not improve on this.

Are you worried as to the proper way of eating an egg? Are you afraid to dash it boldly into a glass, sprinkle liberally with salt and pepper, add a dab of butter, and then wield a spoon? Are you coerced into eating timidly a section at a time from the broken top? Read Erasmus, the son of Gerard and Margaret: "To clean the eggshell with a finger nail or with the thumb is a ridiculous action; you can do it more politely with a knife." Then you should also meditate these words from "La Civilité nouvelle," by L. D. L. M., 1667: "Break the shell with a slight blow of a knife; remove the yolk and a part of the white around it, softening the rest with the yolk; put in a little salt with the knife blade, and it is ready. If by chance you do not find the egg to your taste, beware of eating it; without saying a word, lest you disgust the company, put it on a plate. To drink while eating an egg is unbecoming; it smacks of gluttony."

Chicago epicures who are in the habit of tucking their napkin under the collar band should know that Erasmus recommends the shoulder or the left arm as the proper place for this table luxury.

But why pursue the subject. This vade mecum, this golden book is not now inaccessible to scholars. It should be brought within the reach of the humblest.

The chimney of the house is not safe. Sooner or later it will tumble. It already totters, like a man with one leg in the air, and the smoke goes out on one side.

They often say:

"Fix your chimney, Mr. Johnson; there'll be an accident; it will kill you."

"Don't worry," answers Mr. Johnson.

He is not afraid for himself. The chimney knows him.

But he sits all day in his front yard, and when any animal, two-legged or four-legged, dumb or speaking, is about to pass, he warns it away gently, with a stick.

We learn from the Musical Times (London) that "Miss Otie Chew gave a dashing temperamentful performance of Wieniawski's Polonaise Brillante."

The same magazine recommends golf to the musician. "It (golf) has the advantage that it does not involve any violent strain, and is practically free from the element of danger. Professor Karl Pearson, the eminent mathematician and philosopher, has recently discussed the chances of death in an elaborate essay, and no doubt would be prepared to supply a formula suited to the requirements of the timorous aspirant to golfing honors. * * * The use of the clubs is not likely to interfere with the suppleness of hand so essential to the executant; while the vicissitudes of the game afford splendid scope for the indulgence by vocalists in impassioned declamation. We can imagine no better preparation for the ideal rendering of a part which calls for a display of fury, despair, or indignation than a few minutes spent in ineffectual efforts to lift the ball out of a bunker." Jackstraws is also a good, safe game for a musician. Backgammon, English or Russian, or the Tesseranian Art dear to Mucius Scaevola the lawgiver, is more exciting; but casting the dice may injure the wrist of violinist or pianist.

If you would shine at golf, you should change your Christian name to Willie, unless your parents thoughtfully foresaw the glory of the links. Willie Park, Willie Park, Jr., Willie Dunn, Willie Campbell, Willie Crawford—think of the noble procession. Willie on the beach is nothing to Willie on the golf course. But how many musicians named Willie have blazed in the artistic firmament? You can count them easily. Wilhelmj is hardly in the list; he felt obliged to add a "J."

F. A. W. writes, "A friend just back from Europe asserts that foreigners pronounce Svengali with the accent on the first syllable." Svengali? Svengali? Pray who is or was Svengali? A real or fictitious character?

Your tailor, subject to your instructions, is responsible for the fit and the details of your black suit, while your washerwoman must be left to regulate the spotlessness, brilliancy, and stiffness of your shirt and collar. The white tie, on the other hand, is distinctly a matter of your own creation. You may tie it with studied carelessness or with military precision; according to your will your fingers will produce the plainest of bows or the most frivolous of butterflies.

A learned man tells us that if you take several thin sheets of glass and lay them together you can scarcely see through them. Turn them obliquely, and when they are inclined at a certain angle you will be able to see through them very much more distinctly, though the thickness of glass is of course greater. Why is this, and what is the angle?

Mr. Huneker found this delicious sentence in a Sunday newspaper: "In total darkness sat 10,000 persons for hours, and hymns of praise softly echoed as in a forest wilderness." Mr. Huneker adds. "The 10,000 so poetically referred to were a set of howling semi-humans, who attended the Ocean Grove Camp meeting. You can fancy how their hymns of praise 'softly echoed in the forest.'"

Mr. Huneker is kind enough to give the cast at the first performance of Dvorák's new opera: "Dvorák is to set 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' to music. Dvorák would set a hen to music if he had to. This will be the cast: Plancon, Little Eva; Lilli Lehmann, Eliza; of course cruel Simon Legree will be impersonated by Russitano, and there will be two Uncle Toms—Jean and Edouard de Reszke."

"Brutal assault by a negro!" "Threats of lynching!" "Rush made by infuriated whites!" And where was all this? In some hamlet or on some plantation of the far distant South? Oh, no; Kingston, N. Y., is not so many miles from Boston.

Perhaps Mr. Yone Noguchi builded better than he knew when he compared a Klondike miner to an "ant, battling for gold dew." Travelers tell us that in Ethiopa there are ants as large as dogs. On four paws armed with hooked claws, they scratch the earth, scoop burrows, and pass their life in searching for gold, which they put together in heaps. According to Mandeville, these ants have charge of mountains where gold abounds, and it is their duty to refine it. Herodotus says they have the face of a dog; Strabo tells just where they live; Arrian gives them the panther's color; while the more careful Pliny says they have a cat's color, and the face of a wolf. The Shah of Persia sent one of these ants to the Sultan Bajazet in 1559: "formica indica, canis mediocris magnitudine, animal mordax et saevum." There is only one dissenting voice; Albert de Bollstadt, a cold and sneering man, adds, "Sed hoc non satis est probatum per experimentum."

Sept 1. 97

CHIVALRY IN SPAIN.

There is a prevailing impression that the Spaniard is cold, haughty, cruel. Perhaps comparatively recent events in Cuba have put an edge on this opinion, even though it may cut the throat of truth. It is not now necessary to inquire whether the character of the Spaniard has been most influenced by the Inquisition, national proverbs, climate or a low diet, with much tobacco and many fleas. We generally associate a Spanish gentleman with the recollection of Don Pizarro, the unpleasant person in "Fidelio," who scowls, and stamps, and plots murder in a hoarse baritone voice.

But there is a tender side to Spanish character; witness the speech of Senor Silvela at the fair of Valencia. This Feria is held usually in August, and it ends with the Battle of Flowers in the Alameda and historical procession or Cabalgata through the streets. Senor Silvela delivered himself as follows: "The Valenciana, in her admirable beauty, does not seem like the women of many other places, artificial or adorned. To attract the sterner sex she needs not to add to her charms, neither is she a flower so fragile and delicate as to require hothouse nurture or protection from wind and sun. She is the spontaneous product of the country, a vigorous blossom springing up naturally, like the flow-

in the gardens of her own beautiful country, which is the appropriate birthplace of the perfect type of female beauty—a country bathed in a brilliancy reflected from the orbs of her exquisite eyes, bright and deep as the light of heaven, while her raven hair, her white skin, and her rosy lips rival in color the living roses and carnations of its fertile province." And we are assured that all this sounds better in sonorous Spanish. "Wow! Hot air!" as the statesman remarked at the famous Buffalo convention, as he looked on the seething scene from a stage box.

We do not remember a recent parallel to this gallant burst since a Western Colonel—or was he only a Major?—eulogized the charms and graces of Miss Currie Duke, a violinist not unknown in Boston. The Western orator was undoubtedly sincere; but we are pained to learn that Senor Silvela is a political hack, who was propagandizing against the fair of Valencia. Is it possible that his rhetorical flourish was but a graceful act of log-rolling (a phrase leg-pulling in this connection would be ill-advised)? Is it possible that, although the Baronesa de Cortes, the Baronesa de Andilla, the Charming Condesa de Ripalda, and other elegant-named beauties, including the "exquisitely beautiful Dona Dotres, the acme of female loveliness," were present, Senor Silvela's chief thought was of votes?

The last slice of cake, the last jam-tart, the last smooth peach, the last and consequently the most desirable portion of all things good, was by custom dedicated to a person of the name of Manners. At my father's table our eyes followed the forbidden delight, as it went, lonely on its wide plate, to delight Mr. Manners. In military circles Capt. Manners reaped the benefit of youthful abstinence; and in the select boarding-establishment at Clapham, where I learned so wondrous little, it was to Miss Manners that the offering was made. I notice nowadays no such sacrifice to Manners. My nephews and nieces have a sense of justice. They offer the last cake to each grown-up in turn, and, when the ceremony of refusal is over, divide the cake with strict equity among themselves. No Manners receives even a crumb from their table. The reason of this I take to be that the younger generation, with its keen, intuitive vision, has perceived that the Manners family is extinct—has worn itself out, as that families do; that, in fact, these mythical consumers of coveted morsels have existed even to represent a reality. Is it possible that the children, wiser than their elders, have become aware that "manners" is a by which the nursery of the sixties meant good manners—are a thing of the past?

But have not children reached this conclusion only after careful observation of their elders? Little pigs have pigs for parents.

It was the habit of George William Curtis to declaim from his Easy Chair phrases of amusing satire or biting contempt against the two-legged American hog. The animal still exists. Exists? Nay, thrives and multiplies. This very week affords admirable opportunities for study and more rigid classification of the beast; for he is to be found at almost any hour on steamboat or railway train.

We saw a fine specimen the other day. He was about 30 years old, well-dressed, and very content with himself. The boat was about to land its passengers, after an uneasy night at sea. The hour was seven in the morning, and no breakfast, not even coffee had been served. Women, old and young, pale, unrested, were impatient to go ashore. There was a long delay. At the head of the line stood the young man; he had elbowed his way. For ten or fifteen minutes he stood there puffing clouds of tobacco smoke from his confirmed pipe. The wind carried the smoke straight into the faces of women. There was coughing, there was gasping. The young man heard all this; he smiled and kept on puffing. He had a right to smoke by the rules of the company; for he was in a place where smoking was allowed. Now ten to one the young man did not really enjoy that pipe. He, too, had had no breakfast. He knew that many had been seasick, and were even then qualmish. He wished to exhibit in the sight of the public the superiority of his stomach. He was an admirable example of the American hog.

Mr. Curtis described more than once hoggishness of the young bucks at dinner hotels, who at a late hour found pleasure in throwing boots the length of a corridor or in shouting favorite ditties of the day. If there were protests, polite or profane, they would laugh. The only excuse for such conduct is intoxication. But eminently sober and righteous men and women are as great offenders. The mother who allows her children to be a nuisance to the other guests; the early riser who slams doors as though he had served his apprenticeship in Mr. Augustin Daly's Farce-Comedy Company; the woman who tunks and bangs the parlor piano when she knows that the invalid in the next room is trying to take a nap—all these are members of the great Hog family. The pious father will not allow his demon son to yell on Sunday because the day is Sunday; but the other days of the week the little demon is allowed—in some cases encouraged—to shatter nerves and sour tempers. And yet, oh, irony! this same pious sire assembling his flock for church will make more commotion and lead more shouting—as "Hurry up, Richard!" "Have you got a handkerchief, Henrietta?"—than a dozen of the godless preparing for a clam bake.

Our old friend, the man that dislikes Mr. Edmond de Goncourt, has turned up again. This time he uses the writing-paper of a hotel and his penmanship is unusually bad, almost as uncertain as his spelling. He has not yet mustered up the courage to sign his name. But we know him; we see him every day. He prefers a plug hat in summer, and his collars are high, with a black streak on the back where the coat rubs. When he goes to the theatre—this is only to see Irving or Wilson Barrett—he wears gloves. To him all women are "ladies." He shudders at the thought of "promiscuous bathing" at the seaside. He subscribes to three or four magazines, because "they are full of instruction." His chief ambition for his son is that he should grow up to be "a perfect gentleman." In conversation he chooses "limb" rather than leg; the former word is "elegant," the latter is "coarse." In warm weather he uses heavy scents.

These foreigners have an advantage over us. "The Mad Mullah of Haddah"! what a mouth-filling phrase! How tame is even "Mr. George Fred Williams of Dedham" in comparison.

Sept 2. 97

Mr. Johnston enjoys the country more and more, and searches each day a fresh emotion. Out of bed early this morning, he sees Farmer Shattuck a-sowing. He joins him and says:

"Shattuck, here's a favorable opportunity; show me the august gesture of the sower."

"What did you say?"

"I should like to see the famous gesture of the sower, painted so often by the great painters, and described by the best writers. Go ahead! Don't you understand? I beg you to show me how you sow when you sow."

"Why, look!" says Shattuck.

"No, no, my poor fellow," exclaimed Mr. Johnston, "that isn't the way. You look as though you were timidly feeding hens. Don't be afraid. I wouldn't harm you for the world. Now suppose yourself alone, and try again. In the first place, you should not face the dark wood. Turn more toward the light. Stamp yourself on the horizon. And then plunge your hand slowly into your apron, pull it out full of wheat, throw at random the impregnating grains, and let your free gesture seem to traverse all nature like unto a loosened bird. Now then! One! Two!——

"But, Shattuck, why do you stare at me so stupidly?"

The idea is constant; the expression is variable. Mr. Augustine Birrell wisely says: "I should be almost happy if I could be sure of a clean shirt, a clean table cloth with simple food on it, and a clean room to sleep in for every day of the year." The ancient philosopher looked long at the richly stored market place, examined curiously the stately palace of a patron of art, and cried out in thankfulness, "How many things there are I do not want."

We were talking yesterday with Mr. Sleicher, the eminent essayist. "I should be very happy," he said, "if I were guaranteed $3500 a year for the rest of my life. I should not ask for more; and a man with a wife and only one child can live comfortably on that, Judge Grant to the contrary notwithstanding." At the end of the next block, Mr. Sleicher said, "I think I could get along on $3000 a year, if it were only a dead sure thing." We had reached Tremont Street. Mr. Sleicher murmured, as in trace, "Just now I should be happy if I had a pair of suspenders for each pair of trousers." We made a hasty calculation. In such a case, we should still have one pair of suspenders.

Stick to it, Mr. Roche, poet, editor and patriot. We believe firmly that Time will vindicate you in your opinion of Mr Kipling and his ditty to a tribal deity. Mr. Kipling was fortunate at the start in the freshness of his material. They that had never seen India and knew absolutely nothing of Indian life were the first to sweat with enthusiasm over Mr. Kipling's "realism." Others roared so that they burst buttons over jokes they did not understand. When this remarkable young man took to knocking out verses, at once the sky was hit with the cry, "A great poet! A wonderful poet!" Then there was much pretty talk about his "dignifying"—or was it "ennobling"?—labor. And now it appears that Mr. Kipling has all this time been "a religious poet." There was once a hymn and psalm book known as "Watts and Select." Shall we soon find in our churches a "Kipling and Select"—three-fourths Kipling, with a few poems by Faber, Keble, Montgomery, Wesley, Lyte and other inferiors?

Mr. Douglas Macleane, an ex-Fellow of Pembroke, Oxford, has written a history of his college. He tells this story of Bishop Jeune, who was Master of Pembroke: "Asked to state the duties of the head of a college, the Bishop replied that these were to write a few letters and to see a few young gentlemen in the morning. What, then, are the duties of a dean of a cathedral? 'All the duties,' was his answer, 'of the head of a college except writing a few letters and seeing a few young gentlemen in the morning.'"

In a late number of Simplicissimus (Munich) appears a cosmopolitan type, the oracle. You have seen him in this country, on veranda, or in street car, bar-room, barber-shop, club, religious conference. In Munich he is at times malicious, as when he stretches out his hand and points a finger—that awful finger always in danger of going off: "Yes, gentlemen, who, pray, are the German poets? Well, I'll tell you. We all write more or less poetry in our youth. Then comes a time, when this seems to us silly, and we stop. But there are people who write poetry all the time—all the time—you can't stop 'em; and these are our German poets."

Romance is not dead even in the materialistic United States. Witness the leap of the young despairing lovers from that high rock in Tennessee.

Where, oh, where is our esteemed contributor, Q, whose prose poems have excited wonder in Paris and Boston, St. Petersburg (Russia) and Lewiston (Me.)?

Sept 3. 97

On the dusty road and under the burning sun Parsons and Lyman are returning home in their wagon. As they pass near a field of ripe wheat, Lyman, who knows what he is talking about, says:

"That's fine wheat!"

Parsons, who drives, says nothing; he crooks his back. Lyman crooks his the same way, and their bare napes, hardened, roast by degrees and shine like copper saucepans.

Parsons mechanically jerks or slaps the reins. At times he takes a stick and strikes the horse sharply. The horse does not change his gait; he bends his head, probably to see the play of his hoofs, which move regularly, one after the other, and never make a mistake. The wagon follows him as much as possible: a humped shadow trails behind; Parsons and Lyman bend still lower.

They go through villages which appear abandoned, it is so hot. Once in a while they meet a man who only nods. They close their eyes on account of the glaring road.

It is night and very late when they reach home. You always end by arriving. The horse stands before the barn-door and throws back his ears. Parsons and Lyman, torpid, begin to unload, and Parsons answers Lyman:

"Yes, it's fine wheat."

This reminds us of the infallible remedy for the bite of a scorpion. It is published in Johnston's "Wonderful Things of Nature": If he (the person bitten) sit upon an Asse with his face towards the tayl, the Asse will endure the pain and not he."

We have received the following letter from "A Massachusetts 'Bacheior in Office' who is on a vacation": I have been reading a good deal lately, in the Journal and elsewhere, about Mrs. Smith's crusade against 'Bachelors in Office,' and I venture to suggest that perhaps it would be well also for her to begin a crusade against the ever so many thousand Massachusetts women who cannot bring themselves down—in their minds—to the level of average male humanity. Probably nine-tenths of the aforesaid bacheiors are in the position of the poet Whittier, who lived a long life in loneliness, so oppressive that one is made to feel it in nearly all his works, simply because the women of his acquaintance could not bring themselves down (?) to his level, and he being an honorable man would not act Svengali. We know that we are not entitled to any consideration—and we have always got it—but if a crusade is to be gotten up for our especial benefit, why in the name of all that's wise and otherwise should not the authors of all our troubles have a part of the chastisement?"

To Somerset. No. Putting vinegar and sugar on lettuce is by no means a distinctively American crime. Mr Venner in his invaluable treatise "Via Recta ad Vitam Longam" 1650, 4to, p. 193, says: "Lettuce is much used in sallads in the summer-time with vinegar and sugar. * * * Some used to eat oil also with it in their sallads." He adds, speaking merely of lettuce, "In these days it is commonly eaten at the beginning of meals." Mixing salads was held in high esteem in still earlier days; for Dekker, enumerating the Necessary Qualifications of a Gallant, says: "He must be various in his salads."

We observe a hysterical tendency to declare the Chicago sausage maker guilty before the jury returns its verdict. The idea that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty is now voted foolish and old-fashioned. Is this maxim taught today in any law-school?

Of course, after the solemn opinion of the law is uttered, there is nothing more to be said, even though Nature herself should show signs of perturbation. Did not the Irish Attorney General, March 2, 1784, before the Irish House of Lords, in the case of Hume and Loftus, instance a case wherein a judgment had been given on the presumed death of a man's wife, who, as afterward appeared, was not dead, but was produced in person to the Court, and was properly identified, and it was prayed to the Court to reverse the judgment given on supposition of her death, which had been pronounced by the same Court, as in the pleading stated? Nevertheless the Court, with the Woman before their eyes, pronounced her dead, and confirmed the judgment, saying that the verdict was not that which was binding, but the judgment, in consequence of the verdict having become a record, could not be reversed.

Spain spent over $250,000 in matadors' fees between April 5 and Oct. 15 last year. Guerrita's fee—he is the crack bull-killer—is $900 a bull. He earned that season over $50,000. We are inclined to believe that butchers in Boston make still more money; for in no large city of the Northern or Western States is beef so high in Boston.

The "few words" de rigueur; then the two ladies came to the arbitrament of the hat-pin, and there is considerable incision, and one lady's boot takes the other where the chunk of old red sandstone took Dean of Angels, and the root of the booted lady's tongue is torn, and this is a fair stand-up fight down in Lambeth. No wonder that prisoner and prosecutrix express very decided difference of opinion before the cadi as to which ought to be the other, and whether they have been properly sorted out into the dock and the witness-box in which they find themselves respectively. Solomon himself would be puzzled to decide, because Solomon would allow himself probably to refine upon the question. Not so the cadi. Refinement, he understands, would be altogether thrown away in a case of this kind. The ladies have been sorted, and that is good enough for him. He sits there, he tells them, pretty well every day, and whether it's tooth-and-nail, or whether it's hat-pin, it's always in the plural, and seldom more to choose between a pair than he sees now. But prosecutrix has been badly injured, and prisoner is in the dock, so prisoner must stand the racket, and pay up, or do fourteen. So is inculcated the moral: Keep out of the dock.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Sept 4. 97

THE BARNYARD OSTRICH.

Mr. Francisque Sarcey, the well-known and fat dramatic critic who tells the Parisian grocers and their wives what they should think of a new play, has been praising the ostrich and the Société d'Acclimatation and Mr. Dubreuil, a member of the said society. For ostriches are now at home in Nanterre. According to Mr. Sarcey, the feathers of this glorious bird are gold, its flesh is manna, and one of its eggs will make a whole omelette. It will eat pebbles, shards, broken iron, dice, and the post-mortem result is, according to Mr. Sarcey, a succulent roast.

"Old saws and gimlets
Its appetite whets,
Like the world-famous bark of Peru."

In the meadows it lives peaceably with the ox and the horse, and it will lay 25 to 50 eggs a year.

But there are cheerful facts concerning the ostrich that are overlooked by the ingenious Mr. Sarcey. We find them recorded in zoological treatises of the thirteenth and four-

teenth centuries, when investigation was more searching than it is today.

Brunetto Latini says the ostrich has the feet of the camel. Its favorite month for laying eggs is June. It then contemplates a star named Virgil or Juizil, lays its eggs in the sand, and goes quietly to its business. Indeed, without pride, it does not remember its eggs, which the sun good-naturedly hatches. It digests iron because its stomach is not. Now Cuvier says that the ostrich will swallow everything, but it will not digest everything, in which respect it resembles certain men and women; but is Cuvier to be implicitly believed? The bird is terribly afraid of the horse. If it meets one it raises its wings against him and flaps them against each other so violently that it constrains him to run away.

Furthermore, this interesting bird has symbolical and religious uses. It is the type of pride, because its wings seem to bear it skyward, while its heavy body holds it to earth. Its eggs were hung in Christian churches. For the ostrich, according to Mr. Didron, who contradicts a statement made above, lays an egg in which the little one would be imprisoned eternally if the mother did not come to break the shell with a mixture of honey and blood. At its touch the shell opens, and the bird flies forth with spread wings. "Thus the Savionr, by His own blood, broke the stone of the tomb and mounted to heaven, where He sits on the right hand of the Father." The egg represents the holy sepulchre, and, therefore, Easter-Day ostrich eggs were placed reverently on the altar.

Tiennot walking in the market sees baskets full of cherries so puffed up and so red that they appear to he artificial. He says to the huckster:

"Let me eat as many cherries as I wish, and I'll give you ten sous."

The huckster takes him up, sure of making by it, because cherries are in plenty this year, and at the price they are sold he could afford to give a wheelbarrow full for ten sous.

Tiennot lies down among the baskets and he rests on his right side.

There is no hurry; he chooses fine cherries and eats them one by one.

He slowly empties the first basket and then the second.

The huckster smiles. From time to time the market people draw near to look on. The apothecary appears; the restaurant man also appears. They all encourage Tiennot.

He makes no answer. Unmoved, he opens and shuts his mouth mechanically. When an uncommonly juicy cherry goes down he seems to sleep.

The huckster, already uneasy, thinks:

'Perhaps I shall not lose, but I shall hardly gain anything.'

And the ten sous piece pressed between his fingers shrinks in value.

Suddenly and cheerfully he cries:

'At last!'

Tiennot stirs, tries to raise himself, makes a painful effort. But he only changes sides; leaning on his left, he stretches his hand toward another basket.

And now that he really has an appetite, he begins to swallow the cherry stones.

According to the catalogue of the hat exhibition at Brussels, Napoleon lost his head gear at the Battle of Waterloo, for that hat is in the exhibition. Or was it blown away? Or did he change it for a fresh one? Or was it stolen by a collector? Victor Hugo, who tells so many things that are not so about Waterloo, is mysteriously silent as to this capital matter. And what size did Napoleon wear? His head was large. For hats worn by him are at the Invalides; and there were some at the Louvre. Dean Stanley wore a 6⅞, the Prince of Wales wears a 7; Joseph Hume wore an 8½; Mr. Gladstone is comfortable with a 7⅛.

"I cock my hat as I please indoors or out" chants Walt Whitman in one of his more expansive moods. Here is an answer to the correspondent who wishes to know whether a man should remove his hat in an elevator "if there are ladies present." An old question, no doubt discussed when the lift was first used in the Tower of Babel. This courtesy of the hat is a geographical or chronological matter. We read that Mary Queen of England honored Ratcliff Earl of Sussex, by allowing him to cover his head in her presence. A like favor was once granted to the Lord Cobham, Baron of Kingsdale in Ireland. On the other hand it was mentioned in [illegible] as a token of extraordinary respect in a wife that a man should in her presence remove his hat in the house. In the time of Charles II. of England the custom of keeping on the hat was almost as common as it is now for women to keep on their bonnets; the members of the Royal Society conducted their proceedings with their hats on. Even as late as the middle of the 18th century men wore hats in the theatre, except in the presence of royalty. But to go back to the question of our correspondent: If you are sure that your hair is combed and brushed pleasingly, you would do well to remove your hat. If you are bald, it might be more prudent to remain covered.

This reminds us that the microbe of baldness was exhibited some weeks ago at the St. Louis Hospital, Paris. It was there investigated and examined in every possible way. Men have been sensitive about their baldness ever since Elisha was irritated by rude boys, but long hair which is the glory of women and Indian Doctors slew Absalom. "And make not a fool of yourself in disguising or wearing long hair or nails, which are but excrements of nature," said King James I., who objected also to tobacco. Caesar wore laurel to hide his baldness, and yet the gossipmongers tell us he wished his body smooth. Poets should have flowing locks; this is one reason why we could never wax enthusiastic over Mr. T. B. Aldrich, whose dress is as fastidious as his verse; but stock-brokers and financiers should be bald, it goes with their business. Would an orchestra obey Mr. Seidl if he should resemble closely a human being? Would cropped Paderewski draw an audience to Music Hall? Experiments at Pasteur Institute! An alopecic sheep at St. Louis Hospital to give evidence! Go to! Baldness is to many their stock in trade. Bill Nye knew this.

This hat collection at Brussels must be a pleasing show. The oldest hat on record is there; it belonged to a peasant in 1535. The oldest covering ever worn on a female head is there; it was owned by a spinster. Helmets, morions, pickelhaubes, shakos, caps—are thick as cranberries on the Cape. A Londoner mourns the absence of certain curiosities of 1897: "For instance, the lady's hat which hides all glories but its own, the mangy bowler which is left in exchange for our own hat at the hairdresser's shop, and the silk hat before and after divine service when some conscientious lady has used it as a hassock or a short-sighted gentleman has placed his dripping umbrella inside it to let the water drain off." But he is a grumbler by birth.

Monday is Labor Day. The paper cap of the workmen outweighs the imperial crown. And even Mr. Edmond de Goncourt asked Sept. 4, 1892, whether art, in the restricted sense of the word, is not inferior to industrial art. But let us not follow the example of the magazines and deal with Christmas in November.

Sept 5 1897

ABOUT MUSIC.

New Books and Pamphlets in Various Languages.

Wagner's "Ring" Provokes Again Sharp Hysteria.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Players and Singers.

There is an intolerable absence of books giving the record of operatic and musical performances in this country. Mr. Armstrong wrote a history of opera in Philadelphia, but it is not full in particulars, casts are not always given, and there is padding of little or no interest. But is there any published record of the French opera in New Orleans, a city that heard certain operas long before they were known in New York or Boston? Mr. Krehbiel's record of New York musical life was for only a few years, and Mr. Wilson's Musical Year Book died soon after the compiler left Boston. Ireland's "History of the New York Stage" has not been supplemented by any indefatigable plodder, although there is every now and then a threatened appearance of a continuation. Suppose, for instance, you wish to find out the date and the cast of the first performance of "Faust" in New York or Boston? What else is there for you to do but to hunt through newspaper files or sponge upon the kindness of some enthusiast in such matters?

They order these things better in France, Italy and Germany. Look at the volumes devoted to the Opéra, Opéra-Comique, and Conservatory con- [illegible] a marvelously complete history of the Scala, the Vienna opera, the Monnaie, the Fenise, the opera house at Brescia. Alas, there is need of such work in London.

I am reminded of this by the fact that even in Lille, Mr. A. Gaudefroy has compiled a little volume entitled "Les Premières au Théâtre de Lille 1895-97." By the way, the operas performed most frequently in Lille during those two seasons were "Mignon" 14, "Faust" 12, "Manon" 11, "Carmen" 9, "Hérodiade" 7.

It is a pleasure to learn that Mr. Arthur Pougin has edited a new edition of Félix Clément's "Lyric Dictionary, or History of Operas," which will be, or has just been published by Larousse, Paris. The fourth and last supplement appeared in 1880. The book has been revised thoroughly, they say; many errors have been corrected—and there were very many errors; the list has been extended to the present year. Four thousand new titles have been added. Some of the notices are extended, with facts about performances in all countries. The book is a thick one; 1200 pages in double columns. The only other work to be compared to this is Riemann's "Operatic Lexicon."

Other books concerning music published lately are "La Messe Solennelle de Beethoven; étude analytique," by Marcel Rémy, Brussels, 1897;

"Beethoven's Missa Solemnis: eine Studie," by Wilhelm Weber, Augsburg, 1897;

"L'Ancien Chapitre de Notre-Dame de Paris et sa Maîtrise," by F. L. Chartrier, 1897, Perrin, Paris. This is a history of the choir of Notre Dame, full of interesting details concerning the life and instruction, the instruments used, the music sung. An appendix gives fragments of works by ancient chapel masters; the most famous of these were Campra and Lesueur;

"Le nove sinfonie di Beethoven," by Alfredo Colombani, music critic of the Corriere della Sera, 1897, Turin, published by the Bocca Brothers. Pougin says this is the most important book concerning Beethoven that has yet appeared in Italian;

"Le Matériel sonore des orchestres de symphonie, d'harmonie et de fanfares, ou Vade mecum du compositeur, suivi d'une échelle acoustique permettant de calculer très facilement la longueur théorique de tous les instruments à vent à un diapason quelconque," by Victor Mahillon, 1897, Brussels. Mahillon & Co. A little book that is almost indispensable to composers, orchestral leaders, and bandmasters. The name of the author guarantees the worth of the book.

"La Société des Concerts de 1828 à 1897," by A. Dandelot, will soon be published.

* * *

Apparently the most important book on a musical subject published lately in English is "Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung," by David Irvine (London: H. Grevel & Co.).

The Pall Mall Gazette reviews it as follows:

"It is impossible to read Mr. David Irvine's book on the 'Ring des Nibelungen' without coming to a definitely favorable judgment upon his accomplishments—his sincerity, his thoughtfulness, his generally acceptable manner of writing, and the thorough attention that he has given to his subject. At the same time we are fain to confess that although he has many and many an illuminating page upon what is a most difficult subject, he has proved once more that it is an almost impossible task—over which, indeed, Wagner himself failed in his letters to Roekel—to reconcile every part of the drama into a perfectly harmonious consistency. Mr. Irvine divides his matter into five heads— the Problem, the Characters, Biographical, the Drama and the Music—of which the problem, the characters and the drama are the most important. So far as these divisions go he dives into the very depths of allegory, making the attempt to show how Wagner, through his mythical incidents, covered practically a whole optimistic philosophy of life, developing from 'the inherent goodness of nature and man' into a condition of things where the law is abrogated, and 'pure love' rules the world. It is our private opinion that the enjoyment of the great Trilogy is to any logical mind only hampered by these speculations, which are only fitted neatly together upon one side to break out in disorder upon another. Mr. Irvine, for example, drifts so far upon his dark river of allegory that he actually reaches the conclusion that Mime represents the Church, because he assures Siegfried that to him belonged the privileges of both paternity and maternity. Again, for some highly personal and inscrutable cause we are told that the condition of things in Hunding's hut 'as nearly as possible represents the state our age has arrived at,' which anybody who remembers that condition of things will, if he can free himself from allegory, humanly boggle at, while we are again told in complete contradiction immediately afterwards that the gods who 'dwell on the hill-tops are man.' So that either 'our age' does not include 'man,' or Hunding's hut does not represent the 'state of our age,' the first postulating an absurdity and the second an inextricable confusion of Mr. Irvine's theory. Once more, since at all points we must have our allegory, the reader turns with interest to see how the magic potions which destroy and restore Siegfried's memory in the 'Götterdammerung' are to be explained according to this gospel. The explanation of the destructive draught sees Mr. Irvine on his highest horse. The drink, he tells us, 'typifies with one stroke the necessity which involves Siegfried—unconsciously to him—in the guilt of the world's ways. * * * Having had possession of the fatal Ring, he must err and expiate the error by his death.' If that is the case, we are bound to say that Siegfried is very badly treated; for it is with the utmost care that Wagner makes it clear that Siegfried has no share whatever in any sin or error, and to punish him therefore for his innocence would indeed be a cruelty.

Moreover, if the potion of forgetfulness typifies the guilt of the world's ways, what does the restoring potion of remembrance typify? Siegfried is still in the world and still smeared with the 'guilt of the world's ways'; but on this point Mr. Irvine is altogether silent; and, indeed, the second potion might just as well typify Papal Absolution as anything else, shocking as the idea must seem to Mr. Irvine.

"We have in these few observations merely skirted the subject by way of illustration; indeed, it would be impossible to make a complete answer to this immense collection of allegorical speculations at less length than that which Mr. Irvine himself has employed. But the fact seems to be this: that the 'Ring des Nibelungen,' a work of profound inner meanings, cannot be explained upon the allegorical system without a tissue of resulting contradictions. The general and patent meaning of scene after scene seems clear enough and sufficient enough; but Wagner, it must be remembered, possessed for one of the most extraordinary gifts of his extraordinary mind the most vivid and brilliant pictorial vision; and it is as certain as anything can possibly be that when that vision crossed his imagination he naturally and artistically sacrificed everything to it. At these moments he indulged himself in the creation of pictorial incidents and beautiful detail which rest entirely upon their own merits, and which can never be interpreted according to the hard and fast rule of some great moral scheme. We have said already that Mr. Irvine has written many illuminating words on the subject of Trilogy, and, indeed, for his comprehension of its general purpose, for his insight into the condition of Wagner's mental development, his outlook and his theory of life at the time of its composition, we have nothing but the warmest praise. Mr. Irvine is a fanatic; if ever a man created an anthropomorphic deity for himself, he was that man when he set up his figure of Wagner for worship; but, like few enthusiasts, although he lacks tolerance, he has singular intelligence and an admirable method of expression. In this matter of allegory, however, he goes too far and protests too much; he has only scorn and derision for authority and for the Christian churches, but he does not perceive that he is busy in nothing so much as in creating a new church, a new authority, and, above all, a new Scripture concerning the absolute coherence and consistency of which he is as enthusiastic and certain as any Testament commentator could ever possibly have been in the past. He has nothing but a smile for an elder faith that refused to find contradiction in the Septuagint; he must forgive the smile of the impartial when they mark his too vehement efforts to attain the same end in his study of the Wagnerian Bible. Mr. Irvine, in conclusion, may like to know, for purposes of revision in the event of his book reaching a second edition, that on page 263, in examples 3 and 4, the bass clef has been marked by mistake for the treble clef."

And all this fuss about four operas!

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette, by the way, publishes this elegy to a dancer:

Here she lies, O Tsuri San,
Daintiest dancer in Japan;
Sleeping sound as only can
Painted dancer on a fan.

Here she lies who'll dance no more:
Light as moonlight on the floor
Fell her little feet of yore:
Now leaves dance her slumber o'er.

Shadowy anemones
Colored like the sunset seas,
Shadowy boughs of willow trees
Dance and flicker in the breeze.

Dark as death her soft eyes were,
Dark as death, as void of care;
Black as night her heavy hair,
Night that weighs upon her there.

Soft as sleep her breast, I know,
Underneath its silken show
Brown as bird's wing, soft as snow—
Sayonara! Ohayo!

The Japanese editor of the Pall Mall assures us that "Sayonara! Ohayo!" means "Good-bye! Good-morrow!"

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Domenico Pinsuti, composer, died June 15, at Sinalunga.

Caecilie Cohn-Hollaender, pianist, died lately at Vienna.

Richard Strauss's "Guntram" will be performed at Mannheim.

There were 548 pupils at the Carlsruhe Conservatory 1896-97.

They have discovered a tenor in a sausage maker at Carlsruhe.

Martin Lazare, pianist and composer, died Aug. 6 at Brussels, age 72.

There are rehearsals of "The Mastersingers" at the Paris Opéra.

Tschaikowsky's ballet "Noël" will be performed at Vienna, Christmas.

Gabriel Fauré has been asked to write a ballet for Covent Garden.

Giovanni Bolelli, violinist and orchestra leader, died July 3 at Bologna.

The Royal Music School at Würzburg had 725 pupils during 1896-97.

Marcella Sembrich proposes to appear in the United States in concert.

Who will sing the part of the chief bloodhound in Dvořák's "Uncle Tom"?

The Bavarians will have a music festival at Nuremberg, Whitsuntide, in 1898.

M... ...s the report that he will leave the Rossini Lyceum at Pesaro.

Hermann Schrötter, a well-known Wagner singer, died Aug. 2 at Brunswick.

Beethoven's Missa Solemnis was heard in Brussels for the first time Aug. 8.

Giovanni Bianchi, opera baritone, formerly of the Scala, died June 25 at Sesto Calenda.

Müller-Hartung celebrated, Sept. 1, the establishment of his Orchestra school at Weimar.

Young Primo Gallisay's opera in three acts pleased when heard at Tamagno's villa in Varese.

Felix Draeseke is at work on an oratorio, "Christus," which he hopes to finish in 1899.

A company has been formed at Milan to establish a new theatre, "Giuseppe Verdi Theatre."

"Lucrezia Borgia" is to be revived at Vienna this month in honor of the Donizetti centenary.

Dr. Letamendi, physician, composer, critic and fierce friend of Wagner, died at Madrid, June 20.

Antoine de Kontski is playing the piano in Siberia. What does Mr. George Kennan say to this?

Leoncavallo's "La Bohème" will be performed on the birthday of the Empress of Austria, Nov. 19.

They have been having a Beethoven cyclus at Munich. The first three concerts were led by Nicodé.

Mr. Plunkett Greene will give a series of song recitals in Steinert Hall during the early part of November.

They say Verdi has written a Te Deum, and is now at work on a Requiem for his own funeral.

Eduard Eichorn, one of the brothers, who were known as child wonders, died lately at Coburg, age 73.

Bruneau is writing a new opera, "L'Ouragon," to a libretto by Zola. It will not be finished for two years.

The widow of Dietsch, who set "The Flying Dutchman" to music, died at Paris in August. She was 86 years old.

The pianist F. Lamond has been called as teacher to the Moscow Conservatory. He prefers to live in Frankfort.

Mr. Edward Mollenhauer will give a series of violin recitals in Steinert Hall. The first will be given Tuesday evening, Oct. 26.

A symphonic poem, "Der Corsar," by Franz Kessel, was played at the 9th Gürzenich-Volksconcert, Cologne, with success.

The Conservatory at Vienna had 901 pupils, 1896-97; 693 belonged to the Austrian empire, 6 were from North America.

W. H. Hamming, an instrument maker of Leipsic, bought the Guarnuerius del Jesû violin owned by the late Antonio Bazzini for $3600.

Saint-Saëns is at work on a lyric music-drama, "The History of the Nineteenth Century." He always was fond of his little joke.

Miss Katherine Hurly, a pupil of Mr. Warren Davenport, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall, Thursday evening, Oct. 11. She will be assisted by several.

The symphony concerts of the Royal Orchestra of Berlin, under Weingartner, will begin Oct. 4. Beethoven's symphonies will be given in order during the course.

Wasielewski's "Reminiscences of 70 Years," published after his death, is said by the Musikalisches Wochenblat to be full of errors and pages of no importance.

Mr. George E. Whiting, late of the N. E. Conservatory of Music, has severed his connection with that institution, and joined the staff of the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Remenyi, the violinist, was robbed of silverware, jewels and medals in his house at New York, Aug. 31 He had returned from a trip to California. Thief and valuables were found.

The opera of Donizetti performed most frequently at the Scala, Milan, is "Lucrezia Borgia," 171; then come "La Favorita," 119, and "Lucia," 92; "Gemma di Vergy" and "Linda," 69.

Luigi Cocola, a workman in the Arsenal at Venice, who taught himself theory and the piano, has written two operas which will be produced: "Teilo l'Africano," and "Aldino di Cittadella."

The ballet performed at Peterhof in honor of William II.'s visit was "The Marriage of Peleus and Thetis," music by Mincus, who introduced numbers from Delibe's "Sylvia." The theatre was in the open air, and the stage was set in the midst of lofty trees.

Henry Gillet, distinguished 'cellist, prize man at Liége and Verviers, with the orchestras of Lamoureux, Colonne and d' Harcourt, of the Crickboom Quartet, and Professor at the Barcelona Academy, died Aug. 3 at Ostend.

The Faelten Pianoforte School, recently established by Mr. Carl Faelten, will open its first season with a pupils' recital in Steinert Hall, Tuesday evening, Sept. 14. The pupils who will play at this recital will be selected to represent the Faelten system of pianoforto instruction at different stages of progress.

Offenbach's charming one-act piece, "Jeanne qui pleure et Jean qui rit." has been revived at the Olympia, Paris. Paul Chévalier asks apropos why the Opéra-Comique does not include Offenbach's "Chanson de Fortunio" in its repertory. And why do we not hear these pieces in English? Has "comic-opera" ruined the American taste forever?

The Academy of Sciences at Vienna, which proposes to publish a catalogue of all the manuscripts in the Imperial Library, has published the first part of the catalogue of musical autographs and manuscripts, 2000 numbers. The catalogue is edited by Dr. Joseph Mantuani. The library is enormously rich in interesting matter, for it contains the collection of Leopold I., the collection of the monasteries secularized by Joseph II., the archives of the Imperial chapel foun[ded by] Maximilian I. Under the Emperors Leopold I., Joseph I., Charles VI., more than 800 operas were performed, and the scores of all these are in this library. There are many works by de Lassus, Palestrina, Hasse, Pergolesi, Jomelli, Mozart, Gluck, Joseph and Michael Haydn. Bach and Beethoven are only modestly represented, and there is exceedingly little by Schubert. Bruckner left all his manuscripts to this library.

Sept 6. 97

When the psalm sings instead of the singer,
When the script preaches instead of the preacher,
When the pulpit descends and goes instead of the carver that carved the supporting desk,
When a university course convinces like a slumbering woman and child convince,
When the minted gold in the vault smiles like the night watchman's daughter,
When warrantee deeds loafe in chairs opposite and are my friendly companions,
I intend to reach them my hand and make as much of them as I do of men and women.

This is a day when many think it their duty to patronize labor. (As though labor could be patronized!) And thus you will hear pleasant words about the "dignity of labor," "the army of peace," "the sinews of the Great Republic." These words are sometimes the prudent expression of the timid rich; sometimes the vague feeling of ignorant good will toward laborers put into phrases by the kindly disposed who know work chiefly as a dictionary word; sometimes the platitudes of those in search of copy. And yet you might as well patronize a phenomenon of Nature or an elemental force as an army of workmen. How can he that has never earned one dollar by the work of his hands appreciate the life of a laboring man? How few there are who respond to this description of the Answerer:

He says indifferently and alike, How are you friend? to the President at his levee,
And he says, Good day, my brother, to Cudge that hoes in the sugar field;
And both understand him and know that his speech is right.

Terrible as an army with banners! And yet to whom is this bannered army terrible? Only to him who is conscious of greed and wrong, criminal indifference or oppression toward men and women who have worked for him faithfully and without complaint.

"The complaining millions of men!" 'Tis a fine phrase, and it served Mr. Edward Fuller well, as the title of a novel which gives a faithful, courageously faithful, description of certain phases of life in this city. But "the uncomplaining millions of men" is a still finer phrase.

Your life has been a smooth one, Mr. Auger. You inherited some property, you caught windfalls after you were graduated, you made profitable investments, you married very prudently. You [ris]e at a comfortable hour, with ample time for bath and the performance of shaving. You eat your breakfast l[eis]urely. After you have rea[d] your [morning] paper, you saunter to yo[ur] office, [glance at] your mail, trim yo[ur] nails, [consult perh]aps your broker, [lunch] at the Union Club, drive if the[weather] is favorable, drop in at yo[ur club in] the Back Bay at cock-tail h[our, ch]at about the news of the day, [d]ine on stewed meats and claret, and then you are ready for the evening's entertainment. You never earned a dollar in your life by the aid of your hands. Yet you talk wisely about the condition of the working-man, and you once wrote a letter to the Transcript in which you took a confident stand against strikes. What right have you to speak or write authoritatively about the condition of the working-man? What right have you to say that his wants are few and easily satisfied?

Now we do not forget the great benefit of human capitalists. Working-men and the world are the better for their existence. Nor do we forget the fact that respectable lawyers, physicians, literary men, newspaper men, play-actors, clergymen, politicians are also laborers. But we do claim that the relations between working-men, in the common acceptation of the term, and capitalists are not always what they should be. Does an enormously wealthy man discharge his duty to the world by giving—we forget; rich men "donate"—a large sum to a college or a public library to his birthplace to the sound of drums and trumpets, sackbut and psaltery? Must wages be always low, because there are so many who are willing to take the places of those who drop? Men are cheaper than livery stable horses. They are also often more patient.

In spite of strikes and rumors of strikes, the patience, the good nature, the willingness, the industry, the hopefulness of the workingman in this country is marvelous. Take those who receive the very lowest wages. They take to themselves wives; they beget children, and somehow or other they are happy in the daily struggle. Their happiness is not the happiness of the fool. They have wishes that will never be gratified. At times they are inclined to shake clenched fists at the sky. But they have a simple, enviable faith. They have a feeling of responsibility. As Abraham Lincoln said: God must love the plain people, because he made so many of them.

And it is well today to meditate a moment on the lot of bookkeepers, cashiers, messengers to whom valuables are entrusted. Are they, as a rule, paid adequately, or even decently? When one is tempted and yields, there is an outcry—unless he has friends in authority. The wonder is that the overwhelming majority is honest.

Or look at the wages paid women. Are you surprised when women in shops are induced to live as they should not? Do you imagine for a moment that Mr. Percival Pollard's story, "A Dream of a Week," is merely the weaving of an ingenious, feverish fancy? Mr. Carmelite's real name is Legion.

Physicians say that it is good for a human being to spend a day in bed once in the month for absolute rest. It is surely good once in the year to ponder the daily life of a working man. It is easy to shrug shoulders, or to talk philosophically in the club, or to dictate articles to a shabbily paid type-writing girl. There are always the superficial, the flippant, and the selfish. But the kindly and thoughtful man will look on this day respectfully. There is nothing in such contemplation to inspire dismal foreboding, or to cause one to despair of the Republic. There is very much to excite admiration and respect for the great bulk of the citizens of these United States. And then, such contemplation leads to honest, helpful sympathy.

And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own funeral, dressed in his shroud,
And I or you pocketless of a dime may purchase the pick of the earth,
And to glance with an eye or show a bean in its pod confounds the learning of all times,
And there is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero,
And there is no object so soft but it makes a hub for the wheeled universe,
And any man or woman shall stand cool and supercilious before a million universes.

Sept 7. 97

Here is a story of plagiarism:

Eli runs straight to the house of his colleague and exclaims:

"Sir, you are a plagiarist; you have robbed me: you have stolen my nose. My nose was for myself alone, and I valued it highly. I was born with this nose. It is authentic; I got it from my parents. Although there was nothing extraordinary about it, I showed it proudly in public; I followed it everywhere. My nose was not big, little, long, short. swollen, flat; but it was hollow, and, obedient, it served me for blowing, smelling, sneezing, according to my little wants. I believed it was mine, and I judged it useless to pass a ring through it with this announcement: 'Reproduction forbidden; property in a nose is property'.

"I laugh, sir, and yet I do not feel like laughing. How one deceives oneself! This morning I took it on our daily walk, and what, pray, do I see? I see it, my nose, in the middle of your face. Don't deny it. Your nose is mine. Look in the mirror!"

The two noses look at each other, tip to tip, alike, copies of each other "juxtalineally".

The colleague appears to be extremely sorry. He apologizes, he scratches "his" nose, and says to Eli:

"We can arrange this matter."

Stepping back, he swats him with all his might on the nose. Eli puts his hand to it, and while he feels of the bleeding remains, his colleague adds quietly and politely:

"Henceforth, Sir, I hope that no one will take one for the other."

We have received the following note from a citizen of Topeka, Kansas:

Aug. 30, 1897.

Dear Sir—Please excuse the liberty I take in adressing you but I Write to you to ask you If you know of any Single ladies or Widows With out children who would like to get married Would you kindly give them my adress I am a Boston boy Born at No 10 moon Street lifed there till 1 Was 14 left there am ancious to get a Boston Girl for a Wife am a laboring man of Strickly sober habits neather use intockicateing drinks or use tobacco in any form am a Widower No children lost my wife 5 years ago am 40 years of age not knowing Who else to Write to about the matter I therefore Write to you about it i hope you will not feel ofended about my Writeing to you about this if you can not atend to this please hand this letter to some one Who you think will atend to it for me please oblige me by doing what you can in this matter and again asking you to excuse all mistakes I will close in hopes of an early reply to this

I remain
Very Respectfully

P. S. would like a lady Between 30 and 40 or younger am not particular as along as She is a Boston born girl.

We shall he happy to give the name of this conservative Bostonian—for he is still a sound Bostonian in his heart—to inquiring candidates; but they should first master his bill of particulars so that there may be no possible disappointment or shatter of ideals. Or we should he pleased to see those that are nearer 30 years of age. Our hours are from 3 to 4 every other Wednesday.

J. B. sends to us an interesting playbill of Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theatre, Oct. 25, 1861. The performance began at 7.30 with Mrs. Inchbald's "Wives as They Were." Mrs. Drew was Lady Mary Raffle. She was assisted by Charlotte Thompson, Emma Taylor, John Gilbert, Frank Drew, and Messrs. Mortimer, Ringgold, Wallis, S. D. Johnson, Ellis, Beechy, Hess, Lambert. The comedy was followed by "Mazeppa, or the Untamed Rocking Horse," with Mr. Frank Drew as Mazeppa and Mrs. Charles Henri as Olinska, the Pearl of Poland.

The New York Tribune pooh-poohs the statement of a writer in "The Athenaeum" to the effect that the translation of Balzac's works under the supervision of Mr. Saintsbury is the "first attempt to give us a complete 'Comedie Humaine' in English." The Tribune pooh-poohs and points with pride to Miss Wormeley's version. But Miss Wormeley's version is not in all instances a full and complete version. In certain novels there are omissions and castration.

Mr. de Goncourt was a little morose Sept. 7, 1892. "Oh, the summer! I, who live only through literature, find a season when the factory in which I work is closed. No books published, no reviews in the newspapers, and if by chance anyone mentions you, he does it without special application, without passion, without animosity." What is this but a variation on the old theme, "Abuse me for two columns if you wish, but for heaven's sake don't forget to mention me."

Sociologists will note the death of a maiden in Pennsylvania from excessive dancing. Combe decided years ago that dancing in the open air is favorable to health—in heated rooms injurious. Southey's lovable Doctor had strong professional objections, "not to the act of dancing, but to the crowded and heated rooms wherein it was carried on, and to the late hours to which it was continued. In such rooms and at such assemblies, the Devil, as an old dramatist (Webster) says, 'takes delight to hang at a woman's girdle, like a rusty watch, that she cannot discern how the time passes.' * * * Concerning late hours indeed he was much of the same opinion as the man in the old play, who thought that 'if anything was to be damned, it would be Twelve o'clock at night.' He used to say that whenever he heard of a ball carried on far into the night, or more properly speaking, far into the morning, it reminded him, with two much reason, of the Dance of Death." His objections were not puritanical, but physical. Even Adam Clark, in his attack on dancing, granted "that a number of motions and steps, circumscribed by a certain given space, and changed in certain quantities of time,' may be destitute of physical and moral evil."

Sept 8. 97

My captain, whom I meet and salute, stops me and says:

"A button of your cloak is badly sewed. It is not fast."

And he puts a finger quickly on the button, as though he would prevent it from falling.

Without moving my head, lowering my eye, I try, beyond my nose, to see the button.

"Captain, it seems to me to be fast."

"Do you really think so? I cannot discuss the matter. But you are an intelligent person; you fill a high position in civil life. I know it, and I take it into account. If the soldier defends his country, I understand that the writer sings her glory. I fancy I know men and can judge their worth. In a word, I apply discipline with tact, and wish to show myself a good fellow toward you; but your button isn't at all fast."

Emboldened by his affability, I move my hand, seize the button, try to pull it off, and succeed only in wiggling it.

"I find out as I grow old," says my captain, "that consideration for anyone is futile. You are all alike, pig-headed, you vie with each other in mischief. Now, my clever man, look at this!"

And my captain draws his sabre; he lays it on my breast; then he saws rapidly cuts off the button, catches it as it falls, gives it to me, and says, in sorrow rather than in anger

"See how your button held."

We have observed with delight the picture of the waistcoat that is now the craze in London. This admirable garment has a willow pattern and "shows brown, black, red and blue on a ground of cream silk. The effect of this, when worn under a black frock coat and with dark trousers is very

[illegible] recognize a man with a new pattern waistcoat at a distance of 300 yards." We have so many sumptuary laws in Boston that one more might be enacted without inconvenience. Bores and creditors should be compelled to wear these waistcoats.

At Magdeburg, a Socialist editor was arrested for speaking disrespectfully of the pantaloons worn by the Emperor at the unveiling of a monument there." This is vague, all too vague. Were the trousers worn at half mast? Or were they fringed? Or were they baggy? Or did they sag in the rear? Will not Mr. Poultney Bigelow throw light on this mystery?

Perhaps the Emperor is a client of Mr. Arthur Nikisch's Leipsic tailor. We shall never forget the trousers worn by the eminent conductor when he first appeared in Music Hall.

"Bloomers hooted in England." But not for the first time. In the fall of 1851 an American woman lectured on bloomers in London. She wore a black satin jacket, and a skirt and trousers. Her lecture, we are told by a newspaper which reported it, "only provoked foolish merriment."

A lecturer in New York made the startling statement that the Boston girl "talks Voltaire and Rousseau." Is it possible that the Browning gag is at last obsolete?

"The Boston girl allows her reason to dominate over any sentimental proclivities she may have." 'Twas a woman made this statement, and not a man.

Mary of England died in the belief that Calais was written on her heart. "The assassin Angiolillo died with the word 'Germinal' on his lips." Mr. Zola's press agent has thus eclipsed the most dazzling effort of Mr. Hall Caine's talented young trombonist.

Do you say there are no heroes? Meditate the death of the Rev. George Rigg, Roman Catholic priest of Daliburg, in one of the Outer Hebrides. "The family of one of his parishioners, a Hebridean cotter, consisting of the man, his wife and child, were all attacked by typhus fever at one and the same time. The neighbors were loth to approach the cottage in which the stricken family lay ill, and for weeks, with the exception of the doctor, who paid his daily visit, the priest, unassisted, nursed the sick household, cooking for them, and performing all the necessary and unpleasant offices attaching to his self-imposed task. As a result he contracted the fever in its worst form, and died, after terrible sufferings, in the presence of his sister and the priest in charge of the other South Uist parish, who had both nursed him devotedly. Fr. Rigg was a nephew of the late Rt. Rev. George Rigg, D. D., Bishop of Dunkeld, and was a man of singular refinement and culture.

Gen. Azcarraga in his letter of hot defiance rises superior to petty questions of "shall" and "will." But he is undoubtedly the victim of a translator.

The Sun regards the Low movement as "only an imflammation." There are those who regard the Sun as a malignant pustule.

What a pity that Mr. Bliss Carman does not read the newspapers. The Denver Times offers three prizes of $5 each for the best three poems in celebration of the Great Denver Feast of the Mountain and the Plain.

Sept 9. 97

Why am I out of sorts today?
Now what a silly thing to say—
No matter, have it your own way.

Have I a liver? Bless the child,
I trust I have. There! don't get riled,
Eternal fussing makes me wild.

I might be decently polite?—
Thank you, my dear, I know I might;
Your witticism's sage, but trite.

Your husband is a heartless brute?
[illegible] he is, sans doute.
[illegible] me lighting a cheroot!

Our ever delightful friend, the Emperor William, has issued a Cabinet order to the army, in which he again [illegible] the Generals to exhort the officers to lead simple lives. These lives are to be led of course until the officers find American heiresses.

A dozen years ago there were boarding houses in Berlin which were practically matrimonial agencies. The boarding house mistresses became acquainted with the financial condition of the American spinsters, young and old, who were her guests. There were dancing parties at which officers were invited, officers with dashing uniforms and quisby underclothes—if they were fortunate enough to possess the latter garments. When the officers, thus introduced, carried off a prize, the boarding house mistress received a commission. Does this institution still prevail in Athens on the Spree?

Josiah House and his wife, each 86 years old, were robbed this week of $100 in bonds and $30 in cash. Mr. House was for 20 years head farmer for W. B. Astor, and for 15 years head farmer for the Chanlers, Astor's grandchildren. Did this $130 represent the savings of 35 years in the service of the rich? If so, Mr. House might have worked as well for Mr. Russell Sage, the screen fancier.

Several have apologized for the conduct of Judas Iscariot; an English historian has shown that Richard III. was "a perfect gentleman;" and we are told that Lucrezia Borgia was a sweet mannered woman whose favorite occupation was knitting stockings for the aged. It was reserved for Col. Samuel W. Fordyce, President of the Cotton Belt Railroad, to eulogize the late Jay Gould as a public benefactor. The children of the next generation will no doubt imagine Gould as a stout, white-haired man, with genial spectacles, who was constantly signing checks for charity's sake and visiting the poor.

"Ye shud take a vacation," said Mr. Hennessy when the philosopher complained of a slight headache. "Ye ought to go away an' have a few weeks' fishin' or r-run down to Westbaden an' be biled out, or indulge in some other form iv spoort."

"I shud not," retorted Mr. Dooley firmly. "I'm well enough off where I am. They'se no disease that afflicts th' American people akel to th' vacation habit. Ye take a big throng man that's lived in Chicago all his life, an' if he stays on here he'll niver know a day iv ill health. He goes out in th' mornin' and dhrinks in th' impure an' healthy air, filled with mickrobes an' soot an' iron filin's, an' his chist expands. He ates onwholesome, rich an' appetizin' food. His muscles is kept firm be dodgin' cable cars an' express wagons. His mind is rooned an' made ca-m be readin' th' newspapers. His happy home is infested with sewer gas, an' if he survives he's th' sthrongest thing that iver was made. But ye take that man out iv his parnicious an' agreeable atmosphere an' sind him to th' counthry. He ates wholesome food that his stomach, bein' used to th' best Luetgert society, rayfuses to intertain. His lungs cave in fr-m consumin' pure air that, like ivrything pure, is too thin. He misses his daily sewer gas an' he finds cow's milk a poor substitute for docthered whisky an' beer with aloes in it. Th' man suffers. He does so. He rayturns to Chicago a shattered invalid an' it takes months iv livin' in onsanitary tinimints an' a steady dite iv cigaroots an' bakin' powdher biscuits to restore him to his proper condition iv robust bad health."—Chicago Evening Post.

Gen. Woodford has been congratulating the Duke of Tetuan on his Irish origin, for the surname of the Duke's house is O'Donnel. This is true diplomacy; but the wisdom displayed by the General in wearing a Basque cap is open to argument, for some claim that the Basque language is not Celtic. Thus George Borrow in "The Bible in Spain" declares Basque to be a Tibetian dialect.

Borrow speaks of the word "Janna" or "Khanna" (to spell the pronunciation), which is in constant use among the Basques, "and which is the Khan of the Mongols and Mandchous, and of the same signification, 'Lord' ". But we find this same word Khan in the same sense in James Clarence Mangan's fantastic poem of Cahal-Mor, and Mangan was surely an Irishman. We are inclined to trust the General. He is an accomplished master of blarney.

An "efficient brother" at the Christian Alliance convention at Nyack said he felt full of poetic sentiment early in the morning: "Why, the birds up here on Nyack Heights whistled out the glory of God, and even the grasshoppers sang his praises." We fear the brother is not a close observer. Grasshoppers are not in full voice until a later hour of the day.

The Historical Painter is working feverishly. His subject is "Mr. T. C. Platt in a Study".

A correspondent of the Temps (Paris) describes the "visitors' book" at the little house where Jean Jacques Rousseau and Mme de Warens lived in Chambéry. The book, of course, was full of "impressions"; thus the women express a fond desire that they may be loved like Mme. de Warens; but the monotony of laudation and aspiration was broken by an American clergyman, who wrote as follows: "Monseignor Leton, New York, America, congratulates Mrs. de Warens on her conversion. 'All's well that ends well;' but he has no sympathy for Jean Jacques or any other humbug".

A Southerner finds that there is "a semblance to the speech of his neighbors in 'Secret Service.'" It is a pleasure to find him allowing that Southerners speak the most correct English in the United States.

Loud and resolute are the protests against the abbreviation of the Honorable Gamaliel Bradford's name. "Gam" in whaler's talk means the pow-wow of ships at sea.

"Sir Arthur Sullivan is making an operetta out of 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'" As Mr. Burchell remarks in the original version, "Fudge." The rumor is an old one.

Sept 10. 97

It is a good-natured Roman Catholic who says, "that the obliging vices of some people are better than the sour and austere virtues of others." The fallacy is more in his language than in his morality; for virtue is never sour, and in proportion as it is austere we may be sure that it is adulterated. Before a certain monk of St. Gal, Iso by name, was born, his mother dreamed that she was delivered of a hedgehog; her dream was fulfilled in the character which he lived to obtain of being bristled with virtues like one. Methinks no one would like to come in contact with a person of this description. Yet among the qualities which pass with a part of the world for virtues, there are some of a soft and greasy kind, from which I should shrink with the same instinctive dislike. I remember to have met somewhere with this eulogium passed upon one dissenting minister by another, that he was a lump of piety! I prefer the hedgehog.

"The Senate is a dignified body of dignified men of great ability." Such are the words of Senator Hanna. And after he spoke no one said, "Oh sugar!"

J. B. sends the Journal an interesting circular of the Boston Mechanical Bakery, Russell's Building, Commercial Street, opposite the People's Ferry. This circular is dated January, 1859. J. B. asks, "Where is that 'Mechanical Bakery' now? Do you not well remember that aerated bread, and how the regular bakers boycotted it, and only the independent corner grocer dared to keep it?"

'Twas a sanguine circular! "The Mechanical Bakery is sure to affect as great a revolution in bread-making, as the spinning-jenny and power-loom have effected in the manufacture of cotton cloth. Establishments of this character, capable of making from four to six hundred barrels of flour into bread daily, will as certainly supersede the numerous small bakeries, as the fast printing press of our day has superseded the common hand press of the days of Franklin. This is no visionary scheme started by speculators in breadstuffs; but is founded on deep-laid convictions of the justice of those complaints so frequently made of the smallness of the bakers' loaves and the seemingly large profits exacted by them for baking a barrel of flour into bread, a complaint which, from the very necessity of the case, must always exist until some other mode of baking shall have been established. * * * It is the intention of all parties in any way connected with this establishment, to render it a blessing to the humble classes, as well as a means of economy to the rich, and a trial of this bread is most earnestly solicited." Another circular shows that "patent unfermented aerated bread" was manufactured and sold in Baltimore in 1861. "The Ladies of Baltimore are invited to call and witness the process." Grosley in his "Tour to London" says "It was the English that first thought of using yeast, or the flower of beer, for leaven to make bread; a custom which with great difficulty began to obtain at Paris about the middle of the last century."

'Twas a fine winter day and Serenissimus gazed thoughtfully out of the window:

"Tell me—ah—Kindermann, is it very cold out doors?'

"At your service, Prince!"

"Thanks, thanks!—Ah—my good fellow—what's the thermometer, my good fellow?"

"Zero!"

"Hm, thanks! Zero—(After deep reflection). Ah, my good——"

"Kindermann, Prince——"

"Kindermann, quite correct?—my good—Kindermann, you say zero—Réaumur or Celsius?"

A correspondent writes: "There are conductors and conductors. The complaint in the Journal of Monday, Sept. 6, of the rudeness of some is doubtless justifiable, but word car conductors should not be a synonym for all that is boorish. I have in mind two lines of trolley cars—Brockton and South Braintree—which carry thousands of passengers, and among those officials are men entitled to be called gentlemen on all occasions. They care for the lives and comfort of patrons, tenderly, courteously, patiently. It is not alone the pretty school-girl or the woman of fine attire that is safely guarded, but the old and infirm and poorly clad. After all the grumbling about motormen, whose path is not a bed of roses, and conductors, who tread the running board from morning until night, often in danger of their lives, a word on the other side seems fitting from a poor old woman who observes."

The drawbacks to being rich are not serious. To rise at nine, to turn out into broughams on rainy mornings, to talk to uninteresting people about cricket and the theatres, to affect prejudices from which they are free, to eat and drink more than they may require—these are small things.

A correspondent writes: "In 1685 there were four bookstores in Boston kept by Usher, Phillips, Campbell and Brunning. Campbell was a Scotchman and Brunning was a Dutchman. An English tourist of that period, who visited Boston, called Brunning "the honest Dutchman," not meaning, perhaps, that the others were of a contrary character.

A SUMPTUARY RESOLUTION.

The Morgan County Teachers' Institute (West Virginia) passed the following resolution before adjournment this week:

"Resolved, That as a body of teachers we condemn the use of alcohol and tobacco by the teachers, and we also condemn the habit of those male teachers who sit in the school room with their hair parted in the middle and their pants in their boot tops."

First of all, such a resolution should be dismissed from consideration on account of the use of the vile term "pants." No teacher who wears "pants" is fit to guide the young. No Institute that recognizes the existence of pants should have any authority over teachers. But let us waive this essential point. Let us ponder for a moment the resolution as a whole.

We agree with the Institute that no teacher should use alcohol in a school room, except for experimental purposes, rheumatism or snake bites. Even if a teacher should wish to present to the young a shocking example, we should regard his conduct as misguided. The Spartans, in like instances, did not show themselves intoxicated; they caused their slaves to be drunk. We suggest respectfully that the sight of a committeeman under the influence of liquor and plying the pupils with ridiculous questions would be far more efficacious.

Nor should a teacher use tobacco in any form while in the active discharge of duty. It is true that Jorevin de Rochefort, whose Travels in England were published in 1672, observed and recorded this custom: "When the children went to school they carried with their books a pipe of tobacco, which their mother took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them as a breakfast; and at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book, to light his pipe, the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold their pipes, and draw in the tobacco." But all this was two centuries ago, and tobacco is not now as pure as in the period when it was a novelty, and adulteration was not known. It is not possible for a teacher, male or female, to give undivided attention to the scholars with a pipe or cigar in his or her mouth. Rebellious males, who are often controlled by the grace and beauty of a teacher for whom they entertain the affection known as calf-love, would have no osculatory desire for lips stained by plug or fine cut. Snuffing might also repel them. The Institute has acted wisely in these respects.

But why should not a male teacher be allowed to part his hair in the middle? The Institute forgets the fact that there are m[illegible]en who

cannot part their hair in any other way, without exhibiting that personal disfigurement described as a cow-lick. This body might as well say, with Greene's barber for an Upstart Courtier, "Sire, will you have your worship's hair cut after the Italian manner, short and round; and then frounst with the curling yrons to make it look like to a halfe moone in a mist? or like a Spanyard, long at the eares, and curled like to the two endes of an olde cast periwig? Or will you be Frenchified with a love-lock down to your shoulder, wherein you may wear your mistress favour?"

We believe that hair parted in the middle preserves mental equipoise. Such an arrangement is peculiarly advantageous to teachers. Perhaps it would be still wiser to insist that male teachers in Morgan County should wear the hair cropped closely, so that in the heat of instruction no pupil could take an unfair hold.

"General Longstreet has had his white hair and whiskers trimmed by a metropolitan barber. The General has been living alone for so long that all his business and domestic affairs have become disarranged." The inference of course is that whiskers are domestic affairs. We think the point well taken. May the winds of heaven blow gently through the General's whiskers! May they never be stirred in domestic argument!

The town of Lisbon, Connecticut, appeals to us. If it has no liquor license, it also has no lawyer or doctor. To 137 voters there are eight school houses and 107 school children. But it is with special envy we read that in Lisbon, "there is no industrial work of any kind."

Lucian, Fielding, or Swift, supreme masters of irony, never equaled this simple masterpiece of a reporter: "During his sojourn abroad Mr. Croker has made a special study of municipal government as carried on both in Great Britain and upon the Continent."

Senator Tillman, exasperated by the horn-blower on a tally-ho, shouted, "Witness the disgusting things that wealth, abetted by the gold bugs, is continually foisting upon us!" Senator, it depends largely on how the horn is blown. Whether you are on the coach or walking in the dust also makes a difference.

Sept 1, 97

THE DUKE OF RIO GRANDE.

A man and his wife when charged in a London police court with obtaining credit under false pretences, claimed the titles of Duke and Duchess of Rio Grande. They also claimed that they were members of the Brazilian nobility. The Brazilian representative in London asserts that no such Duke is known in the Brazilian Social Register.

But what did Mr. de Neil—if that is his real name—hope to gain by claiming a dukeship. There have been, there still are illustrious examples of the titled who are impecunious and acquainted with shifty subterfuges in their endeavor to raise the wind. In some localities the fact that a man is a duke, or an earl, or a prince, or a baron at once raises suspicion. A duke is after all an artificial thing. The first one in England was created by Edward III. A duke is but a man, and man is born to trouble.

The Duke of Rio Grande! Truly a mouth-filling, sonorous, reverberating title. It should exist, if it does not. The Brazilian representative should have been proud to claim it for his country, where the nuts come from. And the inventive genius of the bearer inspires rich thought and suggestion.

For a long time the aristocracy of our Republic has been known as the unentitled. Colonel, General, the Honorable,—these titles are so common that they are almost meaningless. Why should not our social leaders take titles from the rivers, mountains, towns, organizations of the United States? Mr. Croker is undoubtedly the Duke of Tammany as Mr. W. C. Whitney is the Earl of Lennox. The Prince of Newport is a title that should be bestowed by the leaders at that watering place, observing the precautions of the Australian Ballot. It is possible that one of them might receive more than one vote. There is a Manchester in England—a commercial place we are told; but have we not a Manchester-by-the-Sea? The Earl of Dedham would become Mr. G. F. Williams, but who could live up to the title Duke of Mississippi? Some summer cottager in Dublin might well take to himself the dukeship of Monadnock. In short, we know of no other country that has such a wealth of unused material.

Nor let the good republican or democrat start at the idea. Such titles would not really mean anything. They would be no more dangerous than Colonel or General. On the contrary, they would furnish amusement to thousands and please the bearers without expense.

We spoke lately of the anti-tip movement in Paris. The Daily Messenger shows us the latest development. When the guest has had his bock or little meal, paid for it, and the waiter having returned the change with that air of expectancy we all know so well, the client puts all the change in his pocket and draws out of it a card, which, being interpreted, means: "Anti-Pourboiristes' League. The pourboire is onerous for the giver and humiliating for the receiver. Member's card. Mr. —— undertakes upon his honour not to give pourboires. This card presented to waiters of the union will excuse holder from giving of tip." Then, with a dignified salute, the client goes away, secure in the knowledge of having done his duty, but followed by the withering glances of the waiter, if the said waiter does not happen to belong to the Waiters' Union.

Eli is at a party. He walks about under the chandeliers, bows to some of the guests, and at last finds a suitable subject for his experiment; he holds in his hand for a long time the hand of a woman.

"What a beautiful skin you have, dear Madam; you should be proud of it."

He says this and draws from his pocket a magnifying glass.

"But look!"

Through the glass they see deep ruts, marks as big as stones in the roadside, navigable veins, overlooked and weed-like hairs, dark blotches, and here a point that moves. Undoubtedly it is a tiny insect, and horrors everywhere.

Eli refrains from any remark that would offend.

He says nothing. He puts the glass in his pocket; presses this hand for the last time, presses it discreetly, and leaves the room.

The bath house mourns peerless Eustacia. 'Twas early in July when she first beheld from the beach the "crooked inviting" fingers of the ocean. At first she undressed timorously, and as she stood a moment in her glorious beauty she shivered from bashfulness rather than from the caressing breeze that stole quietly under the door. It seemed to her there was an eye at every crack. A lonely fly that had lost its way and was a prisoner for a moment assumed huge proportions. The bath house felt youth stirring in its warped sun-burnt and wind-swept planks. It would have held her, but, lo, the maiden was sporting in the waves. 'Tis now September; the bath house mourns peerless Eustacia.

The bath house sees her again fresh from the waves. Her sea-garments cling to her amorously, loath to leave her sumptuous body and sculptural legs and shoulders. A prosaic towel becomes a feature in a vision of grace. The perfume of virginal health blends with the smell of pine awakened by the sun and the more dazzling rays of flesh. Radiant, the maiden leaves the bath house alone to dream of the apparition and watch the breaking of another day.

And soon Eustacia lost her timorousness. She became conscious of the approbation of sun and sand and waves. The very planks softened themselves for her feet. The fly brought a playmate to share in his enjoyment. The breeze whispered in her ear, and did not stir her hair. Only the sun, a lusty wooer, burned her neck with his kisses. And yet the old bath house was the favored one for she undressed and dressed more leisurely each day. While the salt water died in adoration of her body, Eustacia would admire herself. The bath house would fain have contracted to embrace her; and now it mourns peerless Eustacia.

It dreams of her, watching the garter which it caught from her sea clothes worn by her for the last time. Lonely, it thinks beyond the winter and the spring. It dreams of the summer and the return. But will Eustacia return in dazzling beauty? Or will there be next summer the rattling in the lock of a key held by clumsier fingers? Will there be the horrid apparition of two years ago?—a fat and elderly man with bulbous nose, hirsute and pot-bellied, bald and bow-legged, smelling of tobacco, prompt with a flask after the visit to the scornful ocean. Thus racked in mind the bath house dreams and starts, thrills and shivers. The bath house mourns peerless Eustacia.

Old Chimes was obliged to be in town Thursday last to go a-shopping. His temper was ruffled, for as he sat resting at the Porphyry, he recalled jests and jibes at the expense of the counter-jumper. Somebody reminded him that the term "counter-jumper" was not now used so much in objurgation as in the early sixties. To which Old Chimes replied, "Perhaps counter-irritant is a more suitable word."

The conductors of the Cape Cod Division think of offering a prize next year to the man or woman who will refrain from asking at Buzzard's Bay, "Mr. Conductor, say, which is Cleveland's house?"

It is not safe to judge a woman by the nape of her neck. As you sit in a railroad car you see a nape that would inspire a Titian. It is creamy and fragrant. The hair grows bewitchingly, and there are distracting, madding, natural little curls. You ride for miles, enamored, weaving fancies, making comparisons. At last you cannot endure longer the suspense. You walk forward, stare through the glass of the door, and all that you may go back to your seat and see a face. You take a sharp, comprehensive look. The illusion is shattered. The nape is suddenly hideous. You go into the smoking car.

Let's see; was there not a report that Paderewski was not coming to the United States this winter? And yet there is the rumor of clipped hair, the rumor that always precedes his return.

So Dvorák is again to be at the head of Mrs. Thurber's music school. Dvorák is a musician of talent, but was his presence noted in New York, or did he make there for musical righteousness? And will the day ever come when an American will be at the head of prominent music school or orchestra in New York?

What does our learned friend of the Providence Journal say to the fact that the Sun has passed judgment of condemnation against the wearers of black neckties? Can it bear a brother near the throne?

Dancing masters should surely be judges of the waltz. They are right in declaring the fashionable form of the dance "obnoxious;" for the former grace has degenerated into an athletic romp.

"Constant Reader" urges the N. Y. Herald "to abolish the disagreeable habit of men going out between the acts and coming in satiated with rum." "Satiated" is hardly the word; for if the men were satiated they would not go out between the second and third acts. By the way, why is the common term "entr'acte" and not "entractes"?

Mrs. Buckler in an entertaining article in the North American Review does not find that woman has shown supreme excellence in prose. And yet Thackeray, who was no mean judge of style, marveled constantly at the art of George Sand.

Sept 12, 97

Mr. Rudyard Kipling should speak well of this country, which is the only one that produces publishers willing to pay him $1500 for 7000 words.

COMIC OPERA LIBRETTOS.

They say that Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley has made a comic opera libretto from John Toblin's comedy "The Honeymoon." This leads the N. Y. Sun to remark, "There are many of these old English plays which offer excellent material for musical purposes. Their stories are simply told and their period is romantic. They will at least yield a relief from the foggy puzzles which are usually taken as the bases of comic-opera books. Mrs. Ryley has made a step in the right direction, and it will be a good thing for the composer, as well as the public, if her example is followed. With Strauss and Millocker declining to compose music because the librettos are so poor, it will be seen how great the demand must be for good work in this direction. Our American writers are no worse than those of other countries, but they will find it just as much to their advantage to follow Mrs. Ryley's lead."

These remarks are well meant, although Strauss is now at work on an operetta to be finished by Christmas, and we cannot agree with the statement that our American writers are no worse than those of other countries; they are worse, and for this there are good reasons. In France, Germany, and Austria, writers of repute are not ashamed to undertake such a task. Perhaps the two most successful librettists of modern times were Meilhac and Halévy, who furnished texts for Offenbach. Each of the two was a man of conspicuous talent and each was rewarded by a chair in the Academy. Then again, the playwright's art is not as well understood in this country as it is in France or Germany. In Paris a man of large experience will welcome the assistance of a young man who has fresh ideas and little or no experience. They work together and produce something reasonably original and at least coherent. If the piece is to be in three acts, the second is not given up to variety business while the action disappears; and there is an excuse if not an absolute necessity for a third act.

But does the American public demand good comic opera librettos? We are doubtful concerning the existence of any such wide-spread demand. For what does a comic opera audience expect and applaud in this country? What are the requirements? First and most important, a fun-maker; not, however, a man of subtle suggestion or light comedy methods, but an athletic person who can dance acrobatic dances, and invent gags on topics of the day; these topics are poker, base-ball, the latest political move, and the phenomena attending intoxication. Whether these gags are incongruous or with excuse for introduction, whether they delay action and are in themselves stupid or vulgar is a very minor issue seldom if ever considered by an audience. Then there must be shapely women who exhibit liberally their charms, and a lavish scenic display. So long as the tunes jingle along and are not perplexingly original, the audience is satisfied with the music. The libretto is built about the funny man. He cuts from other parts to fat his own. Time and again has an operetta delightful to those who appreciate sparkling music and refined comedy failed dismally. Time and again has a vulgar "comic opera" packed the theatre for a season. The manager is likely to produce the piece that will succeed at the box-office. The audience wishes a species of showy entertainment with a more or less musical clown as the hero. What temptation is there for a playwright of talent to write such pieces? What temptation is there for a manager to accept a well-written, well-balanced piece?

This is no new state of affairs in

the history of the English stage. Long ago Gaywit, a character in one of Fielding's comedies, thus described Mr. Crambo's new opera, "The Humors of Bedlam." "I have read it," says Lord Richly, "and it is a most surprising fine performance. It has not one syllable of sense in it from the first page to the last.

"Mr. G.—It must certainly take.

"Lord R.—Sir, it shall take, if I have interest enough to support it. I hate your dull writers of the late reigns. The design of a play is to make you laugh; and who can laugh at sense?

"Mr. G.—I think, my lord, we have improved on the Italians. They wanted only sense: We have neither sense nor music."

There has been one great exception to English librettists: Mr. W. S. Gilbert; but what success has attended revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas of late years? And as for Mr. Gilbert, he has gone back to the trade of writing comedies to be produced without music.

DISCOURAGED ART.

From a little town on Long Island comes a tale of unappreciated, discouraged art. In olden days, when there was more romance than machinery, it was the custom of the lover to serenade his sweetheart or woo a scornful dame by singing to the accompaniment of lute or some other gentle and stringed instrument. But the Long Island swain prefers the flute. There are conflicting opinions concerning his proficiency. Some say his embouchure is faulty, some say he is not master of his wind, while others claim that he is worthy of being classed with Taffanel, Andersen, and Molé. The swain himself is inclined to the latter opinion, and he bears his flute with him on all occasions.

He went the other night to serenade his lady-love. Time and scene were propitious. 'Twas moonlight, vitreous-blue moonlight, and as he thought of the one, the only one, he blew his adoration through the flute, while he sat safely in a tree beyond the reach of any dog. His dulcinea was not alone. A rival was sitting up with her. Perhaps he is a music critic, or rather hypercritic; perhaps he is simply of a jealous, yellowish disposition; at any rate he could not endure the solo, and so he went into the road where he found stones and threw them at the thing in the tree; we say thing, because the jealous man now insists that he thought the serenader was a cat. A stone hit the flute, and the melody suddenly died away in an aggrieved, protesting wail. In olden days there would have been the clashing of rapiers in the light of the moon, but flute players are, like the conies, a timid folk, and the serenader climbed down as quietly as he could, and went home, bearing his flute with him. A contemporary from whom we have learned the bald, prosaic facts, adds: "The young woman stood on the porch in the moonlight and laughed until she cried. Mr. Rhodes has consulted legal authority to know whether hitting a musical instrument in a tree on a moonlight night constitutes aggravated assault and battery."

Alas, flute players since the days of the ancient Greeks and Romans have been regarded as unworthy citizens (see many passages in the classics and Rowhotham's History of Music). They were long ago accused of effeminacy, corrupt living, and ungodliness. And even today a flute player is held by the crowd to be an amiable person with little force of character.

We maintain, however, that the toodle-toot of a flute is not incongruous with moonlight. If Mr. Rhodes had played a hot and glaring cornet or a laughing and flippant piano, his case should be thrown immediately out of court. But we doubt if he has cause of action against a man who, thinking him to be a cat, threw stones at an individual in a tree that was not on the alleged offender's property. Mr. Rhodes was certainly a trespasser. The cruelest injury was inflicted by the young woman "who laughed until she cried." Against her there is no possible action, for did she not stand on her own porch?

A wife tells a New York reporter that her husband deserted her because, as he said, she did not have sufficient culture for the wife of a physician. He was a peddler when she married him, and by her self-denial enough money was saved to pay for his medical education. It seems as though he should now be willing to furnish the culture for two, just as she contributed to the means of acquiring it.

A Virginian in a letter to the N. Y. Herald does not like to think of women playing poker. "It is true that for a short time she dazzles, and we applaud her acts because we are confronted with a new order of things." In other words, the Virginian cannot understand her game.

Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist of this city, will give concerts in Europe this season. His industry, patience and courage may well shame many to whom Nature was more generous.

"Jean de Reszke and W. K. Vanderbilt were among the purchasers at the sale of yearlings from the Joyeuval stud." It is only tenors and other millionaires that can afford such luxuries.

A Parisian who had been dumb for 23 years finally spoke the other day. The first word he uttered was "tobacco." This should shock no one. What if he had said "absinthe.'

"He is premier player of the Essex County Club." Which being interpreted means, we suppose, that the gentleman is the first or the leading player.

This yellow fever is not so yellow after all.

The Rochester Times croaks dismally, "It does not require an acute observer to perceive that the most serious trouble is brewing for this country." Observe the felicitous use of local color in the choice of the word "brewing." Not "hatching" or "brooding" or "preparing," but "brewing," a word well known in Rochester.

A resident of New York has made a proposal to the Secretary of his State for the incorporation of a company to take risks against the appearance of twins. For many years the savages of Africa have regarded twins as an infliction sent by the Evil One, and it has been the custom to kill one of the unwelcome innocents. If Mr. Winslow is successful in his application, the savage can learn another lesson in political economy from his white brother.

Mr. Siegfried Wagner, by finding fault with German music and German musicians of today, shows himself the worthy son of his father. The Bayreuth theatre is founded on denigration.

"Bely Lanier, who was killed by Horace S. Perry, exacted an oath from his father and brothers that when Perry's male children should be of age they should be pursued relentlessly." This was in Georgia, not Corsica; and Mr. Lanier was a theological student.

The attention of students of city government is called to Paris. Over a year ago Paris suffered severely from a cyclone. An indemnity was voted immediately, and paid—only a few days ago. One victim who had a just cause received—two cents. And yet he is dissatisfied.

The California State University did well to abolish "rushing." Yale abolished it twenty years ago.

The news that Mr. Pietro Mascagni shot himself—accidentally or intentionally—reminds us that his new opera is about to be produced.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Mr. Irvine's Reply to the Pall Mall Gazette.

How Operas Should Be Given in an Ideal Theatre.

Pieces and Singers of the Fortieth Worcester Festival.

The Journal published last Sunday the review by the Pall Mall Gazette of Mr. Irvine's book on Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung." Now it is Mr. Irvine's turn. As a rule, it is a rash thing for the reviewer to turn like the worm in the adage; but Mr. Irvine spars away so gallantly and so good naturedly that it is only fair to publish his reply; then, too, the reply is interesting reading:

To the Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette:

Sir—A double pleasure prompts me to break a resolution—namely, to leave unnoticed criticisms of my attempt to lay bare the inner meaning of Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung." In the first place it is gratifying to read and answer a criticism free from the usual imputations of tricky motives, ingenuity, amusement, and so forth. In the second, it is easy to demolish one and all of your critic's objections.

The main delusion under which he labors is that I personally subscribe to the optimistic theory of life set forth by Wagner. It was Wagner's ideas I treated of, and not my own. Even if conspicuously obtruded, my individual opinion is of no consequence. My own enthusiastic appreciation of the merits of the "Ring," apart from its imperishable artistic value, does not lie in agreeing with the postulate of love contained in it, but in the fact that Wagner carried out his optimistic conception of earthly love to its logical conclusion. This appreciation necessarily involves a contempt for that institution which blows hot and cold as its interests are served. Your critic, then, mistakes my enthusiasm for honesty and thoroughness for agreement with the principle of the underlying meaning. Even this, however, may be admired without being adopted as an article of faith. Wagner himself eventually repudiated it, but the value of the art-work remains unimpaired. As to Mime and the Church, I do not say that he represents the Church, but that "craft which finds its best soil in the Church" (p. 67)—a very wide difference, since the characters of the "Ring" embody abstract principles and not concrete institutions. Again, the reason why Mime's position to Siegfried is that of the Church to man's intellect is not that stated by your critic, but because he is the educator and bringer-up of Siegfried. If now in our life the Church has taken in hand the teaching of mankind, the parallel and analogy are both complete. (Page 64.) The reason why the state of affairs in Hunding's hut mostly represents our age is not inscrutable to those who discern why the doors of conventional people are open to certain guests. It is the exercise of a charity redounding to their own credit and vanity and honor which prompts them to entertain. It is this miserable charity which allowed of Siegmund getting protection for the night. Wagner had a nobler one in view. When the gods are described as man, it is meant and clearly stated twice on pp. 43 and 200-1 man lapsed from his worthy state. These gods, giants and dwarfs are embodiments of abstract ideas. An optimist has no room for a supernatural god lamenting over a fallen race. He must recognize the source of human degradation in man, and do the lamenting himself as Wotan does. Siegfried's second draught I will leave alone and admit as an unnecessary dramatic incident. There are certainly contradictions in the "Ring," such as Alberich's sneezing and Siegfried's forgetfulness of how he in the person of Gunther took the ring from Brunnhilde, but it was not my business to dwell on these at the time. I left certain subordinate inconsistencies unconsidered to point out the entire fallacy of the logic of optimism, since Wagner himself admitted it to Roeckel. Your critic must not run away with the idea that the work is devoid of wisdom or moral teaching, because logically or philosophically it is not valid. He asserts that Siegfried is badly treated. Certainly he is. The whole drama shows that the spirit which the Volsungs represent is invariably badly treated by constituted authority. And here is just one of these fatal mistakes your critic makes by the omission of a word. He says I have "only scorn and derision for authority," but what I say is only what Wagner says, and not my opinion apart from Wagner's, and that is "constituted authority." For authority (a pure abstract term) itself on page 19 the words are, "For the idea of authority Wagner has nothing but reverence, although as intimated all such ideas merge into one ultimate law—namely, love." How could Wagner have conceived the Walhalla theme without reverence for authority, that is, in the abstract? This entirely takes the backbone out of your critic's remarks. He has failed to notice that I always quote Wagner to justify my assertions. Evidently the chapter entitled "Biographical" has escaped his notice; by that I mean the needed support for the unity asserted. He says I lack tolerance. Why yes, certainly, like every right-minded person. If a man stones me or cheats me I don't tolerate it. There can be no doubt about it whatever. Some people—foolish Radicals, of course—will not fail to note that the antecedent act of stoning and cheating carries with it intolerance. Well, if my religion, taken from the moral in Wagner's "Ring," prevents me from stoning and cheating, is there no difference? But that is not a representation of the case as it exists in life. What if the stoner and cheater, as he is in the act, preaches its cruelty and iniquity? That is to Wagner's mind what your adored and revered Churches do, also what Wotan had to do to his offspring. Well, he did not actually stone them, but every one knows what is meant; and we poor weak-minded Radicals don't tolerate that. So your critic is quite right in his accusation of lack of tolerance. Only——

There can be no setting up of an anthropomorphic deity in Wagner on my part, and if I did it would be better than a deity who urges to bloodshed and crime and shameless usurpation of rights and privileges. The last words of my book refute any such tendency. I say Wagner's merit lay in the stating, not in the solution, of the problem of life. Allow me to thank your critic for drawing attention to the errors on p. 263. They will be added to the rest for the purposes of revision *in the event of the book reaching a second edition.* The italics represent the sigh of misgiving with which I repeat his words. I am, &c.,

DAVID IRVINE.

Thurso, N. B., Aug. 23.

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette critic—for I suppose the correspondent is Mr. Blackburn—has been in Munich listening to works by Mozart and Wagner. In a letter dated Aug. 20 he writes a digression on the ideal opera-house and the ideal opera-manager. His remarks are neither local nor for one day only. They should be pondered by all that are interested artistically or pecuniarily in the species of musical entertainment known as opera:

"To see and hear the Munich version of 'Tannhäuser,' given here a couple of nights ago at the Opera House, is to be filled with an ardent desire that some millionaire with a passion for art would make some serious endeavor to ruin the fashionable opera season of London. It might be done without very much trouble, and backed by superfluous thousands of pounds the time of its acomplishment would not be very long. In the first place a theatre must be built possessing a stage capable of executing without bother, noise or disorder every maneuvre which the necessities of the modern music-drama demand. There is no such stage at present in London, which is content with stale devices and obvious attempts at illusion that would make a Bavarian baker blush. The manager of such a theatre must have a knowledge not only of business, of bills, of parcels, and of profit and loss, but also of art in the true and proper sense of the word. He must know how to estimate the value of sound and careful staging, and he must reckon that accomplishment quite as highly as the power of soothing a prima donna or of making sweet words an efficient substitute for a check, for which—if one may trust the memoirs of a celebrated conductor—some managers of recent times have been peculiarly famous. Such a manager must also have some knowledge of singing as apart from singers, of music as apart from commerce, and of stage effect as apart from mere stage properties. He must be a scholar, and something of a martinet, with a precise idea of what he actually wants, and with a sufficiently strong character to carry out his idea to the last point of its possibility. If to this modest list of qualities—modest, in truth, though to London, overridden by city ideals it may sound astonishing enough—you add that most necessary matter, the will and force to command, then your millionaire with a passion for art has already built up two firm pillars in his ideal house of beauty. The repertory with which the manager of the new theatre would begin would, in these advanced circumstances, clearly depend upon its own intrinsic excellence, and not upon the whims of subscribers; but whatever the repertory, this much must be clear, that no opera could by any chance be passed for the stage which, in every mechanical detail and in every other point where by preparation perfection could be absolutely secured, was not as safe as it was humanly possible to make it. The prices at this eccentric opera-house—can you imagine such a place in London where mechanical details were seriously considered as worth the trouble?—would never be higher than those of the ordinary London theatre, and the time at which performances should begin would be strictly regulated by the convenience, not of the social dinner hour, but of the length of the opera itself. As to the singers, the star system, which despite everything and everybody reigns and triumphs gloriously in London, should be abolished, for it is certain that the possibility of engaging most meritorious and excellent singers upon a regular staff to the name of which a certain dignity attaches is within the means of a decently filled purse, and that the possession of such a staff infinitely outweighs the merits and defects of the whole star system tied up in a bundle and thrown in as counterbalance. These are not (save in the chance of any immediate realization) moonshine suggestions. I am convinced that with such a theatre and with the perfectly detailed performances which would result, in a brief time nobody who cares a rap about musical art would hesitate about his evening entertainment, if it were a question of one or the other; and these are, after all, more or less the achievements of Munich. Last season I heard Alvarez and Van Dyck as Tann-

[illegible] Covent Garden, I heard [illegible] as Elizabeth and Renaud as Wolfram, but if Covent Garden with all its personal attractions were put on one side of the Residenz-strasse and the Hoftheatre on the other, I could have not a moment's hesitation in the matter as to which of the two I should patronize. With all the beauty of the London singing, I should prefer this other interpretation, in which I do get not only quite excellent singing, but a deeply moving and intelligent version of the drama, the threads of which are never allowed for one instant to be broken or to get entangled.

"There is the difference for you at once. There are those who smile and maintain that Wagner made too much of his scenery, of the pictorial settings of his stories. They cannot conceive the necessity of this absurd devotion to mechanism. Salvini, a table, two chairs, an empty stage—you know the rest. Such a comparison is, however, entirely based upon a fallacy. The actor simulating upon an empty stage is one thing; the evolution of a drama another; and it so happens that every act or passage of Wagner's drama is distinguished by some objective and outward pictorial effect. The scenery was in truth to him a sort of symbolism, expressing outwardly and by a visible sign something of the undercurrent of emotion which is otherwhere filled up by the acting, the singing and the music. This being the case—and it would be tedious to expound the matter at greater length—the importance of the scenic effects for a true appreciation of the significance of the story cannot easily be overrated, and of all Wagner's dramas, in which this significance is of particular value, 'Tannhäuser' is perhaps the most prominent. Certainly it is that in which, so far as we in London are concerned, our most conspicuous failures in stage management have to be recorded, and any such failure practically means a partial breaking up of the meaning of the drama. The first scene of Tannhäuser's sojourn in the cave of Venus requires—and here in Munich it receives—the combination of the greatest richness and gorgeousness with the most careful smoothness and quickness of detail. I have seldom seen anything more lovely than the two tableaux of the Rape of Europa and Leda and the Swan as we were given them the night before last at the Hoftheatre; and their loveliness was only heightened by the momentary obscurity of the rosy glories that filled the rest of the scene, while the sudden change from those rich beauties into the country around the Landgraf's castle was a marvel, not only of stage magic, but also of the rarest stage illusion of magnificent scenery. The same scene which is now changed into autumn in the last act, with the leaves turned to gold, the marvelous mechanism by which the Venusberg suddenly reappears in the very centre of the stage—at Covent Garden they pull a black curtain up in a rock at the back of the stage—its disappearance, the light of the breaking dawn mingling with the candle-light of the tapers of Elizabeth's bier, and the final tableau, in which the full light of the day bursts out over the dead maiden and the redeemed sinner, surrounded by a praising crowd—these are pictures which will always remain memorable to us as effects in themselves than as part and parcel of a very beautiful version of the story of Tannhäuser; and as a result which I would not exchange for all the star systems of opera organization that the world could produce.

"Moreover, it is to be recorded that the playing and singing of the music-drama at the Hoftheatre was on an exceedingly fair, if not highly exceptional level. Vogl, who was the Tannhäuser, is of course a little passé; the voice has somewhat waned within him, and his high notes are not what they were; but his intelligence was extraordinary, and his actual singing of the 'Pilgrimage to Rome' was exceedingly fine. Frau Tenger Bettaque is far and away the best Venus I have ever heard, and Frau Claus-Fränkel's Elizabeth was human, charming, and well sung. Herr Bauberger's Wolfram was passable. The thing, however, which these singers accomplished was not to air off their separate virtues and graces, but to work together with amazing unselfishness and sincerity to unroll the drama of 'Tannhäuser,' to give you the play as a play with one whole and single meaning, illuminated as that meaning is by music, by language, and by scenery. To give such performances as these—with so superb an orchestra as this under Strauss—would be the ambition of my artistic opera-house builder, and I, for one, should have no doubt as to what the result even in London would be. The Bavarian tradesman comes in his glory to his national theatre; what is amiss with the Londoner? But perhaps that should be the text to another story."

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Lambert's "Spahi" will be produced soon at the Opéra-Comique, Paris.

Miss Ackté will soon make her debut at the Paris Opéra as Marguerite.

The Philharmonic concerts under Nikisch at Berlin will begin Oct. 11.

There were 455 pupils at the Cologne Conservatory 1896-97. Five were from America.

A Japanese opera in three acts, "Cin-Ko-Ka," by Lommer, pleased mightily at Palermo.

Max Lewinger has been chosen concert master of the Gewandhaus Orchestra, Leipsic.

Richard Strauss is writing a symphonic poem, "Don Quixote." He hopes to finish it by Christmas.

The Paris Conservatory has bought the original score of Gluck's "L'Arbre Enchanté," which was first performed at Vienna in 1762.

Andreas Hallén has finished a symphonic poem entitled "Die Todteninsel," the subject of which is taken from Böcklin's picture.

The Roxbury Musical Society will open its fifth season the evening of Sept. 24, under the direction of Mr. Ernest Schuebach, at the hall, 1418 Columbus Avenue, Roxbury.

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] gin their American [illegible] at Brooklyn. They then [illegible] West. They will sing in New York and Boston the latter part of December and January.

Stuttgart has now a memorial tablet in honor of Rubinstein. It is placed on the house where he dwelt at the beginning of his career. The tablet bears a medallion of Rubinstein in his youth.

An offertory for tenor solo and chorus with organ accompaniment, composed by Charles Courboin, a boy of 12 years, made a stir in Antwerp. He is a pupil of Blockx. The organ part was played by the composer.

Johann Strauss, who gave a garden musical party at Ischl for the benefit of victims by a flood and thus gained over $1000 for charity, says that his new opera will be finished toward the end of this year.

An inaugural recital will be given by pupils of the Faelten Piano School in Steinert Hall, Tuesday, the 14th. The program will include pieces by P. E. Bach, Rameau, Martini, Handel, Rubinstein, Chopin, Jensen, Roff, Clementi and others.

Mr. Tom Daniel will give a concert in Association Hall, Thursday evening. He will be assisted by Mrs. Humphrey-Allen, Mrs. Kaula-Stone, Mr. G. J. Parker, Mr. John Thomas and a male quartet from the Apollo Club. Mr. Daniel will go abroad to continue his studies.

It appears that the first French edition of Gluck's "Orpheus" contains in the dedication to Marie Antoinette, a very complimentary allusion by Gluck to J. J. Rousseau for the "natural accent" of his musical speech. "His (Rousseau's) 'Devin du Village' is an example that up to this time no composer has imitated."

The Paris Opéra will bring out this season, "The Mastersingers." This will be followed by "Thaïs," with a new dance and a scene of an oasis; "Wm. Tell," "Le Prophète," the first performance of Paul Vidal's "Gautier d'Aquitaine." There is also talk of S. Rousseau's "La Cloche du Rhin" and Chabrier's unfinished and posthumous "Brisels."

The Carl Rosa company is rehearsing "Diarmid," by Hamish McCunn, and the part of the Celtic heroine will be sung by Miss Cecil Lorraine, a "new" American soprano. "The Willow Pattern Plate," a tripartite work for which George D. Day, Sidney Bawkett and Edward Dean are responsible, and a musical farce, "Bilberry of Tilbury," by Silvanus Dauncey, are also ready for the stage.

Gaston Lherie, who took a first prize for piano at the Paris Conservatory, is 16 years old. He is the son of the prima donna Victoria Dumsday of New York city, who years ago achieved much success in Milan by her talent and beauty. She married the French tenor, Paul Lherie, of the Opera Comique. Gaston was born in Paris, but as an infant taken to America and brought up in New York city, where he received his first musical education. When 11 years of age he entered the Conservatory.

"The Wizard of the Nile" is undergoing rehearsals at the Shaftesbury. The original intention to import Frank Daniels has been abandoned. Lionel Rignold was engaged, but his retirement is announced—official reason an injury to his knee—and J. J. Dallas tries his hand. Aileen D'Orme has not been suited with the character of Abydos, the boy apprentice, so Clara Thripp attempts the part. Ptolemy will be played by Charles Roch. Another American opera to bid for English favor, or rather one of American origin, is "The American Heiress," by Arthur Branscombe.

The Société Symphonique of Brussels conducted by Ysaye will give next winter seven concerts, each one dedicated to a contemporaneous school, and conducted by a distinguished foreign conductor or composer. The conductors already chosen are Jehin (Belgium), Mottl (Germany), Svendsen (Scandinavia), Stanford (England), Martucci (Italy) and d'Indy (France). These soloists will assist: Mrs. Mottl, Miss Brema, Mrs. Gulbranson, Miss Friedheim and Miss Noé, Jaeger, Bussard, Nebe, Plunket Greene and the English pianist, Borwick. Mottl will conduct two concerts, one of selections from Wagner's operas, and one of pieces by Berlioz and German composers.

"In Town," a musical farce, book by Adrian Ross and James T. Tanner, music by Osmond Carr, was produced for the first time in America at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, Sept. 6. The chief comedians were Louis Bradfield, Marie Studholme, Maud Hobson, Juliet Nesville, Minnie Hunt and Claire Romaine. The piece is now about five years old. Speeches and lyrics have been touched up for New York by Madeleine Lucette Ryley. The Sun says "'In Town' is not equal to its successors. It is drawn out to a wearisome length, and the vivacious moments were far apart. But it had some lively scenes, and its actors were able to add a brightness that the text and action lacked."

At the coming musical festival to be given in Worcester, Mr. Franz Kneisel will play a concerto written for and dedicated to him by Mr. Gustav Strube, who is already known to the Boston musical public by two of his works that have been played by the Symphony Orchestra—an overture, "The Maid of Orleans," and a symphony. Mr. Strube was born in Germany. He studied first under his father, a chapel master, and then at the Leipzig Conservatory. After he had completed his studies he was offered a professorship in Mannheim. He remained there until he accepted the position of first violinist in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, where he still remains. The violin concerto, in G major, is in three movements; the first and second of these are continuous. The work is said to be the best that he has yet composed. The cadenza has been written by Mr. Kneisel, who will play the work in the performance to be given at Worcester Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 22.

The plot of Massenet's new opera "Sapho" follows Daudet's novel in a general rather than detailed fashion. In the first act [illegible] Fannie and Jean takes place and the ball gives the opportunity for the incidents which prepare the way for the future woes of the pair. The second act is devoted to a series of love scenes. House in the country and disillusions comprise the scene of the third act. The misery of the pair who have recovered their kisses and have lost the "first amour," that overlooked impetuosity of youth, is also disclosed. Domestic troubles culminate in a blow given Fannie by Jean. In the fourth act Jean tells his sweetheart that he is going to leave her. The sight of her is obnoxious to him, but she manages to secure a reconciliation, after which she deserts him, thus leaving the man whose life she has ruined to plunge into excesses.

As a rule, the voices of American children in the schools are inexcusably bad, says a writer in The Outlook. They are shrill, high, nasal, and wholly lacking in modulation of tone. Unfortunately, the same thing must be said, with, of course, numerous exceptions, of their teachers. The American people, as a people, need to have their attention directed to vocal culture. Our climate, our temperament, our sensitive nerves, all tell against the production of a good, natural voice. We need training more than any other people; and the time cannot be far distant, in the rapid advance of culture in this country, when the training of the voice will be as much a part of every child's education as learning to read, to spell, or to cipher. The ability to use the voice intelligently and musically ought not to be an accomplishment; it ought to be a necessity; and it will be a necessity whenever our ears become a little more sensitive, through training, to the sounds which now assail them.

"Rip Van Winkle," an English opera, text by William Akerman, music by Franco Leoni, was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Sept. 4. C. E. Hedmondt was Rip. Attalie Claire, Homer Lind and Ada Davies were in the cast. (Mr. Lind sang Beckmesser last spring in London.) According to the description of its authors, the work is a compromise between serious opera and opera comique. There are no spoken passages, the incidental dialogues being cast in a recitative. The Rip Van Winkle legend is considered a peculiarly adaptable theme for a romantic opera, wherefore the reception of this attempt has been much discussed. The opera has been divided into three acts—the first located in Sleepy Hollow Village in springtime, the second has the Catskill Mountains by moonlight for its background, and the last is a wide-awake hamlet. The sleep of 20 years intervenes between the first and second act. Several dances have been arranged by John D'Auban, in which Ethel Ross-Selwicke figures.

An especial effort is being made at the Grand Opera House this season in the direction of excellent orchestral music. Under the direction of Charles Leve, the program this week will be as follows:

Overture, Banditen Streich	Suppe
Medley, popular airs	Recker
Selection, from "Wang"	Morse
Waltzes, "Zenda"	Witmark
Finale, "American Republic"	Thiele

Light opera well presented at popular prices was for a long time the valued possession of Boston, but for a year past that form of entertainment has practically ceased to exist. It is to be hoped therefore that the intention of the Grand Opera House to present several of the traveling light opera organizations will be worthily carried out. The first operetta to be given will be "Wang," the work of Woolson Morse, whose recent death was deeply deplored both by those who knew him personally and by those who appreciated his efforts to give the public wholesomely merry music that not infrequently showed the possibility of more ambitious work.

Here lies one whose name was writ in beer. What are a poet's rights when his lines are pirated to print on a beer-pot? The poet in question is Wagner and Bayreuth is the scene of the piracy. Here the pilgrim fever is at present at its height, and Wagner tokens are exercising the ingenuity of the relic-monger at Wagner's shrine. Now one of these speculators is a pottery-maker, and he had the happy idea to engrave some lines of Wagner's on his latest output, the Munich beer flagon, gray pottery, stone-solid, and capped with pewter, lending itself naturally to aphorisms and illustrations of this sort. The lines were from Wagner to Heckel, his publisher, and as translated and given by the Débats ran thus:

Quand chaque pot a son couvercle,
Et chaque Wagner son Heckel,
Alors on vit sans souci
Et le monde est a l'abri.

But the poetic pints obtained such a success that a host of imitators arose. Wagner's verse was being profaned and likely to go through a whole beer-pot edition, so the poet's family allied with the Heckel family, and the first inventor have applied to the tribunal at Bayreuth to protect author and publisher in their rights as represented by their respective families. The whole question of poet and pewter will eventually be submitted to the supreme Reichsgericht.——Pall Mall Gazette.

"Non avium citharaeque cantus somnum reducent." We can do without the cithern, but the nightingale is sacred to slumber and should be protected. In Vienna they are considering a scheme for taxing singing birds—not the bird in the bush, bien entendu, but the bird in the hand. This steuerprojekt, which has been submitted to the Legislature by a Magistrate of standing and experience, is not so brainless as would appear at first sight. Austria, next to Italy, is suffering from the promiscuous destruction, capture and sale of song birds, and the bosky thicket is becoming as silent as certain gardens and groves in Naples and Rome. Therefore, what the fiscal authority says is this: Either we will keep our birds or increase our revenue, and if we cannot protect the songster, at any rate we will have cash in proportion to value. In order to do so consistently, the scheme taxes the singing bird on what seems a sensible scale, according to the domesticity of the bird and the value of its song. The canary would pay one florin, the thrush five, the lark ten; after this the [illegible] The blackbird contributes to the revenue 30 florins a year and the nightingale 60, but there is a rapid fall for the cuckoo and finch, who are only valued at 60 kreuzers a head. This is a new sort of protection, but one sorely needed. If the chorus of the birds could be consulted, they would probably be protectionists to their last feather.——Pall Mall Gazette.

Sep. 13. 97

The old woman is old and miserly, the old man is older and more miserly. But each of them is terribly afraid of thieves. Every other minute one asks the other:

"Have you the key of the closet?"

"Yes," says the other.

Then they are at peace for a while. Each keeps the key in turn, and finally each distrusts the other. The old woman hides the key for the most part on her breast, between her shirt and her skin. Who would think of rummaging such a useless purse?

The old man keeps the key sometimes in a buttoned up pocket of his trousers, sometimes in a waistcoat pocket half sewed up; and he feels for it frequently. But these hiding places appear to him less secure, and he finds another one with which he is satisfied.

Now the old woman asks, according to her habit:

"Have you the key of the closet?"

The old man does not answer.

"Are you deaf?"

The old man makes a sign that he is not deaf.

"Have you lost your tongue?"

Disturbed, she looks at him. His lips are closed, his cheeks are swollen. However, his appearance is not that of a man who is suddenly struck dumb, and his eyes express malice rather than fright.

"Where is the key?" asks the old woman; "it is my turn to keep it."

The old man continues to shake his head with a satisfied air; his cheeks are ready to burst.

And the old woman understands. She rushes forward, pinches the nose of the old man, opens, by main strength and at the risk of being bitten, his huge mouth, buries the five fingers of her right hand in it, and pulls out the key of the closet.

"A Son of the Revolution" asks, "Should not every patriot wear Union garments?"

N. B. W. writes to the Journal: "Where are the birds? The swallows and robbins left this section about Sept. 1, and not one is to be seen. Have they joined the strike or gone to Alaska? Surely something unusual has happened. The usual time of leaving for swallows is about Oct. 18, though they did leave earlier last season."

We have received the following note from F. W. P.: "Reading the accounts of pony polo games gives one a vague idea that they who participate are of a superior order of beings.

"Mr. Whackem ran Mr. Ketchet off in brilliant style, and made a terrific crack at the ball, but Mr. Whackem miscued and hit Mr. Bustus in the solar plexus.

"Mr. Bustus was applauded when he resumed play.

"By what visible or invisible means do they acquire the right to have 'Mr.' prefixed to their names.

"Alas! A suspicion comes over me that those long-winded accounts are put in at so much per ——.

"In base ball, foot ball and other games there is some interest in reading how Jones made a three-bagger or Smith gained twenty yards.

"Why weary common mortals with accounts of these various misters?

"I suggest a special exclusive edition, as 'Society's Own,' which can be read by society's leaders reclining on a couch, surrounded by faithful and gallant followers."

Early in August there was a terrible explosion at Rustchuk, by which nearly 200 lost life. Foreign newspapers give heartrending particulars. "Most of the victims were young people from 10 to 20 years of age. They worked for wages varying from 50 to 80 centimes a day, and their occupation consisted in emptying the cartridges and separating the powder and bullets. It appears that to prevent them from stealing, these work people were locked in the factory and searched before leaving in the evening. This fact led to the loss of numerous lives of persons who had not been killed by the explosion, but who were burned to death because they could not get out of the building." Wages in such a death trap were from 10 cents to 16 cents a day! And this in the period of high civilization, the year of Our Lord 1897!

Henri Rochefort thus freed his mind concerning a duel that was the excitement of a day: "It was necessary that young Henry should be wounded in order to give satisfaction to the Italian army. And, moreover, that he should not fight with pistols, a method which, if without result, is ridiculous and with result is dangerous—but with the sword. This is a refined weapon, the wounds of which can be precisely calculated by the surgeons in attendance, who can stop the fight when these wounds reach a centimetre or two. What the five-column reports of the Orleanist jour-

[illegible] is already [illegible] as an aftermath of the duel. The candidature at the elections of 1898 of this young explorer, who, if all accounts be true, has explored mainly the tea houses and the flower boats of the Far East. The last exploit of this royal highness has been so well advertised that it will be easy for him in the forthcoming elections to pose as having defended the glorious flag of France."

There is a fine scene in Mr. Barry Pain's "Octave of Claudius." Mrs. Lamb, an intense, nervous creature, finds that her husband, devoted to science, takes only "a conventional and scientific" interest in her. She becomes a "religious." Her passion finally masters her. She paints her face—'tis Sunday evening—and tires her hair to make one last appeal. "Love me again, Gabriel, love me! Else I shall hate you. * * * Don't look at me as if I were a specimen." "Excessive emotion," answers the doctor, "is not good for you, and will probably hasten your day." She rushes from the room, mad with the slight to her fair body. "'Love,' she whispered to herself, panting. Then she remembered. * * * She had just come from church, and had painted her face like a bad woman; it was wicked of her. She knelt and prayed God to forgive her."

Sept 14. 97

Here is a society sketch by Jules Renard. It is entitled

THE STEREOTYPER.

Eloi makes a call. He enters the room discreetly, finds madame alone and seated in front of the fire, touches her finger-tips, sits down, and says, while he balances his hat on a knee:

"A fallish day, dear madam."

"It is, indeed," she says, "I cannot do without a fire."

"You burn wood, dear madam."

"Yes, wood is dearer than coal, but it does not sulk."

"You are right, dear madam."

"And then I am very fond of the brightness of the fire."

"So am I, dear madam."

"I should like to sit this way every day, I think I think most of the time."

"And I also like to think, dear madam."

"I have no desire to read. What's the use of reading? I look at the fire. I see there all sorts of things, castles that crumble, living animals, crowds in miniature. Perhaps I am eccentric, perhaps I am different from other women, but believe me or not, as you please, my dear friend, actually I read the fire as though it were a book. Do you understand? I—read—the—fire!"

"Nothing that you do astonishes me," says Eloi, "and everything you do is excellent."

He rises; his call is over; he goes to other parlors to listen there to still more accomplished stereotypers.

A contemporary in New York says, "To call a Philadelphia gentleman an 'ex-Mask and Wigger' is one of the highest compliments that can be paid him. Even 'related to Biddles' loses lustre beside it." This jest appeared in the illustrated supplement, and yet there was no diagram.

Is there any town or village in New England where the bell of the leading church is rung daily at noon and at 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening? We believe the custom of ringing a bell three times a day is still observed at Exeter, N. H.

And in how many towns of New England is there a town crier?

"There seems to be nothing now to prevent the marriage of Antonio Terry to Sibyl Sanderson." Such a marriage will depend largely on Mr. Terry's state of mind. If he is swart and passionate, he is also mercurial.

A young man in New York city after smoking ten packages of cigarettes a day for some time forgot his name. But he seems to have had no difficulty in remembering the brand of cigarettes.

It is said that the late E. J. Milliken was the man who contributed the "bright things" to Punch. The man who contributes the gloom that characterizes Punch still lives.

In his own peculiarly disagreeable way the Rev. Thomas Dixon is helping the cause of Mr. Seth Low every Sunday

The fate of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is an awful one The Transcript is cock-sure that the title of his latest book "insures his exit from all further consideration in criticism." Perhaps it might be thought indelicate to ask how a man can make an exit from something that may come.

Mr. Edmond de Goncourt remarked Sept 11 [illegible] the correspondent who [illegible] his objections to Mr. de [illegible] on hotel letter-paper throwing down the newspaper with a snort and [illegible] into the air which he paws [illegible]—that meat, game, fish, vegetables are so bad in Picardie, where [illegible] the favorite dish, that a gentleman named Rattier, after visiting for a day his son, a sous-préfet, at Doullens, said to this son, "Get an office at Bayonne, anywhere, as far away as you please—I'll go to see you, but I'll never come here again—the eating is too vile". There are cities in New England which drummers and theatrical people dread to visit on account of the wretched taverns. These taverns are often pretentious, but cookery and service are execrable. At these taverns it is almost impossible to get decent bread, butter, eggs, coffee or simple meats. It is not that the landlord is stingy, but he does not know what cookery should be.

L. S. L. writes to the Journal: "What is the meaning of the expression, 'Like the famous ass of Buridan'? Was not Buridan a character in 'The Tower of Nesle'?" Not the same, not the same. Jean de Buridan was a celebrated dialectician of the 14th century. He wished to prove that unless animals are influenced by some external motive, they have no power of choosing between two equal objects, and he invented this sophistical argument. An ass is equally thirsty and hungry and it stands between a bucket of water and a measure of oats. What will the ass do? If disputants replied, "He will not move", the doctor answered, "Then he will die of thirst and hunger between the bucket and the measure". If, on the contrary, they said, "He will not be such an ass as to die", the answer was, "If he turns to one side rather than the other, he has, then, free will". This puzzled the learned men of Buridan's period, and his ass figures today in the proverbial saying applied to a man who does not know which side to take.

A BENEFACTOR.

There died the other day in Northampton a man who, although he was a dentist by profession, was devoted passionately to music. Self-taught for the most part, he was a natural singer, a born conductor, quick to learn an instrument, of fine, fastidious taste. With more favorable opportunities, born later or passing his boyhood in a more musical atmosphere, he might have gained a more commanding position; and yet it is doubtful whether even then he would have made more for musical righteousness than he did make in a modest way and in a necessarily restricted field.

The Journal has already told how a war rumor in the early sixties led Dr. Meekins to gather the local singers together for a praise service; how this gathering led to the foundation of a Choral Union; how this Society under his direction gave choral works with the assistance of the old Germania orchestra. But these facts seem of trifling consideration to the generation of music lovers throughout the State who know the Civil War only by reading and report and who are very familiar with music. Northampton in those days was perhaps more beautiful to the eye, before elms had been sacrificed for the sake of rigid tar sidewalks. There were inhabitants of culture and refinement, as those terms were then understood. There was a true democracy, such as de Tocqueville described and praised. There was a public library. But there was little or no artistic taste or sense in painting, sculpture or music. The development of a taste, an appreciation, a love for music in that town and an extended vicinity was due very largely to the unselfish devotion and labor of Dr. Meekins. A concert was at that time a risky experiment, so far as pecuniary results were concerned, and the idea of personal gain was farthest from his thoughts. Nor was the public always ready to enjoy the music that Dr. Meekins knew was good and of enduring worth. In church, where the musical services were of a nature to command respect today; in the concert room; in the household Dr. Meekins worked patiently, unselfishly, intelligently for the cause that was so dear to him. Through him and friends inspired by him, the town became acquainted with good choral, orchestral and chamber music; and the tone of the town was raised and enlightened by his efforts. Such men are often regarded during their life as enthusiasts, visionaries; and they are soon forgotten after death by those whose musical advantages were made possible by the work of such enthusiasts. But their influence remains, and the seed sown by them was not in vain, even though they are not remembered by public demonstration or civic memorial tablet.

Because a man was choked to death a few days ago by a piece of steak, vegetarians need not necessarily rejoice. Peas and beans have been known to go the wrong way.

The attempt of the defence in the Luetgert case to prove that the discovered bones belonged to a dog will not be a boom to the sausage industry in Chicago.

"Einstein girds at Strauss, who furnishes sterilized milk to the poor of New York." Wherever there is a philanthropist there is also a denigrator.

Another person who saw General George Washington has just died. The news is an agreeable change from the steady report of the departure of survivors of the charge of the 600.

And so Tolstoi is to be prosecuted. Is there slackness in the sale of his books?

Sept 15. 97

The perverse public will not purchase what they cannot understand. He is the successful writer who can adapt himself to the taste of the multitude. Just imagine what would be the fate of a newspaper conducted on high moral principles, without any tolerance for the ordinary Great Briton's self-esteem and love of money and taste for police news, and with exhaustive articles on all topics by men who had completely mastered them! Why, it would not live a week. It would be "caviare to the general." A catalogue raisonné of all the periodicals that have failed because they were too good to succeed would be a capital compilation. I have contributed to the failure of at least a dozen myself.

Standing he ate his breakfast of iced water, coffee, ham sandwich and two baked apples. He was so intent on food and drink that he did not heed the entertaining conversation of his neighbor with the girl behind the counter. A large piece of sandwich fell to the floor. He began to stoop instinctively to pick it up; then he refrained and blushed. Neither the girl nor the neighbor was watching him. Would the piece of sandwich have been the dirtier if he had been seen recovering it? Now which was the smaller instinct—thrift or shame?

It is always pleasant to hear of our fellow-townsmen bearing the banner of culture through the streets, churches, restaurants and tingle-tangles of European cities. We, therefore, wept tears of joy when we learned from a foreign contemporary that "Mm. les général Taylor de Boston, Sheeter de New Hampshire et Gallayher et Elder de Boston" gave a dinner to the officers of the San Francisco at Antwerp. The dinner was of the "gay freedom that distinguishes Americans." "The wines were exquisite." We should infer that the wines were also heady, for the reporter informs us that the guests after they had sung several American airs, "ont entonné" their national hymns "America" and "The Siar Splanged Tanner." "Le Siar Splanged Tanner!" So that is the way it sounded late in the evening!

We welcome heartily the Laundrymen's Association. Will these papers be read: "Proper care in Washing Shirts" and "A Protest against the use of Chemicals"?

Louise Michel is now an old woman, yet she wishes to see the United States. Is it possible that she will be taken seriously and forbidden to land? Let her see Niagara Falls at least. Mr. Johann Most of Buffalo would be delighted to entertain her, although she does not care for beer.

The Honorable John L. Sullivan at least defines his platform, whether you care to stand on it or not.

"Stranger" wishes to know why the "gentleman's room" at the railway station of the New York, New Haven and Hartford in Kneeland Street is so dismally lighted. Patience, patience. There will be a new station soon.

Philosopher Dooley of the Chicago Evening Post is much exercised over the Luetgert case: "But what do they do?

"But what do they do? They get Luetgert into coort and stand him up before a gang iv young raporthers an' the likes iv thim to make pitchers iv him. Thin they summon a jury composed iv poor, tired, sleepy expressmen an' tailors an' clerks. Thin they call in a profissor from a colledge. 'Profissor,' says th' lawyer f'r th' State, 'I put it to ye, if a wooden vat 360 feet long, twenty-eight feet deep an' sivinty-five feet wide an' if three hundhred pounds iv caustic soda boiled, an' if the leg iv a guinea pig an' thon said yestherday about bicarbonate iv soda, an' if it washes up an' washes over an' the slimy, slippery stuff an' if a false tooth or a lock iv hair or a jawbone or a golf ball across the cellar eleven feet nine inches—that is two inches this way an' five gallons that?' 'I agree with ye entirely,' says the profissor. 'I made lab'ratory experiments in an' ir'n basin with bicoloride iv goold which I will call soup stock an' coal tar which I will call ir'n filings. I mixed th' two over a hot fire an' left in a cool place to harden. I thin packed it in ice, which I will call glue an' rock salt, which I will call fried eggs, an' obtained a dark, queer solution that is a cure f'r freckles, which I will call antimony or doughnuts or anything I blamed please.'

"'But,' says th' lawyer f'r th' State 'measuring th' vat with gas—an' I lave it to ye whether this is not th' on'y fair test—an' supposing that two feet acrost is akel to tin feet sideways, an' supposing that a thick green an' hard substance, an' I daresay it wud, an' supposing you may, takin' into account th' measurements, 12 be eight, th' vat bein' wound with twine six inches fr'm th' handle and a rub of th' green, thin ar're not human teeth often found in counthry sausage?' 'In th' winter,' says th' profissor. 'But th' sisymoid bone is sometimes seen in th' foot, sometimes worn as a watchcharm. I took two sisymoid bones, which I will call poker dice, an' shook thim together in a cyclinder, which I will call Fido, poured in a can of milk, which I will call gum arabic, took two pounds iv rough-on-rats, which I rayfuse to call, but th' raysult is th' same.' Question be th' coort: 'Different?' Answer: 'Yis.' Th' coort: 'Th' same?' Be Misther McEwen: 'Whose bones?' Answer: 'Yis.' Be Misther Vincent: 'Will ye go to th' divvle?' Answer: 'It dissolves th' hair.'

"Now, what I want to know is where th' jury gets off."

Sept 16. 97

"Will you have a cigar, Einstein?"
"What's the matter with it?"

We quoted yesterday the opinion of Mortimer Collins concerning newspapers and the public. The opinion was expressed by him in a little essay, "Praed's Country," and it followed this statement: "Praed and his brilliant rival Macaulay were coadjutors in Knight's Quarterly Magazine, one of the numerous periodicals that are too clever to last." Today we quote from Bishop Horne: "The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons, continually burning, to turn others from the rocks on which they have been shipwrecked. What caution likely to be more effectual against gambling and profligacy than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a desperate suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy than an auction of estates, houses, and furniture? 'Talk they of morals?' There is no need of Hutcheson, Smith, or Paley. Only take a newspaper, and consider it well; read it, and it will instruct thee."

You see there are clergymen who realize that arson, theft, burglary, murder, suicide, are something more than dictionary words; that they stand out boldly in the patchwork, life; that they should be reported and discussed; that even from the details lessons may be learned. Only last Sunday we heard a clergyman of ability, a man of views and reading, denounce newspapers that do not dismiss a crime with a line. His denunciation approached hysteria. He said in effect, "Why do our newspapers publish columns about a murder and say little or nothing about a charitable or noble deed? Must we read each day about repulsive episodes in the lives of the most degraded human beings?"

The newspapers do record charitable, noble deeds whenever they occur. Does an engineer die at his post? Is a sailor snatched from the raging sea? Is there philanthropic action or generous, intelligent bequest? The report of heroism or charity is as full as possible, and seldom are such deeds passed over without editorial comment.

Murd r has interested mankind ever si ce Cain slew Abel. Fathers of the church investigated painfully and at length the manner in which the murder was committed. "Some declare it was with a stone. Others that Cain tore Abel to pieces with his teeth, Hebraeorum nonnulli tradunt eum fuisse morsibus à Cain dilaceratum. Others, that he fell'd him with the jawbone of an ass, and thus Painters have represented this catastrophe. Others that he murthered him with a pitch-'olk. St. Chrysostom declares 'twas a word; St. Irenaeus a scythe, and Prudentius, a kind of hedging bill." You will find other like matter in the Dictionary of the celebrated Mr. Bayle. "Some think, Abel at first defended himself bravely, and got the better of his brother; that he threw him, and did not hurt him, but that Cain rose up and killed him."

Eutychius, Patriarch of Alexandria, ffirms that Cain and Abel quarreled bout a woman, Azrun.

ain was not one of "the most de-ded human beings". On the con-ry, he belonged to the first family his period.

The Rev. S. L. Gerould of Hollis, H., writes to the Journal as fol-ws: "You ask if there is any other wn than Exeter, N. H., where the ll of the leading church is still rung ree times daily. From time immemorial it has been the custom in this wn to ring the bell of the Congregational Church at 6 A. M. in summer nd 7 A. M. in winter, at 12 M. and P. M. At the annual town meeting he ringing of the bell is auctioned ff to the lowest bidder. The bell, by he way, belongs to the town, the house having been built by the town 1804. In 1849 the Ecclesiastical So-iety purchased the audience room, le vestry and right of way through e vestibule; the town owns the re-ainder, which includes a town hall in e rear of the lower part of the house, e vestibule, belfry and bell."

C. G. H. writes in answer to the me question: "Yes. Newburyport, ass., where an eccentric character ndowed' the ringing of the 'Old South' where Whitefield's bones are shown nder the pulpit) bell every evening at or thereabouts as a memorial to his vife. Nightly the bell clangs for 10 ninutes, and strangers ask where the fire is or whatever may be up."

D. L. M. contributes this paragraph: "I see that N. B. W. writes to the Journal bemoaning the departure of the swallows 'about Sept. 1,' and says 'the time of leaving for swallows is Oct. 18.' I think that statement is ty strong evidence that your ondent had taken one 'swallow' ich. If he is not a sufficiently te observer of the habits of o know that the swallows make h earlier departure from New d than the date he names, let nsult the works of any authority ural history and get informa- He may learn, too, that the s may be found here sometimes in winter."

Sept 17.97

There was never a greater uniformity of body and mind than our own King Richard the Third, for in both he was equally deformed. He was low of stature, crook-backed, hook-shouldered, splay-footed, goggle-eyed, his face small and round, his complexion swarthy, and his left arm withered from his birth. Born, says Trussel, a monster in nature, with all his teeth, hair on his head, and nails on his fingers and toes. Those vices which in other men are passions, in him were habits. His cruelty was not casual, but natural; and the truth of his mind was only lying and falsehood.

Such is the pleasing description given by the Rev. Nathaniel Wanley in "The Wonders of the Little World." How the reverend gentleman would have rolled his eyes if he had been told that the tyrant was in truth a comely man of ingratiating manners, the very one to serve as President of a charitable society or as Chairman of a reception committee.

There was once an idea that a scoundrel could not look you in the eye. As a matter of fact the accomplished villain will stare a good man out of countenance. The most depraved man we ever knew had mild blue eyes set in a cherubic face. There are persons with eyes like hard boiled eggs and wash-leather faces that are viewed suspiciously by Uncle Amos, who has read of Hungry Joe; but the man that sells the gold brick to him has the facial outfit of the philanthropist.

A horrid crime is committed. The portrait of the criminal appears in the newspaper the next day. You hear the comment, "Well, he looks as though he were capable of anything". The newspaper is not a flatterer. It is often the rival of the amateur photographer; and thus the prisoner is handicapped at the very start.

Now, as a matter of fact, ru[illegible] are often apparently genial or tim[illegible] gentlemen, or they possess an extraordinary charm. There was Wainewright, for instance, the poisoner, who wrote delightfully over the signature of Janus Weathercock, and was described lovingly by De Quincey. They say that Eugene Aram was loath to step upon a worm. Auguste Vaillant, the bomb thrower, was a shy, sensitive creature, who sang very sweetly. Henry, another bomb-thrower, was devoted to intellectual pursuits, and spiritualism was his fad. Caserio Santo, who stabbed Carnot, had a fascinating smile in speaking.

Or do you think that women are repelled by the ferociously ugly? The Duchess who was enamored of the Man Who Laughs has many sisters in real life. Remember the boast of John Wilkes. Maginn knew the world when he sang of the lady of Leith who fell in love with an Irishman:

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear.
O the great big Irishman,
The rattling, battling Irishman—
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman.

Some years ago there was a singularly repulsive musician in this city. He was ugly and unclean, faithless and dissolute. Yet when he left the town he was mourned sincerely by good and gentle women.

"For the first time in its history the Union League Club expelled a member at its recent monthly meeting." The Club has been lucky. There are few clubs which have not at one time or another considered seriously the advisability of electing an Ejection Committee.

Much of the evidence in the Luetgert trial reminds us of the definition of expert testimony: "An argument under oath."

And after this Handel and Haydn row is all over the members in December will sing more or less sweetly "Peace, good will toward men."

Rodin, the French sculptor, has finished the cast of a monument of Victor Hugo for the Panthéon. "The poet, enveloped in flowing robes, is represented ascending his pedestal, while Iris, floating over his head, points out the way, and sea nymphs wave their welcome." The French are still faithful to the Ancients. In Victor Hugo's case a convict, a devil-fish and a nymph of the pavement would be more to the purpose.

There are persons who are greedy for facts. To comfort them we state that Paris consumes yearly more than 5,000,000 head of game, according to the Daily Messenger of Paris. This includes 270,000 hares, 1,975,000 larks, 472,000 partridges, 12,000 deer, 224,000 quail, 175,000 thrushes and blackbirds, 85,000 pheasants, 38,000 woodcock, 11,000 snipe and 5,600 crake. No notice is here taken of game that is smuggled into the city.

WRIT IN WATER.

Boston has encouraged astrologers for many years, and, indeed, there are physicians here who cast horoscopes before prescribing for throats and livers. There are clairvoyants and other amiable witches who ply a thriving business in our town. And now it gives us great pleasure to learn that there is an opportunity given Bostonians to know their future by water. We have a hydromancer among us.

In ancient times reputed witches were put to the water ordeal; if they sank they were innocent, but unfortunately for them they were drowned; if they floated, they were held guilty, and fire did that which water refused to do. There were some singularly gifted persons who had a double pupil in one eye, and in the other the figure of a horse; such would not sink in water, even if weighed down with clothes. But all this has little to do with hydromancy, not so much, in fact, as has the old fashion of water-casting denounced years ago by an old statute of the College of Physicians and alluded to by the amusing Speed in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Now hydromancy, or hydroscopy, is said to have been invented by the Persians. However this may be, the practices have been widely known for generations. Thus the gypsy girls of Transylvania boil water on Easter morning, to make out the names of their future husbands in the bubbles. And we find maidens in Cornwall visiting Gulval Well to say these words:

Water, water, tell me truly,
Is the man I love duly
On the earth or under the sod,
Sick or well—in the name of God?

If the man is well, the quiet water will bubble as a pot; if sick, the water will be foul; if dead, it will neither bubble, boil, nor alter color or motion.

There are many uses to which hydromancy may be put. If you suspect persons of theft, write their names on pebbles and throw them into water; the name of the thief will not be effaced. We call the attention of the sufferers in the Back Bay to this simple experiment. You may use for other investigations a vase full of water and a ring hung by a thread; the ring must strike the side of the vase a certain number of times. Or throw three little stones successively and at short intervals into still water; you may draw conclusions from the circles and their intersection. Or, like the Sicilians, you will watch the agitations of the waves of the sea. Or the color of the water will forecast the future. Or pronounce certain words over a cup or glass; the water will leap over the side or remain tranquil. Or throw a drop of oil into a basin of water; you will see, as in a mirror, that which you desire to know. This last seems to be a less vague, more satisfactory proceeding; of course only the best oil should be used, as in the case of salads. And we may fitly remark that the establishment here of the hydromantic industry should be an additional incentive to the city government to look sharply after the purity of the water supply.

Sept 18.97

I sat with the warm, kind Summer,
In the glimmering, misty air,
There passed me the brown September,
With draggled black leaves in her hair.

The Summer clasped and kissed me,
Lingered, then strayed apart—
And I found him dead in September's day
With draggled black leaves on his heart.

Now, Miss Anne Throop has written longer poems than this, but no one of them appeals to us so directly as do the two verses quoted above. It's a singular little pamphlet—her "Whisperings of a Wind-Harp," published vaguely in New York; there are 26 pages, three of which are devoted to a "Leitmotiv" by Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann. "Once upon a time, near the internecine sea, there was perched upon white naked rocks a dark castle of the Decadence"—you recognize the Hartmannian manner. The lady of this castle had two gowns; she would be dressed either "in the monotonous nuances of Northern twilights," or "in the melancholy color of fading sunsets."

Mr. Hartmann, as you know, is of Japanese and German parentage. This accounts in a measure for his prose, which is accentuated a little by a pose. A still stranger mixture of blood is Hungarian and Irish. We have a friend who is thus spurred to dazzling and rhythmic prose and sky-scraping flights of imagination. He said to us last spring: "I am 40 years old. So far I have used Hungarian blood. When I am 50 I propose to honor my Irish grandmother. I shall then begin to drink whisky."

We gladly pass over the preface of Mr. Hartmann—although we recognize the "orchidaceous" charm of certain phrases—to acknowledge the indisputable fancy of Miss Throop. If we are not sadly mistaken, she once acted here in a play by Ibsen, and we are under the impression that Worcester was her home. Surely is there power in "The Strange Old Man of the Sea," "The Great Gray Rock and the Sea," but the verses at the head of this column are franker, more direct.

It is not the long poem, men and brethren. The restless persons, male and female after their kind, who are constantly at work on lists of "the ten greatest" this-or-that, say "The Raven," when Poe is mentioned. But does any one of critical faculty maintain seriously that "The Raven" is to be named in the same breath with "Dream-Land," "The Valley of Unrest," "The City in the Sea," "Israfel," "The Haunted Palace," "To Helen," or "Annabel Lee"?

"So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down."

And yet there was for years in Cambridge dispute as to whether Poe should be called a poet. And there were highly respectable professors who really believed that "Ulalume" was bosh.

Miss Throop's pamphlet reminds us that she proposes to publish soon a little volume entitled "The Ironways of Manhattan and Other New York Poems." We await it with curiosity, for her individuality is pronounced; she thinks in her own way; she sees things that are not seen by many of us, and she has her own manner of expression.

Mr. Carl Zerrahn is 71 years old. Mr. B. J. Lang is nearly 58. Would it not be wise for the Handel and Haydn to compromise on a younger man?

They were talking about the Handel and Haydn at the Porphyry. "Yes," said Mr. Otto Langerfeldt, the painter, "I well remember a delightful evening when Mr. B. J. Lang played the piano, Dr. Langmaid sang and I played the violin." "You should have all sung 'Auld Lang Syne,' said one. "And what a pity that Andrew Lang could not have written the criticism," added another.

And W. H. K. adds: "75 years ago the town of Eastport, Maine, purchased a bell, toward which there were some private subscriptions, placed it in the belfry of the First Congregational Meeting House and instituted the custom of ringing it every morning, noon and at 9 o'clock P. M., a practice which that city still continues."

The Daily Messenger (Paris) tells of an episode of passion, which reached its climax in a house in the Rue Morand. For a long time an Italian workman named Corenta had been living with a woman for whom he had a passionate affection. Recently this woman died, and the shock of her death unseated the man's reason. He conceived the idea that if he could make her eat she would return to life. He therefore filled the mouth of the corpse with food, pushing some down the throat. He next imagined that this had caused the return to life of his beloved, and seizing the body in his arms he dragged it into a wild dance round the room with him, and broke into maniacal song. Through the open window the noise reached the neighbors, who saw a man dancing with a corpse. They were powerless to stop him, as the maniac had securely barricaded himself in the room, and for an hour the spectacle continued. It required the united efforts of eight policemen to put a stop to it and take the lunatic away.

Sept 19.97

THE HUMAN NATURE CLUB.

There is in Chicago a Human Nature Club. Its purpose is not sociological investigation or evasion of any Sunday law. It holds "matrimonial picnics." It held one a few nights ago. Coelebs in search of a wife was asked to attend, and he responded to the number of sixty. Only forty girls answered the invitation by their presence. Our Massachusetts women must envy the opportunity of their Western sisters.

There was no meretricious allurement of dress to deceive and subsequently disappoint. The aspirants were clad in bicycle suits. Neither the fat nor the lean were favored. There was a noble impartiality. The picnic was at Jackson Park. The High Priest commanded silence. "Let reason reign, Cupid has had his day. Let calm deliberation, not passionate impulse, choose your future wives."

An applicant rose. "This man," said the inspecting Priest, "is slight and nervous; a man of excitable temperament. He is a man of strong passions, of quick impulse. His life companion should be such a woman in general appearance as this"—and the Priest beckoned to a young miss with dimples and golden hair; "yes; just such a woman is the one for the doctor. Her every characteristic is the absolute opposite of his. They will be happy if they submit to the decree of this court and marry."

Four other couples were declared congenial or rather just suited to

each other in consequence of the possession of strongly opposing characteristics. It would be interesting to know the after lives of these couples so scientifically mated. Not that the idea is original to Chicago. There were similar picnics in Paris about a century ago, and the idea itself is much older. For there has always been more or less attention to stirpiculture.

We know by the daily papers that men and women advertise for life-companions, and there are journals published in good faith here and in Europe for the promotion and arrangement of marriage. The Chicago plan has its advantages. There is no temptation of mere propinquity. No parent, interested or prejudiced, advises, urges: an impartial, scientific oracle declares fitness or unfitness, and guarantees happiness. Whether action could be brought against him by the disappointed is a question that may yet engage the attention of Chicago lawyers who have already an enviable reputation in the procuring of divorce.

THE PARADOXICAL CITIZEN.

Mr. Remy de Gourmont contributes to the August number of the Mercure de France a biting article, entitled "The Paradox of the Citizen." Listen to the opening paragraph: "The citizen is a variety of Man; a variety either degenerate or primitive, he is to man that which the gutter cat is to the wild cat. Moreover, he is an animal esteemed and well-known; wise men have chosen him as the subject for patient investigation, which they describe as sociological. Like all beautiful and nobly useless creations, Sociology is the invention of a man of genius, Mr. Herbert Spencer."

According to Mr. de Gourmont, citizens are used in sacrifices to the family, the country and society. The males are sacrificed in the greater number; it is only in times of strikes or revolutions that citizenesses are offered on the altar. With the word "Duty" the citizen, an admirable creature, is made to dance, as a bear to the sound of a musette. The poor animal who receives blows for wages when he does not dance in time is an eternal debtor. Death does not extinguish this debt; the son inherits it from his father. "The fundamental character of the citizen, then, is devotion, resignation, stupidity. He exercises these qualities chiefly as a reproducing animal, an electoral animal, a taxable animal." He follows a flag without knowing why; he parades before rulers, massacres negroes, protects Turks. Alas! the son is not always the equal of his father. He listens to bad advice. The manufacture of the citizen would be compromised if he were less docile and less affectionate.

As an electoral animal he is not devoid of subtleness. He distinguishes between an "opportuniste" and a radical. The word "Liberty" makes him ... k, like a lost dog. "At the idea that he is to be left alone in the ... of his will, he weeps, he calls to his mother the Republic, to his father the State." In order to ... the laws, he pays the im... servants; he becomes a taxable animal; he contributes willingly ... who protect him against himself. Money he loves above everything, yet he throws it almost willingly into the great chest, proud, knowing that if he pays nine sous for a pound of sugar, six sous go to the State. "Gentle animal, respectable animal, stupid and resigned, work, obey. If you should revolt, there would be no more laws, and ... you ... to die, how can you, if there is no register to receive your ..."

Now what ... this bitter article? Here is simply another proof that the bulk of literary and artistic men in Paris do not accept the Republic. From Balzac down, few believe that art can flourish in a republic. There are exceptions, notable exceptions. But it is the fashion for the majority of those who regard life only as an opportunity for coining a phrase or discovering a new rhythm or a new shade of color, to speak contemptuously of the citizen. Fortunately for France, fortunately for the world, the mass of her people value more enduring things, nor are they inclined to hold license and liberty as synonomons terms.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Boston Symphony Concerts for 1897-1898.

Programs and Soloists of the Coming Season.

Novelties at the Kneisel Concerts—Harvard and Music.

For 16 consecutive seasons the Boston Symphony Orchestra has given to the people of Boston and the neighborhood two series of public rehearsals and concerts which will compare favorably with similar series in the whole musical world. There has been a total of 800 performances in Boston, which have been of an extraordinarily high order of merit. The personnel of the orchestra has contributed very largely to this result, and this personnel, as may well be imagined, has been practically unchanged during the past 10 years. The best artists in Europe and America have been secured for this organization. The Boston Symphony Orchestra has an established reputation in leading foreign cities. No conductor has returned to Europe, prejudiced by his sojourn here; on the contrary the direction of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been a distinct and crowning honor to Mr. Henschel, Mr. Gericke and Mr. Nikisch, the predecessors of Mr. Paur. The glory of such an organization does not belong entirely to Boston. New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cambridge, Providence share in the enjoyment of listening to this admirable body of musicians. Do you deem this an idle boast? See the newspaper reviews of concerts given in these cities, notahly in New York.

This orchestra is as much of a Boston institution as the Common, the Public Library, the Art Museum. It is a most potent factor in the intellectual ensemble that distinguishes this city.

* * *

The seventeenth season promises to be of even greater interest than those that have preceded.

The following symphonies will be given:

Beethoven—Nos. 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, and three movements of the 9th.
Berlioz—Symphonie fantastique
Mrs. Beach—Gaelic.
Brahms—Nos. 2, 3.
Dvorak—No. 5.
Haydn—No. 7.
Liszt—Faust.
Mendelssohn—No. 3.
Mozart—G minor.
Paine—Spring.
Raff—Im Walde.
Schumann—Nos. 1, 4.
Tschaikowsky—Nos. 5, 6.

* * *

These overtures, symphonic poems and miscellaneous pieces will be played:

Auber—Overtures to "Part du Diable," and "Domino Noir."
Bach—Pastorale.
Berlioz—Overture, "Roman Carnival." Three scenes from "Damnation of Faust."
Bizet—Suite "L'Arlesienne."
Brahms—Academic overture, serenade.
Beethoven—Overtures "Leonore" No. 2, "Egmont," "Fidelio."
Chabrier—Entr'acte from "Gwendoline."
Dvorak—"Carnival" overture.
Grieg—Two Norwegian melodies.
Liszt—Hungarian Rhapsody.
MacDowell—Symphonic poem.
Mendelssohn—Overtures "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" and "Ruy Blas."
Meyerbeer—Overture "Struensee."
Mozart—Overtures "Magic Flute" and "Marriage of Figaro."
Rubinstein—Ballet music, "The Demon."
Saint-Saens—"Omphale's Spinning Wheel."
Smetana—Symphonic Poem.
Svendsen—Carnival.
Tschaikowsky—"Francesca da Rimini," "Romeo and Juliet."
Weber—Overture, "Euryanthe."
Weber-Weingartner—"Invitation to the Dance."

And there will he several pieces hy Wagner, as well as pieces by Volkmann, Reinecke, Kern, and others.

* * *

The novelties announced will be hy Chabrier, Glazounoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Richard Strauss, Humperdinck and Saint-Saëns, Tschaikowsky.

* * *

The programs of the first four concerts will be as follows:

I.—OCT. 15, 16.

Academic overture	Brahms
Symphony No. 7	Beethoven
Espagne	Chabrier
Poeme lyrique	Glazounoff
Kaisermarsch	Wagner

II.—OCT. 22, 23.

Easter Festival	Rimsky-Korsakoff
Symphony No. 1	Schumann
Italian Caprice	Tschaikowsky

III.—OCT. 29, 30.

"Thus Spake Zarathusthra"	Richard Strauss
Symphony No. 3	Brahms
Invitation to the Dance	Weber-Weingartner

IV.—NOV. 5, 6.

Symphony No. 7	Haydn
Serenade	Mozart
Overture Leonore No. 2	Beethoven

* * *

The list of soloists is a striking one: Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler, Mrs. Titus, Miss Olive Mead, Messrs. Rosenthal, Joseffy, Siloti, MacDowell, Bispham, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schnitzler, Schroeder, Schulz.

Mrs. Titus is a soprano of Boston; Miss Mead is a violinist who has studied here.

Alexander Siloti is one of the most distinguished pianists in Europe. He was born Oct. 10, 1863, at Charkow, South Russia. He studied at the Moscow Conservatory from 1875 to 1881 under Swereff, Nicolas Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky and Hubert; from '83 to '86 under Liszt. He made his début in 1880 at Moscow in a concert given by the Music Society. His appearance in 1883 at Leipsic in a concert of the Tonkünstler Versammlung provoked stormy applause. Since then he has given concerts throughout Europe.

* * *

The sales of season tickets will be by auction, and will be held at Music Hall during the week beginning Sept. 27. Although no expense has been spared to keep the concerts up to the modern standard, the prices of tickets will be the same as before, $12 and $7 50 for the series of public rehearsals and for the series of concerts, according to the location of seats. The $12 season tickets for the public rehearsals will be sold at auction in Music Hall, on Monday, Sept. 27; the $7 50 tickets for rehearsals on Tuesday, Sept. 28; the $12 tickets for the Saturday evening concerts on Thursday, Sept. 30, and the $7 50 tickets for the concerts on Friday, Oct. 1. The sales will begin each day at 10 A. M., and will be conducted by Auctioneer Jackson. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. A very important detail is that the premium bid will be on each ticket. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be resold.

The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram, and will be marked off as soon as sold.

* * *

The Kneisel Quartet will give eight concerts in Association Hall this season. The first will be given Monday evening, Oct. 25. The sale will begin Oct. 18. Among the novelties to be produced in the course of the season are a trio for piano, violin and 'cello by César Franck, op. 1 in F sharp minor; Tschaikowsky's third string quartet in F major; concerto for violin, piano and string quartet by Chausson; Brahms's second clarinet sonata in E flat, and Russian vocal quartets by Henschel. Other works to be performed are Beethoven's A minor quartet, op. 132, C minor quartet, op. 59, No. 3, and op. 95; string quartets by Mozart, Haydn and Smetana; Brahm's C minor quartet. Chamber music for wind instruments with and without strings will be performed with the assistance of wind players of the Symphony Orchestra. Among the soloists who will appear at these concerts are Mrs. Szumowska, Mrs. Hopekirk, Mrs. Henschel, Messrs. Rosenthal, Joseffy, Pourtau and Proctor.

The Kneisel Quartet will give this season 8 concerts in New York, 5 in Philadelphia, 5 at Princeton University, 5 in Baltimore, 4 in Washington, and 9 in Cambridge. The club will give 10 concerts in the West next month. The first will be at Chicago Oct. 1.

* * *

The chamber concerts, under the auspices of Harvard University, will be given in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, this season, Tuesday evenings, Oct. 19, Nov. 2, 30, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 1, March 8, 29, April 12, 26. They will be open to all members of the university and to the public. They will be suplementary to a course of lectures given to students by Prof. John K. Paine on the "Chamber Music of Beethoven" and other modern masters. (Music, 8). Among the performers will be the Kneisel Quartet (at 8 concerts), the Adamowski Quartet, Mrs. Szumowska, Rafael Joseffy, Carl Baermann and Messrs. Jacquet, Sauter, Pourtau, Litke, Hackebarth, Zach, Schulz, Keller and others.

The programs will be chosen to represent most of the forms of modern chamber music: the piano sonata, piano and violin sonata, piano quintet, piano septet, string quartet, quintet, septet, octet. Pieces by Beethoven, Brahms, Chadwick, Chopin, Dvorak, Foote (quintet for piano and strings, first time), Grieg, Haydn, Hummel, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Tschaikowsky and others will be played. The program of the first concert, Oct. 19, at 7.45, by the Kneisel Quartet, will include Haydn's string quartet, op. 76, in G major; Mozart's quartet in C major; and Beethoven's quartet in E flat major, op. 74.

All business communications should he addressed to Mr. Fred. R. Comee, Music Hall, Boston.

Season tickets, with reserved seats, price $7, will be for sale at the University Bookstore, Cambridge, Saturday morning, Oct. 9, at 8 o'clock. A limited number of seats has been reserved for officers of the university, the students who take the course and invited guests.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Rosenthal will play here at least four times.

Arthur Nikisch spent the summer at Ostend.

Miss Alice Esty is studying the role of Isolde.

Lady Hallé proposes to visit America next year.

Victoria has presented Miss Janotha with a jubilee medal.

Eugen d'Albert is said to be at work on a "popular" opera.

Elsa Kutscherra, a Wagnerphone, has married Maximilian Denys of Brussels.

Mrs. Polak von Elsner, a sister of Litta, is living in Brussels. She, to, is a singer.

Mr. Max Heinrich announces a series of song recitals, to be given at Steinert Hall. The date for the first is Tuesday evening, Nov. 2.

The soloists for the eight concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society this season will be Ysaye, Pugno, Marteau, Gérardy, Nordica, Plancon.

De Wolf Hopper's coming engagement at the Tremont Theatre will be opened by a revival of "El Capitan," which was such a success here last season.

Mancinelli is at work with Mozzuccato on an opera. His "Hero and Leander," given at the Norwich Festival 1896 as an oratorio, will be sung in Italy this season.

Mr. J. M. Glover, who was one of the late Sir Augustus Harris's conductors, composed a comic opera, entitled "Regina, B. A.," which was produced at Birmingham on Bank Holiday.

A monograph on the life and work of Johannes Brahms, by Heinrich Reiman, will be published the end of September. It will contain numerous illustrations, fac-similes and portraits.

Melourgia, a mixed vocal singing society, Mr. F. W. Wodell, conductor, will begin rehearsals for the season, Wednesday evening, Oct. 7. There are a few vacancies for singers. The society will give three concerts this season.

Adele Ritchie has made a hit in London in "The Wizard of the Nile," opera, the music of which is highly praised, while the book is "roasted." D'Oyly Carte has been scored for threatening to bring Lillian Russell to London.

The editor of a Russian paper asked Count Tolstoi his opinion about Wagner. "Wagner," Tolstoi replied, "is a decadent who replaces imagination and inspiration with scientific tricks. For my part, I prefer a simple, popular air to Wagnerian music."

The business interests of the Savoy Theatre have been turned into a limited company. The policy of the house will be essentially the same as heretofore, and Mr. d'Oyly Carte, Mrs. d'Oyly Carte and their son will be joint managers. Mr. Carte will retire for some time on account of ill health and his son will act in his stead.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be sung at St. James's Church, Harrison Avenue tonight. Mr. Augusto Rotoli will conduct the performance. The rest of the program includes Mr. Rotoli's "Salve Regina," an "O Salutaris," by Wagner and Ett's "Tantum Ego." The choir will be made up of a quartet and a chorus of 60 voices. The service will begin at 7.30.

Although "Rip Van Winkle," a romantic opera by Leoni, produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Sept. 4, is "built upon legitimate and reasonable ideals," and "is an attempt to brush on one side all the stupidity, the vulgarity, the inaneness, and the vague nonsense of the musical farce, the thing proved absolutely unstimulating and in one or two central and unimportant passages, even silly," says the Pall Mall Gazette. "Dramatic probability is altogether cast to the winds. It is not written badly * * * but it suffers from a fatal mediocrity. The music again has a certain fluency and charm. But it is obvious, and contains far too much of that terrible characteristic which Mr. Archer once described as the quality which made music attractive to him, and by which a man can always guess the second phrase of a passage, when the first phrase is given to him."

Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, since his return from America, has taken up more than ever the reciting of poems, like "The Lost Soul," "Lorraine," "Lorraine Lorree" and others, to the accompaniment of music. Mr. Stanley Hawley, who has achieved considerable fame in England for his settings of these poems, is about to accompany Mr. Davies on a tour in the Provinces, when the latter part of the program will be devoted to two of these selections. The superb vocal equipment that Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies possesses—the power to color his work according to the meaning of the text and the intelligence he evinces in the interpretation of these masterpieces of English verse—has enabled him to make a sensation in reading them. It would not surprise me if he went to America and gave a series of recitals—when these poems would largely figure in the program—taking the composer with him. —Musical Courier.

Miss Julia Perlroth, a violinist of high local repute and a beauty of natural celebrity, killed herself in Budapest early in the month, after a career full of tragedies. She was the daughter of a royal official, and studied for the concert stage, despite the protests of her parents. She made her début five years ago, and at once her pictures were sent broadcast over Continental Europe, spreading her reputation for beauty to Berlin, Vienna and other cities, where her art remained long unknown. For two years Miss Perlroth was successful on the stage. Then she fell in love with an Hungarian Baron, retired, and lived with him. When he tired of her she resumed her playing in public, but not with artists of her class. She appeared in music halls. Two years ago a volunteer private, who was studying in the Vienna University, shot himself for love of her. Six months later a Cashier of a Vienna bank embezzled $20,000 to buy

her jewelry. When she [illegible] he drowned himself in the Danube. Seven months passed, and a Second Lieutenant in a Magyar regiment in the Hungarian capital shot himself dead in a cafe chantant, where she was playing. She had refused to marry him. He had been buried but eight weeks when a volunteer private in Gratz took his life because she rebuffed him repeatedly. Next she herself fell in love with a broker in Budapest, and after a tempestuous intimacy of ten days opened a vein in her wrist. The broker thought she was about to die, and so opened a vein in his wrist, but they both recovered. A rich Viennese was her next friend. He supported her in style in Vienna while she played first violin in a female orchestra. She had about everything that the first violin in a Vienna orchestra could not afford to buy—diamonds, a house, carriage and pair, and so on—and achieved widespread notoriety by her magnificence of attire and her beauty. When her engagement in Vienna closed she and her rich friend went to Budapest for an outing. There she was overcome by her weariness of a misspent life. She shot herself in her room, and her Viennese friend found her dead body when he returned from a jeweler's to whom he had gone on an erand for her.—New York Sun.

Sept 20, 97

Cork a piece of cork cut into a cylindrical or tapering form, used as a stopper for a bottle, cask, etc.; also transf. a similar stopper made of some other substance.

Mrs. Odoherty, when asked if she would take water with her gin, was speechless for a minute. She then replied, "Havn't I trouble enough?" We are all born to trouble. Let us begin the week by listening to a story told by the Intelligent Foreigner.

THE CORK.

The piggishly inclined have grunted with joy at the slipping down of delicate dishes and good wines, and they are drunk with the savors. Animated faces can blush no more. Cheeks are ripe. Mouths laugh with double laughter, and women follow in speech the men as far as they wish to go. And now the host, Mr. Johnson, seizes a bottle of champagne.

"Ah —!"

By sharp blowing he scatters the dust that is on the head of the bottle.

Everybody watches him.

He removes the golden cap.

Everybody becomes serious.

He cuts the wires which fasten.

The conversation flags, and at last ceases.

He presses his thumb on the nape of the cork.

"Look out!"

"I see," says Mrs. Johnson, "that you are beginning your nonsense. Why don't you do that in the pantry?"

Mr. Johnson does not even make a gesture of contempt. He employs the traditional pressure. You would think he were molding a ballet girl in clay. He does nothing thoughtlessly. If he sees that the cork has budged a little, he rests, and thus makes an effect. He taps the bottle in friendly fashion on its belly and bottom. At times he turns it like a loaded musket toward the charms exposed by a low-cut gown; but he immediately reassures the women:

"Don't be afraid; I have hold of it."

"This is very irritating," says Mrs. Johnson; "take a cork screw and hurry up."

"Take a cork screw to uncork a bottle of champagne!" answers Mr. Johnson, dividing his words into syllables; "in the course of my long life, I have heard of extraordinary things; but this surpasses them all, I assure you."

He looks slily at his guests.

The busts drawn back form together a large bell-shaped calyx. Each woman utters an original cry. Little fingers are buried in ears. A plate serves as a fan. One man, who is much respected, expresses admirably the common embarrassment:

"I have been a soldier," he says, "and I do not fear death. Fire a cannon, and see whether I wince. But this unnerves me! It is more than I can bear."

"Yes," says a physician who is accustomed to painful operations, "it is useless to put us to further torture. We have given sufficient proofs of bravery. Hurry up!"

"Patience, patience," answers Mr. Johnson calmly. "As for me, I like to see nature follow its course. Besides, I can assure you that the cork is coming. It is only a matter of time, and after it pops, you won't think anything about it."

Although he is regarded as a monster a frightful wretch, he preserves a serene face. He arranges anguish. He now treats the cork only with a steady stare. Anxiety reaches its limits. You would say that the loaded table, yielding to the pressing knees, the swollen abdomens, the rigid arms, would leap up to the ceiling.

"I should like to smack you," says Mrs. Johnson. "You exasperate us all. Someone will faint. Give the bottle to me."

"Stop that," says Mr. Johnson, "or I'll drive the cork into the bottle."

"Help!" shrieks Mrs. Johnson.

"Stop that, or I'll throw a fork at you!"

"Mrs. Johnson is right," exclaims the old soldier, "perfectly right. You are making fun of us. Have some respect for women. Give me the bottle immediately."

He grabs it.

"You'll never snatch that from me," says Mr. Johnson, "unless you break my fingers."

"How pig-headed he is!" exclaim the guests, who arise from their seats. The bottle disappears up to its neck under the hands that swoop down to clutch it. The less ready catch hold of wrists. Spots of blood fleck fair skin.

"Well, you will have it so," says Mr. Johnson. "All right, go ahead. You make me out a brute. Yet I defy you, one against ten. Look out for an accident! Everyone look out for himself!"

The guests, beside themselves, refuse to listen; they lose prudence. Eager to do something, they wish an ending which will bring relief, no matter how, and they leave it to fate.

But, pulled about in various ways, the bottle of champagne resists efforts that counteract each other; it becomes motionless; it suffocates; it pushes of it own accord. The cork comes out, like a sigh of digestion; it lies on one side, on the edge of the neck, and, oh, so lazily.

A NEW EXHIBITION.

It seems to be the custom now in Europe for towns both great and small to hold singular exhibitions. We spoke the other day of the collection of hats that draws visitors to Brussels. There is a perhaps still more entertaining show in Stuttgart, the little town that is squat, as at the bottom of a cup, though its people prefer to allude to it as a gem in precious setting.

The Stuttgart exhibition deals with the business of the inn and the innkeeper. The literary department is said to be a novelty; it includes an international collection of bills of fare, gathered in all lands and of all periods. The feature of the "Menu Exhibition" is a document dated Paris, Christmas, 1870. Thus it runs: Siege bread, horse flesh soup, dogmeat cutlets, Katzen pfeffer (jugged cat), ass's flesh à la sauce Soubise, ragoût of rats and mice à la Chinoise, green peas preserved, potatoes, lettuce and celery salad, plum pudding. This bill belongs to a member of the American Legation.

The United States knows Hotel Keepers' Congresses, Hotel Keepers' Conferences, and Hotel Keepers' Reunions. Would it not be an excellent idea to have an exhibition patterned after the one at Stuttgart? There should be a literary department, of course, with essays on the origin and introduction of the word "Front," and inquiries into bill-of-fare French as distinguished from French of Paris and Tours. The display of food-stuffs should be classified so as to show the different tastes of guests who come from certain sections of the country, and local fashion could be studied by the appearance of the same stuffs cooked. The worship paid the frying pan should not be ignored; indeed, this favorite instrument of stomachic torture should be enshrined in a separate temple. There should be a portrait of the gifted being who discovered the use of soap-dishes for vegetables. The huge syringe with which soup is served in the cheaper boarding houses of New York would amuse foreign visitors, and our own countrymen should learn the Parisian art of enlivening stale fish by a piquant sauce. The original form of the machine for boning turkey, a machine contrived, according to John Phoenix, by Dr. Tushmaker, an eminent dentist, for extracting teeth but abandoned on account of its tendency to draw out the human skeleton, should stand by the improved knife-cleaner. Lightning calculators should exhibit on blackboards the process by which bills are reckoned; and there should be diagrams explaining the difference between a hotel day, a business day and a day of leisure. Eminent students of sociology might give lectures on the development of the hotel clerk, while economists examined the theory and practice of tipping.

The picture gallery should contain the portraits of celebrated innkeepers, arranged in historical order, from the Egyptian, who gave his personal attention and stood by the guest's chair, to the composite photograph of a syndicate. These are only hints and suggestions for an exhibition that would throw the affair at Stuttgart into the shade.

Sept 21, 97

Yes, the part played by a second in a duel is indeed a delicate one. He can sin through excess of intelligence. Martel, the client of Eloi (everyone who confides his interests, whatever they may be, to a business man is called a client) had chosen the pistol. He wished to kill quickly and at once, without ceremony, without making the futile gestures that render sword-play so ridiculous. On the field Eloi saw that Martel grew pale. There are interesting pallors; but that of Martel dishonored Eloi; it was not so much a pallor as a greenness. Humiliated, Eloi whispered in his ear:

"Idiot! don't be afraid. The pistols are loaded with corks."

The sombre snows on Martel's face melted immediately. He braced himself, turned madcap, face to the danger, breast uncovered, and Eloi congratulated himself on his harmless strategem.

At the word "Fire!" Martel, whose fine bearing was admired by everybody, disdained to pull the trigger. He lowered his pistol to his thigh, and brave, even to the point of insolence, he marched toward his foe, tossing his head like a cocky man who knows it all.

And when he was very close to the foe, Martel was shot in the neck right here, see—put your finger here.

Miss Couesdon of Paris, who for a long time has been on familiar terms with the Angel Gabriel, says that he has not spoken to her for a fortnight. This is not surprising. There is silence occasionally in Heaven, or Heaven would not exist. See chapter viii., of The Revelation of St. John the Divine.

One of the charms of the Tower of London is that it is haunted. The ghost of Anne Boleyn was seen lately by several of the guards. This apparition is said to foretell the death of one of the Royal family.

Was Artemus Ward acquainted with the spectral advantages of the Tower when he visited it?

"You have no Tower in America?" said a man in the crowd, who had somehow detected my denomination.

"Alas! no," I ansered; "we boste of our enterprise and improvements, and yit we are devoid of a Tower. America, oh my onhappy country! thou hast not got no Tower! It's a sweet Boon."

Now if you consult John H. Ingram's "Haunted Homes and Family Traditions of Great Britain"—and we know of no more delightful gift to the sensitive young—you will find that Mr. Edmund Lenthal Swifte, Keeper of the Crown Jewels, in October, 1817, was at supper in the sitting room of the Jewel House, said to be the "doleful prison" of Anne Boleyn. "I had offered a glass of wine and water to my wife," says Mr. Swifte, "when on putting it to her lips, she paused, and exclaimed, 'Good God! what is that?' I looked up, and saw a cylindrical figure, like a glass tube, seemingly about the thickness of my arm, and hovering between the ceiling and the table; its contents appeared to be a dense fluid, white and pale azure, like to the gathering of a summer cloud, and incessantly mingling within the cylinder. This lasted about two minutes, when it began slowly to move before my sister-in-law; then, following the oblong shape of the table, before my son and myself; passing behind my wife, it paused for a moment over her right shoulder. Instantly she crouched down, and with both hands covering her shoulder, she shrieked out, 'It has seized me.' I caught up my chair, struck at the wainscot behind her." And in this room, or near this room, sentries at night have been alarmed by a figure like a huge bear. But the ghost of poor, sweet Anne Boleyn would harm no one. 'Twere worth a pilgrimage to see her. Did she never haunt the study of Mr. Froude, who pursued her after the axe had kissed her dainty, odorous neck?

It was on Sept. 21, 1892, that Mr. Edmond de Goncourt bethought him of Père Césarin of Bar-le-Duc, who earned an honest living by begging in a refined blackmailing fashion. For when he was young, the cynical Césarin went to college with the wild youths of the town; and when they were snug citizens, he would call on them and say, "Judge, do you remember that scrape you got into?" or "Doctor, what became of that body you stole when you were a student?" And thus he gained money for silence.

Here is another instance of the advantages and the disadvantages of a college education.

The faithless lover is sometimes too precipitate in getting off with the old love and on with the new, but this charge cannot be brought against a young French engineer in Paris whose history is recorded in the Temps. He decided to marry, and not to marry the lady of his first choice; therefore he took precautions. First he consulted the police magistrate of his quarter, M. Cornette. "How shall I prevent my discarded love from killing herself or me?" M. Cornette, the magistrate, was equal to the occasion. "Take the powder out of the cartridges of Marie Louise's revolver and tell the chemists to sell her no poison. Aqua distillata ad lib sumenda; but no vitriol, no morphia." The engineer acted on this advice and went home to await results. These came in the form of a letter: "At the hour you read these lines I shall be dead—victim to the poison and ingratitude of man.—Marie Louise." Then the faithless one went leisurely to the scene of the tragedy and found a tragedy pour rire. Marie Louise had tried the revolver, but it ended in a deathless snap; she had drunk poison, and found it was distilled water. At present she lives, and means to live. Moral: when the next vitriol drama occurs—cherchez le pharmacien.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Vance Thompson remarks, "Mr. Le Gallienne is an intellectual cad. He wears lace on his wrists and legs, and is a puppy." But it seems to us that if we had written "The Quest of the Golden Girl" we could endure such criticism.

Sept 22. 97

Yes, what in the world is the matter with him? People stop to look. They understand ordinarily only the things that tell a story; and now they do not know whether they should laugh or cry.

A tall servant in livery holds a little old man tightly by the arm. It is his duty to walk with him correctly for an hour every evening.

The little old man tries to get away. He wishes to touch the walls, to look in the shop windows, to make streaks with a wet finger on the glass. His wrinkled checks are like parchment yellowed by the years. For a long time his body has been rickety. The white of each eye surrounds a little red lash; the color of his hair stopped at grey.

Now he tugs brusquely at the servant and tries in vain to make him swerve; and now he kicks him, or bites his hand.

The servant is never offended. He has his orders, and walks erect, stiff, straight ahead in the middle of the sidewalk.

At last the little old man seizes suddenly a door-knob, clings to it, hangs from it, and utters sharp cries from a wasted throat, and he chirps childishly.

The genteel servant unhooks him with respectful care, and says to him in well-educated tones, determined and yet suave:

"I ask your pardon, sir, in advance, but I shall say at home that Master has been unreasonable and has acted like a child."

All those who are irritated daily by unduly athletic persons owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Rod, who has voiced their complaint in an article published in the Débats. The lot of the Anglo-Spartan child is a hard one, for he has never known the joy of recreation for its own sake. "Except, perhaps, in their first infancy, when they have thrown a ball according to their baby caprice, these unfortunates have never played for their own amusement, and even at that early time methodical professors were teaching them the rules of games like the rudiments of education. Some, no doubt, were punished for having allowed their attention to wander during a match, or whipped for having missed a ball." And how he commiserates the lot of the professionals: "I have read the heart-rending account of their préparation. Their existence is only one degree lighter than that of the jockey and the ballet girl, only one degree less laborious, less abnormal." Mr. Rod concludes by speaking in behalf of amateurs, "who dare not touch a ball or racket for fear of showing their inferiority. * * * We had our games for the exercise of our fancy and our liberty. They have taken these away, and what remains to us?"

If you will look on page 251 of Jean de Tinan's "Penses-tu-réussir!" you will find a chapter entitled "Origin, grandeur and decadence of an essay on Cléo de Mérode considered as a popular symbol." This is the essay that was to have made Vallonges famous, the famous essay that many a man has never finished. Here is an extract: "I do not know whether Margot tells the truth when she says that it was Bébé who stood as model for the lower part of Falguière's celebrated statue—and I don't care. As 14 women have sworn to me that they were the one and only model for the same sculptor's Diana, I am not interested in such discussion. If Cléo was not the model, I am sorry, for the statue, 'The Danse' is beautiful." The essay-

[...] claims that from epoch to epoch there must be a priestess of beauty, so that there may be a popular recognition. "Juliette Récamier was necessary, but she had a 'salon,' and this displeases me. It would, on the contrary, delight me to find Miss Cléo de Mérode obliged, in return for a governmental subsidy, to display herself in places where she could best move a select assemblage or a crowd."

N. H. A. writes that the bell of the North Church, New Bedford, is rung daily at 7 A. M., 12 M., 9 P. M. C. H. W. writes: "Replying to a general inquiry of yours in the Journal of the 14th, I will say that to my knowledge the curfew is rung daily in Portsmouth and Claremont, N. H., from the North Church in the former place and from the Town Hall in the latter. In Claremont I have noticed that almost invariably the streets are deserted at 9 o'clock as the curfew is rung, it being the signal for all to be at home. In Provincetown, Mass., the town crier is retained with all its other oddities, the crier walking the street, ringing a hand bell and calling sleepily out." G. B. C. R. writes that in Arlington, Mass., the custom of ringing daily a church bell at noon and at night has been observed "ever since the little village shook off the apron strings of mother Cambridge and started out in the world for herself. * * * At 9 o'clock in the evening those sweet tones again ring out. Those in the town who are poetically inclined call it 'curfew;' others call it—foolishness; but the oldest inhabitant calls it good, and he is neither poetical nor profane. He says that years ago, when he was a boy, he didn't like it so well. For then the 9 o'clock bell meant something. All the youth of the village were regulated by it. No matter how 'sweet' a young man might be on some village belle, I quote the O. I., no matter how near popping the question he might be, when the bell rang, he was obliged to take his hat and go home, and the object of his affection was obliged to go to bed! Many the melodrama in life has been acted in that little village, in which the bell has played the part of the heavy villain! Although times have changed, he still likes the custom, and each year in Town meeting he jealously takes upon himself the duty of moving the appropriation for this noon and evening bell." M. T. C. writes: "In Ipswich the bell of the First Church is still rung, every day at noon, and every evening at 9 o'clock, Sundays excepted. May the good old custom long be continued there!"

C. L. adds, "Ashby, Mass., knows this old custom. By the way, is this practice observed in any Western town today?" And A. S. writes: "The Old South tower (Unitarian) bell in the town of Nantucket, is regularly rung at 7 A. M., 12 M. and 9 P. M., and has been for a time the memory of man runneth not back to the contrary. Nantucket has also for years had, and it still has, a public crier."

'TWAS GOUNOD'S

Opening Hour of Music at Worcester.

His "Redemption" Sung Last Night.

Audience Was Not Over Large, but Applausive.

Program of the Concerts Yet to Come.

Philip Hale's Criticism.

Worcester, Sept. 21.—The Fortieth Festival of the Worcester County Musical Association began this evening with a performance of Gounod's "Redemption." The Board of Government this season is made up as follows: Mr. Charles M. Bent, President; Mr. Daniel Downey, Vice President; Mr. Luther M. Lovell, Secretary; Mr. George R. Bliss, Treasurer; Mr. George W. Elkins, Librarian. The conductor is Mr. Carl Zerrahn and the assistant conductor is Mr. Franz Kneisel. The orchestra is made up of Boston Symphony players. The program book is by Mr. Walter M. Lancaster of the Worcester Spy.

The officers of the Association determined this year to produce only modern choral works. Thus we find the composers represented are Gounod, H. W. Parker, Goring Thomas, Saint-Saëns. It is fitting to put off discussion of the wisdom or the mistake of such discrimination to the end of the week.

* * *

Saint-Saëns asserted the other day in an elaborate review of Gounod's career, that Gounod's fame as a composer would rest finally on "The Redemption," "Mors et Vita," and the Cecilia Mass. Now Saint-Saëns delights in paradox. Was he in earnest when he made this defiant statement? Or in view of the comparative failure of his own operas, did he take pleasure in underrating "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet"? On the other hand we find Hanslick voicing the opinion of German critics when he says that "The Redemption" did not even redeem Gounod.

"Is the work sacred?" You cannot say of it, as Rossini said of his own Stabat Mater, that it was written mezzo christiano; for Gounod was terribly in earnest when he set himself to this task. And here we recall the statement of Thackeray—an insular statement, to be sure—that one of the most humorous sights in this world is a praying Frenchman.

We know that Gounod in his early years thought of renouncing the world, the flesh and the devil. In Rome he passed hours in religious ecstasy. He joined the society of John the Evangelist to regenerate mankind through art. He entered the seminary. His first works of length were for the Church. In February, 1846, it was announced that he would take orders. Choruses by "the abbé Gounod" were published. A Salve Regina bore his portrait; he was clothed in a cassock; there was a band about his neck; he was closely shaven, and his hair was nearly cropped. For years he read the works of the Fathers. Père Didon marveled at his theological learning. The man who knew Marguerite's cry of passion endeavored to convert Sarah Bernhardt. He failed dismally; but "he succeeded," says a biographer, "in making the divine grace fall on Emma Nevada." It was Pauline Viardot who persuaded him to write operas.

His countrymen did not refrain from mockery. The cynical Heulhard described Gounod as the two-faced Janus of modern days, a hooded pilgrim, armed with a staff, going his dusty way to Rome to beg indulgence. "He would fain have tried on priestly bands. * * * Where would his monastic whim have landed him? I do not know. The call seems to me rather a faint one. For he is the man to organize a cotillion in a cloister. It is hard for me to imagine him at la Trappe. At the very moment of pronouncing the sacramental 'Brother, we must die!' he would exclaim, 'Sister, we must danse!' And I am very respectful in my language toward the sister."

* * *

Now the alleged worldly touches in "The Redemption" do not disturb me beyond measure. That the first words given to Jesus are set to music which recalls the death of Valentine is a disquieting fact, chiefly because the music in the latter scene is so superior to any in this oratorio. And I make bold to say that the death scene of Valentine is in a large sense more dramatically religious in awakening thoughts of sin, death and the judgment than all the molasses sentiment and theatrical effect of fanfares in "The Redemption." Nor should the oratorio be censured because there are hints at the Funeral March of a Marionette. For this same march is as religious as the book Ecclesiastes is religious. Vanity, vanity, all is vanity. And what is Napoleon at St. Helena but a discarded marionette? And what are noble dames and kings of the earth but marionettes? To all alike—potentate and hod-carrier—the grave is the final reward. There is but one conculsion; fear God and keep His commandments. And so I find Gounod more religious in the familiar march than in the oratorio.

No, the chief objection to "The Redemption" is that it is singularly and dismally dull. Think of the endless stretches of dreary recitative; there is an oasis here and there, an oasis of sentimental ballad or comic opera. "The Sanhedrim," for instance, is frankly operetta music, which might be sung by masqueraders or faithful attendants who precede the tenor with cloak and sword. Oh, the trivial melody, "Typical of the Redeemer, both God and Man!" It might be sung to the eyebrow of a mistress.

The absurd charge has been brought against "The Redemption" that it is too dramatic. The trouble with the work is that it is not dramatic; it is not even melodramatic. Take, for instance, the march to Calvary. I do not say that such a march should be written; but if it is to be written let it be demoniacally blasphemous in expression. The chromatic descending wail in the quartet and chorus, "Beside the Cross Remaining," is one of the very few dramatic strokes that make an instantaneous impression and likewise haunt the memory; but one such stroke, or even half a dozen, do not make a vital oratorio.

* * *

There is but little to be said about the performance. The chorus sang with far more attention to expression than at former festivals; indeed, the advance was marked. On the other hand, the attack was at times unsteady, especially that of the female contingent; there were occasional lapses in purity of intonation, and, when the number of singers is taken into account, the volume of tone was disappointing.

The solo singers were Mrs. Eleanore Meredith, Miss Marguerite Hall, Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, Mr. George Hamlin, Mr. John C. Dempsey and Mr. George E. Holmes. The honors were borne away easily by Miss Hall, who showed herself in an unimportant part the true artist in technic, style and unexaggerated expression. Mrs. Meredith, who has hardly recovered from falling from a bicycle, made a brave attempt, but her voice was without charm or true power, and she violated certain rudimentary principles of song. Mrs. Bloodgood sang discreetly, though in a pallid manner, and Mr. Holmes was earnest in his declamation to the point of boisterousness. Mr. Hamlin has naturally a good voice. His enunciation is imperfect, and he was handicapped by a boresome part. Mr. Dempsey had honorable intentions, which came out disappointingly "through the nose." The audience was comparatively small. There was generous applause after "For Thy Love as a Father" and "Unfold, Ye Portals."

* * *

At the concert Wednesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, the orchestra will play Macdowell's Indian Suite and Beethoven's overture to "Leonora" No. 3.

Mr. Kneisel will play with the orchestra Mr. Strube's violin concerto (first time), and the composer will conduct. Mrs. Bloodgood will sing an aria by Bemberg and the solo in the spinning chorus from "The Flying Dutchman." Mr. Lavin will sing an aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba."

Wednesday evening Mr. H. W. Parker's "Hora Novissima" will be sung with these solo singers: Mrs. Gadski, Miss Stein, Mr. Evan Williams and Mr. Bispham. Mr. Parker will conduct. The orchestra will play a concerto by Handel, orchestrated by Bachrich.

Sept 23 '97

AT WORCESTER.

First Performance of Mr. Strube's Concerto.

Mr. Kneisel's Tribute to a Fellow Artist.

Gadski and Bispham in "Hora Novissima."

Philip Hale's Criticism.

Worcester, Sept. 22.—The program of the concert given this afternoon by the Worcester County Musical Association in Mechanics' Hall was as follows:

Overture, "Leonora, No. 3" .... Beethoven
"Lend Me Your Aid" .... Gounod
Mr. Lavin.
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra. (Ms. first time.) Cadenza by Franz Kneisel (conducted by the composer).. G. Strube
Mr. Kneisel.
Aria, "La Mort de Jeanne D'Arc".... Bemberg
Mrs. Bloodgood.
Suite (second), "Indian" .... MacDowell
"Spinning Chorus" .... Wagner
Solo by Mrs. Bloodgood.

The interest was divided between the performance for the first time of Mr. Strube's Violin Concerto and Mr. MacDowell's Indian suite. To be sure Mrs. Bloodgood sang the cheap attempt at tragic intensity by Bemberg with unexpected warmth and breadth. I say "unexpected" because on former occasions she has seemed to rely chiefly on the inherent beauty of her tones. Recalled this afternoon, she sang a song by Rubinstein with indistinct enunciation. Mr. Lavin was applauded warmly, but I prefer to hear him again before I speak of his vocal ability.

* * *

Mr. Gustav Strube, the composer, is known favorably to the Boston public by his "Maid of Orleans" overture and a symphony which have been played at Symphony concerts. The violin concerto was finished Dec. 25, 1896. It is dedicated to Mr. Kneisel, who wrote the cadenza for it. And here it is meet and fitting to call attention to the gracious act of Mr. Kneisel in thus being largely instrumental in bringing this interesting work before an audience. To memorize a new concerto, to embellish it with a cadenza, to excite general interest in the production is much more than ordinary complimentary patronage or easy, self-flattering appreciation. Mr. Kneisel's good deed shines brightly in a naughty musical world. But it is only one instance out of many where this most accomplished artist has shown practically and effectively his regard and esteem for a brother musician.

The first two movements of the concerto are connected inseparably; and after a first hearing I find these two movements the most satisfactory portion of the work. The finale seems to suffer from a want of decisive rhythm, and the solo part does not always stand out clearly and well-defined against the somewhat vague and colorless background of orchestral accompaniment. Nor does the musical thought of this finale seem to be so valuable as that which characterizes the movements which precede. A second hearing might remove these impressions.

The first movement, a short introduction followed by an allegro non troppo, and the adagio, and frankly beautiful. First of all this music is honest; it is free from any deliberate straining after effect; the expression of thought is fresh and yet apparently inevitable. It is the music of a man who still believes that life is worth living, who realizes the worth of illusions. Honesty, mere honesty, is often as unendurable in art as as it is in life; but Mr. Strube's honesty is neither aggressive nor irritating. The opening measures are charming in their freshness and simplicity. The themes are spontaneously, not laboriously, delightful, and although there are abundant proofs in the development of the composer's technical skill, you do not detect him posing as a pedant, or eager to display school-learning. The tenderness is free from sentimentalism; the power is never boisterous or attained by painful effort. The orchestration is for the most part varied pleasingly; it is in proportion; it is ingenious without being needlessly fantastic. Mr. Kneisel played the solo part lovingly and with his accustomed maestria. Mr. Strube led his colleagues modestly and with effect. The production of such a work under such conditions is indeed a noteworthy event in the history of the Worcester County Musical Association. It is to be hoped that the concerto will be heard at no distant day at a Symphony concert in Music Hall.

* * *

Mr. MacDowell's Indian Suite has been heard in Boston as well as New York. In the former place the attending circumstances were not wholly favorable for the proper reception of the work; for Mrs. Melba sang the night of the performance, and the suite came between the two appearances of a star. To many who are accustomed to value chiefly in music the display of personality in gorgeous operatic or concert gown, the individuality of Mr. MacDowell as expressed in this suite was no doubt a stumbling block. And some would possibly appreciate the music more if it served as an accentuation of panoramic life on the plains or accompanied the attack on the Deadwood Coach. If you view this suite simply as an attempt to bring the Indian into music, you miss the force and beauty of the music. It is music of suggestion rather than that which is ticketed neatly and arranged conveniently as in a well-kept museum.

As an extended review of this suite was published in the Journal after the performance in Boston, it is not necessary now to speak of this work at length. It is enough to say that leaving out of the question all ethnological musical problems which are so dear to some of my brethren, the suite must be regarded as in many respects the most individual and remarkable orchestral work that has yet been written by an American.

* * *

Mr. Horatio W. Parker's sumptuous and noble "Hora Novissima" has been performed twice in Boston by the Handel and Haydn, but never with the aplomb, discrimination and brilliance displayed this evening by the Worcester chorus under his direction. From the beginning to the end a spirit of enthusiasm took hold of singers and audience. Seldom have I heard smaller mixed choruses sing with more appreciation of the intention of a composer, never have I heard so large a chorus sing as well.

I do not mean to say that the performance, so far as the chorus or the orchestra is concerned, was absolutely flawless; but an absolutely flawless performance might well remind one of the face of Tennyson's Maude as described by the lover who at first contented himself with criticism.

It was only last season that "Hora Novissima" was performed in Boston, and on that occasion the performance strengthened the opinion formerly held that the work has strong and enduring qualities.

Tonight new splendors, new beauties, were revealed. There are passages that without the rhythm of Bernhard de Morlaix suggest the "Ocean without shore, where time shall be no more;" there are passages that suggest the awful vision seen by the man on Patmos' Isle of the Throne, and the adoration and the allelulas of the blest; music that is like unto the sound of many waters. To have approached the ancient rhythm in its verile tenderness and spiritual contemplation would have been an honor to any ambitious composer. To have enlarged the beauty of the rhythm is the crown of reward for this man who conquered gloriously.

And for the first time was I present when full justice was done to the solos, quartets and concerted finale. The solo singers were Mrs. Johanna Gadski, Miss Gertrude May Stein, Mr. Evan Williams and Mr. David Bispham. The last named was suffering from a cold, but he sang the "Spe Modo Vivitur" with characteristic intelligence. It would be invidious to particularize concerning the others. Each contributed largely to the indisputably great success. Mrs. Gadski sang with rare freshness of voice and purity of style. She sang with the skill of the accomplished musician and the winning modesty of the true artist. An accomplished singer in Wagnerian opera, she proved tonight that she is also mistress of bel canto. Miss Stein sang her difficult air most admirably, and Mr. Williams displayed exquisite quality of tone, freedom in delivery, appreciation of the text, and a majestic breadth in the treatment of the climax.

Mr. Parker conducted with more than ordinary temperament and authority.

The large audience was deeply interested and enthusiastic in applause. It was indeed a night not soon to be forgotten.

The concert will open with Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, orchestrated by Rachrich, which was well played under the direction of Mr. Kneisel.

* * *

At the concert Thursday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, Goring Thomas's "The Swan and the Skylark" will be sung for the first time in New England, with Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Marguerite Hall, Mr. Evan Williams and Mr. John C. Dempsey as the solo singers. Mr. Joseffy will play Brahms's piano concerto in B flat, No. 2, and Dvorak's overture, "Nature," will be played.

The concert Thursday evening, at 7.45 o'clock, will be of a miscellaneous nature. The orchestral numbers will be "Overture to Gwendoline," by Chabrier; the preludes to Acts 2 and 3 of "Königskinder," by Humperdinck; "Waldweben," from Wagner's "Siegfried," and the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." Mrs. Gadski will sing Micaela's air from "Carmen" and with Mr. Bispham a duet from "The Flying Dutchman." Miss Hall will sing Berlioz's "Captive." Other numbers will be "Three Cavalier Songs," by Stanford (Mr. Bispham), Walter's Prize-song (Mr. Lavin), and the Quintet and the Finale from "Die Meistersinger."

Philip Hale.

THE PROPHETIC LOTUS.

There is a magazine in Paris devoted to the interests of occultism. It is entitled the Lotus Bleu. In a late number it published a singular article, entitled "The End of One Century and the Beginning of Another."

It appears that the result of this changing of centuries consists essentially in "the liquidation of the collective Karma of nations." Now Karma has been defined as the sum of the merits and the demerits which determine chiefly, if not entirely, the future of a being. Each reaps his Karma as he sows. And there is a Karma for nations; for the world. We are now approaching the change of the lesser sub-cycle of Kali Yuga, which will coincide with disturbances that will take place exactly April 12, 1899. Already there are symptoms of this change. Kali Yuga, be it understood, is the last of the four periods or seasons which succeed each other in the life of a universe, solar system or planet. The duration of a terrestrial Kali Yuga is 432,000 years. The present one began 3102 B. C.

According to the Lotus Bleu, the period of convulsion is at hand. The presidential election in this United States was the beginning. There will be war in Europe, and crowns will be tumbled in the dust, never to be replaced. "Everything will be upset, religions included." Calm will not come before 1916. The cycle of the woman's rule will make ample amends for previous suffering. But before that cycle dawns there will be devastating cyclones, unseasonable seasons, as summers without heat, earthquakes, inundations, etc., etc. The Lotus Bleu adds: "It is necessary to remark that all these previsions, exact as they may be, represent the condensed aspect of things, so that, whatever may happen, we submit to them, as a rule, only one by one, which is very different as a sensation."

Nevertheless, this lucid explanation does not console us. Nor do the sonorous phrases turn us from the conviction that the Lotus Bleu is no more exact than our old and esteemed friend, the Farmers' Almanac. Years ago Nostradamus wrote:

"Famine, plague, war;
The secret will be discovered;"

and where, pray, is the improvement on this oracle? Jack Bunsby is an immortal type. Sometimes he conducts a literary review, sometimes a government. When he takes a pen in his hand he is peculiarly impressive, and when he assumes the part of prophet he rises to gigantic stature.

Sept 24, 97

Evidently we are the friend whom our talented correspondent "Q" refers to in the latest characteristic communication which we have received from him. Any who are interested in the plans for a subway in Alaska or in a remedy against Jersey mosquitoes should read this graphic letter. "Q" often reminds us of Artemus Ward in the delicacy of his sentiments, and his spelling never descends to the forced artificality that injured the written works of Josh Billings.

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are you busy Pat I am not I have done very little this past Sumer I am sorry to hear you Say So have you no prospects I have good prospects if I can hold out till the end of this year I am engaged for two years at good wages and dont be tellen any one about it if you please. Is this a secret Patrick it is that for the gentleman told me to keep Mum is it a Speculation or an adventure Now you have it. I was with this engineer in the North West before Surveyen a railway line we were nearly perished with cold we stood as much cold as polar bears You would bo the boy for Alaska thats where I am going with this gentleman to Survey a Railroad it is all under ground as it is to Cold on top how far under ground said I about 500 Miles nonsence Said I a fact said he No railroad Can be on top it is to cold and can be built cheaper it would take. Millions of tons of brick to line the sides and arch the top there is where you are mistaken it will take about 50 thousand to fix up the entrance where the Sun beats on it a few weeks in Summer the tunnel will always be froze the frost is 30 feet deep what earth comes out of the tunnel will make 200 Miles more and enough of gold to build it besides well Patrick there is an other obsticle Mosquitoes will devour the Men. the will Not we are overtaken a preparation when applied the will Not come within twenty feet of you he tried it in Jersy State it killed them as fast as they Came He has got a sample of Alaska Mosquito He says they are 20 times as larg as the Jersy stock how did He get the sample a friend of His brought them in bottles they are alive and will eat a piece of rare beef Steik in a short time He let a few go in Jersy to see how the would agree the Killed the Jersys without delay when will you comense this railroad in June 97 two tracks the subway in Boston will be no Comparison for one is all bricks laid in cement while the other will be frosen all up the sides and a frosen arch with plenty of Capital as we proceed Keep what I have told you to yourself I intend to write to a friend of mine in Boston and no one else what does He fowloe he is a printer.

AT WORCESTER.

"Swan and Skylark," by Goring Thomas.

Mr. Joseffy Plays the Brahms Concerto No. 2.

An "Artists' Night" With a Respectable Program.

Philip Hale's Criticism.

Worcester, Sept. 23.—The program of the concert this afternoon was as follows:

Overture, "In der Natur".....Dvorak
Concerto in B flat major, No. 2.....Brahms
Mr. Joseffy.
"The Swan and the Skylark".Goring Thomas
(Posthumous work, first time in New England.)

* * *

The program of this evening was as follows:

Overture, "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
Three Cavalier Songs with Male Chorus..... Stanford
Mr. Bispham.
Aria, "Je dis, que rien." Carmen.....Bizet
Mrs. Gadski.
Aria, "The Captive".....Berlios
Miss Hall.
Preludes to Acts 2 and 3 "Konigskinder"..... Humperdinck
Duet, "Like to a Vision." (Der Fliegende Hollaender).....Wagner
Mrs. Gadski and Mr. Bispham.
"Waldweben." Siegfried.)
Excerpts, "Die Meistersinger."
(a) "Prelude."
(b) "Preis-lied."
Mr. Lavin.
(c) "Quintette."
Mrs. Gadski, Miss Hall, Messrs. Lavin, Hamlin and Bispham.
(d) "Finale."
Mr. Bispham and Chorus.

* * *

I put these programs close together to show at a glance the marked advance in the character of the music sung and played on "Artists' Day and Night" at these Festivals. These two programs would be creditable to any city where music is steadily and not sporadically cultivated. Are such programs too good for Worcester? This question is an important one. The answer made by the officers and the supporters of the association will determine the future of the Festival so far as artistic interest in it will be concerned. It will be more profitable however, to discuss this problem Saturday morning in summing up the results of the week.

* * *

It was a bold experiment for the managers to place the piano concerto by Brahms on the program; for there are few Festival audiences in this country that are allured by the mention of this composer's name. His first symphony was played here in 1886. What did the audience of that year make of it? Three Hungarian Dances were heard in '87. His Tragic overture was performed in '91 and some one—was it Nordica?—sang a song by him last year. Fortunately for the managers the pianist today was Mr. Joseffy, who played in marvelous fashion. Somebody not long ago regretted publicly and in print that Mr. Joseffy had fallen into the habit of playing the music of Brahms. I cannot share his regret. The study of this music has broadened Mr. Joseffy's style and developed his intellect. There is still the mysterious charm of touch that formerly distinguished him and set him apart from other men. There is still the modest ease. There is still the same brilliance. But there is now a broader sweep of vision. There is an authority that rests on something more than mechanical proficiency. Today Mr. Joseffy's genius was displayed as in the light of a sereno high noon. I weigh these words carefully and I am neither feverish nor hysterical: I know of no pianist now living who could equal or approach closely the performance of the third and fourth movements by Mr. Joseffy. The enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded. Recalled again and again, the pianist showed his artistry by refusing to respond to the greedy invitation. And let me not forget to mention the delightful 'cello solo of Mr. Schulz and the firm and sympathetic leading by Mr. Kneisel.

* * *

"The Swan and the Skylark," a cantata by Arthur Goring Thomas, was left by him with only a piano accompaniment. As you remember, in an insane moment, or, as some say, for a still more melancholy reason, he killed himself in 1892. His friend Villiers Stanford arranged an orchestral score. The work was first given at the Birmingham Festival in 1894. I believe that the performance today was the third in this country.

The text is made up of Mrs. Hemans's poem, "The Swan and the Skylark," with quotations from Shelley and Keats and a preface of four four-line stanzas by J. S., in which the gentleman announces the fact in a baritone voice that he is a Grecian poet, but born too late to see "the stately Aphrodite" float on a shell, or watch maids bathing by Actaeon's rill, or look with curiosity on Narcissus, or hear Echo laughing.

The text lends itself easily to musical treatment, and the contrast between the dying swan that mourns the summer which will not be seen by him and the lark that announces blithely the coming of the summer calls almost imperatively for music. The work is by no means a great one, but it is freshly melodious, written with knowledge of the voice, not without true imagination, altogether pleasing. The opening baritone solo is, perhaps, the most conventional number. The opening chorus is effective without the thought of straining, and the tenor solo, the lament of the swan, which finally soars above a friendly chorus, is a most thankful number for such a tenor as Mr. Evan Williams, who sang it superbly. An alto solo, with chorus, would have been more effective if Miss Hall had received better support. A charming female chorus, which leads into a mixed chorus of four voices, announces the lark fresh from conversation with Siegfried. This bird, impersonated by Miss Blauvelt, was not as tuneful as we had a right to expect from descriptions by the poets. Miss Blauvelt sang with ease, with an audacious glibness that was not, perhaps, out of place, but her intonation was not always pure. The swan and the skylark are brought together in effective ensemble, while the chorus exults at the thought of summer. And then the baritone, Mr. Dempsey, moralizes over "wonderful, mysterious nature." The chorus agrees with the baritone in his moral.

I regret to say that the performance with the exception of Mr. Williams's solo was not a brilliant one; indeed, it was at times unsatisfactory. The chorus, led by Mr. Zerrahn, was too often timorous and poorly balanced; and at times it was disdainful of the true pitch.

* * *

The concert of the "Artists' Night" this year was of a higher grade than many which have preceded it. There were no mawkish ballads sung by Mrs. Belle Cole with spasmodic emotion and a gargle for a cadence. Nor were there concerted pieces from old-fashioned Italian operas shouted by brazen-lunged stout gentlemen to the wild joy of the audience. The orchestral numbers were dignified, and the pieces by Humperdinck were respectably dull. Mrs. Gadski in the air from "Carmen" did not do justice to herself or the composer. She sang nervously and without the sustained power shown by her the night before. Recalled, she sang in complimentry English a Norse cradle song composed and dedicated to her by Arthur Bird. Mr. Bispham gave a spirited rendering of the well known cavalier songs, and then he paid a tribute to local pride by singing at the request of the managers—at least so I am told—a commonplace love song by Mr. Kennedy of Worcester. Mr. Lavin made very little out of the prize song. The quintet was poorly sung. The vocal features of the evening were the duet given with great spirit by Mrs. Gadski and Mr. Bispham, and the exquisite performance of "The Captive" by Miss Hall, who sang as an encore Goring Thomas's "My Neighbor," with the orchestral accompaniment written expressly for her by the composer shortly before his death. There was a large and very applausive audience.

* * *

Friday will be the last day of the Festival. The program of the afternoon concert at 2.30 o'clock will be as follows:

Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic" Tschaikowsky
Scena and Prayer, "Der Freischuetz"..... Weber
Mrs. Gadski.
Aria from "Hans Heiling".....Marschner
Mr. Bispham.
Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2.....Liszt

In the evening, beginning at 7.30, Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah" will be performed with the assistance of these singers. Miss Stein, Mr. Williams, Mr. Bispham, Mr. Holmes.

Philip Hale.

Sept 25, 97

AT WORCESTER.

Closing Day of the Musical Festival.

Comments on the Character of the Programs.

A "Star's" Absence Causes Pecuniary Darkness.

Philip Hale's Criticism.

Worcester, Sept. 24.—The program of the concert this afternoon was as follows:

Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetique".....Tschaikowski
Scena and Prayer, "Der Freischuetz"..... Weber
Mrs. Gadski.
Aria, "Upon that day," from "Hans Heiling".....Marschner
Mr. Bispham.
"Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2".....Liszt
(Orchestrated by Mueller-Berghaus.)

This concert calls for very little comment. The symphony made its way by the beauty and grandeur of its contents rather than by finesse in the performance. Mrs. Gadski sang with marked purity of tone, intelligence and legitimate, unexaggerated expression. Mr. Bispham was equally fortunate in his performance of the familiar air from Marschner's opera. Each was recalled and each sang a song. The one chosen by Mrs. Gadski was a stupid thing.

* * *

The managers of the festival this year sold in advance 150 season tickets less than the managers sold in 1896. As each of these tickets is valued at six dollars, the problem is an easy one. The expenses this year are within $800 of the expenses of last year. The managers, at the time I write, expect to lose about $2000.

Now what is the cause of this decline in musical interest? Some say "Hard times." Others, and they are in the majority, condemn the action of the managers in that they preferred to have an excellent ensemble and programs of a high order of merit rather than the apparition of a "star" with the hysterical phenomena that accompany such apparitions. These managers said: "Let us have a festival that is worthy the name, with coherent, well-rounded programs; a festival that will really make for musical righteousness. Let us for once dispense with an exhibition of overwhelming, all-absorbing personality. Let us see whether the people of Worcester and the neighborhood are not tired of the constant repetition of old works and a series of concerts in which music is slaughtered and put on the altar erected in honor of a prima-donna."

So there was no dazzling star this year. There was no tiara, there were no cablegrams sent by or to Sir Arthur Sullivan. There were comparatively few eruptions of silly, sickening gossip. It is true that there was an attempt to arouse fictitious enthusiasm for Mrs. Blauvelt, who went over Swiss glaciers last summer, picking up "beautiful gold chain bracelets," and meeting with other strange adventures. Mrs. Blauvelt, it appears, is addicted to jewelry. She showed the reporter a bracelet given her by a noble Russian dame at least 500 years old. She referred, of course, to the age of the bracelet and not of the woman, although Russian winters and novels are long drawn out and Russian women are remarkable in many ways. The reporter was ravished at the sight, and Mrs. Blauvelt added: "O, Russia is the place if you want presents! They are so enthusiastic there. They gave me two diamond bracelets, three diamond rings, a necklace and no end of other things." Rich and rare were the gems she wore! "And what you hear about people taking the horses out of the carriage and dragging it themselves isn't exaggerated. They did it for me. They had given me 30 encores that night."

We were also told that Mr. Evan Williams is "always beautiful in the face," which led us to examine curiously the legs, arms and chest of this excellent singer. We had suspected some hideous malformation. Lo and behold, he was sound and normal!

The important announcement was made in public that the "waves and curley-cews of hair which used to frame her (Miss Stein's) face have given place to a straight parting on the side, with the hair brushed smoothly back from the temples." And thus you will be able to recognize easily Miss Stein when you meet her in the street, railway train, or society.

But when you remember the columns of slush that were printed here last year concerning the habits of stars and the practices and tastes of constellations, the prattle of this season seems short and inoffensive—almost pathetically inoffensive.

* * *

In spite of the pecuniary loss, the Managers of the 40th Festival may well

[illegible] lives on the real, substantial results of the week. The solo singers who took part were, as a body, on a higher plane than those who have appeared at preceding festivals. Mrs. Janna Gadski, a woman who disdains self-advertisement and needs no passionate press agent or indefatigable "manager" to boost her claims as a singer shone, with the exception of her inexplicably pale performance of Micaela's air, by the display of genuine art and not by the exhibition of tromboned mannerisms or raiment. The ensemble was as a rule excellent. The performance of "Hora Novissima" was an event in this city; and, from all I can learn from report and personal knowledge, it was beyond doubt and peradventure the finest performance of it that has as yet been given in this country. Another feather in the managerial cap was the first performance from manuscript of Mr. Strube's violin concerto. And I doubt seriously whether Mr. Joseffy ever gave such an astounding display of his skill as he gave Thursday afternoon in Mechanics' Hall.

Is it possible that the people of Worcester do not now recognize the value of the programs and the singers that took part in the concerts? The Tschaikowsky symphony is worth a wilderness of Nordicas, with or without tiaras and advertised squabbles. And on the other hand, if the audience cares merely for shows of dramatic singing, was there anything last year that surpassed or equaled the duet of Mrs. Gadski and Mr. Bispham Thursday night? Nothing except the appearance of Mr. Williams in the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini; and Mr. Williams was here this week.

I know full well the difficulty of making interesting and well-contrasted programs. The program-maker may well ponder the remark of an old clergyman in Vermont, when he retired from the pulpit after years of laborious and painful preaching: "My dear brethren, I have preached many, very many sermons. Few of them have pleased God, and no one of them has been entirely satisfactory to me." Now, the managers this season were singularly successful in this difficult task. I do not say that it would not have been well to have substituted one of the old oratorios for Gounod's flabby "Redemption," but as a whole the programs were of unusual merit.

Nor do I think so poorly of the taste of the people of Worcester County as to believe that the festival of this year will not be a standard by which festivals in the future must be judged. The managers acted prudently as well as bravely. Surely they do not for a moment repent of their action. There cannot be a cowardly retreat. To go back to the old scheme would mean ruin financially as well as artistically. Never have I seen here such genuine enthusiasm, so legitimately aroused, as at the concerts of this week. Such enthusiasm is contagious, and it is not only for a day or night. It will have its effect on the sale of seats next year, if the managers are faithful to their policy. Great credit is due the chief officers of the association, the Committee on Programs and the Committee on Examination that had the disagreeable task of weeding the chorus. They have turned this festival into a thing of true artistic importance. They have removed from it the reproach of being merely a swollen singing school combined with a raree-show.

The festival ended this evening with a most spirited performance of Saint-Saens's "Samson and Delilah." It was the third performance of this work in the city, and it was by far the best. Miss Stein, by her work tonight, placed herself in the very front rank of American mezzo-sopranos. I have heard the celebrated air in the second act sung with more sensuousness, but I have never heard any one in this country who approached her in general conception of the part or in the carrying of it out. In the second act she rose to heights of tragic intensity, but in the stormiest moments she was the mistress of passion and not its slave, for in climax and in detail she showed herself the accomplished musician and the most admirable singer.

And side by side with her were Mr. Evan Williams and Mr. David Bispham. To each of them is due the warmest praise, the purple and glowing praise. Mr. Bispham characterized with strong, unerring art the high priest. Mr. Williams was heroic as Samson, the man of God, infinitely tender as the victim of Delilah's wiles. Seldom in the opera house are there more exciting moments than those shown tonight.

The chorus work was as a rule excellent and the orchestra, led by Mr. Zerrahn, played con amore.

As I write, I understand that the deficit may not be as large as reported above.

Philip Hale.

Sep 26 97

ABOUT MUSIC.

Vernon Blackburn on Mozart and Wagner.

A Singularly Admirable Specimen of Criticism.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Players and Singers.

For a few days the attention of musicians in Boston and the neighborhood has been turned toward Worcester. Let us now consider subjects of more general interest. Let us read, for instance Mr. Blackburn's admirable article on Mozart and Wagner, in which he tells of the good work done by von Possart of Munich. We quote it as published in the Pall Mall Gazette:

"When, something more than a century ago, at the ridiculous age of 35, Mozart closed his eyes, folded his hands, and finished his work, it is not likely that his contemporaries had the slightest idea where exactly he stood in the world's musical achievement. Old Da Ponte, his librettist, who was born before Mozart and survived him for something like half a century, has left memoirs in which he clearly shows that his own opinion of the greatness of Mozart's work went through considerable development, according to the development of the opinion of the generations that arose after the death of the great man. You find him, for example, amusingly uncertain as to which of the two musicians, Mozart or Salieri, he will hand his pet libretto, 'Vespasiano,' and finally deciding upon Salieri, clearly because he has his doubts as to Mozart's fitness for setting music to so mighty a work. So Salieri got 'Vaspasiano,' which made quite a tin-pot sensation in its time, and Mozart had to be content with 'Don Giovanni.' Poor 'Vespasiano!' In later time, however, in the second decade of the present century, for example, you find the old rogue, Da Ponte, professing, with tears, how much he had loved the divine musician, how highly he had always rated him and placed him, and how he treasured the memory of every word that had passed between them. For the time had come when the world had begun to see that nothing quite like Mozart's operas had ever before been written in the whole history of the art. It had been enough for a composer that he should tickle the ears of his contemporaries with his pretty settings of pretty stories, and then the public just asked for more and forgot quite naturaly what it had already eaten. Salieri, the musician I have just spoken of, made an excellent thing of the prevailing taste; and to the undiscerning it appeared that Mozart was no more than Salieri's rival, and not very successful at that. Yet when 'Vespasiano' and its tribe slipped away into the night of things, and fell, like Jeremy's rose of the morning, 'to the lot of outworn faces,' these 'little' operas of Mozart were still found to be quick with life and freshness. Men began to discover so subtle a drama, so fine a characterization, so unerring a sentiment of place and incident, combined with so splendid and rare a melodic inspiration in this work that, slowly and slowly, the revelation was made that in Mozart they had the greatest musical dramatist, for humor, for character and for tragedy that ever had been. Then came the period when it would have been well if the musician had been alive to see his art justified, and, within the limits one must always remember in dealing with public popularity, rightly appreciated. Musicians vied to do him honor. Mendelssohn fell upon his knees before he would venture to look upon a scrap of the Master's manuscript, and a little later Gounod described the score of 'Don Giovanni' as the bible of music; and there was not a dissentient voice high or low among men in the praise of one whom they had flung some years before, in the presence of no witnessing friend, into a pauper's grave, the exact site of which is not rightly known to this day. The brilliant, if ephemeral, school of Italian opera to which Meyerbeer, Spontini, Donizetti, Bellini and Rossini, among others, subscribed, was only another feather in Mozart's cap, who still outstripped everybody, and still pointed the way, standing upon a height that none of them was able to reach. Then Wagner came.

"Wagner came like a fiery furnace, to destroy opera and all that had tasted the corruption of opera. The very form of opera, he cried, was in itself and essentially corrupt. The thing, however perfectly it might be done, must still have the imperfection which necessarily belongs to an art form that is of its essence not right, and he explained, in his own philosophic fashion—I would that there were a word 'philosophesque,' which always seems to me far more expressive in Wagner's case—and at great length, his reasons for arriving at this conclusion. 'It is true,' said he, 'that "Don Giovanni" is the greatest opera that has ever been written, but, magnificent though it be, it is not right, simply because it is opera, and for no other reason. Now I,' he continued, 'have thought out a new method of doing what the opera writers in the first instance intended to do, but were always prevented from doing by some sly devil. I am going to write music dramas, and a music drama is so-and-so and so-and-so; it is not opera, and it is a right art-form, for many weighty and sufficient reasons. Therefore, I shall create a new art-form, which shall contain all the finest qualities of opera and none of its corruption, and you shall see for yourselves what a blaze I shall manage to make with the whole business.' That he did make as big a blaze as must have satisfied even his ambition is, of course, gospel truth; but the fact seems to be that, in spite of everything, his new art-form was and is, nothing more than the old opera business expressed in very new terms. The truth is that he only mixed the old elements in a different proportion, and, while himself writing strong and significant dramatic poetry, that he aimed with all his might and main after stage verisimilitude and the sweeping away of an overgrowth of conventions which had certainly begun to make the old opera look very ridiculous indeed. I need not here carry the theoretic argument further; the thing, it seems to me, has been finally settled—if it really matters—by Mr. Ernest Newman, who, in a series of admirable papers in The Musician, has shown the absolute fallacy of Wagner's reasoning on this particular subject. But, fallacy or no fallacy, it is certain that Wagner created the same effect as if every sentence of his had been borne upon the gust of a heavenly inspiration. He simply made a huge wreck of the whole operatic system; he swept over that sea like a hurricane, and sent the little shallops that were dancing upon it straight down to the bottom. For a time it has become a question, What has survived out of that almighty destruction? And there were many, very many, among the perfervid admirers of the Meister who thought that Mozart had gone down too.

"But Herr von Possart of Munich thought otherwise. He might well have been excused for a different opinion, seeing, as he must have seen, the ridiculous and lackadaisical manner in which Mozart's works are almost universally given—a manner that takes from them all the sting of their genius and practically justifies Wagner's philosophic arguments. But, as I say, Herr von Possart, the ruling spirit and governor of the Munich National Theatre, thought otherwise, and he has reserved it for his town, for Munich, the centre and pride of Wagnerism, the capital of that Bavaria whose monarch made Bayreuth and the fulfillment of all Wagner's ambitions possible, to prove that Mozart, the musical dramatist, need in no instance shadow his splendors before those of Wagner; to show that the two men were in reality inspired by just the same sort of genius (expressed in how different terms!); and to demonstrate by the way that, however truly Wagner's pet theories of opera might apply to other composers, Mozart stands with him on precisely as high a level of dramatic accomplishment, which, however, he simply works out by a different method. The first thing which Herr von Possart set about doing was to make the text-books absolutely intelligible, and next, to see that the story of the librettist and of the musical dramatist is told with clearness, without hesitation, and with the most complete perfection of scenic contrivance and of mere mechanical detail that it is possible to achieve here in the charming little Residenz-Theatre, which stands by the side of the Opera House like the small child of a tall father. He then demanded from his artists the same natural attitude toward their parts as that which is universally exacted from actors upon the modern stage, Wagnerian or otherwise, but not operatic; and he then awaited the result of his experiment when Mozart's music was brought under these new conditions, to fulfill the original intention of the composer. The result has been triumphant and magical. The operas now seem to be exactly the shining and intelligible music dramas which they, of course, were when they left the brain of the divine musician. I must reserve for a second paper the full and careful description which these glorious works deserve, as they are now given with what seems to be renewed youth and freshness, merely stating as a fact that the 'Cosi fan Tutte,' which I have now heard here, seems by this reverent and splendidly intelligent treatment to take at once, by a kind of royal restoration, its rank among the two or three masterpieces in the world of sheer musical beauty."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

W. T. Best left a personal estate of £2578.

Mr. Hedmondt thinks of reviving "Hänsel and Gretel."

Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" has been produced in Rome without music, simply as a drama.

Loie Fuller has been engaged to perform, among other novelties, a new fire dance at the Empire.

Lucille Hill, Marie Duma (Mrs. Starkweather) and William Ludwig have been singing at promenade concerts in London.

The Musical Courier speaks of Asger Hamerik as a "provincial bonze of music" reigning "in all his sullen impassivity."

Mr. Max Heinrich will be assisted by Mrs. Heinrich and Miss Julia Heinrich at his song recital at Steinert Hall on November 2.

A new edition of Hanslick's "From the Concert World" (1848-1868) has appeared. The invaluable work has been revised by the author.

Messrs. Basil Hood and Walter Slaughter have written a new comic opera, to be called the "Duchess of Dijon," which will be produced shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Adams arrive from Paris by La Champagne, which was due the 26th in New York. Mr. Adams will resume teaching Wednesday, the 29th.

The Petit Journal says that the monthly salary, limited to two or three months at the utmost, of Lassalle is $2200, of Jean de Reszke $1200, of Edouard de Reszke $1000, of Maurel $1600. No wonder singers "love America."

Theodore Thomas's Chicago orchestra will give concerts in New York, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and Brooklyn in March. Why does it not visit Boston? There is no city in which Mr. Thomas is more thoroughly appreciated and respected.

Miss Katherine G. Hurly announces a song recital, to be given at Steinert Hall Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8.15 o'clock. Miss Hurly will be assisted by Mr. Herbert Johnson, Mrs. F. G. Currier, Master E. P. Dooley, Miss Nellie Eibel, Mr. Walter Jacobs, Mr. Charles A. Chapman, and Hodgdon's Orchestra.

Mclourgia Singing Society, Mr. Van Ham, 201 Columbus Avenue, Secretary, and Mr. F. W. Wodell, Musical Director, are to give two subscription concerts this winter in Steinert Hall. The first will be given on December 14, and the second on May 24, 1898. Subscription lists are now open for the selection of seats. Prominent soloists have been engaged.

It was reported in London recently that arrangements were now complete whereby a series of Wagner operas, including a performance of "Siegfried," "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," would be given under Richter's direction in St. Petersburg, Moscow and other Russian cities, this coming winter. The artists will include the de Reszkes, Herr Reichmann, Madame Eames and Madame Moran-Olden.

The Second Universalist Church is planning to have its music of the very best the coming year. Mr. G. W. Chadwick will have complete charge. The quartet will be assisted by a large paid chorus, and at times an extra organ will be used, an orchestra assist and the best church music be rendered acceptably. The church will not spare money, and Mr. Chadwick will not spare time or energy to bring his choir up to a high grade of efficiency. The chorus will begin Oct. 3.

On the evening of Oct. 12, Mr. Carl Faelten of the Faelten Piano School, will give the first of a series of pianoforte recitations at Steinert Hall. At these recitals Mr. Faelten himself will play. He has arranged programs which are designed to meet the understanding and embrace the studies of his pupils, and, as these increase, the scope of the programs will be enlarged. Though mainly these recitals are intended for the pupils of the school, Mr. Faelten has decided to set aside a number of good seats for sale.

Sonzogno will give at the Lyric Theatre, Milan, an opera season, extending from October till May, 1898. In addition to Leoncavallo's "La Bohême," there will be given the new opera, "Fedora," as well as Massenet's "Sapho." These will be followed by "Proserpine," by Saint-Saëns, Bruneau's "Attack on the Mill" and Cilea's "Arlesiana." He has formed several companies quiet independent of each other, which will succeed each other uninterruptedly during the season. He promises to produce twenty-four operas and seven ballets. The first performance of the season will be "Werther," and the ballet "Coppelia" on October 7.

Mrs. Annie McIver Brisbine, the editor of the Chicago Musical Times, is in Boston for a few days. Although a young woman, she has had an interesting career. In St. Louis she wrote for two years on musical subjects over the name "Mary Beirne" for the St. Louis Republic. She contributed occasionally to the Herald and Journal of New York. Last year she wrote for Chicago and St. Louis papers descriptions of the convention, "Politics From a Woman's Standpoint." She is now a member of the Chicago Times-Herald staff. During the World's Fair she was secretary of the Bureau of Music of the Woman's Building. She was thus instrumental in bringing before the public 200 young musicians.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce a translation, from the French, in "Le Voyage Artistique à Bayreuth," by A. Lavignac. This sympathetic account of Bayreuth and the Wagnerian cult is complete and interesting. The author gives a short description of the picturesque town, a concise and accurate biography of Wagner, and takes the reader into the atmosphere of this Mecca of musicians before giving an analysis of the drama and the music. Each opera is treated separately, and the account of the plot is interesting and poetic. The musical analysis of each separate work follows. This is instructive and not too technical to appeal to the amateur and general reader. The principal leitmotives are given in musical notation, and aid one in comprehending the Wagnerian idea. The advantage of having all of the dramas comprehensively explained with their musical development in one volume is obvious. Lavignac has unraveled the musical cobweb and presented it far more simply than Wolzogen, or any of the other Wagnerian commentators. Ingenious tables of value enable one to see the recurrence of every theme and its relation to the whole composition. The book ends with a short account of the initial representations at Bayreuth and describes the famous Wagnerian conductors.

Sep 27 97

Americanitis is on the increase, the Wise Ones say. Americanitis comes from an intense desire to git thar and an awful fear that you cannot. The ounce of prevention is to cut down your calling list, play tag with the children, and let the old world slide. Remember that your real wants are not many—a few hours' work a day will supply your needs—then you are safe from Americanitis and death at the top.

We have received a passionate letter from a gentleman of Chicago. It is not a private communication reflecting in unpleasantly vigorous language on our ancestry, present miserable condition, or probable future. He does not even hiss between his teeth the name of our beloved and useful friend, Mr. de Goncourt. His letter is in the form of a printed circular, addressed "To the Editors of the United States," including, no doubt, Johann Most and the inspired genius that grasps the helm of the Southern Ulster.

And thus does he begin: "Gentlemen:" We are obliged to take issue with him at the start. It is true that every editor is a gentleman; this fact is indisputable; and many editors are "perfect gentlemen." But we agree with Richard Grant White, who commented thus on a misuse of words in business correspondence, in which Mr. A. is addressed as Sir, but the firm of A. B. & Co. as Gentlemen. "Now the plural of 'Sir' is 'Sirs'; and if 'gentleman' has any significance at all, it ought not to be made common and unclean by being applied to mere business purposes." Let us not press the point; our correspondent might have begun with "Gents."

Mr. Mueller, Mr. Albert D. Mueller, proceeds: "In the author of 'Columbia's Appeal,' a person hitherto un-

known to fame as poetry ... now. It is the first production of his muse! And he is gratified beyond measure at the result of his attempt. He regretted for years, like many other patriotic citizens, the utter absence among our popular patriotic songs of a hymn which, in case the dove of peace should some day be compelled to temporarily forsake our shores (which God may prevent), would arouse and inspire martial enthusiasm in the breasts of Columbia's Sons! No matter how peaceful a nation may be, these moments come, as we all know." Never mind Mr. Mueller's use of the split infinitive. Hear him further.

After speaking of the important part played by the "Marseillaise" and "Wacht am Rhein," he says: "In 'Columbia's Appeal' I have attempted and, in my opinion, succeeded, to produce a song which shall be our 'Marseillaise' and 'Wacht am Rhein.' Whether I have succeeded, remains to be seen yet; but you are at liberty, and even requested, to publish the enclosed copy of it, if you think it worthy of consideration and space. The author is well aware that other people do not judge his production with the same parental fondness and partiality that he does; but is of opinion, nevertheless, that even those who do not think of his song very highly will admit that it has some merit, and grant it space."

It is not necessary to eat the whole of an egg to know its quality, as a New York critic wisely remarked. Here is the first verse, with a chorus:

Unfurl the banners! proudly wave
Old Glory's stripes in all their charms!
The Sons of Freedom to enslave,
The tyrants' minions haste to arms!
To drag our eagles in the mire!
To wrest from us our heritage!
This is our enemies' desire!
And make us slaves in freedom's age!

"To arms!" "To arms!"
Columbia's sons, assemble!
Your treasures to defend!
Ye tyrants, tremble!

Mr. Mueller makes a pathetic personal appeal: "If some journalists should be of the opinion that I offer a high-class production in its line, deserving of reward, then I shall be ready and willing to accept any remuneration which they, in their noble-mindedness, may choose to offer; as I am a poor man and would have excellent use for it. But it shall ever remain my highest gratification, if the product of my muse should some day be of service and influence, to uphold the eagles of Columbia's sons."

The New York Herald should consider Mr. Mueller's case; for Mr. Mark Twain is now able to procure for himself three simple but nutritious meals a day, and the summer is over and there is no longer pressing need of an ice fund for the poor.

This hubbub about a sky-piercing building in Copley Square is not without its humor. We have declaimed on sundry occasions against such insolent structures, remembering the fall of Babel's pride. Yet Thomas Fuller drew a savory moral from buildings less presumptuous. "How large houses do they build in London on little ground! Revenging themselves on the narrowness of their room with store of stories. Excellent arithmetic! from the root of the floor to multiply so many chambers. And, though painful the climbing, pleasant the staying there, the higher the healthfuller, with clearer light and sweeter air. * * * Higher, my soul! higher! In bodily buildings, commonly the garrets are most empty, to my mind, the higher mounted, will be the better furnished. Let perseverance to death be my uppermost chamber, the roof of which grace is the pavement of glory." We believe that a preposterously soaring building in Copley Square would be an eye-sore; but when some one solemnly says that it would "ruin the architectural beauty of the New Old South Church or the Museum of Fine Arts," we restrain ourselves with difficulty from putting our handkerchiefs to our mouth, like the young ladies mentioned by Artemus Ward, and remarking, "Te he." Yet there is a charm about the tower of the said church. It looks from certain points of view as though it might fall at any moment.

Worcester is, indeed, fond of music. Close on the heels of the Festival comes the Democratic Convention.

Mr. Vance Thompson has been freeing his mind, an operation that is often healthful for self and public: "My own opinion is that the people are absolutely indifferent to all art. This is a sweeping statement, of course, and demands explanation, if not modification. You will often find average people—readers of the Century Magazine, quoters of Tennyson, warblers of Tosti and De Koven, people who get their pictures painted by Chase or J. G. Brown—who assert vehemently that they love art. The assertion means nothing. Outside of this whimpering, tea drinking class the greater part of the people is found.
"They do not read—except the newspapers. They do not sing—save 'The Blow Almost Killed Father.' They do not look at pictures—save in the Journal and the Police Gazette.
"They have one—and only one—amusement which may possibly bring them into touch with the artistic.
"And this is—
"The theatre."

Sept 28, '97

Fiddle, or fence, or mace, or mack;
Or moskeneer, or flash the drag;
Dead-lurk a crib, or do a crack;
Pad with a slang, or chuck a fag;
Bonnet, or tout, or mump and gag;
Rattle the tats, or mark the spot;
You cannot bank a single stag;
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Are these exquisite lines unintelligible to you? And yet they were written by one of the surest masters of English now living.

This reminds us that Mr. Henry D. Davray is translating into French for the Mercure de France certain works by Mr. George Meredith. This will be welcome news to many Americans, who will now be able to read them easily and with understanding.

Old Chimes, who is in town for the winter, was at the Porphyry, waiting for news from Baltimore. "Yesterday," he remarked, "I was at luncheon with Mr. Whanger, the celebrated dramatic critic. He spoke highly of our visitor, Van Biene, but I observed with regret that he pronounced the name as though it were that of the favorite fruit of Boston. I said to him, 'If that is his name, he should not be roasted here; he should be baked.' "

We discoursed yesterday concerning various formulas of address, as "Sirs" and "Gentlemen." Mr. James Payn reminds us that when the Ettrick Shepherd quarreled with Sir Walter Scott he began one of his letters, "Damned Sir."

And, oh the formalism of filial correspondence a half century ago in New England, when in many households an absent son would have been considered disrespectful if he had addressed his father otherwise than "Respected Sir."

It appears that in Calcasieu Parish, Louisiana, Mr. Gordon, the best man at a wedding, was eager to manage the affair. The bridegroom objected, and in the course of the argument killed him, which proves conclusively that Mr. Gordon was not the best man after all.

Mr. George Winslow Pierce writes to the Journal as follows: "Who will explain the celluloid ball balancing on the jet at the corner of Columbus Avenue and Dartmouth Street? Is my explanation correct? Water adheres to the ball once tossed up by the jet to the point where the jet power diminishing against gravity sustains the ball's weight. If the ball remains there centred on the jet it can't fall. If it swerves it begins to be revolved by the jet. The centrifugal force takes hold of the adhering water, diminishing its weight, therefore, and throwing some of it off in drops upward against gravity and more downward from the top where gravity ceases to oppose, the heavier shower producing an excess of reaction in the opposite direction which keeps the ball from toppling in the same. Whether the reaction is wholly air resistance or in part, inertia and broken adhesion I am not yet sure. The ball in play is an exhibition, painted two colors, to show the revolution direction, hollow, with two small holes in when it was made, to avoid collapse into a vacuum within. Too much attention being now given to solid ball istics, why not a little to what can do our enemies no harm!" We are always glad to hear from Mr. Pierce, who is a singularly ingenious and lucid thinker.

We have also received this communication: "Sadakichi Hartmann at present applies his 'orchidaceous style' in writing a serial of 'Reminiscences of his Life' in which also Boston will figure, for the New York Staatszeitung." This announcement, falling like a thunderbolt, is unsigned. We consider it authentic, however, inasmuch as Mr. Hartmann undoubtedly penned the words with his own inspired hand.

The Princess Shonrega, whose death is reported, belonged to one of the first families. She was a lineal descendant of the Queen of Sheba.

The falling of a pin can be heard in Boston today. The trolley cars are hopelessly blocked in front of the bulletin boards. In the spas and beaneries anxious thousands are waiting for news of the great game. The roar of traffic in Chelsea is silent. Agitation gnaws at the bosom of placid Cambridgeport. From out the branches of their genealogical forests the residents of Brookline peek almost with eagerness at the barbarian world. The gills of the Sacred Codfish in Boston State House are flushed with apoplectic expectation. Massachusetts expects her nine to do its duty.——New York Sun, Sept. 27.
And her nine did not betray her.

Sept 29. '97

I was on my way from the mines to San Francisco, with a light puss and a hevy hart. You'd scacely hav recognized my fair form, so kivered was I with dust. Bimeby I met Old Poodles, the all-firdist gambler in the country. He was afoot and in his shirt sleeves, and was in a wuss larther nor any race hoss I ever saw.

"Whither goist thow, sweet nimp?" sez I, in a play-actin tone.
"To the mines, Sir," he unto me did say, "to the mines, to earn an honest livin."

"Berlin's official statistics show that 150 noblemen, some with very ancient titles, are employed as day laborers in that city." They might be in worse business, as defrauding tradesmen or intriguing for American heiresses.

Candide once sat down at meat in Vienna with several Kings who were out of employment. We once sat at table d'hote in a cheap hotel at Dresden with a German Baron, a Russian Prince, a Polish Countess, a Mme. de Something-or-other from Paris, and an Italian diplomat, who, as he assured us, was descended in straight and unchallenged line from Julius Caesar. We had never seen them before. Before midnight each one of them had in strict confidence told us that remittances were late, and asked the loan of ten marks till the next Thursday afternoon.

When we hear of the potato famine in Ireland, and read of the 300th anniversary, this year, of the planting of the potato in England, and are told that for more than 200 years "the vegetable was restricted to the tables of the higher classes," we remember these sentences in the description of Ursus by Victor Hugo: "His acceptance of human destiny was such, that he eat potatoes—filthy food, upon which, at that period (Queen Anne's), swine and convicts were fed. He ate this, indignant yet resigned." But Hugo's England is always a more delectable country than the England known to geographers, historians, economists and sociologists.

Cléo de Mérode may not please the New Yorkers, but she once danced well enough to please His Royal Nibs, the King of Belgium. He was as tickled as was Herod, the tetrarch, when Salome performed her celebrated pas seul.

The N. Y. Journal (Mr. W. R. Hearst, publisher,) says of Mr. A. H. Lewis's new book, "If 'Wolfville' does not prove to be the book of the year, it will be because there is not proper appreciation of originality and strength in American literature." It is interesting to note in connection with this keen and searching judgment that Mr. Lewis dedicated "Wolfville" to William Randolph Hearst.

L. D. asks "What do you think of the treatment of laryngeal tuberculosis with cupric interstitial cataphoresis?" Our correspondent must be patient. We may not be able to turn our attention to this point before next February. We are under the impression that Dr. Nathan L. Alden read a paper on this subject at a meeting held in Boston in March, 1895. L. D. might consult with profit an article by Scheppegrell published in the Medical Record, May, 1897. Just at present we are more interested in P. Ziegler's essay "Ueber Alopecia congenita," in which there is a pleasing story of a girl who came into the world absolutely hairless, and first had traces of the great ornament of woman at the age of thirteen. Even less fortunate was the young man, James, who, according to the well-known authority Amatus Lusitanus, had long hairs growing upon his tongue, and although he would pull them out and exhibit them to his friends, they would nevertheless grow again.

There were noble dames before the Sutherland sisters, witness E...kis, the Queen of Sheba, who, as the Rabbins tell us, was singularly adorned so that she excited the curiosity of Solomon; sundry women mentioned by Casenova; the play actress lauded by Apuleius; Lucille Western et al. But most remarkable of all was Queen Stratonice. The ancient satirist—and satirists are often to be followed rather than historians—tells us that she was almost bald; "she notwithstanding proposed a prize of a talent of gold to such one of the poets of her court who should produce the most elegant piece of poetry in praise of her hair, and though she best knew how it stood with her head, and that it was unknown to nobody else that her hair had fallen off by reason of a long fit of illness, yet she heard the execrable poets vie with each other in singing her hyacinthine tresses, and weaving her locks, which were not, into wreaths and flowing curls, and even had the effrontery, in the luxuriance of fancy, to twine them into a comparison with the tendrils of love-age." Remember, however, that among the interesting race, the Selenites, whoever would pass for a beauty must be bald and without hair; but in the comets only curly hair is esteemed beautiful.

It is the bald man who first tells you that your hair is growing gray.

Sept 30. 97

The expectoration of a sentence is a solace. The wolf is consoled by howling, the sheep by its wool, the forest by its warblers, woman by love, and the philosopher by epiphonema.

To J. Q.: Yes, men say that Mr. George F. Williams's name was originally Wenigmann. Mr. Fitzgerald's real name appears to be Dennis.

H. P. G. finds fault with a head-line in the Journal (Sept. 29, "Born Arsonist." He says "there is no such word." Oh, yes, there is. You will find it in Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary, with this quotation from Burton's Dahome (1864): "Those whose houses were first seen in flames were not proved to be the real arsonists."

Why cry out against the late Ogden Goelet because he made no "public bequest?" Many men have made no "public bequests," but their lives were lives of constant and quiet charity. Yet there are some who will not believe that a dollar has left a pocket unless they hear the noise of a screeching cornet.

It appears that Miss Katherine Grey, the play actress, is an advocate of "general cultivation," although for "a special character" she has contracted the habit of "absorbing atmosphere." Her ideal is Miss Rehan. "I remember when I first had a page's part, and I rushed to her in tears at the thought of having to wear tights. 'But I wear them,' she said." This is the way Miss Grey tells the story. What she thought but did not say to Miss Rehan was probably this: "Well, if the audience does not smile at you in tights, it surely will not guy me."

The statue to be erected in San Francisco in memory of R. L. Stevenson will represent a Spanish galleon under full sail. "This is considered as the most representative emblem of Stevenson's work." By whom and why?

The statue-habit is not confined to America. One was erected lately in Valence to the memory of a certain Mr. Bancel, an Alpinist, who is figured as holding an alpinstock in one hand while with the other he points to his companions the goal of their ascension.

"Seeker" wishes to know who the Selenites were or are. "You mentioned them today, but I do not find them in my encyclopaedia." All encyclopaedias are sadly incomplete. We doubt if yours mentions the Tarichanes, who have the eyes of an eel, and the face of a crab, a warlike, bold, and rude carnivorous people; or the Tritonomendetes, who down to the waist resemble men and below are formed like weasels; or the Carcinocheires and Thynnocephali, the former having crabs' claws for hands, the latter having the head of a tunny-fish. And yet Lucian saw all these people and described them in his "True History." The Selenites live, or did live, in the moon. Possibly you will find one now at the Zoo.

I have never sat down to serious labor without reluctance, nor risen from it without exultation.

Mr. G. F. Williams at Worcester eclipsed Pogram, Jefferson Brick, and the late Col. Yell: "So let not our sacred name again be defiled. Hold it above the touch and contamination of the guilty, whether we hold it up with a million or ten million hands, and keep it there until the God who intends that men shall advance, and not retrograde, who watched over our struggles for liberty a century ago, will send down His angel and take into His divine hand the flag of justice, and unfurl it for the world to see." Wow! Wow! Hot stuff! So there is a tribal God for silverites!

After Maj. Moses P. Handy "spent a month in feeling the public pulse" he talked confidingly to a reporter as they saw the sails of the Moulin Rouge go round. It is clear that the breezes of Paris are blowing gently and respectfully through the Major's nonpareil whiskers.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Kings County proclaims our young and esteemed friend, the Bacchante, to be "insulting to American womanhood." How does she insult American womanhood? By her beauty?

Mr. John Proctor Clarke is a master of the difficult art of addressing gatherings of little children. Thus at New York, where "he talked to them exclusively," he used such words as "utilitarian," "estuaries," "iridescent."

G. W. P. writes to the Journal: "Whoever has happened to go in September out on the Fens, to be up in the morning our neighbor sun, and been disappointed by the bank rising always in front of, with northward and southward comparatively clear, may be consoled or not by reflecting that he sees

...ing towards him in its [illegible] mantle ...e figure of Massachusetts Bay! When the clouds run to westward in horizontal columns, which I take for the ridgepoles of night's roof removing, he may see the black sun, formed by their shadows, great spokes of darkness radiating from the vanishing spot of the columns just under the western horizon, as the sun rises, which, apparently rising, really surprising (perceive the contrast between my word 'under,' sub, denoting tendency, and 'super' in surprising) when he turns westward, causes the anti-illumination. He may find also, as I did, a flower, which I had imagined and drawn on paper without ever having seen or heard of, with heart-shaped gold petals joined at the apexes, which shows one may have the same thought that God had. His has four petals, and mine had five."

Oct 1. 97

It was the same Mr. Ashby Sterry, who, with his characteristic modesty, once remarked that he laid no claim to the possession of exceptional erudition, or conspicuous culture; but that he flattered himself that in the art of looking out of window on a rainy day, he was an almost unequalled proficient.

A literary man in Boston has a son who is to him as the apple of his eye. The other day he noticed a square hole in the trousers of his well-beloved, a shrieking hole just above the knee. "How is this?" asked the sire. And the boy replied: "You know I have two pairs, my best and the other. I couldn't tell them apart, so I cut a hole in the best, and now I can tell 'em and know which to put on."

Here is the title for a realistic novel of life in Boston: "Front; or the Bald-headed Bell-boy."

Boston is indeed fortunate in having such an intelligent, energetic, courageous and incorruptible official as Dr. Charles Harrington. Oleomargarine is not the same thing as butter, roughhew it how we will.

We examined with interest yesterday afternoon the Asbestos Union Undergarment. We recommend it heartily to Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mr. G. F. Williams, Mr. Bryan—by the way, what are his initials?—and the more passionate disputants in the Handel and Haydn.

A contemporary published the other day a sketch of Mrs. Russell Sage, whose philanthropic life is by far a better screen for her husband than was the human one chosen by him in a moment of danger and not even yet rewarded.

"Gen. Greely denies the charges of cannibalism made against the members of his expedition. Anybody who wants to know the whole truth can find it in his report to the President of the United States." But there are rescuers who still affirm and smile at the mention of an ex parte report.

They were talking at the Porphyry about Lafcadio Hearn's latest book "Gleanings in Buddha-Fields". "Do you know why Hearn determined to live in Japan?" asked the Professor. "After he left New Orleans he went to Cincinnati, where he did newspaper work. He soon suffered terribly from an enlarged and projecting eye that disfigured him and made him grotesque. He was stared at, he was mocked and insulted, and, what was even worse, he was pitied openly. A sensitive man, he kept the house during the day, and took exercise only at night. Occasion called him to Japan. To his amazement, in that country nobody, not even a humorous boy, showed by sign or word that the stranger was disfigured or set apart in tavern, street, shop, field. Mr. Hearn was treated as though he were a normal being. Thankful and overcome, he said to himself, 'Here is the land of true civilization, and here will I live and die'. He has taken to himself a Japanese wife, he is known by a Japanese name, and the last I heard from him he was professor of English in a Japanese university."

"Such civilization," said the telephone expert, "must be the result of generations of training". "H-m!" answered the Professor; "the rude Japanese were undoubtedly put to death years and years ago. I have seen much of their country and never have I found there a boy who by look or gesture would express surprise at any dress or speech or habit that might seem to him outlandish. How different it is here in Boston. And yet there has been improvement. I remember that I was one of the first to wear a helmet sun-hat. Boys jeered, women giggled, old crusted Bostonians looked at me superciliously and suspiciously, expressmen and hackmen would often address me jocosely or clearsedly from their vantage seat. I have sometimes thought that the early execution of the Common of the conventionally rude would make much for civic civilization. But if this ceremony had been performed twenty years ago the town might have been depopulated."

Mr. J. K. Bangs—we see no reason why we should always spell out any man's name in full, not even that of the young man of Dedham—praises in poetry this week the "monotony" of America and American life. It was this very monotony of Form and its deficiencies in certain conditions—"that is to say, curvature, irregularity, and light and shade"—that made Mr. Sala, a keen and discriminating critic of this country, ill at ease. "In a city of three or four hundred thousand inhabitants, you see nothing but mere flat services, straight lines, right angles, parallel rows of boards, and perpendicular palings. * * * The hotels are marble packing-cases, uniformly square and pierced with many quadrangular windows; the railway cars and street omnibuses are exact oblongs. * * * There are some crooked streets in Boston, and that is why Europeans usually show a preference for Boston over other Northern American cities. * * * That which I call the 'Mathematical System' is only another name for a very stringent and offensive social tyranny * * * 'Whatever you do,' said an American to me on the first day of my landing in the States, 'don't live in a boarding house where you are to be treated as one of the family. They'll worry you to death by wanting to take care of your morals.' "

Gold loses annually by friction one fourteen-hundredth of its bulk; this is what is called the wear and tear; thence it follows that, out of fourteen hundred millions of gold circulating throughout all the world, every year one million is lost. This million of gold goes off in dust, flies away, floats, is an atom, becomes breathable, loads, doses, burdens and impairs the conscience, and amalgamates itself with the soul of the rich, which it renders proud, and with the soul of the poor, which it renders savage.

Oct 2. 97

The hunter sits near the trunk of a tree; his gun is leaning on a branch. He listens to the forest going to sleep. Trees assume human shapes. The peace of evening enters into his soul. The moon and he smile at each other. Soon he puts his gun by his side, and making imitative gestures with his fingers, shaking the head gently to mark the time, the good hunter watches the rabbits dancing their minuet.

The retirement of Mr. John L. Stoddard is to be regretted. Music Hall never appeared to such advantage as during one of his lectures, for in the darkness you could not see the incredible shabbiness of walls, ceiling, doors, platform and floor.

"Cook may not coach at Yale." Isn't it a little early for such reports? Why thus force the season?

Before we all weep over "the destruction of the beauty of Copley Square" would it not be well for us to pinch ourselves and ask calmly, "Is the square at present beautiful?"

Emperor William is merciless. He is at work on another musical piece. He has been likened unto Caligula. But Nero was his replica.

The oratory of Mr. Williams of Dedham is indeed wildly beautiful, but that of Signor d' Annunzio, the friend of Mr. Anthony Comstock, is still more wildly beautiful. The eminent Italian stumped lately for votes in the canton of Pescara. Why did he chose the country and not the town? Because he always loved the country, "the sweet ears of corn, the vermilion apples, the peaceful look of the oxen, the scent of the pressed olive, the iron of the plow, the murmur of the bees, the winding of the rivers," and so on, through the catalogue. He hastened to declare his patrotism. And it was here, right here, that the Signor flew beyond the keen sight of Mr. Williams's eyes. "My soul, on which I have poured the most robust wines of ancient wisdom and the most subtle essences of modern dreams—my soul, which, in its infinite peregrinations, has attained the extreme limits imposed upon the avidity of knowledge, and soared above the aerial summits where the rhythm of the ideal life acquires a celerity unknown to human pulses—my soul has still remained filially attached to its native soil."

J. B. writes, "Howitt, in his 'Rural Life in England, speaks of "flibbertigibbets' acting as waiters to sportsmen in the hunt. What does he mean?" He probably does not mean the foul fiend mentioned by Edgar on the heath, the fiend who gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, makes the hare-lip and has other accomplishments; whose most intimate friends are Fraterretto, Hoberdidance and Tocobatto. No. Flibberti-gibbet, an onomatopoeic word for chatter, meant originally a chatterer, or a flighty, frivolous woman. In this century it was also applied to a person resembling the character so nicknamed in "Kenilworth," Dickie Sludge; and it means "an impish-looking; mischievous urchin; or a person of grotesque appearance and restless manners." But why didn't you take the trouble to consult the dictionary?

There is a restaurant in the South End where a five-course dinner is served for 25 cents. The restaurant is described by the proprietor as a café. Smile not, oh reader; the proprietor knows enough to give the acute accent to the imported word.

In connection with the correspondence published lately in this column, it is interesting to note that the latest of the reform schemes suggested for Washington, D. C., is the one proposing the ringing of the curfew bell and the enactment of a regulation requiring all children under fifteen years of age to keep off the streets after 9 o'clock in the summer and 8 o'clock in the winter. The popular idea that the curfew was introduced by William the Conqueror and imposed upon the English as a badge of servitude it unfounded. The custom of ringing the curfew prevailed in France, Spain, Italy, Scotland and probably other countries of Europe at the same period; it was intended as a precaution against fires, which were then frequent and fatal, for very many houses were built of wood. In Scotland the bell was rung at nine in the evening, until the hour was changed to ten at the solicitation of the wife of James Stewart, the favorite of James VI., a dame who had sporting blood in her veins. The first mention of the couvrefeu dates back to the 11th century. As a rule, this bell announced the end of the work-day. When it was forbidden during the siege of Paris, 1358, to sound any bell after vespers lest the sentinels might be disturbed, the curfew was excepted. In the East, especially in Persia, sunrise, sunset and midnight were proclaimed in the public squares of large towns by bands of trumpets, cymbals, and drums. In Boston the curfew is rung in restaurants each night at 11 P. M., however hungry or thirsty you may be at 11.05. We live under a step-motherly government.

Mr. Huneker in vacation mood—for vacation is not fixed inexorably by the calendar—invites his soul to ponder the eternal problem. "All masculine beings have chased the impossible She of their morning dreams, and, of course, never found her. She has not eluded us, for she does not exist out of the golden verse of the poets. Oh, how much more satisfactory is the girl of whom the poets never rhyme! She eats beefsteaks, she 'bikes,' and if she plays Chopin it is the robust ring of his heroic polonaises she craves, not his milk and moonlit nocturnes. Walt Whitman sang her praises, and while our souls go out to the anaemic fay of the woodland dell, we marry the stout girl who wears a number six shoe."

Oct 3. 97

JAEGER AGAIN.

"You remember Jaeger, Dr. Gustav Jaeger, who invented a form of hygienic body clothing and ventilated boots. His next triumph was a pill, in which were compounded hairs of the patient. These pills were taken freely in Stuttgart a dozen years ago. The bald consulted more prosaic physicians. You thought perhaps Dr. Jaeger was in the "gents' furnishing" business, or perhaps a manufacturer of woolen goods, or possibly a quack. No. He has been for some time a scientist of considerable distinction. Darwin knew his writings on organic evolution. His plan for a reform in the construction of maps attracted attention. And now a volume of his essays has been Englished and published in London. The Englisher is H. G. Schlichter, D. Sc., and the title of the book is "Problems of Nature: Researches and Discoveries of Gustav Jaeger, M. D."

This book is divided into three sections—zoological, anthropological, and varia. In the first section he speculates concerning the origin and the development of organic life. He is as bold as a lion. He makes a crescendo in one sentence from lower case through italics to capitals. "The starting-point of all organic life upon our planet was an aqueous solution of ammonia carbonate." This point settled for all time, the Doctor talks—and still defiantly—of the origin of species, Darwin's doctrine of pangenesis, and the "animal soul." "I believe that I have solved this problem of the animal soul, as I am able to define this constituent of the protoplasm." This is in italics. But what does Dr. Jaeger think of the soul? Does he think nobly of it, like unto Malvolio, caged for madness? Does he believe, with certain Mahometans, that the soul of Adam was created a thousand years before him? Does he agree with the earliest Christian fathers, who claimed that the soul was material; with Irenaeus, who believed that the soul separated from the body retains its individuality, so that disembodied souls may know each other; with Bishop Caius, who gave the soul a human face; with St. Ambrose, who declared that the perfect soul has its body in aversion? Has he learned the secret of the Druids, who received their knowledge of immortality direct from Japhet? Dr. Jaeger leans to the opinion that soul is the same thing as smell.

After this, his anthropological speculations as to the nature of infectious diseases, and the methods of combating them, are tame. "His theory, based largely on the experiments of Naegeli, is that immunity against infection is a condition largely dependent on the concentration of water in the tissues. The heavy perspirations dear to family practitioners are, according to this theory, a perfectly rational method of dehydrating, or concentrating the watery liquid of, the tissues. Bacteria of a poisonous kind, lodged in those tissues, soon become destroyed by the concentration of their own excretions in a medium thus dehydrated. Other empirical methods of treatment which have won favor are all based upon the same operation, such as good ventilation, cold dry air, and even (anomalous as it may sound) the drinking of water in certain cases."

But what is all this to the discovery that the starting-point of organic life is ammonia carbonate, and that the soul is a smell? In view of this stupendous find, sanitary underclothes, yes, even ventilated boots, fall into insignificance.

ABOUT MUSIC.

An Alleged Tradition of the Handel and Haydn.

Salaries and Gifts Paid Messrs. Zerrahn and Lang.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Players and Singers.

It has been said of late by certain members of the Handel and Haydn that when Mr. Zerrahn resigned the conductorship of that society two years ago, the succession fell by right of tradition to Mr. Lang, who was organist at the time.

Let us in a spirit of love examine this claim and this theory of tradition.

At the beginning of the life of this venerable society, and for some time after, the President was conductor ex-officio. When he was a musician, as was the first President, Thomas S. Webb (chosen April 26, 1815), he did not content himself with being a figurehead. But Mr. Webb's immediate successors leaned heavily on the shoulders of Mr. Ostinelli, who often was the true conductor.

But Mr. Ostinelli was a violinist, not an organist.

For the sake of convenience I give now a list of the organists who have served the Handel and Haydn from 1815 until the election of Mr. Lang Oct. 1, 1859. Mr. Stockwell, 1815-16; S. P. Taylor, who in 1817 came from Philadelphia for a fortnight to play the organ at four rehearsals and three concerts for $200 and the payment of his expenses; Samuel Cooper, 1818; S. P. Taylor, 1818-1820; Miss Hewitt, afterward Mrs. Ostinelli, 1820-1830; Charles Zeuner, 1830-1838; A. U. Hayter, 1838-1851, who on many occasions virtually conducted the performances; G. F. Hayter, 1851; F. F. Mueller, 1852-1857; J. C.

D. Parker, 1857-1858, and in 1869, during Mr. Lang's absence in Europe.

Now the first man who formally filled the office of Conductor was Charles E. Horn, who was elected May 31, 1847. His salary was $300. In 1848 it was raised to $400. He died Oct. 21, 1849.

And who succeeded him? Mr. Hayer, the organist? Oh, no. There was no tradition in 1849.

The second conductor was Mr. J. E. Goodson, chosen in 1851. He soon afterward left Boston. Who was elected to the office? Mr. George J. Webb, Aug. 21, 1852. Was he the organist of the society? Oh, no. There was no tradition in 1852.

Mr. Webb's reign was short. There was trouble about an orchestra. It was voted to take the Germania. Mr. Webb resigned. The resignation was accepted Nov. 10, 1852. Who succeeded him? Mr. Mueller the organist of the society? Oh no. Mr. Carl Bergmann, trombone player, 'cellist and leader of the Germania, was appointed conductor pro tem.

In 1854 Mr. Bergmann left Boston. Who succeeded him as conductor of the Handel and Haydn? Mr. Mueller, who was then organist of the society? Oh, no. Mr. Carl Zerrahn, a flute player, was chosen on Mr. Bergmann's recommendation, Sept. 5, 1854

Where is, then, the foundation for the claim that the organist has a traditional right to succeed to the conductorship?

* * *

Let us for a moment consider salaries paid to Mr. Zerrahn and Mr. Lang, and let us consider them not from any sinister motive, but simply in antiquarian spirit.

In 1854 Mr. Zerrahn was promised $25 for each public performance during the season.

July, 1856, his salary was made $250 a year. For the Festival in 1856 he had $300. After the festival a purse of $200 in gold was presented by subscribers.

In the early years of the Civil War there was need of economy. Messrs. Zerrahn and Lang "agreed to retain office without fixed salary, and be content with whatever small balance might remain in the treasury after the expenses were paid. (At the end of the year, July 1, 1862, they got $41 69 each!)"

June 14, 1865, Mr. Zerrahn received a silver ice-pitcher and salver, and gold-lined goblets; and Mr. Lang received a gold guard chain.

May 1, 1867, it was voted to pay Mr. Zerrahn $500 for his year's services and Mr. Lang $300.

May 18, 1868, a yearly salary of $300 was voted Mr. Zerrahn, besides $500 for his share in the success of the First Triennial Festival. May 25 of the same year he was also offered a gratuity of [illegible].

May 31, 1869, Mr. Zerrahn received a facsimile of Handel's autograph score of the Messiah, and an engraving, representing the Apotheosis of Handel.

Sept. 6, 1870, Messrs. Zerrahn and Lang were reappointed at salaries of $500 and $300.

May 27, 1871, Mr. Zerrahn's salary for the Second Triennial Festival was fixed at $1000, and for his services until Christmas at $200; Mr. Lang's as organist at $400 and $100.

In the spring of 1874 it was voted to pay Mr. Zerrahn $1000 for his services during the Third Triennial Festival (May, 1874), and Mr. Lang $400 as organist

May 12, 1875, Mr. Zerrahn's salary for the past year was fixed at $500, and that of Mr. Lang at $300.

July 6, 1877, the sum of $1000 was voted to Mr. Zerrahn and $400 to Mr. Lang for services during the Fourth Triennial Festival (May, 1877).

May 2, 1879, Mr. Zerrahn was presented with bound orchestral scores of "Elijah," "St. Paul," and the "Hymn of Praise," and "a solid gold medallion bearing on one side the seal of the society, and on the other an inscription setting forth the character of the occasion (the completion of his 25th season). Furthermore $2433 50 of the proceeds ($3331) were given to Mr. Zerrahn.

May 27, 1880, it was voted to give Mr. Zerrahn $1000 for services during the Fifth Triennial Festival (May. 1880,) and Mr. Lang $400. Mr. Lang also received $300 as organist for the season exclusive of the Festival.

Sept. 20, 1882, "Mr. Zerrahn's salary was raised to $1000."

May 14, 1883, it was voted to pay Mr. Zerrahn $1000 and Mr. Lang $400 for services during the Sixth Triennial Festival (May, 1883).

Nov. 30, 1884, Mr. Lang was presented with a gold watch, suitably inscribed, a set of Shakspeare's works, and a complimentary address. "Mr. Lang's reply was brief, but full of feeling. He recalled the fact that a watch was given him 30 years before by a Salem society, which he had always prized highly, and he should esteem this later gift still more." The occasion of these gifts from the Handel and Haydn was the completion of his 25th year as organist.

Zerrahn $500 in addition to the $750 voted him before.

June 11, 1886, it was voted to pay Mr. Zerrahn a salary of $750, "besides such sum (not exceeding $250) as may be warranted by the current receipts of the season exclusive of gifts, legacies and income of the fund;" and $300 to Mr. Lang.

April 29, 1887, Mr. Zerrahn was voted the additional $250.

June 10, 1889, it was voted that Mr. Zerrahn should be conductor at $1250 for the season, and the Festival celebration of the completion of the 75th year of "choral life and work" of the society (April, 1890). To Mr. Lang the sum of $500 was voted.

April 13, 1890, Mr. Zerrahn received a book, "Musical Instruments, etc.," and a basket of flowers.

April 18, 1894, Mr. Zerrahn was given a most substantial testimonial in honor of his 40th anniversary. The solo singers and orchestra contributed their services in the performance of "Elijah." In addition to the receipts from an audience that crowded Music Hall, Mr. Zerrahn was presented with a gold medal set in diamonds and suitably inscribed.

* * *

Let us now turn from tragedy to comic opera. We have heard here various reports concerning the reception of "The Wizard of the Nile" in London, where it was produced for the first time in England Sept. 6 at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Let us see what the acute critic of the Pall Mall Gazette said about the piece:

"It is almost pathetic to note with what a marked persistency the managers of London theatres still pin their faith upon musical farce, and last night another of that long series—'made in America,' and described as a new and original comic opera—'The Wizard of the Nile,' libretto by Mr. Harry B. Smith, music by Mr. Victor Herbert, was produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre. We are bound to say that, in the composition of their 'opera,' both author and composer have set the critic a difficult problem to solve when they asked him to discover the exact quantity of attractiveness which their work contains. We confess that there are too many moments particularly, for example, during most of the dialogue in the second act, when you would say that the limit of dullness had been reached, and that the sense of humor had been sadly outraged; on the other hand, there are others of real fun when you are grateful for the opportunity of laughter. The plot is naught. The sentiment of the piece circles round a young Egyptian Princess, whose hand is sought practically by every male character on the program, and the humor of it is concerned with the doings of Kibosh, a peripatetic magician ,to whom the vagaries of the Nile are attributed by the King of Egypt, with varying results to the magician, according as the river behaves itself reasonably or not. The intricacies that are evolved out of these two central facts are neither very interesting, nor very funny in themselves, but they serve, as we have said, for the introduction of occasionally amusing details. Mr. Victor Herbert's music, one is glad to note, does not need an altogether summary consideration. He makes it quite clear, in a rather ingenious way, that though he will, because he must, often write feebly, he is yet capable of the work of an accomplished musician. His fluency is simply amazing, and it is not a fluency that one can afford to laugh at. He seems not to have the smallest difficulty over the invention of innumerable tunes, the greater part of which, indeed, bid for popularity too clearly upon grounds that are neither satisfactory nor indeed artistic; but he nearly always shows by some little independent and personal treatment of those tunes that he has a musical individuality, and that, if he does write down to a not very distinguished level, he does it deliberately and because he quite understands that this is the sort of music which is exactly suited to the sentiment and humor of 'The Wizard of the Nile.' This was amusingly noticeable in a certain mock-sentimental song assigned to Kibosh, in which, although Mr. Herbert is quite clearly satirising the drawing-room ballad of the day, the difference between the spirit of his parody and that of some of his own ballads was really extremely slight. Let it, however, be noted that the music, in spite of these defects, the seriousness of which we would not for a moment attempt to hide, has throughout a singular effect of vivacity and brightness, which should go very far towards making the piece popular. As to the cast, Miss Adele Ritchie, who has taken the part with much success in the States, made her first appearance last night in London, and proved herself to be the owner of a very attractive face and figure, of a powerful voice, which sometimes, however, lacked the sympathetic qualities, and of extraordinary self-possession. It is rare, indeed, that one sees a youthful actress 'take' the stage with such quiet assertion and confidence as did Miss Ritchie on this occasion."

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

At St. James' Church, Mr. Rotoli is rehearsing Villiers Stanford's mass for Christmas.

Xaver Scharwenka is at work on a new opera. His "Mataswintha" will be produced in Vienna.

Mr. H. R. Shelley's new symphony will probably be played at one of the N. Y. Philharmonic concerts.

Henri Chivot, opretta librettist, died at Paris, Sept. 19. Perhaps his most famous piece is "La Mascotte."

Alexandre Guilmant will arrive in this country the beginning of December, and stay here about three months.

Mr. Rudolph Aronson was in Boston last week arranging with the Oliver Ditson Company for the publication of his Ballet Intermezzo written for Cléo de Mérode.

"The Little Duchess," a coster opera by Marshall and Moulliott, music by Frank Cogden, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Stockton-on-Tees, Sept. 9.

Mr. Carlo Fuelten will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall, Thursday evening, Oct. 12. He will play pieces by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Heller, Hiller, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt.

Miss Katharine G. Hurly will give a song recital in Steinert Hall, Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8.15. She will be assisted by Mrs. F. G. Currier, Miss Eibel, Herbert Johnson, Master Dooley and others.

"Berliner Fahrten," a musical farce in six tableaux, by Freund and Mannstaedt, music by J. Einodshofer, was produced at the Central Theatre, Berlin, Sept. 4. The story is practically that of "Lost, Strayed or Stolen." Emil Thomas and Minni Cass were in the cast.

Melourgia Mixed Voice Singing Society, Mr. F. W. Wodell, conductor, will perform two high class choral works this season: "Young Lochinvar," by E. M. Boyce, and three scenes from Henry Purcell's "King Arthur." Singers desiring to join the society may obtain information from the Secretary, D. A. Van Ham, 201 Columbus Avenue.

Mr. Henry M. Dunham will give two subscription organ concerts at the Shawmut Congregational Church Thursday evenings, the 21st and 28th. He will be assisted by Miss Louise Leimer, Mr. Max Heinrich, Mr. Carl Stasny, and Mr. Alwin Schroeder. The number of subscriptions will be limited to 225, and the price, $2, entitles each subscriber to four tickets to each concert.

The following orchestral pieces by Americans will be played the seventh season of the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago: Gaelic Symphony, Mrs. Beach; Overture, "Melpomene," Chadwick; Indian Suite, MacDowell; symphonic poem, "Edris," Gleason; symphonic poem, "The Tempest," Paine; overture, "In the Sunny South," Schoenfeld; inauguration march and hymn, Kaun; suite in D minor, Foote.

The October number of the Musical Record, published by Oliver Ditson Company, and edited by Philip Hale, includes an article on Bayreuth in 1897, by John F. Runciman, of the Saturday Review (London), an article on Symphony Concert Programs, by William F. Apthorp of the Transcript, letters concerning music in New York and Chicago, by W. J. Henderson, of the New York Times, and William Armstrong of the Chicago Tribune, an account of Melba's debut at La Scala, by M. de Nevers, "Music," by Vance Thompson, a review of Tinel's new oratorio, a classified record of musical events of the last month throughout the world, and a new portrait of Melba, besides piano pieces by Dvorák, Orth and Hauser, and songs by Jordan and Manney.

The Philharmonic Orchestra, Berlin, under Nikisch, will play this season symphonies by Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Schumann, Brahms, Volkmann's B-flat major, César Franch's symphony in D minor (first time in Germany), serenade for strings by Joseph Suk, "Till Eulenspiegel" by Strauss, and pieces by d'Albert, Zoellner, Bizet, Berlioz, Liszt, Goldmark, and Wagner (for example, the overture to "Die Feen"). The orchestra will give concerts in Italy next spring, in Paris the spring of '99, and probably at the Paris Exhibition of 1900.

Oct 4. 97

But should the traps be on the sly,
For a change we'll have a crack:
The richest cribs shall our wants supply—
Or we'll knap a fogle with fingers fly,
When the swell one turns his back.
The flimsies we can smash as well,
Or a ticker deftly prig:—
But if ever a pal in limbo fell,
He'd sooner be scragg'd at once than tell;
Though the hum-box patterer talked of hell;
And the beak wore his nattiest wig.

This verse is from the Housebreaker's Song by G. W. M. Reynolds, Esq., the ingenious gentleman who was on startling terms of intimacy with George IV., and had been through the mysteries of the Court with a dark lantern. When you were a schoolboy you probably read his novels on the sly, behind your geography ostentatiously displayed on the whittled desk, or behind the barn and beyond the reach of judicious parent.

We are reminded of this ditty by reading each day of housebreaking in streets of the South End, Back Bay, Roxbury and Brookline. Hardly a day in the Back Bay without its burglary (not to be too technical in the use of terms). And how often are these thieves, robbers, burglars caught? Occasionally one is weary or too reckless and he runs plump into the arms of a policeman. The police force is then congratulated by the newspapers for its "cleverness" and "zeal."

The evidence is overwhelming. Flat-dwellers in certain quarters of the city are without protection.

Take your own case, Mr. Buty. You have a flat tastefully adorned by Mrs. Buty. The silver pieces bequeathed you and presented by friends, relatives, business associates on your wedding day are on the sideboard or in its drawers. 'Tis Thursday afternoon. You are at your office—or at the "restaurant" near it. You will be shopping. The maid of all work left soon after luncheon. The flat is deserted. When you return about 6 o'clock, you find traces of callers. Where is the silvern sugar bowl, the token of respect and esteem from fellow committeemen? Where is the set of gold-lined dessert spoons given you by Uncle Amos? Where is the silver-mounted hair brush a former admirer sent to your beloved Amanda? Where is the one diamond once owned by her? Gone, gone. And the shame of finding that which you thought genuine thrown aside contemptuously by the expert. Gone gone. Your flat has been gutted of silver, gold and precious stones. And you at once become interested in the habits of pawnbrokers.

But how are you to guard a flat? If you have children, it may not be deserted for any great length of time, and unless the police force be increased, it may be well to increase your family. That a servant should have her Thursday afternoon is a tribal right. Woe to you if you hint the contrary.

Of course your wife must go shopping. This, too, is a tribal right. Whether times are hard or soft, whether thieves thrive or are caught, you would, indeed, be rash to insist on her staying at home Thursday.

You might put a time lock on the door, but this would have its disadvantages, if your wife should become suspicious of your nocturnal movements.

We see nothing for you to do except to keep away from your office Thursday afternoon, the favorite calling day for flat-cleaners. Sit near the door. Don't answer the bell. Don't smoke. A gun is not a desirable weapon; fired in a small hall the reverberation is unpleasant. The average flat ceiling does not allow the full play of an Indian club. After mature reflection, we advise a kris; you will also find the spelling "creese;" but as Mr. C. P. G. Scott says, "there is something so nice and savage about it." Do not be too particular about the form of this weapon. The Malays and Javanese make the kris in innumerable shapes, "all warranted to kill, and adorn them with a pleasing exuberance of fancy, and with pious care." This weapon is in many ways singularly convenient for killing a sneak thief, and it has the advantage of having 54 distinct names in Javanese.

By the way, Dogberry foresaw all this. Did he not speak of "flat burglary"?

"The ex-Princess de Chimay suffered so much from seasickness that she and Mr. Janos Rigo left the ship at Port Said." So there is really something that will sicken her.

The Earnest Student of Sociology is now in Chicago studying the Luetgert trial. He was much interested in the proposal of young Mr. Luetgert, whatever the verdict may be, to go about the country with the original vat, savage dogs and a lecture on "Home Life of the Luetgert Family." And he now is excited over the proposition to get the testimony of Luetgert père into the phonograph. He writes that sausage in Chicago is quoted among "Spoiled Meats." Our valued contributor will return to Boston after the verdict. He has engaged a suite of rooms in Ohio Street and a Symphony season ticket.

"The fellow who wrote 'All Coons Look Alike to Me' has an income of $200 a week from royalties." Well, why not? It's a good song.

Moritz Moszkowski proposes to live in Paris.

Spinelli is writing an opera, "The Trilogy of Dorina."

Alvarez, tenor of the Paris Opéra, receives $5000 a month.

Mr. Macnab, an "American basso," sang in Sydney in August.

There will be a dramatic school in the Stuttgart Conservatory.

Maurice Grau has delayed his visit to this country until November.

The first monument to Brahms will be erected probably at Meiningen.

Wilhelm Heiser, composer of songs, died Sept. 9 at Friedenau, at the age of 81.

Marie Tempest summered at Aix-le-Bains. She is back again in "The Geisha."

A new song in London music halls is "I Should Like to Know the Price of That."

Otto Guentber, since 1881 director of the Leipsic Conservatory, died Sept. 11. He was born in 1822.

"The Madonna With the Cross," opera by Aggházy, will be produced at Budapest tomorrow.

Florrie West will return to England Nov. 1, and she will play principal boy in Liverpool, Christmas.

Smareglia's new opera "Falena" was not much of a success at Venice Sept. 4, at the first performance.

The Widow Wagner proposes to hear the first performance of "The Mastersingers" at the Paris Opéra.

Charles King Hall left by will all his property to his wife. His personal estate amounted to $[illegible].

[illegible] Sembrich [illegible] have [illegible] at the [illegible]

[illegible] manager of the Paris Drama [illegible] a [illegible] book at [illegible] the last tenor [illegible] Figaro re[illegible]

[illegible] Society, Berlin [illegible] will sing [illegible] Beethoven's Missa Solemnis, [illegible]," Part III., Handel's [illegible] (Chrysander version), [illegible] Psalm, Bruch's "Fair [illegible]" [illegible]'s "Agrippina."

The managers of the Paris Opéra [illegible] whether the electric lights [illegible] turned off in the second act [illegible] the Meistersingers," which the [illegible] should be sung [illegible]. During the performance [illegible] Walkyrie," the light was [illegible].

[illegible]gkorn, King of Siam, smoked [illegible] in the Presidential box [illegible] Opera until he was [illegible] was violating police regula[illegible]. He astonished the ballet girls [illegible] his hat on his head in their [illegible] strange to the place. [illegible] ballet in "Don Giovanni" [illegible] than the [illegible].

[illegible] to be played this [illegible] be Royal Orchestra, Berlin, [illegible] are all the sym[illegible] Liszt's "Faust" [illegible]'s Fourth Sym[illegible] Walle." Weingart[illegible] poem "Gefilde der [illegible]" and pieces by Berlioz, Cor[illegible] Dvorak, Tschaikowsky (Fourth [illegible]) and Wagner.

At the Guildhall School of Music last year the [illegible] paid £31,797 in fees. The [illegible] expenses of management were [illegible]. Fifteen thousand pounds was paid for singing alone. Richard [illegible] thus took in £750. Francesco [illegible], piano teacher, received £579, and Johannes Wolf, for fiddle lessons, £517. [illegible], teacher of the guitar, received more than £29. The trombone and euphonium teacher earned only [illegible].

The Kneisel Quartet, that organization of which Boston is justly proud, has already received over 30 applications for concerts in Western towns that it has been obliged to refuse on account of its duties toward the Symphony Orchestra. The Quartet started last Wednesday on its first trip. It will play in Chicago, Milwaukee, Toledo, Oberlin, Cleveland, Toronto, Hamilton, etc.

New music: Passe-pied from songs of the dance by Catulle Mendès, composed by Alfred Bruneau; "The Babe of Bethlehem," duet by the late Godard; Canzonetta for violin and piano, G. [illegible]; Theme with variations, op. 73, for piano by Gabriel Fauré; "Our [illegible]" and "Love for a Day," songs by Gabriel [illegible]; "Incantation" song, by [illegible]; Poems by Jean Lorrain, set to [illegible] by Gabriel Pierné; Norwegian [illegible], by Olaus Eriksen.

The first performance of "Tristan und Isolde" in France was at Aix-les-[illegible] Sept. [illegible], under Jehin's direction. The part of Isolde was sung by Mme. [illegible]-Wagner, who is said to have [illegible] very impressive, and Tristan went to M. Cazeira, who created the part in French at Brussels when the opera was given under M. Jehin's direction for the first time in French. Mme. [illegible]-Jehin, the wife of the conductor, was the [illegible].

They say that the Widow Wagner [illegible] to take "The Valkyrie" from the Paris Opéra and give it to Lamoureux for his new theatre. If this scheme is carried out, she will return the [illegible] to the Opéra only on condition of [illegible] translation being used. She [illegible] royalty to Ernst [illegible] of Wilder, whose [illegible]. A thrifty soul, [illegible] Wagner did too, for Wil[illegible] for Wagner's cause in [illegible].

[illegible] was revived in a new [illegible] at the Gar[illegible]

[illegible] John Le Hay [illegible]

[illegible] of the Paris Opéra [illegible] "Parsifal," [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] visited [illegible] persistently by reformers, including [illegible] to be perpetuated [illegible] reformers are now encouraged by the removal of the intolerant Prefect of Rites, who has been succeeded by the friendly Jesuit Cardinal Mazzella. —N. Y. Sun.

It looks as though M. Willy Schutz of Warsaw and the Gilsey House, the amiable manager of the De Reszke brothers, might have on his hands the responsibility of announcing another marriage in which Jean de Reszke will take a leading part. M. de Reszke is not to commit bigamy or get a divorce, or anything of that kind. He is said to be too happy just at present to contemplate any such step, but he may, nevertheless, be married again. Nobody who does not know M. Schutz could form any idea of the way in which his genial soul was harassed by the postponement of Jean's former marriage. He had no sooner settled on a date and told it to his friends than something happened to postpone the marriage. For more than a year M. Schutz was kept in suspense, and now, after less than another year of repose, there is the probability of another marriage. According to a London newspaper, Jean de Reszke is about to marry his present wife over again. She was the Marquise de Mailly Nesle and was divorced from her husband at the time of her marriage to the tenor. Now her first husband is dead. Mme. de Reszke never got the expected dispensation from the Pope, and hers was only a civil marriage last year. Now the marriage is to be celebrated by the Church, if reports are true, and M. Willy Schutz will again have the date of it on his mind. —New York Sun.

Marie Brema has had the rather unusual experience of making her professional début at Bayreuth and then finding her way successfully into a field of work so totally different as the Opéra Comique in Paris. She has been engaged to sing there in Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin," which, in spite of Victor Maurel's refusal to sing in it and the row that followed, is again to be revived. When Miss Brema—who is a married woman with a daughter nearly grown—sang first under Frau Wagner's wing at Bayreuth, it was expected that she would confine herself wholly to the Wagner répertoire, and it was indeed not until she came to New York under Maurice Grau's management that she extended her répertoire so as to include other parts. Since her return to Europe the field of her achievements has widened greatly, and one of the latest roles she has undertaken was that created by Mme. Delna at the Opéra Comique when "L'Attaque du Moulin" was first sung. She was heard in this role at Covent Garden last spring and shared in the general failure of the work. But the composer saw her at that performance and selected her for the Paris revival. Since her season here two years ago Miss Brema has once or twice announced her intention to return to the United States and sing in concert. But since her season at the Metropolitan, in which she figured as a participant in the unlucky German series, she has not been heard here.—New York Sun.

Oct 5. 97

To please critics of the affectionate school, all travelers should be blind, and deaf, and dumb, and should write their words in invisible ink, and publish them in coal-cellars.

Miss Leonora Jackson, who took the Mendelssohn prize, made her first appearance in Germany in a concert of her own, Oct. 17, 1896, at Berlin, when she played Wieniawski's D minor concerto, Brahms's concerto, and Ernst's Hungarian Fantasie. The Mendelssohn prize of Berlin is a stipendium of 1500 marks (about $375) for composers or professional musicians who have studied at least six months in a German music school that receives Government support, though this condition may be removed by the Prussian authorities. There is also a Mendelssohn Scholarship in London, founded in 1848 on the receipts of a performance of "Elijah." This is for talented young English composers. The first to take it was Arthur Sullivan (1856-1860). Miss Crawford took it in 1871, Miss Maude White in 1879, Miss Marie Wurm in 1884. Eugen d'Albert received it in 1881, and for several years thereafter abused England.

We have received the following characteristic letter from an esteemed correspondent:

quebec veandrdi,
Septamber 1897

Cher mesieur cest au aujoudhui que je prain le moman de vous ecrire quelque mot a lanenr de kealte elle va toujour bein deplier son mechan dicoure quil avait si bein carculer tou les deux keaite avait com mancer seule et a la feain il et etait les deux pareille et a presean il vont toute defeaire leur parleman il on eter jeliemean loin pour pas avoir rien vue et mol geal a vous dire que je nest pas eter vue parce que quat on nest rien faitte on nest pas vue je ne suis pas coupable de cela apsoluman il me feron pas eraire cela comme il on asezer pour deulte chose

Ed. L
quebec Canada
st vallier 394

"Fremont has no monument." How about Fremont's Peak, which is about 13,500 feet high? Then there is the poem by Whittier, "All night above their rocky bed."

"At an auction sale of the effects of the late Mrs. Edward Learned of Pittsfield last week, J. W. Colton of New York bought a vase with a blue body, representing the meeting of Thetis and Peleus on Mt. Pelion." And as you know, this vase is now said to be a copy of the famous Portland vase. It is a curious fact that Thetis on ancient medals is represented clothed fully except as to her feet, the fairness of which was perpetually mentioned by Homer. Now sea-deities in ancient representations are usually naked, and Thetis was a sea-nymph of the fourth class.

When you read of "Jack the Clipper" do not think for a moment that his purpose is to sell the hair he clips. Nine cases out of ten he is mad. De Maupassant wrote a curious story about him, and Dr. Krafft-Ebing of Vienna has studied his case carefully.

Major Ginty, who made his money out of cigarettes, smoked cigars. We once saw him smoke a German cigar in Dresden; a brave man, he showed no sign of discomfort, he murmured no complaint.

It appears that the Grand Llama pulled Mr. Henry Savage Landor's leg.

Mr. D. D. Griffin of Cochituate sent the Journal apple blossoms picked by him the 4th.

Some good people have been disturbed by these lines in the newly-found Logia, or sayings of Jesus:

"Raise thou the stone and find me there,
Cleave thou the wood and there am I."

They deem them pantheistic. They may find comfort in the monograph published by Professor Harnack. He says these words refer to ordinary handiwork, and he points out their appropriateness in the mouth of a carpenter. He suggests also a direct reference to, and deliberate correction of, the pessimistic words of Ecclesiastes x., 9: "Whoso removeth stones shall be hurt therewith, and he that cleaveth wood shall be endangered thereby." According, then, to Dr. Harnack, the meaning of the saying will not be pantheistic, but it will be: "Wherever My disciples are there God is present; even if one is alone, I am with him; the simplest worker will find his task no burden and no danger, for I shall be with him." And yet the ingenuity of Professor Harnack thus spoils the simple and awful beauty of the words themselves.

Did you ever read George Augustus Sala's "Under the Sun?" What columns of entertaining and inexhaustibly fresh copy that man threw into newspapers! We were reading yesterday the chapter, "The Humors of Havana," and we came across this sentence, which is significant today. It was written idly in the late sixties: "Were the Americans to gain possession of Cuba—a consummation which, for many reasons, is most devoutly to be wished, for they would be bound to commence their occupation by the abolition of slavery—they would have twenty piers built in the inner port in less than six months, and the passenger steamers would come quietly up to the pier-foot and discharge their passengers on the wharves without any boats at all; but this is not the Spanish way of doing business." To free slaves and to free Mr. Sala from personal inconvenience were good reasons for annexation.

Oct 6. 97

Happy the man whose sweetheart possesses a beautiful voice! He may make her sing and by adroit compliments encourage her, exhaust her, and, little by little, tire her tongue until it is unable to be of service. So much won over her gossiping.

We have the greatest admiration for a distinguished inventor of head lines. To write an epic or an essay, a Chant royal or a prose poem may be admirable; but the author of a dazzling head line has a stronger wing. Neither Mr. T. B. Aldrich, who polishes verse at his elegant leisure, nor Mr. Arlo Bates, who discourses most intelligently concerning literature, nor Dr. William Everett, who is preparing his inaugural address in Latin hexameters, could be at once epigrammatic, encyclopædic and irresistible in a display head; and a dingbat would be far above their highest flight. At the same time we must protest against the announcement by a well-meaning artist that a burglar was "caught red-handed"; for in the report itself there was no statement that the robber, blinded by night or anxiety, put his fingers in red paint or cut them with a silvern fish-knife.

Nor do we approve of the opinion held by the head line writer that a church belfry is a "strange place for suicide." On the contrary a belfry is a most convenient and congenial place. Its very height leads to thought of self-destruction. The swinging of the bell is full of suggestion. The rope induces contemplation.

And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple

whisper strange things, and encourage, and advise. And the cemetery, where there is snug lying, is close at hand.

It was Mr. Huneker who said, "Hall Caines look alike to me."

This poor Mr. Caine! He will soon take the place of Mr. Richard H. Davis and serve as butt for the bolts of paragraphers. Here for instance is Mr. Percival Pollard shooting at him in the Criterion: "It is impossible, of course, to avoid admitting that plenty of people will go to their graves holding Mr. Caine's latest crime a great book. What that has to do with literature, however, I am unable to discern. There are a quantity of things for which I abhor Mr. Caine, but there is one for which the baser part of me admires him: his sense of the value of advertising. His manner of quoting the fact that such and such an authority passed judgment on such and such a detail in his book; his bland loquacity in spreading about his price, his manner of work—all these things are potent evidences of Mr. Caine's fitness to serve as a salesman at a bargain counter. His inability to write the English language is, after all, a blessing; it has prevented me, for instance, from reading more than a few pages of anything he ever wrote."

You should read the Criterion. It is a weekly corrective. It will do you good after your debauch of conventional or press agent dramatic criticism, conventional and timorous comment on the attractions of The Great American Circus and Menagerie, publishers' prudently written book reviews. Yes, it is a weekly corrective, prepared formerly in St. Louis, but now compounded in New York. In the second Eastern number (Oct. 2) we find the names of these contributors: Henri Dumay, Metcalfe, George H. Payne, Vance Thompson, Charles Henry Meltzer, Percival Pollard, George E. Montgomery. Mr. Davidson, the publisher, has ideas and courage. "In the existing state of things," he says, "and despite some encouraging signs for a change to better conditions, we believe that much young talent and not a little talent no longer young is now wasting in obscurity for a lack of friendly help. To speak of literature only, it is well known that all originality is being persistently kept down, warped or destroyed by the snobbish and musty conservatism of the coteries that reign." Success to Mr. Davidson, and may he be able to pay his contributors promptly and liberally!

Mr. Johnson, a generous patron of the arts, was one of a group discussing the work of St. Gaudens. "Ah!" said Mr. Johnson, "I shall never forget the impression made upon me by an unknown artist in Bavaria. I was walking along a country road, and I came to a crucifix, carved with rough, appalling power. The artist, though perhaps a peasant, was proud of his achievement, for he had carved his name 'Inri' where all could see it. And yet I have never noticed that name in a catalogue."

"Mr. Edward Langtry is insane." Not so insane as Prince Esterhazy, if he has really married Mrs. Langtry.

We are loath to believe the report that Yale will import English oarsmen to coach her crew. There is a man in Ithaca, an American, named Courtney, who might be loaned kindly by Cornell for a week or two.

To our great joy we saw yesterday the handwriting of Q. We make haste to publish his latest Study in Humble Life.

THE CONTRACTOR.

Mr. Linihen the Contracter looken down at bricklayer in a sewer layen brick. where did you learn the trade Brickylar with Caribine and Son. Contracter how long did you serve foar years. Mr. Linehan Come up and bring your tools and go sue Caribine ard Son for damages you have a first class case against them

Oct 7. 97

they were setten on the deck of a fishin craft tellen fish stories one says I was on the banks five years ago I cut the tail of of a small cod fish and let it go. next year I Caught the same fish with no tail quite a big fish well says another I have caught fish with hooks and marks often. well says another there was a Brig sunk at the Cape 10 years ago loaded with whiskey I never Caught so many fish in my life as I did near where the wreck lay but unfortently divers discovered the wreck and got most of the Cargo I can beat all them fish yarns says Mick Mulldoon seated on the warf let us hear it says the Captain. I was living in Cork Ireland thin Myself and my brother wint out in a boat 'n the Cove of Cork we caught Nothing but

... I pulled ... wrote Me name and address put it ... the ... pinched a hole through the tail of a ... fish threw it over and away it went ... was caught a year after in Melbourn Australia ... pounds weight

When you see certain verses, you know at once they are by Browning. The French of Victor Hugo is unmistakable. You cannot fail to recognize the music of Beethoven. And there is no need of saying here that the above paragraph is by "Q."

We do not claim that the style of "Q." is impeccable. As a writer, he is un... and we prefer the Study published in this column yesterday to the ... labored sketch of piscatorial adventure. At times there are Iricisms in his style; but at his best he shows ...rkable descriptive power, search... analysis that disdains the morbid ... pornographic, basic understanding of poor humanity. We do not advise him at present to publish his es... in book form; nor do we think it ... for him to visit London armed ... a letter of recommendation from W. D. Howells to whom it may con... Let him profit by the melancholy ...ple of Mr. Dunbar and other wan... in the Discovered Literary Coun... Mr Howells. There is plenty of ...ial here and in the neighborhood ...s acute observation, rare assimila... ...l absorption, unique expression. The late President Porter was fond ...ying "Kant never went over 15 ... from Königsberg, and yet he ... the world."

...was on October 7. 1793, that Mr. Jersey told the following astounding story of episodes in the life of Mr. ...ge Talkington, a horse-breaker of ...xeter. Right shoulder broken to ...s, scull fractured and trepanned; ...rm broken in two places; three ... on the left side broken, a cut in ...forehead, lancet-case, flue-case, and ... forced into the thigh; three ribs ...en on the right side, and the right-...ulder, elbow, and wrist dislocated; ... dislocated; scull again fractured ... trepanned; cap of the right knee ...ed off; left ancle out; cut for a ...a; right ancle out, and hip knocked ...n seven ribs broken on the right ... left sides; cap of the right knee off; kicked in the face, and the left ... out of tho socket; back again dis...ated; two ribs and breast-bone ...ken; got down by a horse and kicked ... he had five holes in his left leg, sinew just below the right knee ...hrough, and two holes in that leg, ... also two shocking cuts above the ... "He has been taken, apparently ..., seven times out of different riv... Besides the above, he has had ... other kicks, bruises, and other ...nts." And yet Mr. George Talk...gton was on Oct. 7, 1793, perfectly ...l and hearty and in his 45th year.

And here is a striking illustration of domestic happiness in Merry England. On the 7th of October, 1736, a man and his wife at Rusbal, in Norfolk, "having some words," the man went out and hanged himself. The Coroner's inquest found it self-murder, and ordered him ... be buried in the cross-ways; but his wife sent for a surgeon, and sold the body for half a guinea. The surgeon feeling about the body, the wife said, "He is fit for your purpose, he is as fat as butter." The deceased was thereupon put into a sack with his legs hanging out, and, being thrown upon a cart, conveyed to the surgeon's. We have preserved the language of the correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine, ... all its participial awkwardness.

...is is the anniversary of the death ... Edgar Allan Poe, at the Washington ...spital, Baltimore, about 5 A. M. ...ntly moving his head, he said: ...rd help my poor soul,' and expired!"

...and note this sentence of Dr. Moran ... his letter to Mrs. Clemm: "His re...ins were visited by some of the first ...viduals of the city, many of them ...xious to bave a iock of his hair."

This reminds us that today is the ...ival of St. Bacchus. Do not roll your eyes skyward, dear Madam. The saint was not the ever-fair and ever-young god associated with soft-shell crabs, hot birds, ivy, oysters, tigers and cold bottles; nor was he related to our charming friend, the Bacchante. On the contrary he was a Captain under the Emperor Maximilian, and because he would not sacrifice to the gods, he was so lashed with thongs that he gave up the ghost. Birds kept wild beasts from his body. He is at present in Venice.

There were Talmudists who degraded the holy meaning of Yom Kippur, regarding the day as an opportunity afforded them of wiping off the score of their more heavy offences, but Philo regarded the day in a nobler light. He speaks of it as an occasion for the discipline of self restraint in regard to bodily indulgence, and for bringing home the truth that man does not live by bread alone, but by whatever God is pleased to appoint. "The prayers proper for the day are those for forgiveness of sins past and for amendment of life in future, to be offered in dependence, not on our own merits, but on the goodness of God."

A strange study of this day as observed in New York is the story or sketch by Mr. James Huneker, entitled "The Shofar Blew at Sunset." It was published originally in M'lle New York, the paper that although it died too young was old enough to shock the sensibilities of the Springfield Republican, which regulates the literary morals of Hampden County.

Civilization is making strides in the South. Two "young society gentlemen" of Louisville quarreled over a young lady. Instead of using old family shot guns and plunking each other on church steps just after the benediction, or in my lady's parlor to the ruin of grandpa's portrait, they fought four rounds with bare knuckles. "There were about 10 witnesses." Was the young lady present?

Oct 9. 1897

The Bugle-Horn of Liberty is one of Baldinsville's most eminentest institootions. The advertisements are well written, and the deaths and marriages are conducted with signal ability. The editor, Mr. Slinkers, is a polish'd, skarcastic writer. Folks in these parts will not soon forgit how he used up the Eagle of Freedom, a family journal published at Snootville near here. The controversy was about a plank road. "The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humbug, but OUR aunt isn't bald-heded, and WE haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wonder if the Eagle of Freedom sees it?" This used up the Eagle of Freedom feller, because his aunt's head does present a skinn'd appearance, and his sister Sarah is very much one-eyed. For a genteel home thrust Mr. Slinkers has few ekals.

We spoke the other day of the Southern Ulster. A correspondent, writing in sceptical vein, wishes to know what sort of a paper it is.

The Southern Ulster, established in 1889, is published at Highland, N. Y., "every Friday and devoted to the interests of the whole people." It has a motto, two mottos in fact: "Job printing done neatly" and "If it happens you will see it in the Ulster." The proprietor is Mr. V. H. Wing, and we learn from a personal in the issue of Oct. 1 that "Miss Mamie A. Wing is home making some dresses for some young ladie friends."

The editorial department is conducted with singular ability; indeed its only rival is that of the New York Sun, when Mr. Dana and his young men are serious and instructive. We quote from the issue of Oct. 1:

"How many develops insanity when a subscription of newspaper bill happens to float along to men of unsound minds that is perishable on any thing they get.

"A country editor may not know it all, But dont make yourself beleive it. He knows more than he cares to publish and he can astonish the people to such an extent that you would be taken by a whirlwind struck by a cyclone

"To make a dollar go a great way put it in a envelope and send it to Alaska.

"To avoid swallow stones eat bannas.

"We often wonder what will become of the man that never lies.

"Some women think they ought to be loved any way if they do any or not.

"It is better to be strong than over bright."

The Southern Ulster engages the services of experienced correspondents, but of them and their work we shall speak another time. We cannot refrain from alluding now to the modesty of the publisher, who presents no affidavits and makes no boisterous claims. "Six new subscribers from out of town," remarks Mr. Wing editorially; "we don't understand it."

"It has been said," remarked Mr. Auger, calling on Miss Eustacia, "that a wise man should never enter his wife's dressing room." And the maid replied, "Yes, men are very clumsy; they are apt to break things, and they often forget to wipe their boots."

If Yale athletes come to Harvard for a post-graduate course, Harvard athletes should go to Cornell.

"Gas war inevitable." And how, pray, will the public gain? Cheap gas is a pretty phrase; and there is a saying that connects "cheap" with "nasty."

The published correspondence of Tennyson and Queen Victoria confirms the impression that Her Majesty is a very obstinate old woman.

Flat-working continues to be one of the chief industries of Boston.

The death of Francis William Newman, who passed out of the influence of the Oxford movement into agnosticism while his brother John Henry became a Roman Catholic, recalls the allusion made to these brothers by Thackeray speaking with the mouth of Arthur Pendennis moralizing over "truth"—an allusion that is now unintelligible to many. "I see the truth in that man, who, driven fatally by the remorseless logic of his creed, gives up everything, friends, fame, dearest ties, closest vanities, the respect of an army of churchmen, the recognized position of a leader, and passes over, truth-impelled, to the enemy, in whose ranks he is ready to serve henceforth as a nameless private soldier:—I see the truth in that man, as I do in his brother, whose logic drives him to quite a different conclusion, and who, after having passed a life in vain endeavors to reconcile an irreconcilable book, flings it at last down in despair, and declares with tearful eyes, and hands up to Heaven, his revolt and recantation."

It is not likely that the fame of the late Sir John Gilbert will hang in the gallery of Time with his water colors or paintings. Mr. Joseph Pennell, a critic of no mean force, asserted loudly in the first number of the Savoy—Ah, why did that magazine die, and why do others live!—that "in 1858, John Gilbert, even then the Nestor of English illustration, obtained his chance, and the magnificent 'Shakspeare,' also engraved by Dalziel, was commenced, and continued during the two following years. This is Gilbert's masterpiece, and still remains the finest complete illustrated edition of Shakspeare. It came out in parts, and is probably the first example, among these books, of the present popular fashion of issuing books in parts."

Oct 9. 1897

It was a jovial time, that of four and twenty. When every muscle of mind and body was in healthy action, when the world was new as yet, and one moved over it spurred onward by good spirits and the delightful capacity to enjoy. If ever we feel young afterward it is with the comrades of that time: the tunes that we hum in our old age are those we learned then. Sometimes, perhaps, the festivity of that period revives in our memory; but how dingy the pleasure-garden has grown, how tattered the garlands look, how scant and old the company, and what a number of the lights have gone out since that day! Gray hairs have come on like daylight streaming in—daylight and a headache with it. Pleasure has gone to bed with the rouge on her cheeks. Well, friend, let us walk through the day, sober and sad, but friendly.

It is not given to everyone to write entertaining and valuable letters from foreign cities to a newspaper. Mr. Sala was most profitable to the Daily Telegraph; Mr. Blowitz—or is it not Mr. de Blowitz?—is a constant wonder; the fine old crusted toryism of Squire Smalley must be ranked among the finest specimens of Anglo-American humor; Mr. Frederic is admirably equipped and he has courage in expression as well as in opinion; but the New York correspondent of the Southern Ulster towers above them all, like a son of Anak in Gaza, Gath, or Ashdod. But why pump out windy suspirations? Why beat the air with argumentative gesture? The work proclaims the master.

We therefore quote his description of the first appearance in New York of Miss Cléo de Mérode: "She has a pretty face, wears her long black hair down over her ears and gathered up into a synatic on the back of her neck. * * * Among the prominent people present I noticed the noble Count di Luna, Louis Duany, Col. R. Lee Tudor of Virginia-sah, Herr Claude Swartz, the reuowned English Noble-Lord Chumley; Archey Coleman, Esq., Prof. Louis Beecher, Juan Cohones the Cuban, the celebrated Spanish pianist Jorge Agostinia, known as Augostura bitters, the well-known scenic painter, Patrico Mullin, and the celebrated Swordsman Cuyatem Soler y Solamente.

"'Todos los celebrados estuvicson alli.' When Fernandez was coming out of the lobby in company with the Hero they ran across the Noble Count di Luna, who had a charming Blonde with him. The Hero asked him where he was going. 'Oh, down to the Ferry with my girl,' he replied.

"'Down to the ferry,' said Fernandez, 'What do you want to do that for at this hour of the night?'

"'Oh—give her the slip,' said the Count, Ha! Ha!

"At this Fernandez nearly had a fit and had to be removed in a cab.

"Still the dance goes on, and all coons look alike to me."

There is a question argued now in Washington as to whether cherry juice is alcohol. We have been told by drinking men—a newspaper man is thrown against all sorts of people—that there is an intoxicating beverage known as cherry brandy, or cherry ... but even plain cherry-juice may be maddening in its effect. Take rhubarb, for instance; what Ebn Baithar said years ago is true today: rhubarb is a deobstruent and strengthener of all the internal viscera, is useful in mental diseases, dropsy, jaundice, marasmus, especially when combined with gum-lac. And yet Mr. Jacob Stapleton of Castleacre, England, who had been a staunch teetotaler for six years, drank rhubarb wine the last Saturday in August and become mad drunk. He went out into the street after he had devastated his once happy home, ran into a stranger's place and upset the household. Then he plunged into the parish pit and remained there for half an hour up to his neck in water. After this diversified sport, he was haled to the judge.

"Major William H. Garland, ninety-five years old, saw the great Napoleon and is the only living American who ever had that honor." Hevings! Look out for another magazine article on Napoleon with portraits of Major Garland's cousin Ruth and Aunt Lucinda, and a fac-simile of an unpaid wash bill found among the exile's effects.

"I wondher what in all ails McKinley," said Mr. Hennessy.

"What about?" demanded Mr. Dooley.

"That he don't open up war again Spain," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I don't know, I'm sure," Mr. Dooley rejoined. "He'd ought to, that's sure. Here is Cuba bein' depop'lated an' rooned an' here ar-re we smokin' cigars made in Wisconsin an' our commerce bein' desthroyed an' all th' big type in th' newspapers wearin' out an' yet no fight. It can't be that he's afeerd. We wud ate Spain up in a day, we wud indeed. Look at our raysoorces! Look at th' men we cud put in th' field: Fitzsimmons, th' Boston base ball nine, th' Clan-na-Gael Gya-ards, th' Englewood Cadets an' Joseph Meddle, th' editor iv th' Thrybune! Cud anny totterin' dynasty iv Europe over come that martial array, as th' fellow says. Yes, I know they have some brave editors in Spain—as gallant a lot iv la-ads as iver slung a pen. But they're not in the same class with our sojers. Th' columns iv their pa-apers ain't so long. They can't do th' sthrat-ee-gee that a good American editor is brought up on."—Chicago Evening Post.

GLEANINGS IN BUDDHA-FIELDS: Studies of Hand and Soul in the Far East. By Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston.

This is a thoroughly delightful book; delightful in freshness of material, keenness of observation, optimism of thought, charm of surprise, and most felicitous expression of sentiment. Even the sturdiest patriot, reading of the simplicity and sweetness of Japanese life before the invasion of the foreigner, must envy the civilization of that people; even the most rigid Calvinist might be tempted to envy the peacefulness and the submission of the Japanese religious faith; and the religious conviction of forty millions of people may well thrill a critical observer.

Mr. Hearn draws a singularly fascinating sketch of a living god; for living gods were formerly worshiped in Japan, as Hamaguchi Gohei, who in the eighteenth century impoverished himself to save 400 lives from the destruction of a tidal wave. He tells of the songs of the people, songs of the washermen, smiths, bamboo-weavers, rice-cleaners. During his trip to Kyoto, he noticed that the geisha girl has falsetto tones, "never touching, but often curiously sweet," while the street singers who touch are generally contraltos. The calligraphy of a five year old child gave proof to him of inherited memory. At a second-hand furniture shop he found an Atlantic Monthly of 1860 that contained an essay on Japan, which gave that country an importance far above that of any other Eastern land. And the procession seen in Kyoto reminded him that the victorious troops from China marched under welcoming arches without hearing a syllable from the people; "We Japanese think we can better express our feelings by silence." Of value to all students of art is the Chapter "About Faces in Japanese Art," and folk-lorists cannot dispense with the chapter on "Buddhist Allusions in Japanese Folk songs." At Osaka Mr. Hearn studied the curious relations existing between master and apprentice.

To us, however, the most interesting chapters are those devoted to "Nirvana" (which is commonly and erroneously supposed to signify complete annihilation) "the Rebirth of Katsugoro," and "Within the Circle." The pure morality, the sublime self-abnegation extolled in these pages will be a stumbling block to many who selfishly refuse to believe that all that exists in time must perish. The exquisite prose of Mr. Hearn—and how few may hope to approach it in flexibility, rhythm, sense of color and simple ease!—will seem to them as unintelligible as the most cryptic line of Emerson. For what can the materialist, pious or pagan, make of this: "To the Awakened there is no Time or Space or Change—no night or day—no heat or cold—no moon or season—no present, past or future. Form and the names of form are alike nothingness:—Knowledge only is real; and unto whomsoever gains it, the universe becomes a ghost. But it is written: He who hath overcome Time in the past and the future must be of exceedingly pure understanding."

Oct 10. 97

ABOUT MUSIC.

From Synagogue to Concert Hall and Theatre.

Chicago Symphony Programs Show Thomas's Genius.

A Few Words Concerning Mr. Felix Fox, Pianist.

There are young men and young women—and some, undoubtedly, of riper years—who are now seeking church choir positions by sending letters of inquiry and self-recommendation from towns in New England—a species of harmless mortar-practice at long range. I have received several letters of this nature, and only one writer was prudent enough to inclose a stamp for a reply.

But this is not the season of choir changes. In the spring—in the spring, gentle Annie, the congregation wearies of the tremulous or brazen-voiced soprano and the be-whiskered bass, the contralto, whose low G is a gargle, and the beeping tenor. Then is the organist—if he, too, is not urged to seek another church in which the temperature may better suit his health—harassed by committeemen, clergymen, and "leading ladies" of the congregation who are "fond of music and know what they like." (Robert Louis Stevenson once wrote, "To know what you prefer is to keep your soul alive;" the souls of these ladies are not only alive—they are kicking.) Only the old sexton maintains a cynical indifference. Then come, oh ye sopranos, in your best-fitting gowns, with your hair pleasingly combed, and with two copies each of Mr. Dudley Buck's "Fear Ye Not, Oh Israel."

* * *

Last week that indescribably melancholy chant, the Kol Nidré was sung in many synagogues, at the solemn service of Yom Kippur; chant most beautiful in its melancholy. It was stated, especially in certain newspapers of New York, that this melody is one of the oldest known to the Jews, who probably first learned their music in Egypt. But Ernest David, in his valuable essay, "La Musique Chez les Juifs" (1873), discusses the high antiquity. "The recitatives of the day of Kippur are equally beautiful (with those of Osches Meos) and very old, with the exception, however, of Kol Nidré; I admire the beauty and majesty of this melody, but its tonality seems to me too frank and too defined to be very old. Certain phrases in Asiatic form are easily recognized; they contrast with the other phrases, and the whole melody gives no indication of a date earlier than the first century of the Middle Ages. I like the melody better without the counterpoint that Naumbourg thought necessary to add to it."

To many this tune is best known by Max Bruch's piece "Kol Nidrei" for 'cello and orchestra, which was played at a Symphony concert by Mr. Schulz, Nov. 16, 1889, on which occasion this excellent 'cellist made his début in Boston. The program-book says the piece was then played for the first time in Boston. Yet this seems hardly possible. Cornélis Liégeois played it at Bilse's in Berlin, the fall of 1882, and Robert Hausmann, to whom it is dedicated, played it with exasperating dryness and rigidity before him.

* * *

The prospectus of the seventh season of the Chicago Orchestra shows the superiority of Mr. Theodore Thomas as a program-maker over his colleagues. Probably the only conductor in this country to be compared with him in this respect is Mr. Van der Stucken of [illegible].

Among the novelties to be produced in Chicago this season are César Franck's [illegible] Poem "Le Chasseur maudit," [illegible] Symphony in [illegible] minor; Tschaikowsky's Ballade Symphonique, op. 78, "Le Voyvode," and these pieces [illegible] Glazounow's Symphony No. 5, B flat, [illegible] Tableau musical "Le Printemps," [illegible] Concert Waltz, op. 51, [illegible] Ballet, op. 52, and [illegible].

[illegible] by Americans will [be] played under Mr. Thomas's direction: [illegible] Beach, Gaelic symphony; [illegible] "Melpomene" overture; [illegible] Suite in D minor; Gleason, [illegible] MacDowell, [illegible] Symphonic poem, [illegible]. Then there are pieces [illegible], Hugo Kaun and Schoenefeld.

* * *

[illegible] will not come [illegible] it [illegible] of Mr. Raoul Pugno, one of the most distinguished pianists now living in Europe. He will play with the Chicago Orchestra. Why should he not be heard here under the most favorable conditions?

Mr. Pugno was born at Montrouge, June 23, 1852. He studied at the Paris Conservatory, where he took the first piano prize in 1866, the first prize in harmony in 1867, and the first prize for organ and fugue, 1869. He was organist and choirmaster for 20 years, professor at the Conservatory, etc. As a composer he has shown versatility; in oratorio, operetta, pantomime, piano pieces and songs he has won success. As a pianist he holds a most prominent position in Paris, and his chamber concerts with Ysaye were among the chief events of the last European season.

Messrs. Ysaye, Marteau and Jean Gérardy are among the soloists announced for the Chicago orchestral season.

No one of them has thus far been engaged for a symphony concert in Music Hall.

In fact, no foreign fiddler or 'cellist is announced here as soloist this season.

Messrs. Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schnitzler, Schroeder, Schulz. Admirable players in greater or less degree—admirable and familiar. Then there is Miss Olive Mead—and she is a pupil of Mr. Kneisel. But would you not like to hear Mr. Ysaye again, Miss Eustacia? And you remember well the sensation made by young Marteau, to the evident grief and consternation of certain violinists of the orchestra; one of them even went so far as to forget hospitality and manners.

* * *

I have been looking over the list of works that have been played by the Thomas orchestra in Chicago the six seasons, beginning 1891. Compare it with the list of works played by the Boston Symphony orchestra during 16 seasons, and you will at once see the superiority of Mr. Thomas as a program-maker and recognize his appreciation of that which is new.

Here is a partial list of pieces that are known in Chicago and are as yet all or nearly all unknown to our Symphony audiences:

Bruckner, Symphony No. 4; Schoenfeld, Symphony G major; Sinding, Symphony D minor; Bach, Suite, B minor, Concerto, G major; Balakirew, Symphonic Poem, "Thamar;" Benoit, overture, entr'acte, valse from "Charlotte Corday;" Bizet, Egyptian Dance from "Djamilah;" Charpentier, "Impressions d' Italie;" Duvivier, "The Triumph of Bacchus;" Dvorák, Symphonic Poem, "The Golden Spinning Wheel;" Franck (César), "Les Eolides;" German, Three Dances from "Henry VIII.;" Glazounow, Valse de Concert, Cortége Solennel, Oriental Rhapsody; Gleason, Symphonic Poem, "Edris;" Goldbeck, three pieces; Goldmark, Ballet Music, "Queen of Sheba," Chorus of Spirits and Spirit Dance from "Merlin;" Gounod, Ballet Music from "Reine du Saba;" Greig, Suite No. 1, "Peer Gynt," Suite, "Sigurd Jorsalfar;" Guiraud, Symphonic Poem, "Chasse Fantastique;" Hamerik, Suite No. 1; Lamond, overture, "From the Highlands;" McCunn, overture, "The Land of the Mountains and the Flood;" Mackenzie, Nautical overture, Scotch Rhapsody, No. 2; Mascagni, Intermezzo, "L'Amico Fritz;" Massenet, music from "Le Cid," ballet music "Thaïs;" Moszkowski, prelude and ballet music from "Boahdil;" Parker, Overture, "Count Robert of Paris;" Rimsky-Korsakoff, Suite from "Miada;" Roentgen, Ballad; Selmer, "Carnival of Flanders;" Sgambati, "Te Deum Laudamus;" Shelley, "Symphonic Poem, "Francesca da Rimini;" Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra;" Tinel, Féte dans le Temple de Jupiter;" Tschaikowsky, Fantasia, "The Tempest;" Suite, op. 43; Capriccio Italien; Suite, op. 53; Suite, "Mozartiana;" Souvenir de Florence; Suite from "Casse Noisette;" Waltz from "Dornroeschen;" Danse Cosaque.

When I recall the hundreds of concerts arranged and conducted by Mr. Thomas I am reminded of Thackeray's praise of Dumas the elder: "I think of the prodigal banquets to which this Lucullus of a man has invited me, with thanks and wonder. To what a series of splendid entertainments he has treated me!"

* * *

The French have again laid violent hands of Shakspeare. "The Taming of the Shrew," a "comédie lyrique" in three acts, libretto by Emile Deshays and music by Frédéric Le Rey, was produced at the Porte-Saint-Martin, Paris, Sept. 17. Its first performance on any stage was at Rouen, Jan. 8, 1896.

This is not the only opera founded on Shakspeare's farce. Hermann Götz wrote eminently serious music for what he called a comic opera, produced at Mannheim in October, 1874. And this opera was produced in New York, for the first time in America, Jan. 4, 1886, by the American Opera Company, with Pauline l'Allemand as Katharine and W. H. Lee as Petruchio.

Spiro Samara has either written or is writing an opera on the same subject.

There is a ballad farce, "A Cure for a Scold," by J. Worsdale, London, 1735; there is "The Taming of the Shrew" opera, presented at Covent Garden, by Frederick Reynolds, 1828 (?).

Rheinberger wrote an overture "Zähmung der Widerspenstigen" in 1866 at Munich. It was first performed in April 1874, at Meulen, under the direction of the composer.

* * *

If you saw Paul Delair's [illegible] version of Shakspeare's piece at the Tremont Theatre, with Coquelin and Jane Hading in the chief parts, you will remember that there was a strong dash of incongruous sentimentalism. Arthur Pougin, in his review of Le Rey's opera, finds that the piece, from its very nature, cannot be a "lyric comedy;" it must be an opera-bouffe. "Therefore it seems to me that the spoken dialogue should be rigorously brought out, not only for the sake of the action, which music retards, but so that the words may be heard distinctly. That they should not be lost, the composer should have adopted the recitativo secco of the old-fashioned opera-bouffe, although our tongue has not the swiftness and the volubility of the Italian tongue. This is why I regret that the adaptation, otherwise happy, was not conceived in the form of our opéra-comique."

Mr. Pougin adds that the music, which follows the Wagnerian principle of discarding set numbers, is vital, colored, dramatic, but wanting in the necessary lightness; it is not, as the Italians say, scorrevole. "The greatest reproach I can make against the composer, who has indisputable talent and whose work is interesting, is that he has not put enough shadow into his score, where everything is in full light and full sonority" He praises and particularizes orchestral effects. He also praises highly Mr. Labis, the Petruchio, who created the part at Rouen. "He sang and played with remarkable address, grace and ease." Mrs. Noëlly was the Catarina.

* * *

This "Pilgrimage to Kevlaar" by Humperdinck, announced by the Cecilia for performance here this season, is not a new work. It was composed before "Hänsel and Gretel." which dates back to 1894. The "Pilgrimage" was, for instance, performed by the Stern Choral Society in Berlin March 25, 1895, and with little success. The critics spoke of it as "jugendarbeit." Lessmann wrote, "Take out the beginning of the first and the third part, and there remains only conventional music, which it is only fair to say is well-worked thematically and prettily orchestrated." The piece is written for mezzo soprano, tenor, chorus and orchestra.

* * *

Mr. Felix Fox, the pianist, who proposes to live in Boston, made his first studies here, although he was born in Breslau in 1876. He studied with Mr. G. H. Howard in '87-'88; with Mr. Alexander Lambert, New York, '88-'90; with Mr. Baermann '90-'92; and then devoting himself more keenly as well as seriously to his art, he studied with Jadassohn and Reinecke at Leipsic from '92 to the spring of '96. He played Widor's F minor concerto at a Prüfung concert March 10, 1896. He then went to Paris, where he studied with Isidore Edmond Philipp.

Mr. Philipp as teacher and player—especially in chamber music—is a man of extraordinary merit. Born at Budapest in 1863, he entered the Paris Conservatory at the age of 16, and studied with Mathias. He took the first piano prize in 1883. He has appeared as a soloist at the Conservatory, Lamoureux, and Colonne concerts in Paris, and he has played in London, Brussels, Barcelona and the chief cities of France. A naturalized Frenchman, he founded at the Erard Hall chamber concerts in which pieces by Saint-Saëns, Widor, Borodin, Smetana and Goldmark were heard for the first time in Paris. With celebrated players, as Gillett, Turban, Rémy and others, he founded the Société des Instruments à Vent. His works for piano are favorably regarded even by the severe, and his Exercises journalieres and Studies for left hand are indispensable to all who wish to perfect themselves in the higher technic.

March 29 of this year Mr. Fox played MacDowell's Sonata tragica at the 29th concert of the Société d'Art in Paris, The Ménéstrel spoke (April 4) of the composer as "remarkable" and of "the appreciation of the genuine talent of the pianist." At that same concert Mr. Fox played with Mr. Motte-Lacroix Widor's Marche Américaine and toccata for two pianos. Mr. Fox played again in Paris May 6.

His repertory includes the more important works of the "classics" and such modern composers as Saint-Saëns, Bernard (a charming writer too little known here), Lacombe, Balakirew, Liszt, Chopin, Sgambati, etc. He hopes to arrange a series of chamber concerts in which new works for wind as well as string instruments will be produced. He will play a group of pieces at the concert given by Mr. Edward Mollenhauer of New York in Steinert Hall the 26th.

* * *

The English, Micawber-like, will never desert a favorite, no matter whether she or he is worthy or unworthy. Thus the Pall Mall Gazette, announcing the performance of "Elijah" by the Royal Choral Society, Nov. 11, adds: "Among the solo singers of which we are glad to note the name is Madame Giula Ravogli, who has been too long silent."

* * *

[illegible] society will [illegible] Berlioz's "Faust," "The M[illegible] (Ash [Wednes]day—not Christmas [illegible]; "The Creation." "The Redemption (Ash Wednesday); "The Ruins of Athens" and Leoni's "The Gate of Life" [illegible] time). March 16, "The Messiah" (Good Friday—not Christmas page Handel and Haydn); "The Golden Legend." Lamoureux will lead 10 concerts. Other imported conductors will be Mottl, Richard Strauss, Weingartner, Levi.

"With the Richter concerts therefore soon to be upon us, with the Monday and Saturday Pops, and with a thousand ballad and minor concerts at hand, musical London will shortly be busy indeed. One wishes that to that word musical it were always possible to add the word artistic."

* * *

A Cincinnati exchange says: "P. A. Tirindelli has completed a new opera, which it is hoped will be given here during the season." Will the work be dedicated to Mrs. Gardner? Mr. Busoni set his countryman a dedicatory example.

* * *

Camille Saint-Saëns wrote the following letter to Figaro, Sept. 17: "They say that I have the intention of writing a lyric drama in four acts. If they thus express fear, the fear is chimerical; no misfortune of this kind is to be dreaded."

* * *

Here is a brutal correspondent in Dresden of Le Guide Musical writing: "Gudehus in 'Benvenuto Cellini' showed by his voice that he had won the right to retire from the stage." When Gudehus visited the United States, his voice was in need of repair. But your passionate Wagnerite likes his singer to resemble Stilton cheese in its ideal form.

Philip Hale.

NOTES.

[illegible]icek-Schulz String Quartet [rehe]arsals today.

[illegible]man, the 'cellist, is playing in [Great] Britain.

"[San]cho," lyric comedy by Jacques-Dalcroze, will be produced soon at [Ge]neva.

Our old friend "Signor Brocolini" is now "working in the choir choral field" in Brooklyn.

Mr. Carl Faelten will give his first piano recital this season in Steinert Hall, Tuesday night.

"Le Carnet du Diable," Serpetté's "impudently smutty piece," was revived at the Variétés, Paris, Sept. 18.

The first concert of the season at the Universalist Church, Winter Hill, was given the 6th by the Carol Club Ladies' Quartet.

The Municipal Council of Ischl has put a marble memorial tablet on the house in which Brahms summered for a dozen years.

Wm. John Revill, concert singer and manager, died Sept. 23, at the age of 67. He was proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Stockport.

Mlle. Helene Noldi (French, it appears, for Miss Helen Russell Ulrich) made her first appearance in concert Oct. 7 in Chicago.

Mr. Stephen S. Townsend, assisted by Miss Gertrude Miller and Mr. J. C. Manning, will give a song-recital in Steinert Hall Nov. 4.

A Belgian pianist, Paul Litta, has composed a one-act opera, "Ellys," text in rhythmical prose. It will probably be given first at Lyons.

"Toto and Tata" (originally "Toto") a comic opera, music by Antoine Banés, was produced for the first time in London Sept. 20. Its first English production was at Leeds Aug. 23.

An operetta in three acts, written especially for performance by children, will be produced at Budrio this month. It is entitled "Gino E Mimi," and the music is by Count Luigi Salina.

"Hansel and Gretel" was revived in London at Her Majesty's, Sept. 21, with Marie Elba, Margaret Omerod, Julia Lennox, Ada Davies, Edith Miller and William Paull in the cast.

Goldmark has finished a new opera in two acts, "The Prisoner of War." The heroine is Briseis, but Goldmark would not use her name as title on account of Chabrier's posthumous opera.

E. E. A. Fournier, born in 1864 at Paris, pupil of Delibes, composer of "Stratonice" (Paris Opéra 1892), died Sept. 12. He left an unpublished opera, "Carloman," which he just finished.

Mrs. A. Sophia Markee has received a call to a Chicago church. She will sing in November with the Arion Society, Providence, in Thomas's "Swan and the Skylark." The other soloists will be Messrs. Williams and Bispham.

Mr. Arnold Moldauer, one of the first violinists of the Symphony Orchestra, and a member of the Adamowski Quartet, has returned from Jackson, N. H., where he spent the summer. He will resume teaching at 383 Boylston Street.

Ludwig Bleuer, an excellent violinist, born at Budapest in 1862, from 1883 to 1894 concertmeister of the Philharmonic Orchestra, Berlin, died Sept. 15 in Berlin. In the fall of 1894 he settled in Detroit to lead the Detroit Philharmonic Club.

The Banda Rossa, which will open the concert season in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House the 15th, will appear here in Music Hall, Nov. 8. This band, numbering 60 players, is said to be the representative band of Italy. It has been engaged for 30 weeks in this country.

"The Duchess of Dijon," a new and original comic opera in two acts, libretto by Basil Hood, music by Walter Slaughter, was produced for the first time Sept. 20 at the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth. The Redmond [illegible]

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

REVIEW OF THE DRAMATIC SEASON.

An Alphabetical Record of Dramatic Works Produced in Boston During the Season of 1896-7.

II.

The following list continues the reviews published in the Transcript in 1895 and 1896, and with them will form a continuous record of the Boston stage for three years past. We have made the list as accurate and as comprehensive as possible, and it includes not only those dramatic works produced at our regular theatres, but also others given at special performances and under amateur auspices.

The Magistrate. Farce, by Arthur W. Pinero. Performed by Ada Rehan and Augustin Daly's Company. Hollis Street Theatre: May 15, 1897.

Mankind. Melodrama, by Paul Meritt and George Conquest. Grand Opera House: Week of March 8, 1897.

A Man of the World. One-act play, by Augustus Thomas. Maurice Barrymore in leading role. Keith's Theatre: Week of April 12, 1897.

The Man-o'-War's Man. Melodrama, by J. W. Harkins, Jr. First time in Boston. Performed by Thomas E. Shea and his company. Bowdoin Square Theatre: Week of Sept. 21, 1896.

The Man Upstairs. One-act play, by Augustus Thomas. First time in Boston. Keith's Theatre: Week of Jan. 25, 1897.

Maritana. Opera, libretto by Edward Fitzball, music by William Vincent Wallace. Castle Square Theatre: Week of Jan. 11, 1897. Also on April 29, 1897.

Martha. Opera, by Flotow. English version. Castle Square Theatre: Week of June 29, 1896.

Martha. Sung in Italian by Metropolitan Opera House Company. Mechanics Hall: April 9, 1897.

Marriage. Comedy, by Brandon Thomas. First time in Boston. Performed by Empire Theatre Company. Hollis Street Theatre: Nov. 5, 1896.

Mars'r Van. One-act play, by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland and Emma Sheridan Fry. Hollis Street Theatre: Dec. 18 (mat.), 1896.

Marty Malone. Drama, by Edward Harrigan. First time in Boston. Performed by Edward Harrigan and his company. Bowdoin Square Theatre: Week of Dec. 7, 1896.

Mary Pennington, Spinster. Drama, by W. R. Walkes. First time in Boston. Performed by Georgia Cayvan and her company. Tremont Theatre: Feb. 1, 2, 3 (mat. and eve.) and 4, 1897.

Master and Man. Melodrama, by George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Grand Opera House: Week of Sept. 7, 1896.

Mavourneen. Drama, by George H. Jessop and Horace Townsend. Performed by Chauncey Olcott and his company. Columbia Theatre: Jan. 11, 12 and 13 (mat. and eve.), 1897.

May Blossom. Drama, by David Belasco. Grand Opera House: Week of Aug. 17, 1896.

Die Meistersinger. Opera, by Richard Wagner. Sung by Damrosch Opera Company. Boston Theatre: Feb. 8, 1897.

Men and Women. Drama, by Henry C. De Mille and David Belasco. Grand Opera House: Week of Nov. 30, 1896.

The Merchant of Venice. Richard Mansfield as Shylock, Beatrice Cameron aa Portia. Tremont Theatre: Feb. 23, 1897.

The Merchant of Venice. Charles W. Kidder as Shylock, Jessie Eldridge Southwick as Portia. Tremont Theatre: March 20 (mat.), 1897.

The Merchant of Venice. Sidney Woollett as Shylock, Ellen Rowland as Portia. Park Theatre: Week of June 7, 1897.

The Merry-Go-Round. Variety piece, by Robert A. Barnet. Lyrics by Paul West and William Maynadier Browne, music by Charles Dennes and William E. McQuinn. First time on any stage. Tremont Theatre: Seven weeks, beginning May 25, 1896.

Merry Tramps. Spectacular piece. Presented by the Lilliputians. First time in Boston. Tremont Theatre: Week of Dec. 7, 1896.

Michael Strogoff. Melodrama, adapted from Jules Verne's novel. Grand Opera House: Week of Jan. 11, 1897.

The Midnight Express. Melodrama, by William L. Hummell. Grand Theatre: Week of Aug. 24, 1896.

The Middleman. Drama, by Henry Arthur Jones. Performed by E. S. Willard and his company. Tremont Theatre: Nov. 26 (mat.), 30, Dec. 1 and 2 (mat. and eve.), 1896, and May 19, 20, 26, 27, 28, 29 (mat. and eve.), 1897.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Presented by members of the class of '95, Smith College. Bijou Opera House: Jan. 4 (mat. and eve.), 1897.

Mignon. Opera, by Ambroise Thomas. English version. Castle Square Theatre: Week of March 1, 1897.

The Mikado. Comic opera, by Gilbert and Sullivan. Castle Square Theatre: Weeks of Nov. 2, 1896, and Jan. 25, 1897.

A Milk White Flag. Farce comedy, by Charles H. Hoyt. Park Theatre: Four weeks, beginning Feb. 1, 1897.

The Minstrel of Clare. Melodrama, by Fred Marsden. Same as "The Irish Minstrel." Chauncey Olcott in leading character. Columbia Theatre: Jan. 14, 15 and 16 (mat. and eve.), 1897.

Monbars. Drama, by Louis Nathal. Performed by Robert Mantell and his company. Columbia Theatre: Feb. 19 and 20 (mat. and eve.), 1897.

Monte Cristo. Melodrama, from Dumas's novel. James O'Neill as Edmond Dantes. Boston Theatre: Week of Dec. 7, 1896.

Moths. Drama, by Henry Hamilton. Grand Theatre: Week of May 3, 1897.

The Mousetrap. One-act play, by Mrs. Burton Harrison. Keith's Theatre: Week of Feb. 22, 1897.

Much Ado About Nothing. Julia Marlowe as Beatrice, Robert Taber as Benedick. Hollis Street Theatre: April 14 and 21, 1897.

Much Ado About Nothing. Ada Rehan as Beatrice, Charles Richman as Benedick. Hollis Street Theatre: May 3, 4 and 5 (mat. and eve.), 1897.

The Mummy. Farce, by George D. Day and Allan Reed. First time in Boston. Robert Hilliard in leading character. Park Theatre: Two weeks, beginning Sept. 28, 1896.

My Friend from India. Farce, by H. A. Du Souchet. First time in Boston. Park Theatre: Three weeks, beginning Jan. 4, 1897.

Myles Aroon. Drama, by George H. Jessop. Andrew Mack in leading character. Columbia Theatre: Week of Oct. 19, 1896. Also at Boston Theatre: Week of May 3, 1897.

My Uncle Simpson. One-act play. Performed by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. Keith's Theatre: Week of July 20, 1896.

Nanon. Comic opera, by Richard Genée. English version. Castle Square Theatre: Week of Sept. 28, 1896.

A Naval Cadet. Melodrama, by Charles T. Vincent. Columbia Theatre: Week of Nov. 16, 1896. Also at Boston Theatre: Week of April 26, 1897.

A Night in New York. Variety piece, by H. Grattan Donnelly. First time in Boston. Performed by Nellie McHenry and her company. Park Theatre: Week of Oct. 12, 1896.

[illegible]

A Pair of Spectacles. Comedy, adapted by Sidney Grundy from "Les Petits Oiseaux." Performed by John Hare and his company. Tremont Theatre: March 8, 9, 10 and 13 (mat. and eve.), 1897.

A Parisian Romance. Drama, adapted by A. R. Cazauran from "Un Roman Parisien." Performed by Richard Mansfield and his company. Tremont Theatre: Feb. 18 and 24, and May 11, 1897. Also act iv. only, on Feb. 27 and May 15, 1897.

A Parisian Romance. Bijou Opera House: Nov. 18, 20 and 21 (mat. and eve.), 1896.

A Parlor Match. Variety piece, by Charles H. Hoyt, introducing Anna Held in French songs. William Hoey and Charles K. Evans in leading characters. Boston Theatre: Two weeks, beginning Nov. 9, 1896. Also Park Theatre: Week of Jan. 25, 1897.

The Paymaster. Melodrama, by Duncan B. Harrison. Grand Opera House: Week of Sept. 21, 1896.

Papa Nitsche. Farce. Performed by the Deutsche Theater Gesellschaft. Dudley Street Opera House: April 5, 1897.

Peck's Bad Boy. Variety piece, by George W. Peck. Bowdoin Square Theatre: Week of Dec. 14, 1896.

Pert. Comedy, by Fred Marsden. Grand Theatre: Week of May 31, 1897.

The Pink Dominoes. Farce, adapted by James Albery from the French. Grand Theatre: Week of April 5, 1897.

The Pirates of Penzance. Comic opera, by Gilbert and Sullivan. Castle Square Theatre: Week of Oct. 26, 1896.

The Power of the Press. Melodrama, by Augustus Pitou and George H. Jessop. Columbia Theatre: Week of Dec. 28, 1896. Also Grand Opera House: Week of May 3, 1897.

Prince Karl. Farce, by A. C. Gunter. Richard Mansfield in leading character. Tremont Theatre: Feb. 17 and 24 (mat.) and May 12 and 15 (mat.), 1897. Also act iii. only on Feb. 27 and May 15, 1897.

The Private Secretary. Farce, adapted by William Gillette from "Der Bibliothekar." Grand Opera House: Week of Sept. 14, 1896.

The Private Secretary. Bijou Opera House: Nov. 19 (mat. and eve.), 1896.

The Professor's Love Story. Comedy, by James M. Barrie. E. S. Willard in leading role. Tremont Theatre: Dec. 3, 4, 5 (mat. and eve.), 1896, and May 21, 22 (mat. and eve.), 24, 25, and 26 (mat.), 1897.

Pudd'nhead Wilson. Drama, adapted by Frank Mayo from Mark Twain's story. Theodore Hamilton in leading character. Tremont Theatre: Week of May 3, 1897.

The Pulse of New York. Melodrama, by Howard P. Taylor. Grand Theatre: Week of Jan. 11, 1897.

A Quiet Evening at Home. One-act play. Keith's Theatre: Two weeks, beginning Feb. 1, 1897.

Das Rheingold. Opera, by Richard Wagner. Performed by Damroach Opera Company. Boston Theatre: Feb. 10, 1897.

Richelieu. Drama, by Edward Lytton Bulwer. Henry L. Southwick as Richelieu, Jessie Eldridge Southwick as Julie. Tremont Theatre: March 15 and 18, 1897.

A Ring of Iron. Melodrama, by Frank Harvey. Grand Opera House: Week of Feb. 8, 1897.

The Rising Generation. Variety piece, by William Gill. Columbia Theatre: Week of Oct. 26, 1896.

Roaring Dick and Company. Drama, adapted by Maurice Barrymore from "Ready Money Mortiboy." First time in Boston. Maurice Barrymore in leading character. Boston Theatre: Two weeks, beginning Dec. 14, 1896.

The Rogue's Comedy. Comedy, by Henry Arthur Jones. First time in America. Performed by E. S. Willard and his company. Tremont Theatre: Two weeks, beginning Nov. 16, 1896. Also on May 17, 18, 19 (mat.), 1897.

The Romany Rye. Melodrama, by George R. Sims. Grand Opera House: Week of Jan. 25, 1897.

Romeo and Juliet. Robert Mantell as Romeo, Charlotte Behrens as Juliet. Columbia Theatre: Feb. 17 (mat.), 1897.

Romeo and Juliet. Robert Taber as Romeo, Julia Marlowe as Juliet. Hollis Street Theatre: April 12, 13, 14 (mat.), 20 and 24, (mat.), 1897.

Romola. Drama, adapted from George Eliot's novel by Elwyn A. Barron. First time in Boston. Julia Marlowe as Romola, Robert Taber as Tito. Hollis Street Theatre: April 15, 16, 17 (mat. and eve.) and 22, 1897.

Rooms for Rent. Comedy. Grand Opera House: Week of Oct. 26, 1896.

Rosedale. Drama, adapted by Lester Wallack from Edward Bruce Hamley's novel, "Lady Lee's Widowhood." Charles Barron as Elliott Grey. Bowdoin Square Theatre: Week of March 1, 1897.

Rosedale. J. H. Gilmour as Elliott Grey. Castle Square Theatre: Week of May 24, 1897.

Rosemary. Comedy, by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson. First time in Boston. Performed by John Drew and his company. Hollis Street Theatre: Three weeks, beginning Jan. 4, 1897.

The Royal Middy. Comic opera, by Richard Genée. English version. Castle Square Theatre: Weeks of Oct. 12, 1896, and Jan. 4, 1897.

A Run on the Bank. Variety piece, by Charles E. Blaney. Columbia Theatre: Week of Feb. 1, 1897.

The Salt Cellar. One-act play. Performed by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickson. Keith's Theatre: Week of July 6, 1896.

Sam'l of Posen. Drama. Grand Opera House: Week of Feb. 15, 1897.

Satanella. Opera, music by Michael W. Balfe, libretto by Augustus Harris and Edmund Falconer. Castle Square Theatre: Week of March 29, 1897.

The Seats of the Mighty. Drama, adapted by Gilbert Parker from his novel. First time in Boston. Performed by Beerbohm Tree and his company. Hollis Street Theatre: Jan. 29, 1897.

Secret Service. Drama, by William Gillette. First time in Boston. Boston Museum: Eight weeks, beginning March 8, 1897.

Shaft No. 2. Melodrama, by Frank L. Bixby. Bowdoin Square Theatre: Week of Dec. 28, 1896.

Shannon of the Sixth. Drama, by Edward E. Kidder. First time in Boston. Bowdoin Square Theatre: Two weeks, beginning Nov. 16, 1896.

The Shaughraun. Drama, by Dion Boucicault. Grand Opera House: Week of Dec. 7, 1896.

Shaun Rhue. Drama, by Fred Marsden. Joseph Murphy in leading role. Bowdoin Square Theatre: Week of April 19, 1897.

She Could n't Marry Three. Comedy. Grand Theatre: Week of Dec. 7, 1896.

Shenandoah. Drama, by Bronson Howard. Columbia Theatre: Week of May 3, 1897.

Siberia. Melodrama by Bartley Campbell. Columbia Theatre: Week of Sept. 28, 1896.

Side-Tracked. Melodrama. First time in Boston. Grand Theatre: Week of Aug. 17, 1896.

The Sidewalks of New York. Melodrama, by Scott Marble. Columbia Theatre: Week of Oct. 5, 1896.

Siegfried. Opera, by Richard Wagner. Performed by Walter Damrosch Opera Company. Ernst Kraus as Siegfried, Lilli Lehmann as Brünnhilde. Boston Theatre: Feb. 12, 1897.

Siegfried. Jean de Reszke as Siegfried, Felicia Litvinne as Brünnhilde. Mechanics Hall: April 5, 1897.

The Sign of the Cross. Drama, by Wilson Barrett. First time in Boston. Boston Museum: Two weeks, beginning Dec. 28, 1896.

The Silver King. Melodrama, by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman. Grand Opera House: Week of March 1, 1897.

Simple Simon. Extravaganza, by Robert A. Barnet. Music by Alfred B. Sloane and George Lowell Tracy. Performed by the Cadets. First time on any stage. Tremont Theatre:

George du Maurier's novel. Columbia Theatre: Week of Jan. 25, 1897.

Trip to Chinatown. Farcical comedy, by Charles H. Hoyt. Bowdoin Square Theatre: Week of Oct. 5, 1896.

Tristan und Isolde. Opera, by Richard Wagner. Performed by Damrosch Opera Company. Boston Theatre: Feb. 1 and 6 (mat.), 1897.

Il Trovatore. Opera, by Giuseppe Verdi. English version. Castle Square Theatre: Weeks of Nov. 30, 1896, and March 8, 1897; also on April 28 (mat. and eve.), 1897.

The Turn of the Tide. Melodrama. Performed by Oliver Doud Byron and his company. Columbia Theatre: Week of Oct. 12, 1896.

Twelfth Night. Julia Marlowe as Viola, Robert Taber as Malvolio. Hollis Street Theatre: April 19 and 23, 1897.

Two Can Play at That Game. One-act play. Performed by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickson. Keith's Theatre: Week of July 13, 1896.

The Two Little Vagrants. Melodrama, adapted by Charles Klein from Pierre Decourcelle's "Les Deux Gosses." First time on any stage. Boston Museum: Seven weeks, beginning Sept. 21, 1896. Also at Tremont Theatre: Three weeks, beginning March 22, 1897.

The Two Orphans. Melodrama, adapted from D'Ennery's "Les Deux Orphelines." Grand Theatre: Week of Nov. 2, 1896. Also at Hollis Street Theatre: April 29 (mat.), 1897. Also performed by Kate Claxton and her company at Columbia Theatre: Week of May 10, 1897.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. Drama, adapted from Mrs. Stowe's novel. Bijou Opera House: Week of Dec. 7, 1896.

Under the Polar Star. Melodrama, by Clay M. Greene and David Belasco. First time in Boston. Boston Theatre: Four weeks, beginning Feb. 15, 1897.

Valhalla. Comic opera, libretto by Shirley E. Johnson, music by George W. Currier. First time on any stage. Bijou Opera House: May 10, 1897.

The Vendetta. Melodrama. Grand Opera House: Week of Nov. 2, 1896.

The Wages of Sin. Melodrama, by Frank Harvey. Grand Opera House: Week of Sept. 28, 1896.

The Walking Delegate. Comic opera, libretto by Charles Emerson Cook, music by Lucius Hosmer. First time on any stage. Tremont Theatre: Opened May 31, 1897, and still running.

Die Walküre. Opera, by Richard Wagner. Performed by Damrosch Opera Company. Boston Theatre: Feb. 11, 1897.

The War of Wealth. Melodrama, by Charles T. Dazey. First time in Boston. Boston Theatre: Two weeks, beginning Dec. 28, 1896.

When George the Fourth Was King. One-act play, by Francis W. Moore. First time in Boston. Tremont Theatre: March 8, 9, 10 and 13 (mat. and eve.), 1897.

When London Sleeps. Melodrama, by Charles Darrell. Bowdoin Square Theatre: Week of Dec. 21, 1896, and April 5, 1897.

The Widow Jones. Variety play, by John J. McNally. Performed by May Irwin and her company. Boston Museum: Two weeks, beginning Sept. 7, 1896.

The Wife. Drama, by David Belasco and Henry C. DeMille. Castle Square Theatre: Week of May 3, 1897.

Wife for Wife. Melodrama, by John A. Stevens. Grand Opera House: Week of Nov. 9, 1896.

The Wife of Scarli. Drama, adapted from Giacosa. Olga Nethersole in leading character. First time in Boston. Hollis Street Theatre: Nov. 12, 13 and 14 (evs.), 1896.

The Wizard of the Nile. Comic opera, libretto by Harry B. Smith, music by Victor Herbert. Performed by Frank Daniels and his company. Tremont Theatre: Two weeks, beginning Oct. 12, 1896.

The Woman in Black. Melodrama, by H. Grattan Donnelly. First time in Boston. Bowdoin Square Theatre: Week of Feb. 22, 1897.

The Wonder. Comedy, by Susannah Centlivre. Performed by Ada Rehan and Augustin Daly's company. Hollis Street Theatre: May 7 and 8 (mat. and eve.), 1897.

The World. Melodrama, by Henry Pettitt, Augustus Harris and Paul Meritt. Grand Opera House: Week of March 22, 1897.

The Wrong Mr. Wright. Comedy, by George H. Broadhurst. First time in Boston. Roland Reed in leading role. Boston Museum: Two weeks, beginning Aug. 24, 1896.

The Yankee Cruiser. Comic opera, words and music by Fred Miller, Jr. First time on any stage. Boston Museum: Four weeks, beginning June 8, 1896, omitting final Saturday.

A Genuine Gentleman. Melodrama, by Augustus Heege. Bowdoin Square Theatre: Week of Feb. 15, 1897.

[illegible]

Nobody's Child. Melodrama. Grand Theatre: Week of April 19, [illegible]

Northern Lights. Melodrama, by J. W. Harkins, Jr., and Edwin Barbour. Bowdoin Square Theatre: Week of Jan. 11, 1897.

Nugget Nell. Melodrama. Grand Theatre: Week of Jan. 4, 1897.

O'Brien the Contractor. Drama. First time in Boston. Bowdoin Square Theatre: Week of Oct. 12, 1896.

The Octoroon. Melodrama, by Dion Boucicault. Grand Opera House: Week of Aug. 31, 1896.

The Old Homestead. Drama, by Denman Thompson. Boston Theatre: Seven weeks, beginning Sept. 7, 1896.

Old Love Letters. One-act play, by Bronson Howard. Performed by Eben Plympton and Agnes Proctor. Keith's Theatre: Two weeks, beginning Nov. 23, 1896.

Oliver Twist. Drama, adapted from Dickens. Grand Theatre: June 7, 1897.

Olivette. Comic opera, by Audran. English version. Castle Square Theatre: Weeks of July 20 and Dec. 14, 1896.

On Broadway. Variety piece, by Clay M. Greene and Ben Teal. First time in Boston. Maggie Cline in leading role. Bowdoin Square Theatre: Weeks of Oct. 26, 1896, and March 8, 1897.

On the Bowery. Melodrama, by Robert N. Stephens. Columbia Theatre: Week of March 15, 1897.

The Orphans of New York. Melodrama. Grand Theatre: Week of Jan. 25, 1897.

Othello. Henry L. Southwick as Othello, Lola Purman Tripp as Desdemona. Tremont Theatre: March 17, 1897.

Our Alderman. Drama. Grand Theatre: Week of Jan. 18, 1897.

Our Boys. Comedy, by Henry J. Byron. Grand Opera House: Week of Nov. 23, 1896.

Our Max. Comedy. Grand Theatre: Week of Sept. 21, 1896.

Our Strategists. Comedy. Grand Opera House: Week of Jan. 4, 1897.

Outcasts of a Great City. Melodrama. Grand Theatre: Week of Oct. 26, 1896.

Out in the Streets. Melodrama. Grand Theatre: Week of Feb. 1, 1897.

A Pair of Lunatics. One-act play, by W. R. Walkes. Performed by the Criterion Club. Union Hall: Feb. 3, 1897.

[illegible] Week of Feb. 8, 1897

Slaves of Gold. Melodrama. Columbia Theatre: Week of Aug. 24, 1896. Also at Bowdoin Square Theatre: Week of May 3, 1897.

Smoke. One-act play, by John Ernest McCann. First time in Boston. Hollis Street Theatre: Dec. 18 (mat.), 1896.

The Smugglers. Melodrama. Grand Theatre: Week of Dec. 28, 1896.

A Social Highwayman. Drama, adapted by Mary T. Stone from Elizabeth Phipps Train's story. Performed by E. M. and Joseph Holland and their company. Hollis Street Theatre: Oct. 23 and 24 (mat. and eve.), 1896.

Sowing the Wind. Drama, by Sydney Grundy. Performed by Empire Theatre Company. Hollis Street Theatre: Nov. 6 and 7 (mat. and eve.), 1896.

The Span of Life. Melodrama, by Sutton Vane. Bowdoin Square Theatre: Week of Nov. 9, 1896.

The Speculator. Comedy, by George H. Broadhurst. First time in Boston. Thomas Q. Seabrooke in leading role. Tremont Theatre: Week of Dec. 14, 1896.

The Sporting Duchess. Melodrama, by Henry Hamilton. Tremont Theatre: Week of Nov. 9, 1896. Also at Boston Theatre: Week of April 19, 1897.

Squire Kate. Drama, by Robert Buchanan. Georgia Cayvan in leading role. Tremont Theatre: Week of Jan. 25, 1897.

The Stowaway. Melodrama, by Thomas Craven. Grand Theatre: Week of March 29, 1897.

The Strange Adventures of Jack and the Beanstalk. Extravaganza, by Robert A. Barnet; music by Alfred B. Sloane. Boston Museum: Seven weeks, beginning Jan. 11, 1897. Also at Boston Theatre: Two weeks, beginning March 15, 1897.

The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown. Farce, by Robert Buchanan and Charles Marlowe. Park Theatre: Two weeks, beginning Oct. 19, 1896.

A Stranger in New York. Variety piece, by Charles H. Hoyt. First time in Boston. Park Theatre: Seven weeks, beginning March 15, 1897.

The Stranglers of Paris. Melodrama. Grand Opera House: Week of May 24, 1897.

Stricken Blind. Melodrama. Grand Theatre: Week of April 12, 1897.

Sue. Drama, by Bret Harte and T. Edgar Pemberton. First time in Boston. Boston Museum: Four weeks, beginning Nov. 30, 1896.

Sumter to Appomattox. Drama. Bijou Opera House: Feb. 16, 1897.

The Sunshine of Paradise Alley. Drama, by Denman Thompson and George W. Ryer. First time in Boston. Tremont Theatre: [illegible] weeks, beginning Aug. 31, 1896.

Superba. Extravaganza. Performed by Hanlon Brothers. Boston Theatre: Week of Nov. 23, 1896.

A Superfluous Husband. Comedy, by Clyde Fitch and Leo Dietrichstein. First time in Boston. Performed by E. M. and Joseph Holland and their company. Hollis Street Theatre: Oct. 19, 20, 21 (mat. and eve.) and 22, 1896.

Supper for Two. One-act play. Keith's Theatre: Week of May 31, 1897.

Taken from Life. Melodrama. Grand Opera House: Week of Nov. 16, 1896.

Tannhäuser. Opera, by Richard Wagner. Performed by Damrosch Opera Company. Boston Theatre: Feb. 4, 1897.

Tannhäuser. English version. Castle Square Theatre: Week of March 15, 1897.

A Temperance Town. Farcical comedy, by Charles H. Hoyt. Columbia Theatre: Week of March 8, 1897. Also at Boston Theatre: Week of May 10, 1897.

The Tempest. Ada Rehan as Miranda, George Clarke as Prospero, Charles Richman as Ferdinand. Hollis Street Theatre: Week of May 10, 1897, except Saturday evening.

The Temptation of Money. Melodrama, by Alena Earle and William E. Boyer. Grand Theatre: Week of Nov. 23, 1896.

A Texas Steer. Farcical comedy, by Charles H. Hoyt. Columbia Theatre: Week of April 26, 1897.

Thoroughbred. Farcical comedy, by Ralph Lumley. First time in Boston. Boston Museum: Week of March 1, 1897.

Too Much Johnson. Farce, adapted by William Gillette from "La Plantation Thomassin." Bowdoin Square Theatre: Week of Feb. 8, 1897.

Trilby. Drama, adapted by Paul M. Potter [illegible]